For Reference
Do Not Take
From the Library

Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

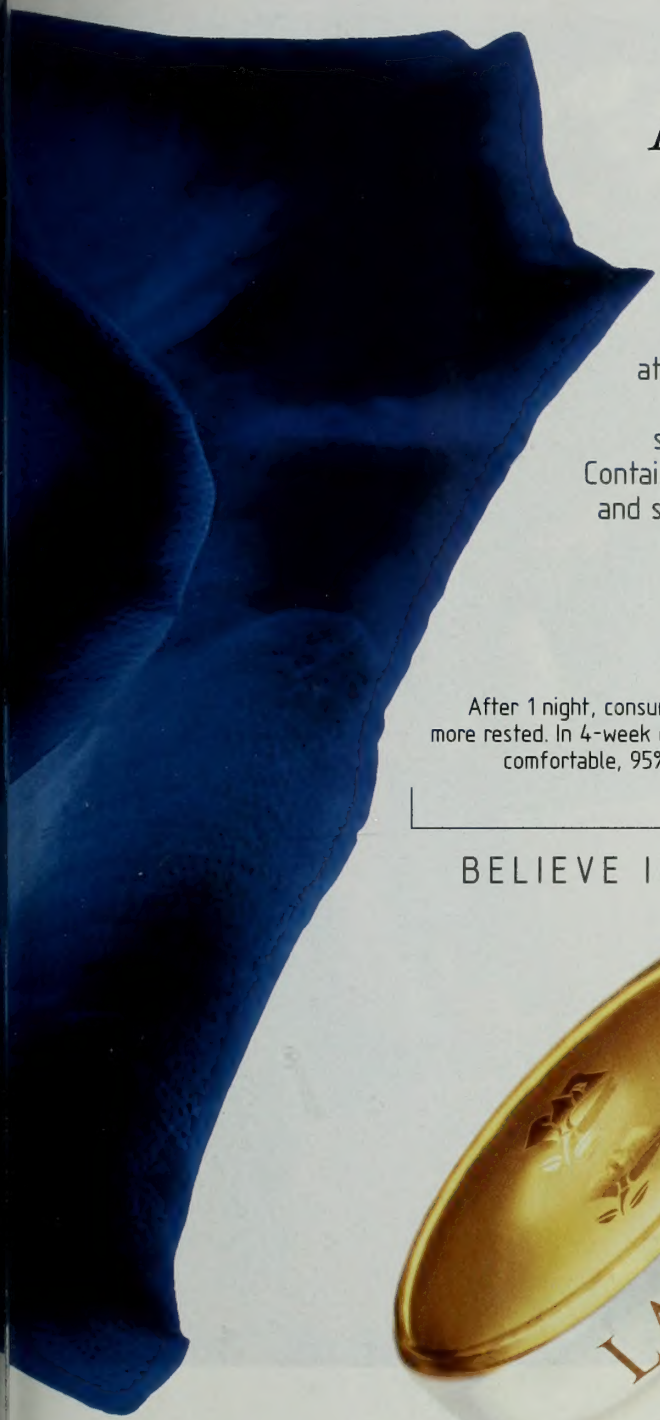
Penal Code of California
1915, Section 623


VANITY FAIR
JANUARY 2003
OMINICK
UNNE:
TAIN'S ROYAL
PLOSION
MIDDLE EAST IN CRISIS
THE MAN WHO COULD SAVE IRAQ
BY DAVID ROSE
HOW ISRAEL HUNTS DOWN TOP TERRORISTS
BY DAVID MARGOLICK
PLUS: HAS MARLON BRANDO MET HIS MATCH?
BY EVGENIA PERETZ
AOL'S STEVE CASE: HE'S GOT TROUBLE
BY NINA MUNK
E CAN
T $20 MILLION
MOVIE, AND
ORSESE THINKS
E'S BRILLIANT, BUT...
CAMERON DIAZ
JUST WANTS TO HAVE BURPING CONTESTS
BY BRUCE HANDY
PHOTOS BY MARIO TESTINO
S.
NADA+FOREIGN
01>
3354 1
"Angels can fly because they take themselves lightly."
—G. K. CHESTERTON


LANCÔME
PARIS
Macy's
shop at lancome.com

Absolue™ recovery for mature skin :

Add hours of replenishment to your night.



NEW

ABSOLUE NIGHT

ABSOLUTE NIGHT RECOVERY TREATMENT
FACE, THROAT AND DÉCOLLETÉ

Aging and hormonal fluctuations disrupt sleep patterns, reducing skin's ability to replenish itself at night. Lancôme Worldwide Laboratories introduce Absolue Night, an innovative formula for mature skin that helps maximize skin's nighttime recovery. Contains a patent-pending bio-network of wild yam, soy and sea algae combined with N-Stimuline™ to help skin:

- Recover : skin looks refreshed and well rested
- Replenish : skin feels intensely moisturized
- Restore : skin has renewed clarity and elasticity, texture is improved

After 1 night, consumer use tests showed 86% of women found their skin to appear more rested. In 4-week consumer use tests, 97% of women reported skin to be soft and comfortable, 95% to be smoother, 78% to appear more uniform and even-toned.

BELIEVE IN BEAUTY®



LANCÔME
PARIS



© 2000 Citibank (SD.), N.A. and Citibank USA, N.A. Citi and Citi with Arc Design are registered service marks of Citicorp. Live richly is a service mark of Citicorp.

aol keyword: citi citi.com

It's fun to have an impulsive side.

Just don't send it to the mall with your credit card.

A credit card
is a
powerful

tool.

By all means
have fun,
just don't go
overboard.

usecreditwisely.com
is one of the many
resources Citi
offers to help you
know the rules,

be informed,
and spend

wisely.

1-888-CITICARD
citi.com

citi
Live richly.℠



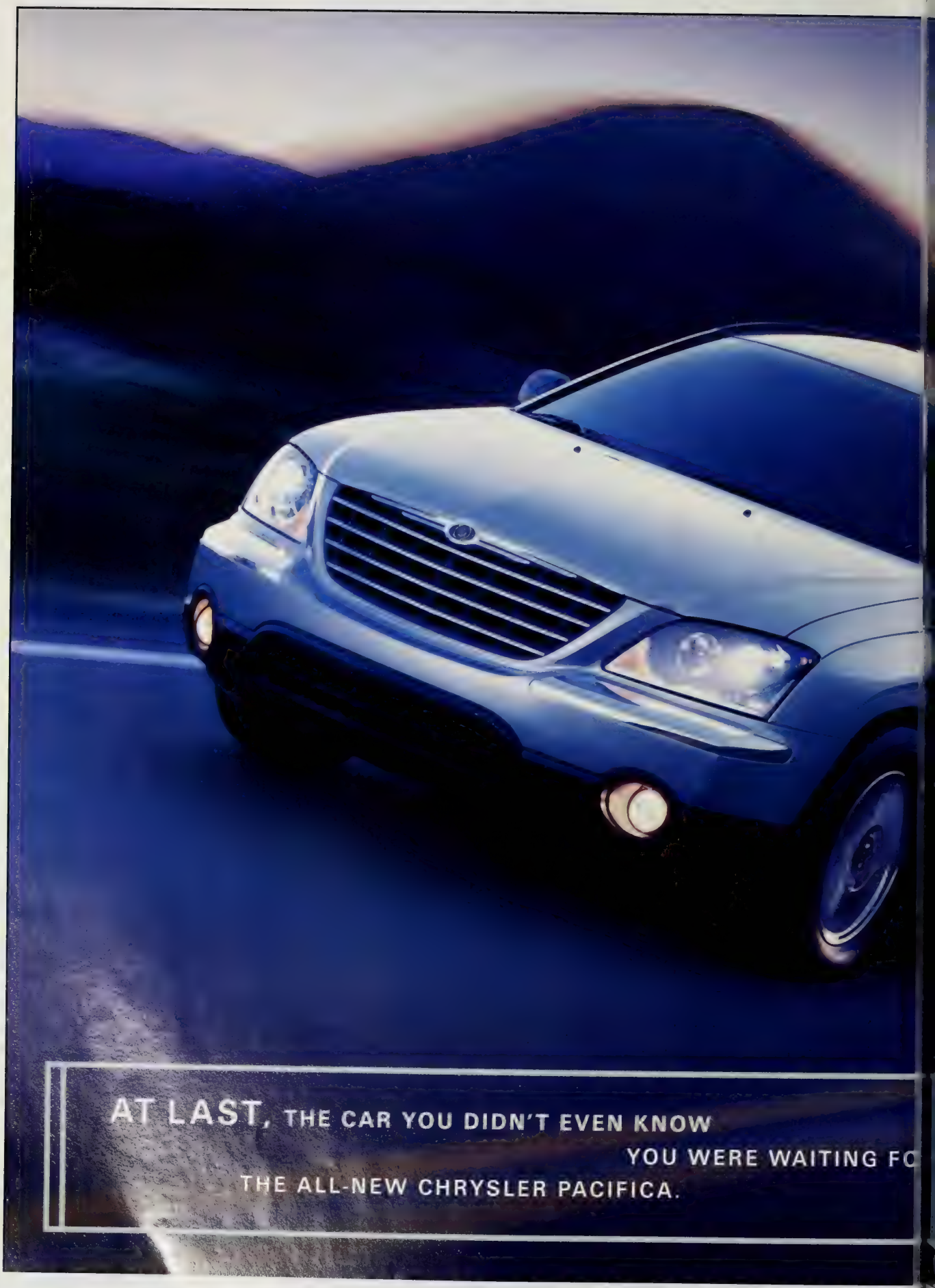


AMERICANA MANHASSET [illegible] LAGUNA BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO DALLAS HONOLULU HOUSTON



Kelly Gray is wearing St. John Collection in Mykonos, Greece.

LAS VEGAS NEW YORK ORLANDO PALM BEACH PALM DESERT SAN FRANCISCO SAN JOSE SHORT HILLS SOUTH COAST PLAZA



Available sprin


DISCOVER MORE: PACIFICA.CHRYSLER.COM
CHRYSLER
Drive Love

VANITY FAIR

January 2003 No. 5



Flying "V"
CAMERON DIAZ REDEFINES "PLUNGING NECKLINE" IN L.A. . . . 62

Features

BUENOS DIAZ How does Cameron Diaz manage to shine in everything from this month's pungent Scorsese epic, *Gangs of New York,* to a cream-puff *Charlie's Angels* sequel? Bruce Handy meets a star who has made it her business to have fun, no matter how rough the role. Photographs by Mario Testino 6

AN INCONVENIENT IRAQI For decades, Ahmad Chalabi, exiled head of the rebel Iraqi National Congress, has been working for the day Saddam falls. He looks like the perfect choice to lead a democratic Iraq. So why, David Rose asks, do the C.I.A. and the State Department see Chalabi as a threat? Portrait by Nigel Parry 7

DIANA'S SECRETS Exonerated of theft by the Queen, Princess Diana's butler, Paul Burrell, might have kept his secrets and his reputation. Instead, he lit a tabloid bonfire. Dominick Dunne and his diary were at London's Scandal Central as Diana's legacy scorched the royal family again 7

ACTION ATTRACTION Herb Ritts and Michael Hogan spotlight *Alias*'s Jennifer Garner, who'll get big-screen exposure in *Daredevil* and *Catch Me if You Can* 7

STEVE CASE'S LAST STAND The blame for AOL Time Warner's postmerger meltdown has landed on Steve Case's desk. With everyone from Ted Turner to Time Warner's rank and file baying for Case's blood, Nina Munk zeroes in on his mistakes, his miracles, and his chances of survival 8

CUT TO THE CHASTE Mark Seliger and Ned Zeman spotlight *Down with Love,* in which Renée Zellweger and Ewan McGregor update the sex appeal of the 1950s 8

FRANCE'S PROPHET PROVOCATEUR The most media-savvy French philosopher since Sartre, Bernard-Henri Lévy is a globe-trotting champion for peace and social justice—when he's not making waves in the cafés of Paris. Joan Juliet Buck profiles the passionate former libertine and his movie-star wife, Arielle Dombasle. Photographs by Jonathan Becker 8

STEALING BRANDO When Tony Kaye, director of *American History X,* teamed up with Marlon Brando, it seemed an aspiring mad genius had found his ideal mentor. But, as Evgenia Peretz discovers, Kaye's knack for self-promotion is equaled only by his talent for self-destruction. Portrait by Julian Broad 9

WHEN PARK AVE. MET POP ART Sharing the highs and lows of her friendship with the late painter and sculptor Larry Rivers, Barbara Goldsmith recalls how art bridged the worlds of a Park Avenue princess and an often shockingly wild bohemian 91

JAYNE'S WORLD Confidante of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, widow of oil tycoon Charles Wrightsman, and museum-class art collector, Jayne Wrightsman is a quiet legend with a mysterious past. Tracing her rise to social pre-eminence, Francesca Stanfill glimpses the steel and struggle behind that polished perfection 10

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17



Perpetual Spirit

lex Oyster Perpetual Yacht-Master in stainless steel and platinum. Officially Certified Swiss Chronometer.
lex, ♛, Oyster Perpetual, Yacht-Master and Perpetual Spirit are trademarks.

R THE NAME AND LOCATION OF AN OFFICIAL ROLEX JEWELER NEAR YOU, PLEASE CALL 1-800-36ROLEX / 1-800-367-6539.

ROLEX

ww.rolex.com

New York

Tiffany diamond engagement rings, from $970 to $1,000,000. 800 526 0649 ¦ TIFFANY.COM



Only One Per Customer



TIFFANY & CO.

A WORLD PREMIERE EVENT

If you only know JFK Jr. from the press,

you only know half his story.

KRISTOFFER POLAHA

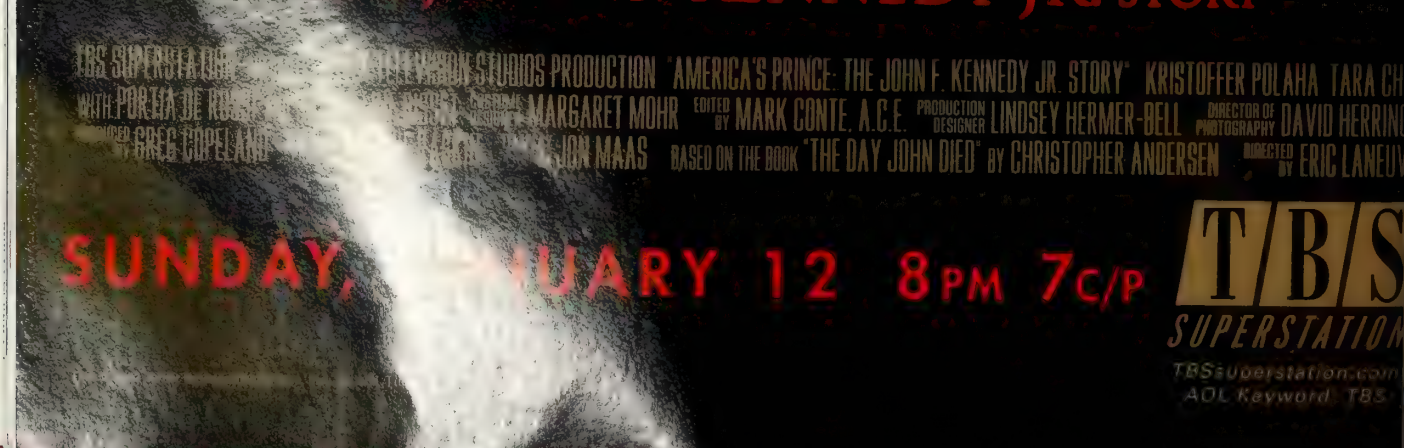
PORTIA DE ROSSI

and JACQUELINE BISSET

A SUPERSTATION ORIGINAL MOVIE

AMERICA'S PRINCE

THE JOHN F. KENNEDY JR. STORY



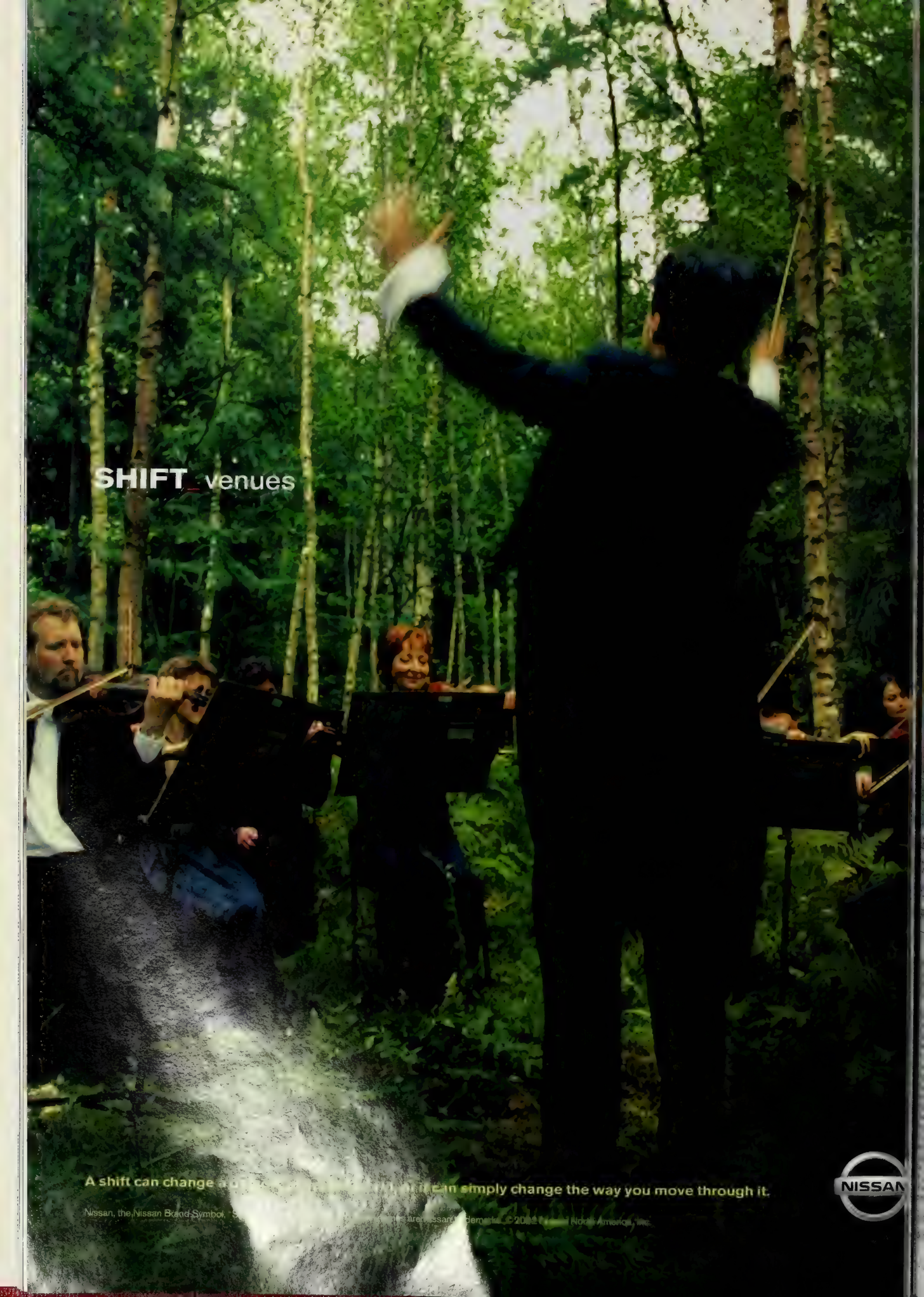
SUNDAY, [illegible]UARY 12 8PM 7C/P

TBS SUPERSTATION

TBSsuperstation.com

AOL Keyword: TBS




SHIFT_ venues
A shift can change a
n simply change the way you move through it.
NISSAN

VANITY FAIR

nuary 2003 No. 509

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Fanfair

I DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
ue Grit—Joe Carnahan's *Narc.* Elissa Schappell's
ot Type. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks 33

Columns

SRAEL'S PAYBACK PRINCIPLE Bloodied by
icide bombings, Israel has been condemned for resorting to
argeted killings" of Palestinian militants. Following
similar U.S. reprisal against al-Qaeda, David Margolick
ports from a country where the nation's conscience
as war-torn as the landscape 40

ALL OF FAME John Gillies nominates Joe Farman
nd Jon Shanklin, discoverers of the "ozone hole" and tireless
dvocates of its repair. Photograph by Josef Astor 54

Vanities

MODERN CHAPLIN George Wayne delves into the
angerous mind of game-show guru Chuck Barris. Ed Coaster
ts a big one and exposes the dark side of Hollywood 57

Et Cetera

DITOR'S LETTER 24
ONTRIBUTORS 26
ETTERS: Notes from the Underground 30
REDITS 138
LANETARIUM: Capricorns courageous 140
ROUST QUESTIONNAIRE: Keith Richards 142

FIND CONDÉ NAST MAGAZINES ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB, VISIT www.epicurious.com.

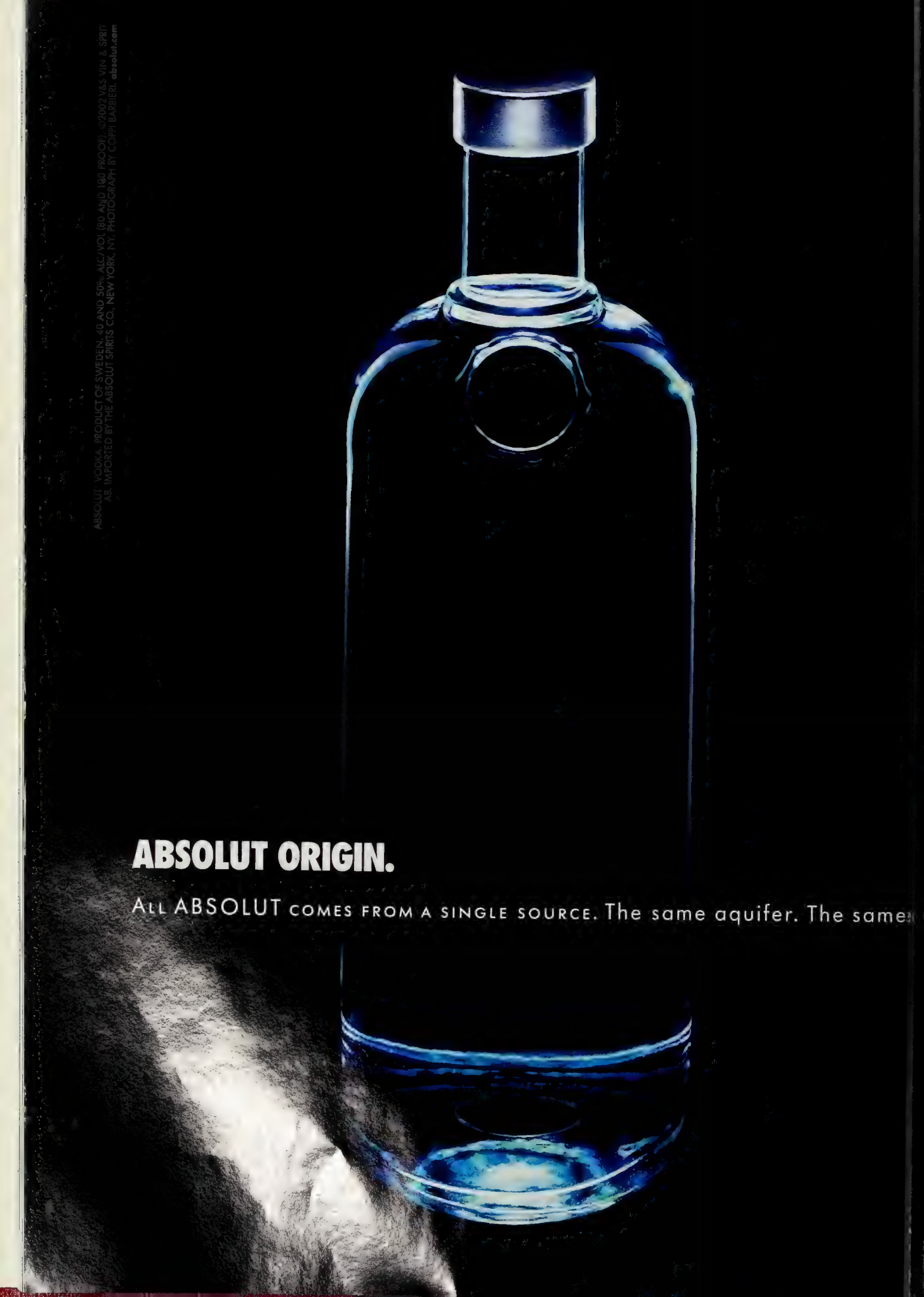
NITY FAIR IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBSHERS INC., WHICH PUBLISHES THE MAGAZINE THROUGH ITS DIVISION E CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. COPYRIGHT © 2002 BY THE CONDÉ NAST UBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

nity Fair No. 509 (ISSN 0733-8899). The magazine is published monthly by The Condé Nast ublications (4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036), which is a division of Advance Magazine ublishers Inc. *Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.:* S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Chairman; Charles H. wnsend, C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, Executive Vice President–C.F.O.; Jill Bright, Executive ce President–Human Resources; John Buese, Executive Vice President–Chief Information ficer; David Orlin, Senior Vice President–Strategic Sourcing; Robert Bennis, Senior Vice esident–Real Estate; David B. Chemidlin, Senior Vice President–General Manager, AMG ared Services Center. Periodicals postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. 10001, and at additional mail- offices. Authorized as International Publications Mail by the Post Office Department, tawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Publications Mail Agreement No. 644503. For back-issue inquiries, call 800-365-0635 or write to *Vanity Fair,* Box 37714, one, Iowa 50037-0714. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to *Vanity Fair,* Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714. The first copy of a new subscription will be ailed within eight weeks of receipt of order. Eight weeks is required for change of address; ease give both new address and old as printed on last label. Editorial, production, and business correspondence should be sent electronically to vfmail@vf.com. Occasionally, we make r subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or this ormation, please advise us at Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714.

ostmaster: Send address changes to *Vanity Fair,* Box 37714, oone, Iowa 50037-0714.

INTED IN THE U.S.A




ABSOLUT. VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). ©2002 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE ABSOLUT SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPH BY COPPI BARBIERI. absolut.com
ABSOLUT ORIGIN.
ALL ABSOLUT COMES FROM A SINGLE SOURCE. The same aquifer. The same

nter wheat. The same distillery in Åhus, Sweden. All ABSOLUT is ABSOLUT.

OUR DEVOTION TO PERFECTION IS ABSOLUT.

VANITY FAIR

Editor **GRAYDON CARTER**

Managing Editor CHRIS GARRETT
Design Director DAVID HARRIS
Executive Literary Editor WAYNE LAWSON
Features Editor JANE SARKIN
Senior Articles Editors DOUGLAS STUMPF, AIMÉE BELL, BRUCE HANDY
Editor-at-Large MATT TYRNAUER
Legal Affairs Editor ROBERT WALSH **Articles Editor** JIM WINDOLF
Associate Managing Editor ELLEN KIELL
Fashion Director ELIZABETH SALTZMAN WALKER **Photography Director** SUSAN WHITE
Director of Special Projects SARA MARKS
Copy Editor PETER DEVINE **Research Editor** JOHN BANTA
London Editor HENRY PORTER **West Coast Editor** KRISTA SMITH
Special Correspondents DOMINICK DUNNE, BOB COLACELLO, MAUREEN ORTH, BRYAN BURROUGH, AMY FINE COLLINS
Writer-at-Large MARIE BRENNER
Photography Editor LISA BERMAN **Deputy Art Director** JULIE WEISS
Photography Research Director JEANNIE RHODES **Vanities Editor** DANA BROWN
Fanfair Editors ANNE FULENWIDER, JOHN GILLIES
Associate Editor MICHAEL HOGAN
Senior Production Managers DINA AMARITO-DESHAN, MARTHA HURLEY
Associate Copy Editor DAVID FENNER **Deputy Research Editor** MARY FLYNN
Reporter-Researchers ALIYAH BARUCHIN, JUSTIN BISHOP, JAMES BUSS, ALEXANDER COHEN, ERIN GLADNEY, CHRISTOPHER HICKMAN, ADAM LAUKHUF, EAMON LYNCH, KRIS MCNEIL, MICHELLE MEMRAN, MICHAEL SACKS, GABRIEL SANDERS, MICHELE SHAPIRO, NATASHA STOVALL, MADISON VENZA
Research Assistant JACQUELINE NEISS
Assistant Art Directors LISA MEIPALA KENNEDY, CHRISTOPHER ISRAEL, CHRIS MUELLER, LEE RUELLE, ADAM BOOKBINDER
Assistant to the Editor PUNCH HUTTON
Editorial Business Manager MERSINI FIALO **Editorial Coordinator** DORI AMARITO
Senior Fashion Market Editor MARY F. BRAEUNIG **Senior Style Production Editor** KATHRYN MACLEOD
Fashion Editor PATRICIA HERRERA **Market Editor** CHRISTINE HAHN
Senior Photo Research Editor ANN SCHNEIDER **Photo Research Editors** KATHERINE BANG, ROSANNA SGUERA
Editorial Promotions Associates AUDREY CAMPIGOTTO-ELLAR, MELISSA GONZALEZ
Paris Editor VÉRONIQUE PLAZOLLES
Art Production Manager CHRISTOPHER GEORGE **Copy Production Manager** ANDERSON TEPPER
Production Associates LESLIE HERTZOG, TRINA ROBINSON
Assistant Copy Editor DAVID GENDELMAN **Associate Photo Editor** SARAH CZELADNICKI
Research Associate HEATHER FINK **Photo Research Associates** IAN BASCETTA, MATTHEW LEVINSON
Editorial Associates MARC GOODMAN, LAURA KANG, MATTHEW TRAINOR, FRED TURNER **Features Associate** LAUREN TABACH-BANK
Editorial Assistants LINDSAY BUCHA, ABBY FIELD, KELLY FRIEDMAN, DAISY HO, CAITLIN MORLEY, MANYA RUBINSTEIN, KATIE SHARER, CLAIRE SMITH
Photo Department Coordinators KATHRYNE HALL, SARAH SMART **Assistant Editorial Business Manager** EILISH MORLEY
Photo Assistant DEIRDRE QUINN **Fashion Assistant** AGNES LE NART

Editor, Creative Development DAVID FRIEND

Contributing Editors
HENRY ALFORD, SUZANNA ANDREWS, ROBERT SAM ANSON, JUDY BACHRACH, LESLIE BENNETTS, CARL BERNSTEIN, PETER BISKIND, BUZZ BISSINGER, HOWARD BLUM, PATRICIA BOSWORTH, EDWIN JOHN COASTER, STEVEN DALY, BEATRÌCE MONTI DELLA CORTE, JANINE DI GIOVANNI, LISA EISNER, RUPERT EVERETT, JULES FEIFFER, BRUCE FEIRSTEIN, STEVE GARBARINO, DAVID HALBERSTAM, REINALDO HERRERA, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, A. M. HOMES, LAURA JACOBS, SEBASTIAN JUNGER, DAVID KAMP, WALTER KIRN, EDWARD KLEIN, FRAN LEBOWITZ, ADAM LEFF, MICHAEL LUTIN, DAVID MARGOLICK, BRUCE MCCALL, PATRICK MCMULLAN, ANNE MCNALLY, RICHARD MERKIN, FREDERIC MORTON, NINA MUNK, DEE DEE MYERS, ANDREW NEIL, BETSEY OSBORNE, ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY, EVGENIA PERETZ, GENE PRESSMAN, WILLIAM PROCHNAU, LEE RADZIWILL, KATE REARDON, JOHN RICHARDSON, LISA ROBINSON, DAVID ROSE, RICHARD RUSHFIELD, NANCY JO SALES, ELISSA SCHAPPELL, KEVIN SESSUMS, GAIL SHEEHY, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON, INGRID SISCHY, SALLY BEDELL SMITH, SAM TANENHAUS, NICK TOSCHES, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG, VICKY WARD, HEATHER WATTS, GEORGE WAYNE, MARJORIE WILLIAMS, JAMES WOLCOTT, NED ZEMAN

Contributing Photographers
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
HERB RITTS, HELMUT NEWTON, BRUCE WEBER, MARK SELIGER
JONATHAN BECKER, HARRY BENSON, TODD EBERLE, LARRY FINK, TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS, JONAS KARLSSON, DAVID LACHAPELLE, MICHAEL O'NEILL, SEBASTIÃO SALGADO, SNOWDON, FIROOZ ZAHEDI
Contributing Artists TIM SHEAFFER, ROBERT RISKO, HILARY KNIGHT

Contributing Society Editor KRISTINA STEWART
Contributing Editor (Los Angeles) WENDY STARK MORRISSEY **Contributing Beauty and Photography Editor** SUNHEE C. GRINNELL
Contributing U.K. Coordinator JULIA WACHTEL **Contributing Stylists** KIM MEEHAN, SARAJANE HOARE
Contributing Market Editor (Accessories) STACEY LAPIDUS **Contributing Credits Editor** ROBIN RIZZUTO
Contributing Photography Producers RON BEINNER, RICHARD VILLANI **Contributing Production Associate** SUSAN M. RASCO

Executive Director of Public Relations BETH KSENIAK
KATHERINE WORDEN **Contributing Associate** DARRYL BRANTLEY

Editorial Director JAMES TRUMAN

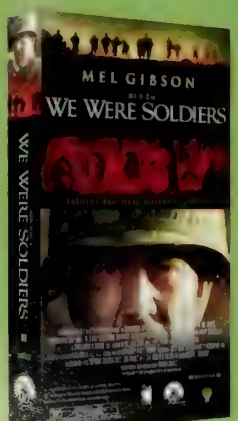


MAN MARCUS SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

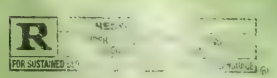
WE WERE SOLDIERS ON VIDEO AND DVD

Mel Gibson stars in one of the most acclaimed films of 2002. *We Were Soldiers* is the true story of Lieutenant Colonel Hal Moore and 400 young troopers from the U.S Cavalry who landed in la Drang Valley in Vietnam (known as "The Valley of Death") in November 1965. This action-packed war movie features explosive battle sequences, thrilling aerial photography, and unforgettable military heroes. The film also stars Madeleine Stowe, Greg Kinnear, Sam Elliott, Chris Klein, Keri Russell, and Barry Pepper.

We Were Soldiers is available to own on VHS and DVD January 1, 2003.







For more [illegible] ratings, go to [illegible]

Art, date, and av[illegible] to change without [illegible]
Copyright © 2002 by [illegible] Pictures. All Rights Reserved

VANITY FAIR

Vice President and Publisher LOUIS CONA

Associate Publisher, Creative Services and Marketing HOPE HENING
Associate Publisher STEVEN L. DeLUCA
Advertising Director WILLIAM C. SCHENCK
Executive Director, Creative Services JANINE SILVERA
Marketing Director DANIELLA R. WELLS
Executive Beauty Director LUCILLE DURAN
Fashion Directors MARIA ELIASON, PAULA FORTGANG, JENNIFER SCHLESINGER
New England Manager MERYL J. DEGEN
Southeast and Automotive Director ANTHONY RICE
Jewelry and Watch Manager ALATIA BRADLEY
Account Managers HEATHER DiBENEDETTO, KATHRYN BANINO
Senior Marketing Managers ERIC A. KARP, JENNIFER KIFFER
Business Director MARC LEYER Finance Director JUDY SAFIR
Executive Assistant to the Publisher AUDRA ASENCIO Advertising Coordinator ABBY CZELADNICKI

West Coast Director
RITA MORAN CHAVERS
Southwest Manager
STACY MACKLIN WINES
6300 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90048
323-965-3433

Detroit Manager
KELLIE A. MacALOON
2600 West Big Beaver Road
Suite 440
Troy, Michigan 48084
248-458-7961

Midwest Manager
KELLY SOUTER PAXSON
875 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
312-649-3517

San Francisco Manage
RUTH TOOKER
50 Francisco Street
Suite 115
San Francisco, California
415-955-8270

Florida and Caribbean
JAY STELZER
Jay Stelzer and Associates
3475 Sheridan Street, Suite 306
Hollywood, Florida 33021
954-985-0651

Dallas
LEWIS STAFFORD COMPANY
5000 Quorum Drive
Suite 545
Dallas, Texas 75240
972-960-2889

Canada
DODD MEDIA SALES
3121 Theatre Road North, RR4
Cobourg, Ontario
K9A 4J7 Canada
905-885-0664

Milan
MIRELLA DONINI
Mia S.R.L.
Via Hoepli, 3
20121 Milan, Italy
3902-805-1422

Paris
ELISABETH BARBOSA
Go Media Sales Ltd.
39 Bis Rue Laugier
75017 Paris, France
33-1-44-40-43-28

London
FRAN BERRICK
Go Media Sales Ltd.
61 Grosvenor Street
London, England W1Y 9DA
44-20-7409-2616

Hong Kong
KIM KENCHINGTON
MediaWorks Mathews Asia
1303 Causeway Bay Commercial Build
1-5 Sugar Street, Causeway Bay, Hong
852-2882-1106

Creative Development Directors JENNIFER ORR KELMAN, MERIDITH PARKS ROTMAN
Design Director COLLEEN MEADE
Promotion Director MARY CALABRESE O'REILLY
Copy Director ANNE DiBENEDETTO
Senior Merchandising Managers ALYSSA ROCKLAND, KERRI FALLON
Special Projects Manager JENNIFER PRODAN HENDERSON
Associate Art Director JAQUELINE BACICH
Promotion Production Manager SHELBY TOMPKINS
Promotion Assistant KRISTI NAERIS Marketing Coordinator EMILY ZAK
Entertainment Marketing Consultant JENNIFER PARKER

Advertising Assistants COLEEN KEATING,
LISA BARLOW (Detroit), ALISON CARTER (Chicago), SUZANNE MOHAMED (San Francisco), SUKI SIR (Los Angeles)

PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS

Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.

President and CEO STEVEN T. FLORIO

Executive Vice President–Chief Operating Officer CHARLES H. TOWNSEND
Executive Vice President–Chief Financial Officer JOHN W. BELLANDO
Executive Vice President–Chief Marketing Officer RICHARD D. BECKMAN
Executive Vice President–Human Resources JILL BRIGHT
Senior Vice President–Consumer Marketing PETER A. ARMOUR
Senior Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution KEVIN G. HICKEY
Senior Vice President–Corporate Communications MAURIE PERL
Senior Vice President–Planning and Development PRIMALIA CHANG
Senior Vice President–Advertising Services ROBERT A. SILVERSTONE
Senior Vice President–Market Research SCOTT McDONALD

Vice President–Editorial Business Manager LINDA RICE
Vice President–Corporate Creative Director GARY VAN DIS
Vice President–Retail Marketing JAMES MATE Vice President–Corporate Sales LESLIE PICARD
Vice President–Strategic Sales LINDA MASON
Vice President–Corporate Sales and Marketing, Detroit PEGGY DAITCH
Vice President–Creative Marketing CARA DEOUL PERL Vice President–Marketing MATT ROBERTS

(A division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.)
Published at 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036

Subscription inquiries: Please write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0635.
For permissions and reprint requests, please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628.

BVLGARI

CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN JEWELERS



The Diagono Professional GMT watch

Bal Harbour - Beverly Hills - Chicago - Honolulu - Las Vegas - New York

Orlando - Palm Beach - South Coast Plaza - San Francisco

1-800 BVLGARI - www.bulgari.com

Living with Fear



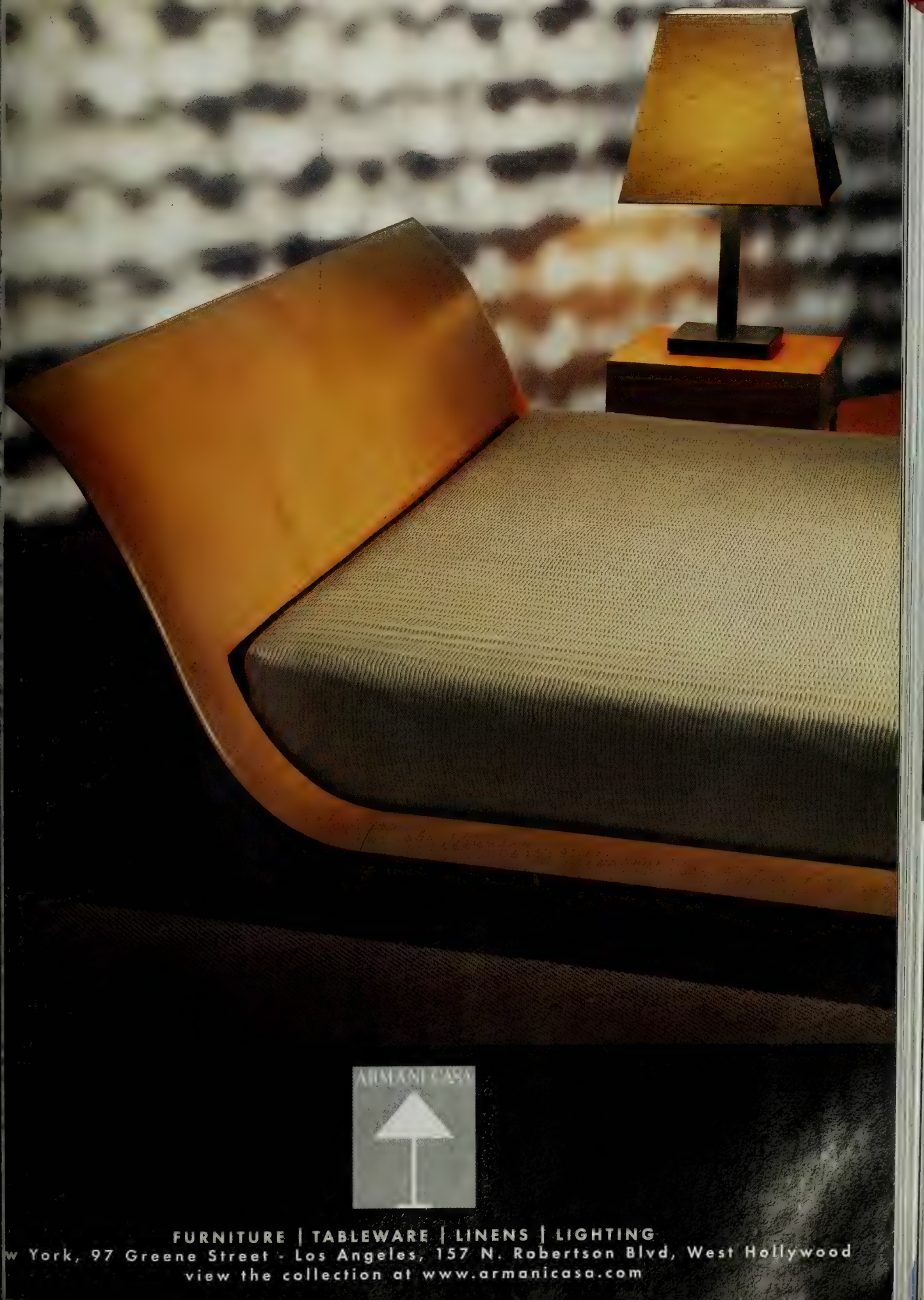
Only hours before I sat down to write this, 11 Israelis were killed and dozens lay wounded in Jerusalem following a suicide bombing on a bus packed with children on their way to school. As horrific as that was, such attacks have become almost quotidian in Israel. In the past two years, 150 Palestinians have blown themselves up, taking with them about 300 Israelis. And in a country roughly the size of New Jersey, practically every Israeli knows someone who has been killed. The dream of Zionism's founder, Theodor Herzl, that the Jewish people be able to live as everyone else remains just that: a dream. Today, Israelis avoid taking buses, shopping in malls, and eating out. The terror that Americans experienced on September 11 is routine for them, and fear a way of life.

While Israelis have trouble agreeing on much, even the doves these days have listlessly given in to the controversial tactic of "targeted killings"—that is, the elimination of Palestinians responsible for suicide bombings. This fall, David Margolick—who has profiled Ariel Sharon and Benjamin Netanyahu for *V.F.*, and understands the nuances of Israeli politics—spent three weeks in Israel and the territories, analyzing the practice of targeted killings from virtually every angle. The Israel Defense Forces, relying on Shin Bet (Israel's domestic-intelligence wing), the most sophisticated weapon and surveillance technology, and often as many as 200 people for any given operation, have eliminated a total of 102 key Palestinian operatives. Some believe the killings have wiped out as much as 90 percent of the Palestinian terror network's leaders. But the practice, Margolick points out, in "Israel's Payback Principle," on page 40, has come at a dear price. A killing in Gaza this July took out the target—and 1 ers, 10 of whom were children so, Sharon proclaimed it "one most successful operations." which has long prided itself holding the principle of the sa of life, had woken up to a new where the old rules of engagem longer applied.

The situation is hardly any when it comes to Iraq—more specifically, to who or what will after Saddam Hussein. In "An Inconvenient Iraqi," on pa David Rose, who has written about several Iraqi dissidents f magazine, introduces the man who may be the country's best yet to succeed Saddam. He is Ahmad Chalabi, the wealthy, educated scholar and guerrilla politician who has been leadi opposition Iraqi National Congress (I.N.C.) for 10 years, en ing an Iraq with democracy and human rights. Chalabi has es many attempts on his life. They've tried everything: poiso bombs, and gunfire. His experiences with Washington, D.C. been less dangerous, but just as infuriating. The C.I.A. has- ishly, it seems—discounted much of his work, and would no come a new Iraqi regime led by Chalabi. As Washington in tell Rose, the root of the agency's antipathy is most likely a c case of the C.I.A. covering its own errors. Over the years, wh I.N.C. has brought forward defectors to share what they knev the C.I.A., the agency has dismissed their reports as unrelia unimportant, even though their information—concerning th tence of mobile bioweapon factories, training camps inside ties between Iraq and al-Qaeda—has proved to be credible. T Chalabi any credence now would be tantamount to admittin September 11 might have been prevented. —GRAYDON CA



ON THE COVER
Cameron Diaz wears a dress by Tom Ford for Y Saint Laurent Rive Gauch and rings by Pippa Small. Hair by Orlando Pita. M by Gucci Westman. Mani by Deborah Lippmann. Hair products by Redken. Makeup products by Ca Klein Cosmetics. Set desi and props styled by Thon Thurnauer. Styled by Sara Hoare. Photographed exclusively for V.F. by Ma Testino in Los Angeles on September 15, 2002.



FURNITURE | TABLEWARE | LINENS | LIGHTING

w York, 97 Greene Street - Los Angeles, 157 N. Robertson Blvd, West Hollywood

view the collection at www.armanicasa.com

3 WIRES

"...most of the audio thrills of your local cinema into your home at minimal cost and little bother."
Wayne Thompson, *Oregonian*, 9/7/01

2 SPEAKERS

"...the cars...seemed to move through the entire room...front, to the sides, and behind me – with only two main speakers!"
Teri Scaduto, *Sound & Vision*, 1/02

1 EASY SYSTEM

"Product of the year."
Electronic House, 9/02

media center with DVD/CD. Simple.

What you see: Two speakers and a







The new Bose® 3•2•1 home entertainment system.

Imagine surround sound without center or rear speakers. And without all those extra wires.

For a free information kit, call 1-888-321-BOSE. Ask [illegible] N37

Or visit 321.bose.com Enter e-code N37.

BOSE

THE M[illegible] SHO[illegible]

Hideaway Acoustimass® module not shown. ©2002 Bose

CONTRIBUTORS



In his three-plus years as a senior articles editor **BRUCE HANDY** has worn many hats. In addition to editing the work of a number of *V.F.* contributors and reviewing films most months, he has written features on topics as diverse as vintage airline stewardesses and Pee-wee Herman. This month, proving the point, Handy wrote the cover story on Cameron Diaz while editing Nina Munk's article on Steve Case. "It's tricky veering between such disparate worlds," Handy says, "although maybe not so disparate, since they're just different ends of the media-technology-entertainment business." There was nothing difficult, however, about Diaz, whom Bruce calls "pretty universally beloved."



GASPER TRIGANO

As art critic for *New York* magazine for 10 years and a major art collector **BARBARA GOLDSMITH** has had friendships with everyone from Pablo Picasso to Chuck Close, to the late pai Larry Rivers, whom she recalls on pa "His Southampton studio had paint tu spewing streams of color onto an old table, paintings stacked like matchstick yellowed newspaper clippings," says Goldsmith. "I miss the Larry-ness of t special place." Goldsmith is the autho of *Little Gloria, Happy at Last* and *O Powers: The Age of Suffrage, Spiritualis and the Scandalous Victoria Woodhull,* in development at Columbia. Her next b will be on Madame Curie (James Atla Norton Books in Brief Science Series).



JOAN JULIET BUCK first interviewed Bernard-Henri Lévy in 1994 for Paris *Vogue,* where she served as editor in chief for nearly seven years, "but at the time," she says, "I didn't even realize the staggering volume of his published works." Philosopher, activist, libertine, provocateur, and "the most famous man in France," Lévy is the author of 28 books, on subjects from Fascism to religion, to the plight of war-torn nations. For Buck, taking a closer look at this French icon, and finally reading the books, taught her that "I had no idea how much he had done, which then proves that one tends to take the famous for granted."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

BLOOMINGDALE'S

BON MARCHE

MACY'S



ANNE KLEIN

STAINLESS STEEL WATER RESISTANT MULTI-FUNCTION

OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA
Raising the Standard of Luxury in the Caribbean.
The American Academy Of Hospitality Sciences
Five Star Diamond Award
2002
Imagine 80 oceanview suites overlooking two private cove beaches. Royal Plantation Golf Resort & Spa is the ultimate all-inclusive getaway for the world's most discerning travelers.* Enjoy golf, 2 gourmet restaurants, a beach grill, 24-hour room service, beach butler service, and a European spa.* Royal Plantation...in a class all its own.
RP
ROYAL PLANTATION
GOLF RESORT & SPA
by Beaches
Call your Travel Agent or 1-800-BEACHES
Visit our website at www.beaches.com
*Adults 18 years and older. *Spa services additional
Unique Vacations, Inc. is the worldwide representative for Beaches Resorts
ALL SUITES · ALL OCEANVIEW



AGENDA

VANITY FAIR **AGENDA**

ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION · EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

THE SILVER LINING SILVER LAKE FOUNDATION

The Silver Lining Silver Lake Foundation is a nonprofit fund-raising organization that was created to bring together artists and musicians in events that inspire benevolence and goodwill in communities across the country. From its wildly successful music festival—which last year featured Elton John, Sting, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers—to its silent auctions of works by such artistic luminaries as Jeff Koons and Bruce Weber, the foundation provides valuable awareness and funds for organizations in need. For information, visit www.silverliningsilverlake.com.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

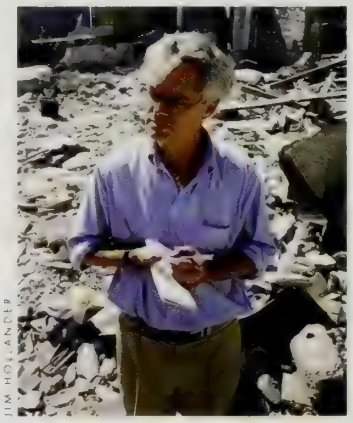


MARK SCHAFER

After examining the turmoil tearing apart AOL Time Warner for *V.F.* last July, contributing editor **NINA MUNK** th month zeroes in on chairman Steve Case amid speculation that he'll be forc to resign. "The saga of Steve Case is just one chapter of this giant mess," says Munk, a former *Fortune* senior writer wh has become an AOL Time Warner junki "But Case is a survivor. He has put away the Hawaiian shirts and started wearing ti playing grown-up." Determined to make sense of the chaos, Munk is at work on book about the conglomerate, due out from HarperCollins in early 2004.

Though she's acquainted with members of Jayne Wrightsman's circle, **FRANCESCA STANFILL** still found it very difficult, in the course of writing about the famously private New York social figure and art collector, to get those close to Wrightsman to speak about her on the record. "That was most challenging," Stanfill says, "but eventually people relented. One person would agree to talk, then another would do the same." Stanfill, who has written two novels and is planning a third book, also interviewed sources who knew Wrightsman in the 1930s, when she was still Jayne Larkin. "The story has elements of an American social history from the 1930s through the end of the 20th century."





JIM HOLLANDER

Having profiled both Ariel Sharon and Benjamin Netanyahu for *V.F.*, contributing editor **DAVID MARGOLICK** was a natural choice to analyze Israel's policy allowing the "targeted killings" of Palestinian suicide bombers and their backers. This October, he spent three weeks in Israel probing the methodology, efficacy, and morality of the killings. "We don't know what fear is," says Margolick, pondering the conditions that led to the campaign. "There's a bus going by on 42nd Street right now, and not one person is worried that the bus is going to blow up. That's the kind of peace of mind that no Israeli has, anywhere."

Since 1997, **DINA AMARITO-DESHAN** has had her hands on every story that *V.F.* has run. As a senior production manager, she oversees every stage that an article goes through—from manuscript to layout, to the final printed pages—which often means long hours. "I come from such a close-knit family that even working late can make me homesick," says DeShan, who has a four-year-old daughter, Mia. "Luckily, my sister, Dori, works about 15 feet away." DeShan's contagious humor also helps her make it through the rough stretches. "Some issues can seem impossible to close. I just have to laugh. It's kind of like one big episode of *I Love Lucy*—unfortunately, I'm Ethel."



From August 29 through September 2, *Vanity Fair* descended on the picturesque town of Telluride, Colorado, for the 29th Annual Telluride Film Festival. Thousands of film enthusiasts enjoyed screenings of an incredible selection of new features, documentaries, shorts, and animated films from the most talented filmmakers in the industry. Telluride, set against the breathtaking backdrop of the Rocky Mountains, is widely known as the world's most intimate festival, featuring a roster of parties, panel discussions, tributes, seminars, and screenings.



Peter O'Toole tips his hat to the festival at the Neutrogena-sponsored Patron's Brunch.



Moderator Annette Insdorf listens to panel member Greg Kinnear as he discusses his latest film, *Auto Focus*, at the *Vanity Fair* Noon Seminars.



Actor Willem Dafoe weighs in on his film while enjoying water provided by Polo Ralph Lauren.



Guests flock to the *Vanity Fair* Noon Seminars.



Filmmakers utilize the versatility of the Volkswagen EuroVan.



A Neutrogena representative hands out sunblock to festival attendees at the Noon Seminars.



Neutrogena's grand-prize sweepstakes winner, Eric Johner, and his guest, Eve Richards, celebrate with Lisa Wallender of Neutrogena.



Attendees crowd the streets at the Telluride Film Festival.



At the base of the Telluride Gondola, festival guests discover the unique style of the Volkswagen Passat.



Michelle Carletti of Arnold Communications and festival volunteers serve up Volkswagen smoothies at the Max & Minnie Theatres.



Festival attendees receive complimentary products provided by Neutrogena.



Vanity Fair's sponsors and guests pose for a group photo against a stunning backdrop.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INGRID LUNDAHL

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Rocking in the trenches; Mr. Hitchens comes to America; J.Lo overflow; the Brit parade; Costello's in the house; rock snobs take on Dolly Parton and Rosanne Cash

I WAS TOO YOUNG to hit the clubs, but "Rebel Nights" [by Lisa Robinson, November] made me feel as if I were right there in the trenches when Lou Reed, Iggy Pop, Television, Blondie, the Ramones, and the New York Dolls were saving rock from itself. Thank God Lisa Robinson held on to all of her notes—the world's a better place for it.

EARL DOUGLAS
New York, New York

I FELT VERY NOSTALGIC reading Lisa Robinson's article on the New York punk-glitter scene of the 70s. Back then we took for granted that a night at Max's Kansas City or CBGB's would be a thrilling, raw night of rock 'n' roll. What do our children have to listen to today but polished, poppy, studio-created performers and songs? I am glad to see groups such as the Strokes and the Hives make it, to remind us that this kind of music will never die. Otherwise, I can only imagine what Johnny Thunders, Jerry Nolan, and Joey and Dee Dee Ramone would think of today's music scene.

ROBERTA BETHENCOURT
Millstone, New Jersey

LOST HIGHWAY

"THE BALLAD OF ROUTE 66" [by Christopher Hitchens, November] brought back memories of watching the construction of that world-famous road through my hometown in Crawford County, Missouri. I had just celebrated my fifth birthday when the work crew stopped at my family's farm and asked for some drinking water. This was more than 75 years ago, but I still remember it.

In 1999, on a visit back there, I discovered a neglected but still-operating stretch of 66 running between the cities of Bourbon and Cuba. It is narrow and bumpy in places, but it nonetheless returned me to a bygone time. Many thanks to Christopher Hitchens for allowing me to do so again.

MARTHA CROSS
Lawrenceville, Georgia

HITCHENS SEEMS TO INSULT what makes America important. If he is offended by roadside stands and restaurants that sell tourist souvenirs, then he should tour his own country. These establishments are what makes America work.

As for his supreme ignorance of Gallup, New Mexico, and the "hostility" with which he feels he was treated, maybe Mr. Hitchens should have done a little more research. The Native Americans who bless us with their art and culture abhor interrogations and interference into their lifestyles. It is not something they are free about—and that's O.K. in the United States.

MARY JEAN SCHEID
Taos, New Mexico

THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS

IT'S EMBARRASSING TO LOOK at your music cover and see nine talented musicians posed in a setup that makes them look like J.Lo's backup band. Must the one entertainer you selected who doesn't write songs, play an instrument, or produce albums be front and center?

MEG SYLVESTER
Washington, D.C.

I WANT TO COMMEND your Music Issue for the warm, down-to-earth feeling its cover gave off, with Gwen Stefani, Jennifer Lopez, Sheryl Crow, and Alicia Keys embracing, rather than posing isolated. You don't see covers like that very often. To see so many high-powered women having a grand ol' time together was refreshing.

KRISTIN WELLS
New York, New York

BRIT HAPPENS

I FOUND DAVID KAMP'S oral history of the British Invasion fascinating ["The British Invasion," November]. In 1964 I was working at WPIX, Channel 11, in New York and remember the first Rolling Stones American tour. I was there the morning they arrived at the Clay Cole show to pre-tape their segment, direct from Kennedy airport. They awkwardly lip-synched their way through "Not Fade Away." A few weeks later, at the end of their tour, they made another appearance on the show and gave an infinitely more assured performance. They had clearly figured out what would play in America.

CHRISTOPHER DALRYMPLE
New York, New York

CONGRATULATIONS on a well-done and long-overdue piece on a period in 20th century pop history whose significance cannot be overstated. Extra points for the Paul Jones and Gordon Waller quotes!

GARY TATEL
Vintage Voltage, KRCC-FM
Colorado Springs, Colorado

A TOUCH OF ELVIS

EVERY YEAR I look forward to *Vanity Fair*'s Music Issue, and now I'm learning to expect a feature from Elvis Costello. Please don't ever disappoint me. Smart, hip, stylish, wry, erudite, and thought-provoking—the two of you are a perfect match.

KITTY WILBUR
Portland, Maine

HELLO, DOLLY FANS

STEVEN DALY AND DAVID KAMP'S assertion in "The Rock Snob's Dictionary" [November] that Dolly Parton was Porter Wagoner's "romantic partner" is incorrect. Mr. Wagoner has often stated that he was infatuated with Ms. Parton for years but that nothing untoward ever occurred. In fact, he has said that upon hiring Ms. Parton he had a meeting with both Dolly and her husband and explained that one inevitable pitfall of stardom would be the linking of their names in the press.

SOUTH G. HAYES AND MANDY CHAKERES
Yucca Valley, California

"THE ROCK SNOB'S DICTIONARY" states that June Carter Cash delivered singer Rosanne Cash into the world. This would be news to Ms. Carter, who married Johnny Cash in 1968, given that Rosanne was born in 1955. Rosanne's mother is Mr. Cash's first wife, Vivian.

DARRELL BERGER
Millburn, New Jersey

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to FAIR@neodata.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.


LACOSTE
STYLE ON SKIN
LACOSTE
POUR HOMME

SHARP

Liquid crystal television AQUOS™



©2001 Sharp Corporation



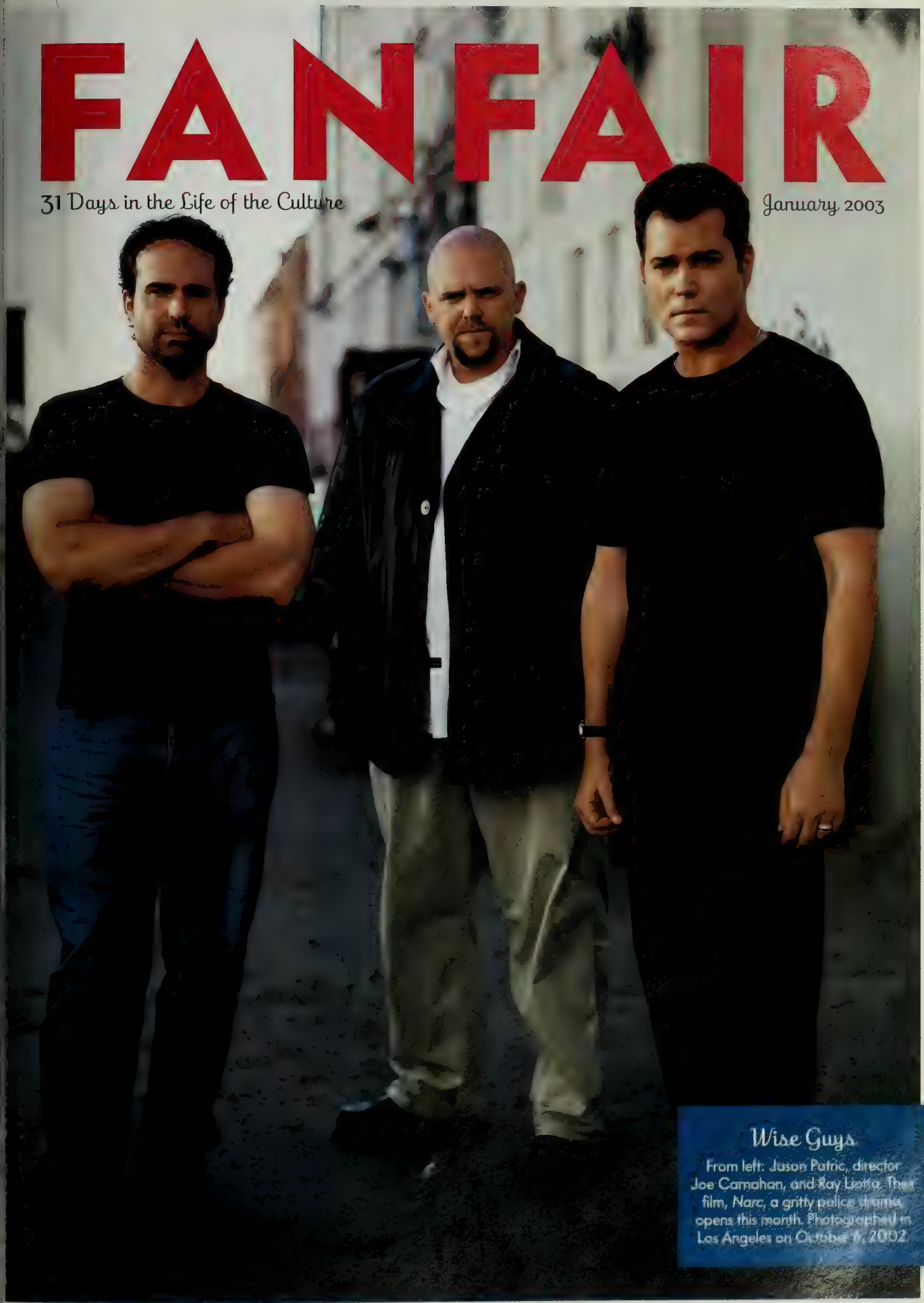
Introducing Aquos, inspiring flat-panel, liquid crystal television. Crystal-clear image quality. Outstanding brightness. And a screen that's merely 2.5 inches thin. Aquos by Sharp. It's what TV will be. sharp-usa.com

be sharp™

FANFAIR

31 Days in the Life of the Culture

January 2003



Wise Guys

From left: Jason Patric, director Joe Carnahan, and Ray Liotta. Their film, *Narc*, a gritty police drama, opens this month. Photographed in Los Angeles on October 11, 2002.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALISON DYER

FANFAIR



SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY

January

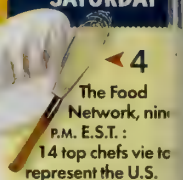
TOLKIEN'S ELEVENTY-FIRST, *THE FULL MONTY* ON THE ROAD, AND A GLOBAL BAKE-OFF



1
Today's Tournament of Roses Parade (floral excitement) and Rose Bowl (male grunting) briefly unite male and female viewers; will the recent relaunch of *Sports Afield*, with its first-ever female editor at the helm, do the same?

2
N.Y.C.'s Film Forum shows *Rivers and Tides*, a documentary about Scottish artist Andy Goldsworthy's hyper-elaborate installation pieces made in—and from—nature.

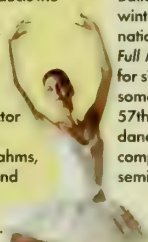
3
J. R. R. Tolkien's 111th birthday. Chatrooms implode from heavy usage.



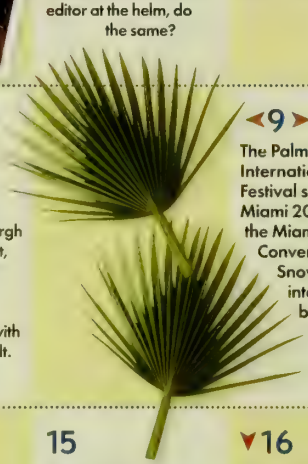
4
The Food Network, nine P.M. E.S.T.: 14 top chefs vie to represent the U.S. in the next Culinary Olympics by creating dishes from baskets of mysterious ingredients. Whisking in both senses of the word.

5
The Richard Avedon show at the Metropolitan ends; *Proof* closes on Broadway after 918 performances. Mood of finality permeates city; mustaches on waiters at fancy restaurants start to droop slightly.

6
On Thursday, James Levine conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra (he'll become its music director next year), playing Brahms, Sessions, and Harbison.



7
The New York City Ballet starts its winter season; the national tour of *The Full Monty* hits Pittsburgh for six days. Midnight, somewhere south of 57th Street: angry dancer slaps frisky company manager with semi-soiled dance belt.



9
The Palm Springs International Film Festival starts; Art Miami 2003 opens at the Miami Beach Convention Center. Snowbirds launch into irritable bemusement, coughing.

10
Sam Mendes directs Emily Watson and Simon Russell Beale in alternating productions of *Uncle Vanya* and *Twelfth Night*, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

11
The Seattle Opera opens Donizetti's opera buffa *Don Pasquale*, and the Los Angeles Opera debuts Luciano Berio's version of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*.

12
Katie Couric hosts the PBS series *Freedom: A History of US*, based on Joy Hakim's book of the same title. Meanwhile, the Rolling Stones explore another kind of freedom at Boston's Fleet Center.

13
A Moravian girl is impregnated by the man her stepmother forbids her to marry, and then the stepmother drowns the baby: everybody, sing! Leoš Janáček's opera *Jenůfa* premieres at N.Y.C.'s Metropolitan Opera.

14
Houghton Mifflin publishes Greg Critser's highly, uh, engrossing *Fat Land: How Americans Became the Fattest People in the World*. Reading this book will take 10 pounds *right* off you.

15
Silicon Valley's TheaterWorks presents Lanford Wilson's new play, *Book of Days*, and N.Y.C.'s Classic Stage Company opens Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, with David Strathairn and Tim Blake Nelson.



16
Island Life Ain't All Coconuts and Napping: Turner Prize winner Antony Gormley unveils his installation of 100 steel figures at the Perth International Arts Festival, and Patti LaBelle rocks the Barbados Jazz Festival.

17
Out this month—*Scanty Particulars: The Scandalous Life and Astonishing Secret of James Barry, Queen Victoria's Most Eminent Military Doctor*. The eccentric surgeon was a cross-dresser who performed one of the first successful cesareans.



18
Today's theme is "The Arduous and Daring Journey": Thomas Jefferson's home in Monticello, Virginia, commemorates the Lewis and Clark bicentennial, and Colorado's Keystone ski resort hosts the Mountain Dew Vertical Challenge.

19
Washington, D.C.'s National Gallery exhibits some 200 works of one of the few great painters whose first and last names rhyme (Édouard Vuillard).



21
The Masters on Parade in N.Y.C.: The Metropolitan will exhibit some 120 Leonardo da Vinci drawings tomorrow, and the Martha Graham Dance Company opens at the Joyce.

22
Poetry critic Helen Vendler reads and pays homage to Yeats at Santa Fe's Lannan Foundation. Southwest erupts in pageant of Willie homage.

23
University of Chicago's Smart Museum exhibits 56 lacquer boxes from as far back as the Muromachi period (1392–1568); we older humans might take a cue from lacquer's power to preserve.

24
In stores on Tuesday: new editions of Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (with preface by Peter Ackroyd) and Machiavelli's *The Prince* (with introduction by Anthony Grafton).

25
The Food Network: In the World Baking Cup, held every three years, bakers from 11 countries compete for the title. Yeast has a moment.



26
Super Bowl XXXVII. Guttural sounds, bratwurst.

27
Literary hipsters Colson Whitehead (*John Henry Days*) and George Saunders (*CivilWarLand in Bad Decline*) read at Ho[illegible]on's Alley Theater.



29
Juilliard: PBS special follows five students at the renowned performing-arts school. Our hope: turban-wearing doyenne uses metal-tipped cane to swat at dancers' ankles.

30
Day No. 2 of the Frederick Wiseman film *The Last Letter*, about a Jewish doctor in a Ukrainian town invaded by the Germans. The occupation and its horrors.

31
Both Norman Mailer and Carol Channing celebrate their birthday, presumably not together.



—BY HENRY ALFORD

MARC JACOBS
PERFUME



SOFIA COPPOLA PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUERGEN TELLER



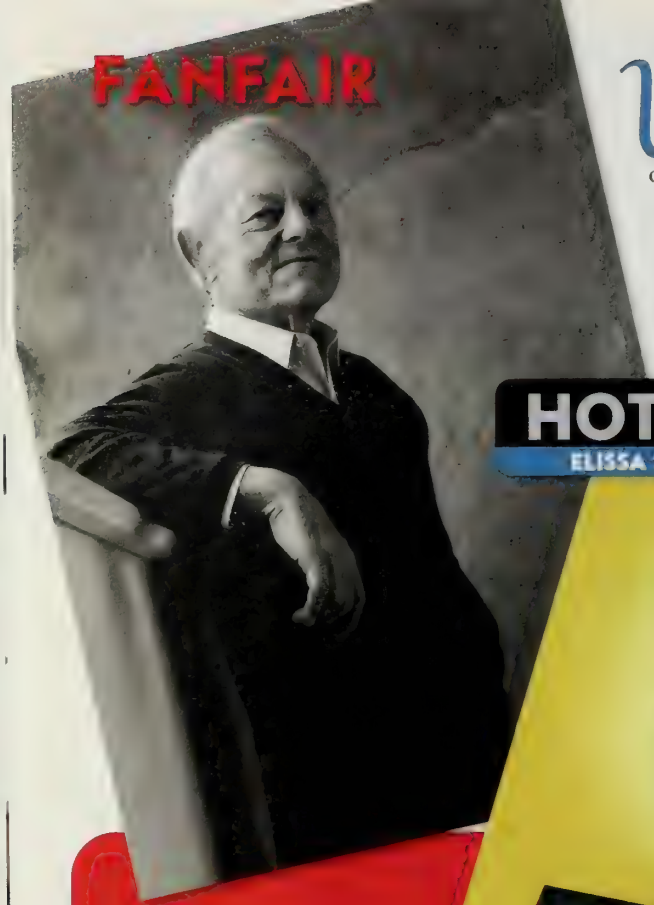
THE FIRST FRAGRANCE FOR WOMEN BY MARC JACOBS

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE/MARC JACOBS DIRECT 1-800-553-6394

COME IN TO EXPERIENCE MARC JACOBS PERFUME AND RECEIVE A FREE SPRAY SAMPLE.

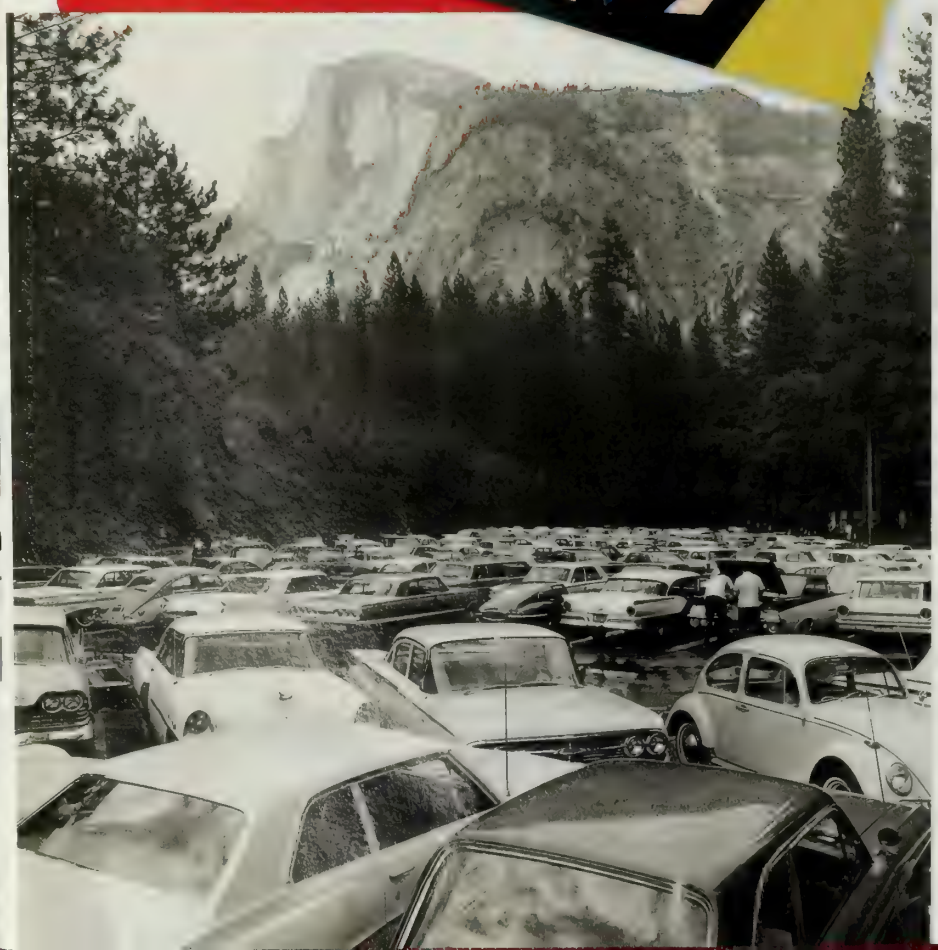
HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL





From above: Bob Schieffer, photographed in Washington, D.C., October 2002; Carrie Fisher, illustrated by Risko; *Pave It and Paint It Green*, by Rondal Partridge, Yosemite National Park, mid-1960s.



Upon turning 80, **Norman Mailer,** most fully alive and at the height of his powers when pissing people off, expounds on the pitfalls of early succes the necessity of work habits, and other fine points of the writer's craft, also known as *The Spooky Art* (Random House).

Also this month: **Merv Griffin** and **David Bender** take on Act II of the former talk-show host's life in *Merv* (Simon & Schuster). **Bob Schieffer** faces th nation in *This Just In* (Putnam). **Pete Hamill's** new novel is entitled *Forever* (Little, Brown)—now he and Judy Blume have something else in common!

Hunter S. Thompson, the Godfather of Gonzo, turns pro in his scorching memoir *Kingdom of Fear* (Simon & Schuster). Gossip queen **Cindy Adams's** *The Gift of Jazzy* (St. Martin's) tells how, after losing her husband, Cindy found solace in the arms—er, front legs of a tiny dog. The big daddy of American crime novelists **Elmore Leonard's** newest is *When the Women Come Out to Dance* (Morrow). In *Pushkin's Children* (Mariner), Russian writer **Tatyana Tolstaya** turns her eye to the Soviet temperament, the Great Terror, and the bliss of snow.

Carrie Fisher, one of our most painfully hilarious correspondents from the edge of sanity, returns with *The Best Awful There Is* (Simon & Schuster). Mourning the demise of the great Old West the folks in **Annie Proulx's** *That Old Ace in the Hole* (Scribner) battle to hold fast to a dying past. The pre-dawn musings of a medical-textbook editor fill novelist **Nicholson Baker's** *A Box of Matches* (Random House). Get swept away by **Pico Iyer's** swoony romantic novel, *Abandon* (Knopf). The civil-rights movement, comic books, and the Holocaust all come together in **Jay Cantor's** long-awaited novel, *Great Neck* (Knopf). **A. S. Byatt's** *A Whistling Woman* (Knopf) is a sexy, spine-tingling novel suffused with scientific discoveries and ethical conflicts. In *City of Secrets* (Morrow), **John Follain** reveals the truth behind the 1998 murders at the Vatican. **Richard Price's** page-turner *Samaritan* (Knopf) is a literary suspense novel of crime and punishment. Photographer Rondal Partridge's career is illumed in **Elizabeth Partridge** and **Sally Stein's** *Quizzical Eye* (Heyday). In **Glyn Vincent's** *The Unknown Night* (Grove) schizophrenic painter R. A. Blakelock confesses to his doctor, "I can't make them fast enough." **William F. Pepper** posits in *An Act of State* (Verso) that the F.B.I., the military, and a pro-war American government all colluded to execute the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. In *The Art of Fred Marcellino* (Pulcinella), **Nicholas Falletta** remembers the celebrated illustrator and designer. **Richard Cohen** lives and writes *By the Sword* (Random House). **David Cannadine** confronts how the perceptions of a glorious past haunt modern Britain *In Churchill's Shadow* (Oxford). The unpublished poems of America's most esteemed barfly poet, the late **Charles Bukowski,** surface in *Sifting Through the Madness for the Word the Line the Way* (Ecco). To all my friends!

ANFAIR



HOT TRACKS

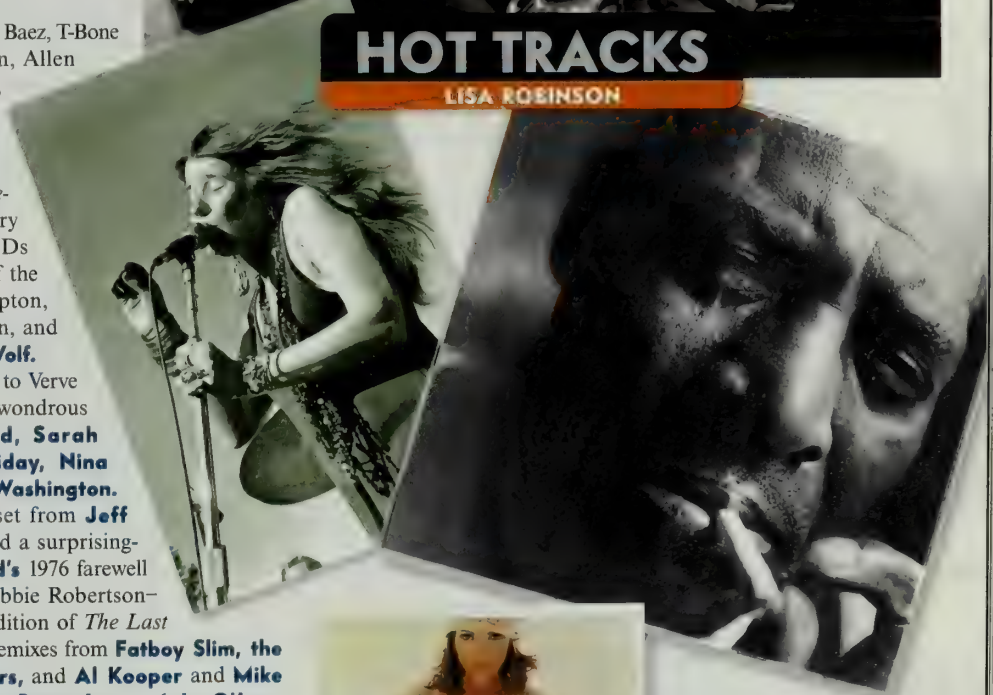
LISA ROBINSON

Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.
—"My Back Pages," Bob Dylan.

In with the old, out with the new.

Actually new: **Lou Reed's** fascination with Edgar Allan Poe (whom he describes as "not exactly the boy next door") has evolved into *The Raven,* a two-CD masterpiece of new songs and poems with guest artists that include Willem Dafoe, Laurie Anderson, David Bowie, Steve Buscemi, the Blind Boys of Alabama, and Ornette Coleman. Whatever **Jennifer Lopez** is taking, doing, or seeing is working: on *This Is Me . . . Then,* she wrote most of the lyrics, her voice is strong, and she does a terrific cover of Carly Simon's "You Belong to Me." **Patty Larkin's** new album is the beautiful *Red = Luck.* Former D Generation leader **Jesse Malin's** *The Fine Art of Self-Destruction* is heartbreaking stuff produced by Ryan Adams, who says, "Malin's songs are so good they hurt my feelings."

New to you: In 1975, **Bob Dylan** took Joan Baez, T-Bone Burnette, Bobby Neuwirth, Mick Ronson, Allen Ginsberg, Ronee Blakley, Roger McGuinn, and others on a historic, old-fashioned, traveling, medicine-show/circus-like tour; it's finally available on a two-CD set, *Bob Dylan Live 1975—The Rolling Thunder Review.* And welcome, too, is the extraordinary *London Howlin' Wolf Sessions*—on two CDs with bonus cuts and alternative versions of the original tracks done in 1970 by Eric Clapton, Charlie Watts, Ian Stewart, Hubert Sumlin, and Steve Winwood, with the mythic **Howlin' Wolf.**

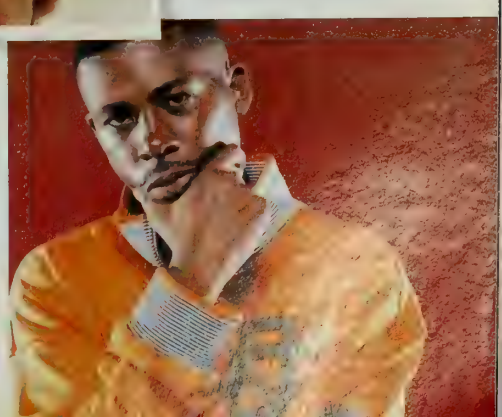


Formerly new: Have a cocktail and listen to Verve Records' *Diva Series,* with reissues from wondrous singers **Anita O'Day, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Blossom Dearie, Billie Holiday, Nina Simone, Carmen McRae,** and **Dinah Washington.** *The Grace EPs* is a posthumous boxed set from **Jeff Buckley,** whose short, tragic life produced a surprisingly large body of recorded work. **The Band's** 1976 farewell concert gets yet another airing with a Robbie Robertson–autographed, three-album vinyl limited edition of *The Last Waltz.* Also out: live tracks, outtakes, and remixes from **Fatboy Slim, the Smashing Pumpkins, Chemical Brothers,** and **Al Kooper** and **Mike Bloomfield;** love songs from **Marvin Gaye, Peggy Lee,** and **the O'Jays;** and a two-CD set of **Janis Joplin's** work, alone and with Big Brother and the Holding Company.



From top: Lou Reed, Janis Joplin, Howlin' Wolf, J.Lo's new CD, and GZA.

New too: **Phish** went into the recording studio to rehearse for their (instantly sold-out) New Year's Eve shows and emerged with *Round Room,* an album of 12 new songs. On their psychedelic, rocking *Evil Heat,* **Primal Scream** practically *channel* the early Stooges. And T. Rex, the Beatles, David Bowie, and Lou Reed have all unwittingly contributed to the exuberant new *Life on Other Planets,* from contempo U.K. rockers **Supergrass.** Soulful ballads mark **Jeffrey Gaines's** *Toward the Sun.* John Medeski, Alison Krauss, and Béla Fleck join **Dar Williams** on her optimistic *The Beauty of the Rain.* **System of a Down's** *Steal This Album* takes heaviosity to creative nu outer limits. Smooth grooves mark **Thicke's** *Cherry Blue Skies.* **Ry Cooder's** collaboration with Cuban guitarist **Manuel Galbán**—*Mambo Sinuendo*—evokes the 1950s mambo/cha-cha world of Perez Prado. And if you like that, you'll like **Ibrahim Ferrer's** *Buenos Hermanos,* the first album in four years from the Buena Vista Social Club star. Notable soundtracks include *Adaptation,* with original music from **Carter Burwell,** and Baz Luhrmann's Broadway production of *La Bohème,* with **Puccini's** greatest hits. **Snoop Dogg** displays a Bootsy Collins vibe on *Paid Tha Cost to Be Da Bo$$,* **Swizz Beatz** is alternately hard-core and hilarious on *Swizz Beatz Presents G.H.E.T.T.O. Stories,* and Wu Tang Clan's **GZA's** rhyming skills are breathtaking on *Legend of the Liquid Sword.* There's no BZA like show BZA.







KILLING FIELDS
The Dolphinarium-disco bombing in Tel Aviv, which killed 21, June 1, 2001. *Right*, Hamas bomb expert Mohammad Deif's yellow Mercedes, bottom, after being hit by Israeli missiles in Gaza, September 26, 2002; two died in the car, and more than 40 bystanders were wounded, but Deif escaped.



LEFT, BY NADAV NEUHAUS; RIGHT, BY ADEL HANA

ISRAEL'S PAYBACK PRINCIPLE

Since late 2000, Israel has changed its covert tactic of "targeted killings," now openly eliminating Palestinians it holds responsible for suicide bombings. The U.S. just assassinated an al-Qaeda leader in Yemen. With the war on terror, the rules have changed, but such vengeance has its price

BY DAVID MARGOLICK

It was another triumph for Israeli intelligence. In the late morning of last September 26, Muhammad Deif—the head of the military wing of Hamas, mastermind of assorted suicide bombings, shootings, kidnappings, murders, and other acts of terror that had killed dozens of Israelis over the past decade, and the country's most wanted man—was finally within its crosshairs. No other Palestinian terrorist had evaded the Israelis for so long; four times before they had tried to kill him, and four times he had escaped, going so far underground that all extant photographs of him were dated. Six years earlier, before Yasser Arafat lapsed into "irrelevance," as Israeli prime minister Ariel Sharon put it recently, Deif had been important enough for the Israelis to demand that the Palestinian leader hand him over. "Muhammad who?" Arafat had supposedly replied, as if he'd never heard of him.

Now, thanks no doubt to information from their intricate web of Palestinian collaborators, the Israelis knew precisely where Deif was: in Gaza, on the right side of the backseat of a yellow Mercedes, moving south through the crowded Sheikh Radwan neighborhood. Not only had they located him and already marked his car with a laser stain, they had an Apache helicopter hovering so high above that Deif had no idea it was there. At around noon the gunship fired two 100-pound Hellfire antitank missiles at the car, which was instantly reduced to a twisted, smoking skeleton. News of the hit was promptly conveyed to the Israeli Cabinet, awaiting word in David Ben-Gurion's old quarters in Tel Aviv. Prime Minister Sharon, who'd approved the operation, reserved judgment, but Foreign Minister Shimon Peres was more optimistic. "He is already dead," he said.

Two others in the car, Deif's bodyguards, in fact were. Some 43 passersby, including 15 schoolchildren, were wounded. But Deif? Film taken by an Abu Dhabi television crew immediately afterward showed a heavyset man, charred and bloodied but still alive, being removed from the car. Within a few hours, Israeli intelligence had learned that Deif, while burned and without one of his eyes, had once again survived. It did not take long for Israel to brace itself for the inevitable retaliation, and took even less time for the Israelis, who are perpetually divided about nearly everything, to argue over just what had gone wrong.

For the vast majority of Israelis, though, the debate was not over the wisdom of what had just happened, nor the morality of it, nor the efficacy, nor the legality. The debate was not over whether such strikes were conducted less to thwart future terror than to placate and revitalize a people exhausted and angry after two years of another intifada. Nor was it over whether killing people without a trial was consistent with the spirit of a democratic state, much less one that prides itself on what it calls the "purity of arms"—the belief that its military cares more about human life than any other. Nor was it about whether such acts plant a bad seed in the Israeli soul, turning soldiers into monsters. Nor about how, in even the most precise and surgical of op-

erations, civilians are inevitably killed or maimed. Nor about whether, despite losses like these, such groups as Hamas and Islamic Jihad invariably regenerate or reconfigure themselves afterward. Nor about whether another dozen or two Israelis who would otherwise have lived would now be blown to bits, aboard buses or in marketplaces or sidewalk cafés.

Two years into a campaign that has seen dozens of Palestinian militants killed in similarly violent fashion, the debate was over something much narrower: whether the missiles aimed at Deif had been sufficiently large and lethal, and, if not, why not. Having been castigated internationally two months earlier for dropping a one-ton bomb on an even more crowded Gaza neighborhood, killing not just Deif's predecessor, Sheikh Salah Shehada, but 16 others too, the Israelis trod more lightly this time. Too lightly, it turned out.

For Israel, "targeted killings" are as old as the Talmud. "If he comes to kill you, kill him first," it states. Sprinkled throughout the nation's 54 years are many such actions, often filled with James Bond–like tales of ingenuity and derring-do. The Israelis have always been quietly proud of them, while also asking themselves whether they want to be, or should be, doing such things. After all, Israel effectively has no death penalty. It has executed only one man: Adolf Eichmann, the Nazi bureaucrat who had the Jews stuffed into cattle cars going to the death camps.

"ALL THESE EDUCATED PEOPLE SITTING AROUND TRYING TO DECIDE WHO C

In 1955 the Israeli philosopher Yishayahu Leibowitz complained in a letter to Ben-Gurion, Israel's first prime minister, about innocent Palestinians killed in Israeli operations. "I received your letter and I do not agree with you," Ben-Gurion replied. "Were all the human ideals to be given to me on the one hand and Israeli security on the other, I would choose Israeli security, because while it is good that there be a world full of peace, fraternity, justice, and honesty, it is even more important that we be in it."

Last July, Israel's most respected political columnist, Nahum Barnea, of the newspaper *Yediot Aharonot*, showed Ben-Gurion's letter to Prime Minister Sharon, who said he agreed with every word of it.

Traditionally, such operations have been conducted in strict secrecy and steadfastly denied. "There is not and will not be a policy or reality in the I.D.F. [the Israeli Defense Forces] of intended murder of wanted persons. The principle of the sanctity of life is a basic value in the I.D.F.," the army stated a decade ago. But in the past two years something profound has happened in and to Israel. While officials still deny responsibility occasionally, insisting such explosions are "work-related accidents," many times they don't bother. In fact, they proclaim what they've done, in press releases available in English, Spanish, and French, as well as Hebrew.

But deciding precisely what to call the operations has proved problematic. The Israelis dislike "assassination," which they believe confers a kind of political legitimacy on gangsters and murderers, and overlooks the fact that Israel is at war. And "liquidations," Israeli attorney general Elyakim Rubinstein has decreed, hurts Israel's image. Officials favor more clinical terms such as "focused thwarting," "pinpoint eliminations," "foilings," "preventive measures," "operations," or various combinations of them all.

The posthumous press releases are the closest Israel comes to laying out a case against the targets; invariably, they link them to the ghastly itinerary of bombings painfully familiar to everyone here: the Dolphinarium discotheque in Tel Aviv (bombed on June 1, 2001), the Sbarro pizzeria in Jerusalem (August 9, 2001), the Park Hotel Passover Seder in Netanya (March 27, 2002), the Frank Sinatra Cafeteria at the Hebrew University (July 31, 2002), and various buses and shopping malls throughout the country (by now too numerous to list). In the last two years more than 150 Palestinians have blown themselves up in Israel and the occupied territories; proportionately speaking, the number of Israelis killed—657 and counting—exceeds the American death toll of 58,000 in the Vietnam War. (More than 1,600 Palestinians have been killed during the same period.)

The I.D.F. won't say how many targeted killings it has carried out in that time; by mid-November, according to the count of Bassem Eid, executive director of Palestinian Human Rights Monitoring Group in East Jerusalem, the total stood at 102: 43 from Hamas, 29 from Fatah (including its al-Aqsa Martyrs Brigades), 17 from Islamic Jihad, and 13 from various other groups. The Israelis have never targeted top political leaders, such as Arafat or Sheikh Ahmed Yassin of Hamas—in part because, as one prominent Israeli politician says, dying at its hands is "the wet dream of a terror leader." Instead, Israelis say they've focused on operational types: the suicide bombers themselves and, more often, the people making bombs for them or sending them on their way. Arrests are always preferable, the Israelis say. Prisoners, particularly young would-be bombers, break easily, thereby becoming a major source of intelligence. Arrests, unlike killings, are reversible. And arrests don't produce *shahids*—martyrs.

Technically, some of the operations are dazzling, involving booby traps hidden in plain sight and detonated by remote control. Some involve elite undercover units in which Israelis masquerade as Arabs. "They know how Arabs pray in mosques, how they drink their coffee, how they scratch their balls," says an Israeli who has followed security issues for many years. Many are done with sophisticated technology, such as drones and high-altitude surveillance balloons equipped with telescopes.

They can involve as many as 200 people, but even seemingly simple operations are surprisingly intricate. "You need a chopper in the air; you need at least two sources to verify that the target's actually in the car; you need to assess the collateral damage; you need to track the car as it moves; you need to choose the position, to make sure he hasn't left the car in the meantime, which they often do; you need to make sure that your own people on the ground will not get into trouble," explained Ehud Ya'ari, who covers Arab affairs for Israel's Channel Two and *The Jerusalem Report*. "Each one is a little war, with an operations room."

In his office at the television studio, near a row of monitors beaming various Arab stations, Ya'ari took out several organizational charts, each containing a rogues' gallery of headshots. In the first, from last April, the photographs were unblemished; in the second, most had Hebrew letters stamped ominously over them. It looked like a macabre game of bingo, and there were winners up, down, and across. These were Israel's most wanted men, organization by organization. Holding up one of the charts, Ya'ari explained, "This is Hamas in Samaria." (Samaria is the biblical term for the northern half of the West Bank.) He pointed at the words superimposed on their faces. "Killed. Killed. Killed. Killed. Arrested." It looked about the same for Hamas in the southern West Bank, and for Arafat's Fatah movement. And for Islamic Jihad. "Israeli intelligence is writing the text on how to pinpoint a massive amount of terrorist activity," he said. "They have disman-

tled 80 to 90 percent of the networks on the West Bank, and only a miracle will prevent them from doing the same thing in Gaza."

Such success has led some to declare that Israel has already won the intifada. Last fall Zev Chafets, quoting a source in Israeli intelligence, wrote in the New York *Daily News* that Israel had killed or captured more than 60 of the roughly 70 leaders who were responsible for the bombings, and had trained its sights on the remaining few. The reality, it turns out, is far more complicated.





EMPTY GESTURES
From top: President Clinton embraces Yitzhak Rabin, left, and Yasser Arafat after they signed the Oslo peace accords, September 13, 1993; former foreign minister Shimon Peres and Ariel Sharon, October 2002; Israelis in Jerusalem demand action to stop Palestinian attacks.



KILLED. THERE'S SOMETHING SURREAL ABOUT IT."

At least as important as the I.D.F. in the campaign is the Shin Bet, the Israeli version of the F.B.I., which supplies the military with much of its intelligence. Armed with listening devices, agents, and informants who have infiltrated every layer of Palestinian society (the most dangerous Hamas cell in Nablus operated out of a clothing store belonging to a Palestinian on the Shin Bet payroll), it has produced a steady supply of targets, some of whom had been underground for years, others who were supposedly in Palestinian jails. Much of the time, the Shin Bet knows in advance which bomber is due to leave when, from what place, who is sending him, and who made the bomb. The organization has thwarted scores of bombings, including seven during one 10-day stretch in October alone. More than 3,000 Palestinian militants have been jailed in the past two years, including 160 suicide bombers captured before they could pull their detonators. (Israel no longer lets reporters speak to any of them. According to Daniel Seaman, the director of the Israeli government press office, some of them had, in past interviews, sent out coded messages. Others sounded too heroic, he says, inspiring other social rejects and borderline cases to follow their examples. And some of them "in a perverted way even make sense." According to Seaman, Alfred Hitchcock had it right: he never showed violence, leaving viewers to conjure up something far worse. "I'd rather have people with images of them as monsters, rather than young people with a cause," Seaman says.)

To American eyes, the Shin Bet—known in Israel also as the "Shabak"—is extremely unusual: an intelligence agency that actually works and, even more remarkably, rarely boasts about it, even off the record.

The targeted killings, Ya'ari says, are Israel's single most effective tool, because they leave terrorists feeling scrutinized, exposed, discombobulated, underexperienced, vulnerable. "It's very simple: without them, my wife cannot go to the supermarket." Together with curfews and demolitions of houses belonging to the families of suicide bombers, he says, the operations have made potential terrorists reconsider their plans. "It's not because they don't want to kill us or don't hate us, but they think twice." Even Abdel-Aziz Rantisi, the Hamas spokesman, has conceded that decimating its top ranks has made things much harder for Hamas's "combatants," at least until they regroup.

For all the terrible carnage of that day, most Americans were not directly touched by the events of September 11. Two snipers may have briefly horrified America, but they mainly stayed close to Washington, D.C. But terrorism affects every Israeli every day. Israelis stay off buses, or keep their children off them, or drive well behind them. They shop in malls because they're safer, or avoid them because they're not. They eat only in restaurants with security guards (to help pay for them a "security fee" is now added to every check), or—in something new and disagreeable in this compulsively social place—they order takeout.

Israel is tiny, with fewer Jews than Hitler killed in Europe. And when tragedy strikes, the country can seem as claustrophobic and incestuous as the tiny communities where the murdered Jews of Europe once lived. Everyone, no matter his rank or privilege, knows someone who has been killed or maimed. Everyone is scarred by the ineffable tragedy of it all.

Nathan Cherny, an oncologist I met in Jerusalem, gave me his own casualty list:


WELCOME
LAS VEGAS
NEVADA
intel inside
pentium 4
10 digital camera, Memory Stick®
lio™ RZ Desktop, powered by an
rocessor, you can capture and organize
burn your favorites to DVD using
Click to DVD™ software. www.sony.com

SONY


THE RACHEL
HE DOESN'T
KNOW










Sony recommends Microsoft® Windows® XP



Malka Roth, the 15-year-old daughter of one of his friends, killed at the Sbarro pizzeria. Avi Boaz, the 71-year-old husband of one of his patients, murdered by the al-Aqsa Martyrs Brigades approximately a week after his wife died of cancer. Shmuel Gillis, a 42-year-old hematologist colleague and the father of five, shot to death while driving home. Eran Picard, the 18-year-old son of another colleague, killed in his school in Gaza. Shiri Negari, the 21-year-old sister of one of his medical students, killed in a bus bombing. (Iman Kabha, the Israeli Arab roommate of another of his students, died on the same bus.) Gal Eisenman, the five-year-old daughter of a doctor friend, killed in a bus-stop bombing in Jerusalem. Then there's Jonathan, a 19-year-old patient of Cherny's with an advanced case of cancer. He wasn't killed. But after standing too close to a suicide bomber in Jerusalem's Ben Yehuda Mall, he found himself with a shattered hand and a steel nut in his scrotum.

One's politics offer no protection. Cherny has routinely seen Palestinian patients for no charge, has given them free medication, and—until it became too dangerous—made house calls to their homes on the West Bank. But he is as likely to get blown up as anyone. The dangers are "everywhere, pernicious, and intolerable," he says; killing those responsible for them is absolutely fine by him, because "the threat is so real and evil." Whether or not the targeted killings work, the public thinks they do. "Had they done it a year before, my daughter would still be alive," the mother of one of the Russian-born teenagers killed at the Dolphinarium said.

Zionism promised the Jews, who'd lived on the edge for centuries, a land of normalcy. The founder of political Zionism, Theodor Herzl, famously envisioned a land not just of Jewish geniuses but also of Jewish cops and Jewish prostitutes, where the Jews could live like everyone else. During the heady years of the early 1990s and the Oslo peace accords, that goal finally appeared within reach. And with peace came prosperity: a culture of leisure and affluence gradually supplanted the years of barricades and spartan socialism.

Now "normalcy" in Israel can be maintained only through extraordinarily abnormal means. I listened in October when General Uri Bar-Lev of the Israeli police ticked off to colleagues the arsenal of soldiers, snipers, sappers, policemen, hospital personnel, dogs, metal detectors, roadblocks, helicopters, bomb-removing vehicles, bicycles, motorcycles, and buses he felt were necessary to protect 25,000 scouts meeting in Rabin Square in Tel Aviv from terrorists. It worked—that time.

Now Israel is turning Herzl on his head as recent terrorist episodes in Bali and Moscow make clear, what passes for "normal" in Israel is rapidly becoming normal everywhere else. In early November, when an American Predator aircraft took out an al-Qaeda leader and five of his cohorts in Yemen, the Americans, for all their past condemnations of targeted killings and their efforts to distinguish their operation from the Israelis', were taking a page out of the Israeli playbook.

Those Israelis who oppose targeted killings do so listlessly—even though the debate is still more anguished than anything that happened after the United States accidentally dropped bombs on an Afghan wedding in July. The peace movement is in disarray; recently, at one of the monthly rallies for "Peace Now" held outside the prime minister's residence in Jerusalem, someone suggested that Prozac be distributed throughout the sparse crowd. "I'm just tired of talking about whether it's legal to kill people," says Yael Stein, research director of B'Tselem, an Israeli human-rights organization. "All these educated, smart, sophisticated people sitting around all day trying to decide who can be killed and who not: there's something surreal about it. And really sad."

Even on the left, she says, people defer to the government. "We don't have the energy to argue whether it's legal or illegal. The thinking is 'They put bombs in our coffeehouses . . . who cares what happens to them?'"

In the days when the British ruled Palestine, a Palestinian Arab raped and killed a Jewish kibbutznik, then boasted about it as a patriotic act. Members of the Palmah, Israel's pre-state militia, tracked down the man and shot him. After Israel became a state in 1948, the operations continued. Shrouded by myth, blurred and embellished over the years, details about them are often sketchy. In one of the most striking, an Egyptian military attaché was blown up when he opened a biography of German field marshal Gerd Von Rundstedt. Similarly, in the early 1960s the Mossad—which, as distinct from the Shin Bet, handles intelligence outside Israel and the occupied territories—sent letter bombs to West German scientists working on Egypt's rocket program. At least five people were killed.

Most famously, on orders from then prime minister Golda Meir, Israel systematically tracked down and killed all but one or two of the surviving terrorists responsible for the 1972 Munich Olympics massacre, in which members of Arafat's Black September movement murdered 11 Israeli athletes.

With the first intifada, in the late 1980s, the targeted killings intensified again. But such operations came at a cost. Many believe that the February 1992 bombing of the Israeli Embassy in Buenos Aires, which killed 29 people, was Hezbollah's response to the killing of its leader, Abbas Musawi, in southern Lebanon. And the spate of bombings following the assassination of the bomb-making "Engineer" Yahya Ayyash, which killed 48 Israelis, helped defeat then prime minister Shimon Peres and elect the more hard-line Benjamin Netanyahu.

When Arafat and Yitzhak Rabin shook hands on the White House lawn in 1993, the need for targeted killings presumably disappeared. So, too, did much of Israel's intelligence capacity in the occupied territories; its network of informants was decimated. But as terror persisted and the Palestinian Authority refused to prosecute those the Israelis said were responsible, the Shin Bet began reconstituting its informant system. It had potent tools at its disposal: any Palestinian wanting to work in Israel or study in the United States or needing something else from the Israelis—a license, hospital treatment for a child, the right to travel—was seen as a potential recruit. Others have charged that the Israelis resorted to blackmail—catching Palestinians in compromising positions, sexual or otherwise, then forcing them to inform.

In terms of intelligence, what the Shin Bet has since accomplished is amazing. "To the terror victims or to the population at large, the suicide bombings seem virtually terrorizing," says Amir Oren, military-affairs correspondent for *Ha'aretz*. "They are unpredictable and come out of nowhere; anyone—the gardener who smiled at you a moment ago, the guy who boarded the bus, the girl who just entered the restaurant—can turn out to be the terrorist. It seems a force of nature that can hardly be checked. But to the professionals, who've gone through the excruciating task of learning who is who and what's what in every single village in the West Bank, every block in the refugee camps in Gaza, what are the family ties between various people, who went to religious school with whom, it doesn't seem like a mass of faceless Palestinians at all." But the Shin Bet's success also reflects the calamitous state of the Palestinians. Intelligence is about exploiting weak spots, and in all ways—economic, social, political—the Palestinians are beyond desperate.

In the fall of 2000, Prime Minister Ehud Barak—who as a young commando in 1973 dressed as a woman for a storied mission in Beirut that killed three of the Olympics-massacre perpetrators—reactivated the policy of targeted killings. For all their imperfections, he concluded, they were the clearest, safest, most efficient way to deal with suicide bombers. "It was something that any government in its right mind would do," he recalled to me in an interview at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. "You have two bad options. One is to hit this guy, with the kind of price it carries with it, especially in the long run, or otherwise you sit idle and see your own people exploded."

The first hit of the new wave came on November 9, 2000. The target was a local Fatah leader named Hussein Abayat, whose car was hit by a rocket from one of three Israeli helicopters flying overhead. Also killed were two Palestinian women walking nearby. "Their faces were black, completely burned and still bleeding," one eyewitness recalled. "Any other country would long ago have responded with great force," Major General Yitzhak Eitin, the Israeli commander on the West Bank, declared afterward. "This is not our first or last move." Marwan Barghouti, the Fatah leader, called the move "a cowardly act of aggression and dangerous escalation." (The Israelis weighed killing Barghouti too, but opted to arrest and try him instead.)

On November 23, 2000, the target was a Hamas militant named Ibrahim Odeh. A cousin of his, an Israeli informer, had lent him his car, but only after the Israelis had planted a bomb in the headrest, which they detonated from a helicopter. On New Year's Eve 2000, the objective was Thabet Thabet, a prominent Fatah official from Tulkarm, who was hit by machine-gun fire as he left his home. Many Israeli peace activists considered Thabet, a dentist who had once been photographed with President Jimmy Carter, a kindred spirit; security officials said he was a closet killer.

A month later, Sharon replaced Barak as prime minister. Some who knew him well believed Sharon, a man who thinks more tactically than strategically and is a veteran of several famous and controversial Israeli undercover units himself, would be more inclined toward targeted killings than his predecessor had been, and in fact the pace picked up. Sharon is the type, one Israeli politician speculates, who if faced with an outbreak of malaria would kill as many mosquitoes as he could rather than drain the swamp.

Sharon inherited from Barak not only the policy of targeted killings but the bureaucratic mechanism, too. Each target is proposed by the army and Shin Bet, whose heads then consult with the prime minister and key members of his Cabinet—now, presumably, the newly appointed defense minister, Shaul Mofaz, and foreign minister Netanyahu, who are less likely to restrain Sharon than their Labor Party predecessors.

On February 19, 2001, Mahmoud al-Madani of Hamas was shot after visiting a mosque in Nablus. Mohammed Abdel-'Al of Islamic Jihad was hit by helicopter fire on April 2, while driving his Peugeot in Gaza. Iyyad Hardan, a leader of Islamic Jihad's al-Quds Brigade, died on April 5 when the pay phone he was using in Jenin exploded. Mu'tassem al-Sabbagh of Fatah was also blown up, by rockets fired from a helicopter, on May 12.

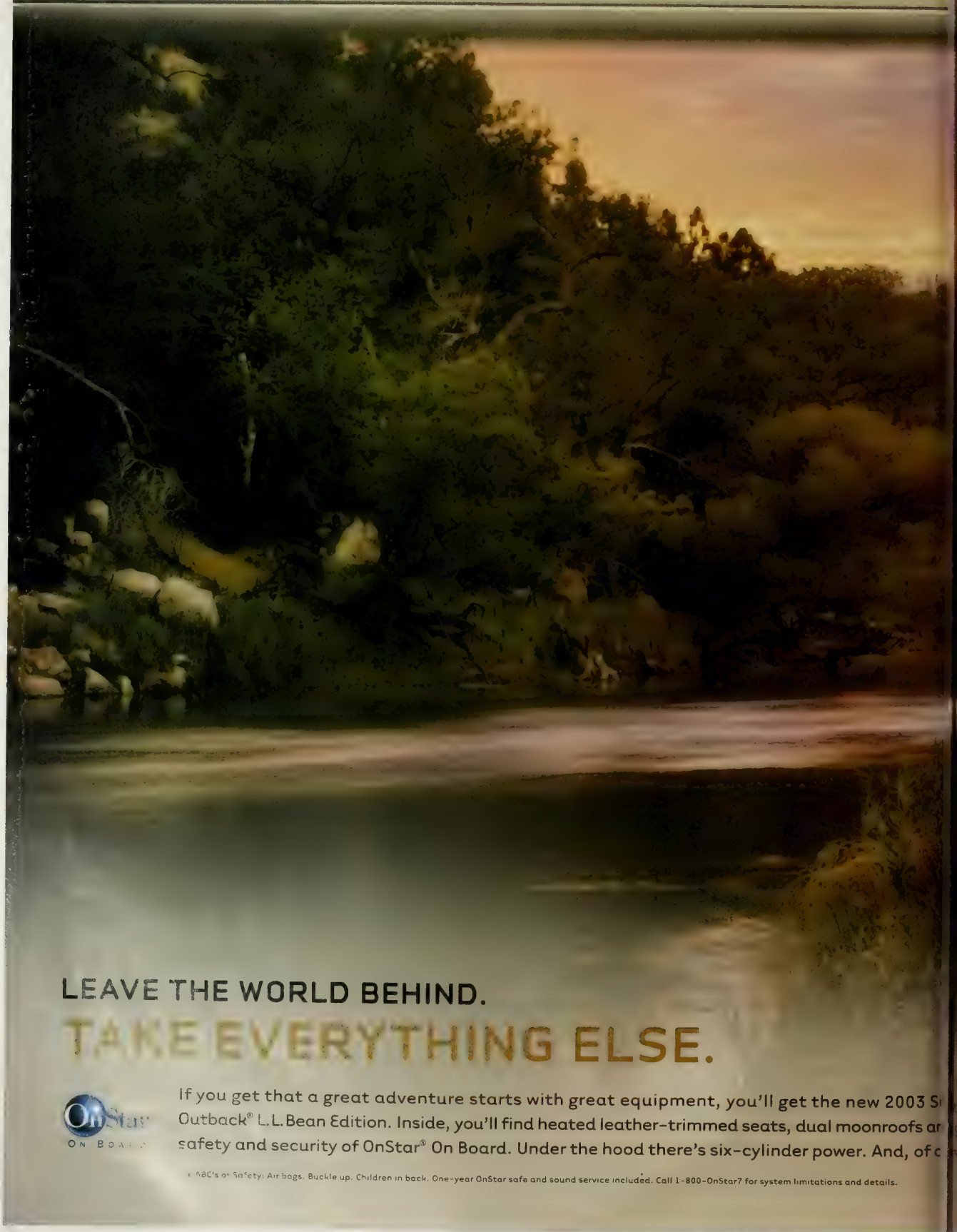
In July 2001, Sharon broadened the army's mandate, to cover terrorists even when they were not on the verge of a major attack. Around the same time, Israel published a hit list of seven new candidates for targeted killings, and the policy won the approval of one of Israel's two chief rabbis, Israel Meir Lau. Citing the 12th-century Jewish philosopher Maimonides along with various other sages and Talmudic texts, Lau said that Israel was fighting a "war of *mitzvah*"—that is, a war of commandment—that required "acts of self-defense, initiative, and daring," and exempted participants from other biblical strictures.

On July 17 the target was Omar Sa'adeh, head of the Hamas military in Bethlehem, who was hit from a helicopter while he was feeding chickens and pigeons in a shed next to his house. A week later, it was Salah Darwazi of the Hamas military wing, incinerated by four missiles fired from the slopes of a nearby mountain while he drove his red Volkswagen in Nablus.

On July 31 the Israelis killed two key Hamas activists at once—Jamal Mansour and Jamal Salim—in a six-story office building in Nablus. According to one survivor, a secretary took a call for Mansour, ostensibly from the BBC, and handed him the phone. As soon as he spoke into the receiver, a missile, fired from an Apache helicopter, crashed into the office. (The BBC later stated that none of its reporters had called Mansour that day.) Four bystanders were killed in the bomb-

"THIS IS HAMAS IN SAMARIA. KILLED. KILLED. KILLED. KILLED. ARRESTED."

OUTBACK L.L.Bean EDITION



LEAVE THE WORLD BEHIND.

TAKE EVERYTHING ELSE.

OnStar ON BOARD

If you get that a great adventure starts with great equipment, you'll get the new 2003 S
Outback® L.L.Bean Edition. Inside, you'll find heated leather-trimmed seats, dual moonroofs ar
safety and security of OnStar® On Board. Under the hood there's six-cylinder power. And, of c

ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in back. One-year OnStar safe and sound service included. Call 1-800-OnStar7 for system limitations and details.

subaru.com



: the rugged traction and control of full-time Subaru All-Wheel
So no matter what adventure you're on, you'll be fully equipped
he beauty of Subaru All-Wheel Drive. When you get it, you get it.™

SUBARU

The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive.

ing, including two brothers, aged 8 and 10.

At the time the two Hamas military leaders were killed, things had been relatively quiet for nearly two months. That kind of timing has led Sharon's opponents, both inside and outside Israel, to charge that the prime minister, either unable or unwilling to make peace, has deliberately stirred the pot. "Not every assassination is smart," wrote Roni Shaked, a Palestinian-affairs correspondent for *Yediot Aharonot*. "Every assassination has the price of the revenge that it levies—and we are the ones who pay it." Nine days later, 15 Israelis were killed when a man with spiky blond hair blew himself up at the Sbarro pizzeria in Jerusalem. But that did not slow the Israeli hunt for those believed to be terrorists. On August 27 a missile smashed through the window of the office of Abu Ali Mustafa, head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, killing him at his desk.

Peres, then the foreign minister, learned about the killing only during a meeting with American representatives of Israel Bonds. Told what had just happened, the Americans broke into applause. "Calm down," Peres interjected. "We are not at all in love with this kind of operation of ours." He later remarked, "Anger is not a tool in foreign policy."

"Israel is beginning to imitate the Palestinians," Nahum Barnea wrote afterward. "It all turns into one bloody muddle, with no good guys and no bad guys, no smart guys and no stupid guys, no terrorists and no victims." Sharon, Barnea continued, "appears to be acting more and more under the assumption that, since there is no chance of quelling terror, we can at least exploit the confusion to kill a few bad guys on the other side." Sharon denied that the killing of a political leader would escalate things. "What else has to happen? Everything's burning already anyway," he remarked. But two months later, Mustafa's followers shot Israeli tourism minister Rehavam Ze'evi, the first Israeli Cabinet officer ever killed.

On November 23, 2001, the Israelis hit Mahmoud Abu Hanoud, one of their most wanted men in Hamas. So riddled with machine-gun fire was the 34-year-old Hanoud, who'd been disguised as an elderly Palestinian at the time, that he could be identified only through a spinal-cord injury the Israelis had inflicted during an earlier attempt to kill him. Again there were doubts about the timing; the killing came when Hamas claimed to have suspended operations within Israel's 1967 borders. The attacks soon resumed.

Then on January 14, 2002, as leading Fatah terrorist Ra'ed Karmi walked down a street in Tulkarm, a bomb planted near the wall of a Christian cemetery exploded and killed him. At the time, Fatah, too, had been observing a cease-fire. "At another time, the assassination of such an arch-terrorist could almost be considered a mitzvah [in this context, a good deed]," columnist Chemi Shalev wrote in *Ma'ariv*. But after the quietest month in a year, it could now be seen as "a deliberate provocation." Within days, terrorists sprayed machine-gun fire around a Bat Mitzvah in Hadera and a Jerusalem street, killing a total of eight.

On January 22, four Hamas activists, including two leading bomb-makers, were killed in a raid in Nablus; one of them was later found in a sitting position in the shower, stripped to his underwear and covered with blood. Three months later, in an intricate operation involving regular and reserve army troops, police SWAT teams, helicopters, tanks, and snipers, the Israelis caught up with notorious suicide-bomber facilitator Kaes Adwan.

But the most publicized, and controversial, targeted killing took place in Gaza on July 22, 2002. Salah Shehada, 49, was Israel's most wanted man, heir apparent to the head of Hamas, Sheikh Yassin. Several times over the previous month Shehada—who the Israelis said had been planning a number of colossal bombings—had been in the army's sights, but each time the operation was postponed because, according to the Palestinian collaborator monitoring the situation, there were too many people nearby. Growing increasingly frustrated, the authorities gave the green light to kill him even though they knew that Shehada's wife, too, would die. He was important enough, in fact, to forgo the usual lighter weaponry for a one-ton bomb.

Shehada was killed, along with his wife. But so were his daughter and 14 others, 10 of them children. The initial euphoria—Sharon called it "one of our most successful operations"—soon gave way to extraordinarily bitter recriminations, with everyone blaming one another for the outcome. Two things were clear: there had been a terrible lapse in something, be it intelligence or operations or wisdom or character; and however hardened the Israeli public had become, however much they supported such operations, there were limits to how far many of them would go.

Yossi Sarid, the head of the liberal Meretz Party, who supports targeted killings under certain narrow circumstances, calls the Shehada operation "very stupid." "Probably he deserved it, but the question is whether we deserved it," he says. "I'm not a great admirer of Barak, but Barak was much more cautious about it. Sharon is not too careful and sensitive about it, but among his supporters it's very popular. And, unfortunately, he's supported by too many people here."

"I HAVE FULL CONTROL OVER MY AIRPLANES . . . I CAN VETO IT EVEN IF I'M

In a newspaper advertisement, a group of Israeli reservists who have refused to serve in the occupied territories posed some questions to the pilots who'd flown the mission: "Are you familiar with the term 'a patently illegal order'?" "Did you attempt to find out [beforehand] if innocent civilians were in the house?" "If you knew that there were, did you hesitate, even for a brief moment, before squeezing the trigger?" Uri Avnery, a veteran left-wing activist and head of a peace group called Gush Shalom, printed his own open letter to the pilots. "In school you most certainly must have studied Bialik's poem, '[even] the devil can't avenge one little child['s death],'" he wrote, referring to Israel's national poet. "Does that pilot—you!—have any deliberations? . . . Or does he—you!—turn himself into a robot, into a 'professional' whose pride lies in his perfect control over the terrible death machine that he is given to handle and in the 'precise' obedience of the order given?"

To *Ha'aretz* reporter Yossi Melman, author of *The Spies: Israel's Counter-Espionage Wars*, who has studied the Israeli military and counterterrorism for decades, the Shehada incident symbolizes how the army's ethos and operational abilities have eroded. Targeted killings, which had once been a "sacred weapon," a tactic of last resort, have become standard operating procedure, he complains. "One could say, 'Israel doesn't have any chance, that's the rules of the game, we live in the Middle East,' but that's rubbish," he says. "If that's the name of the game, to be as rough as the environment, maybe it's not worth having the state."

I met Melman at a café on Sheinkin Street, the epicenter of Tel Aviv liberalism. A giant picture of Yitzhak Rabin hung in the window behind him. Melman's views, like those found up and down the street, are in a distinct minority in Israel, and, despite what happened in Gaza, that minority continues to shrink as the suicide bomb-

ings accumulate; only a week before we spoke, a No. 4 bus had been blown up but a stone's throw away, killing six.

At the moment the bus exploded, Roni Shaked was explaining to me in his office in Jerusalem how targeted killings had calmed things down; it had been quiet for nearly two months. Suddenly, someone began shouting about the explosion in Tel Aviv. And that feeling so familiar to Israelis—of dread, sadness, nausea—instantaneously descended upon the premises. "I don't believe in peace, I'm sorry to tell you," Shaked said. "After 34 years in one bed with no sex, it's time for a divorce. A Berlin Wall is not going to be enough. We need a channel, with crocodiles in it."

Even within *Ha'aretz,* once a bastion of left-wing attitudes and support for Palestinian rights, many have moved right. One of the paper's most thoughtful and respected columnists, Tom Segev, says that, while he objects to the negligence with which they were sometimes done, he has no objection to targeted killings per se. "I'm against the death penalty, but I also know it's a very dirty war," he says. "In reality, we have changed our standards of what is acceptable. This is one of the results of terrorism." Or, as Amir Oren puts it, "People with impeccable anti-war credentials believe that Israel is right to defend itself and right about the means it has undertaken. You can't be knee-jerk when someone is trying to blow off your kneecap. Targeted killing is not even a necessary evil. It's necessary."

Having dismissed two cases already, the Israeli Supreme Court is now considering another challenge to the targeted-killings policy, one brought by the Public Committee Against Torture in Israel and LAW, a Palestinian human-rights organization. The groups' chief lawyer, Avigdor Feldman, isn't arguing that targeted killings violate international law, which, not having grappled with modern terrorism and how to define who is a "combatant," is ambiguous on the point. He relies, instead, on Israeli criminal law, and claims that because most targets pose no imminent threat to anyone—"When public opinion is outraged, they pluck a name off the list"—killing them amounts to murder.

The Court is taking its time with the case; Michael Sfard, the lawyer working with Feldman on it, joked that the justices were giving the I.D.F. ample time to finish everyone off before ruling. Military lawyers, who have set legal guidelines for targeted killings but have little involvement case to case, seem unconcerned by the challenge. Of slightly greater worry to them is the newly formed International Criminal Court in the Hague, which has jurisdiction over all alleged war crimes committed after July 1, 2002. Anxious Israeli diplomats, officials, and soldiers are peppering government lawyers with questions, asking whether they can travel to Italy or Germany or Belgium without getting hauled before the tribunal.

The office of the I.D.F.'s chief press officer, Brigadier General Ruth Yaron, is in a khaki-colored building just outside the Kirya, the main headquarters of the Israeli Defense Ministry, in Tel Aviv. It dates from the British mandate and looks it. The place epitomizes the importance that the Israeli Army has traditionally placed on public relations. Functional to begin with, it is poorly maintained, with an old chair dumped unceremoniously by the front door. Previously, the army believed it had better things to do than to sell itself to the rest of the world, particularly when the world usually wasn't buying.

Upstairs, hung haphazardly alongside a plastic tree, are pictures of Yaron's predecessors. Some are swarthy and romantic, figures out of *Exodus;* some look like professors at the University of Chicago. All are men. Yaron, 45, who was born in Algeria and came to Israel at the age of four, is the first woman, the first diplomat, and the first civilian named to the job. Articulate and businesslike, she is the army's belated acknowledgment, after Israel was saddled with unfair charges of massacring Palestinians in Jenin, that public opinion matters.

Selling targeted killings, she conceded, isn't easy. "They are complicated explanations, they don't come in sound bites. The television people will always come back to the poor Palestinians, the mighty Israelis. But what they don't say is one 'poor Palestinian' suicide bomber can kill many 'mighty Israelis.'"

The Israelis will let no reporters near an operation in progress. Instead, Yaron arranged for me to see Giora Eiland, an Israeli general involved in supervising the targeted killings. He told me that for one to be undertaken several conditions had to be met. First, the person had to be important enough. That meant he had to be a bomber, or recruit them, or facilitate their work, or make the bombs. Second, arrest could not be an option: since the reoccupation of the West Bank, he said, the ratio of arrests to killings has grown and is now something like 10 or 15 to 1. (In Gaza, which is still in Palestinian hands, the ratio is lower.)

Third, the killing had to reduce a specific threat—in other words, not be retribution for past deeds. Fourth, the Israelis had to be sure they were hitting the right target. So far, he insisted, they always had. (The Palestinian Human Rights Monitoring Group claims that in July 2001 the Israelis killed Mustafa Yassin when they wanted Muhammad Yassin, and that in October they killed Muhammad Abayat instead of Nasser Abayat. Israel has not taken responsibility for either killing.)

Fifth, he said, the risk to civilians had to be low. For all the bad press Israel had gotten, at least 80 percent of the targeted killings involved no civilian casualties at all, he said. And sixth was the question of timing. That meant, presumably, that an operation would not go forward if it offended the Americans or would lead the news on CNN or the BBC. The general, a soft-spoken, deliberate sort, grew agitated only when I asked if some killings had, in fact, provoked new attacks. "There is no connection between these two," he replied adamantly. "They will try to carry out as many operations as they can, no matter what we do."

OLD ON THE RADIO TO SHOOT," SAYS AN ISRAELI PILOT. "I HAVE THE LAST CALL."

After providing me with more high officials far removed from the missions themselves, the I.D.F. furnished me with two genuine participants: a pair of helicopter pilots, Major A. and Captain S., 32 and 25 years old, respectively. Both were eminently presentable. Both had boyish faces and looked astonishingly young. Both spoke impeccable English. Both had flown numerous missions, A. on a Cobra, S. on an Apache. Both said no civilians had died in any of their missions. Both stressed the great care that was taken to guard against that—to keep missions, as S. put it, "very sterile, very clean."

The two said they did not learn the names or deeds of their quarries until afterward, and then only from the press. It was better that way, they said, for such information was distracting. But they were not, they underlined, automatons. "I have full control over my airplanes—when will the missile come out, what my crosshairs are directed to—and I can veto it even if I'm told on the radio to shoot, if I do not believe it comes up to the main idea of the mission," said S. "I have the last call."

I read them Avnery's litany of ques-





HANDS OF PROTEST
From above: Palestinian children gather in the West Bank, where a bomb killed Fatah activist Ra'ed Karmi, January 14, 2002; Muhammad Dahlan, a former head of Palestinian Preventive Security, in October; a Palestinian student holds a portrait of slain Hamas leader Salah Shehada, Gaza, July 25, 2002.



tions. Neither was even momentarily nonplussed. "I don't want to sound naïve, that killing the suicide bombers is the most moral thing I can do," said S. "If I could send a missile with flowers I'd prefer doing that. But I think that exploding yourself in a crowd of civilians is also not moral. The way I see it, hitting this ticking bomb before it goes off is a more moral thing than waiting until it explodes and kills innocent people." The two played me videotapes, taken from the air, of two targeted killings, both made in the last couple of months. Short, soundless, fuzzy, culminating in a tiny black-and-white blob, filmed from a distance, they neatly captured the precision of such missions and just as neatly masked the violence and carnage.

"SUPPOSE THERE WOULD BE A QUIET PERIOD

All of Gaza is a construction site, not in a dynamic, optimistic way, but in the thwarted, improvised sense of a place where aspirations are low and nothing is ever completed. Even old buildings look unfinished, and their longtime residents, like squatters. Gaza is a kind of frontier. It seems that only the Stanley and Livingstone of Americanization, Marlboro and Coca-Cola, have thus far managed to penetrate it.

In this arid, impoverished environment the office of Muhammad Dahlan, a former head of security for the Palestinian Authority and a potential heir to Arafat, is an oasis of comfort and affluence; upon entering the courtyard, you even hear water, spitting gently out of a hose onto the tropical plants. Dahlan's office was brigl and cheery and immaculate, like the 4 year-old Dahlan himself. There was notl ing of the religious ascetic or revolutionar about him; he held a Marlboro Light in perfectly manicured hand, wore a cris white shirt, displayed a gleaming smile.

Sharon's targeted killings, he said, serve only Sharon; they were his way of shov ing Israel he was doing something. Wha he was targeting wasn't terrorists, but peac itself, and he was strengthening Hamas i the process. "Suppose that there woul be a quiet period here. What would Sha ron do? He will commit suicide," he saic Whenever things got calm, whenever Ha mas or Fatah held its fire, Dahlan saic Sharon could be expected to ignite thing anew. And Sharon's own people, h said, were the ones who paid th price. "We explained it to the Is raeli side 200 times: whoeve signed off on killing a leader amon Hamas or any other leader on th Palestinian side should turn th page and should sign off on killin 16 Israelis."

From Dahlan's offices, we tool the short drive to the Daraj neigh borhood, where the one-ton bomt had been dropped on Shehada. Th area was densely populated, with lots of children around. It was hard to imagine how the Israelis mis took it for semi-occupied; mature well-tended grapevines don't usual ly hang from empty or abandonec structures. Here, one sees another side o Palestinian resilience; as at Arafat's batterec compound in Ramallah, destruction and construction, which can look very much the same, coexist. Two months after the bombing, the place was a strange combination of remembrance and moving on, of despair and renewal.

Posters of victims, their photographs floating over pictures of Jerusalem's Dome of the Rock and flanked by quotations from the Koran, were still stuck to walls. "Do not say that those killed in the way of Allah are dead. They are alive, but you do not perceive it," stated one of them, showing a mother and her two children. "The Islamic Resistance Movement is congratulating martyr of Islam Khadar al-Saedi," declared a second poster, next to a picture of another victim, a distinguished-looking elderly man with a neatly trimmed white beard.

But the rubble was mostly gone, the memorials were fading, and the graffiti, in Arabic and English—"This is the Israeli

peace," "This was done by an American weapon"—was gradually disappearing behind new cinder blocks. Where Shehada briefly encamped was now completely cleared; with money from the United Arab Emirates, workmen were already assembling the metal rods for what is being built in its place. One of those who will live there is Muhammad Matar, whose apartment across the street was destroyed. He'll need less space than before: he lost several family members in the bombing, he said. He also lost an eye. Had he known Shehada had moved next door, Matar said quietly, he'd have asked him to leave.

A few miles from there, on al-Jala Street, a four-lane road complete with a sandy median strip and stunted palms that in Gaza passes for a grand boulevard, are the remnants of a far purer Israeli hit: a pair of potholes, a few feet apart, where the missiles aimed at Muhammad Deif bored their way obliquely into the asphalt. Deif has gone back underground, nursing burns said to require treatment of a sophisticated sort unavailable anywhere except where he could be targeted again.

Abdel-Aziz Rantisi, the Hamas spokesman, lives close enough to have heard the explosion. The neighborhood is a Hamas stronghold; primitive paintings of various *shahid*s hang on many street corners. For all his incendiary public rhetoric, about how the Jews should vacate Israel and go back to where they came from, Rantisi, wearing a blue striped short-sleeved shirt and sandals, was, for his meeting with me, quiet and subdued. Unlike Dahlan, Rantisi had virtually no security in his considerably more austere quarters, even though he said he thinks the Israelis could hit at any moment. (He is not the only one. My translator insisted that our taxi remain parked conspicuously out front; the Israelis, she reasoned, would surely know we were there, and give Rantisi a pass at least until they could see we had gone.) Maybe it is a function of his faith. Or maybe he knows that the Israelis have concluded that killing him is not worth the repercussions. Or maybe in the fratricidal rivalries among Palestinian groups, Hamas fears Dahlan less than Dahlan fears Hamas.

The Israelis, Rantisi said, are stupid. Whatever short-term inconvenience the killings have caused Hamas, they have only made it stronger. The men they have eliminated were too well known to hide; not so their replacements, which will make them, once they learn how to maneuver around curfews and closures, even more effective. The Israelis, he said, have mistaken Hamas for unprincipled, pusillanimous groups such as the Palestine Liberation Organization, which caved in under deportation and assassination. Hamas activists, he said, were not discouraged by those bingo charts, with all those faces x-ed out. "They explode themselves easily," he said matter-of-factly, referring to the suicide bombers. "They will not look to these pictures."

Rantisi insisted that it had been the Israeli targeted killings that prompted the "martyrdom bombings," and not the other way around. "All the time it came as revenge, not as a policy, to Hamas," he said. His rhetoric sounds familiar, because it is precisely what the Israelis say; only the accent is different. "Because they're aggressing us, killing us, massacring us, we haven't another option," he said. "We believe retaliation will make them to think a million times before practicing terror." So if the targeted killings stop, would the suicide bombings, too? Rantisi said that whenever Hamas promised anything, the Israelis viewed it as weakness and pounced. "So, believe me, if I am going to say to you 'Yes,' tomorrow it will be a massacre." So he made no such promise.

Numerous foreign organizations—Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, the International Red Cross—have inveighed against the policy of targeted killings. The Israelis are largely defiant. "Our history shows us that we are always held to a different, higher standard, that we have to give answers that are never put to any other nationality," says Brigadier General Yaron. Israel, she says, is fighting another War of Independence and isn't using one-tenth of the power it possesses. "Other democracies are not even asking the ethical questions we're asking," she says.

The criticism and pressure for restraint, another Israeli general tells me, have both eased somewhat since September 11 and the American war in Afghanistan. "We began to have more time and space to maneuver," he says. "It was understood that there is no completely clean way to fight terrorism, that it is an ugly war, that we had to use these tools. We could take much more chances because we were much less concerned about public opinion."

Some have said that the policy has introduced something corrosive and alien into the Israeli soul, pointing to a higher incidence of spousal abuse and the killing of Israeli Arabs during protests two years ago. Those fears seemed confirmed by a report last month in *Ma'ariv,* which described photographs of smiling Israeli soldiers brandishing the body parts of one terrorist target, and how those same soldiers fell apart once their commanding officer learned of, then burned, the pictures. Afterward, some turned to drugs; one attempted suicide. "He kept laughing: 'Muhammad, Muhammad, Muhammad,'" a fellow soldier recalled. "He simply went nuts."

Moral criticisms aside, there are serious doubts whether the policy works. Bassem Eid says that as the eliminations increase, suicide bombings rise proportionately. Sometimes there is a demonstrable connection, like last year's story in an East Jerusalem newspaper about the Palestinian youth who fashioned a suicide belt out of the shrapnel that had killed a relative, then blew himself up alongside an Israeli grandmother and her grandchild.

Even within the Shin Bet, an institution that is more politically liberal than the Israeli mainstream, there are reservations, especially in its upper echelons. In a speech late last year, its former chief Ami Ayalon warned that one ought to "'rise up and kill him' only if there is no other way of dealing with him." In times of hope, Ayalon said, such actions might really reform behavior, but when peace prospects look bleak, they turn terrorists into suicide bombers even more quickly. "What once took months takes a few hours," he said. "Instead of a few [bombers], we shall see tens and hundreds." The solution to suicide bombing lies in negotiations, he said, not in killing back.

AT WOULD SHARON DO? HE WILL COMMIT SUICIDE," SAID MUHAMMAD DAHLAN.

Nearly every day brings new arrests, new incidents, new tragedies, new warnings—57 warnings on one morning alone in November. Israel's most-wanted list keeps getting replenished; so quick has been the turnover of Hamas activists in the West Bank, says Amos Harel of *Ha'aretz,* that even Hamas can't keep track of things. As the groups are smashed, the danger isn't so much destroyed as dispersed, especially since the rudiments of bomb-making are readily available on the Internet and in manuals found in every village and refugee camp. Whenever the Israelis loosen their grip on Jenin or Nablus or Ramallah, another lethal emissary seems to slip through. Nothing, including the upcoming Israeli elections, seems likely to change anything soon.

"When you read the intelligence reports every day," says one Israeli official, "you have to be very strong to stay sane." □



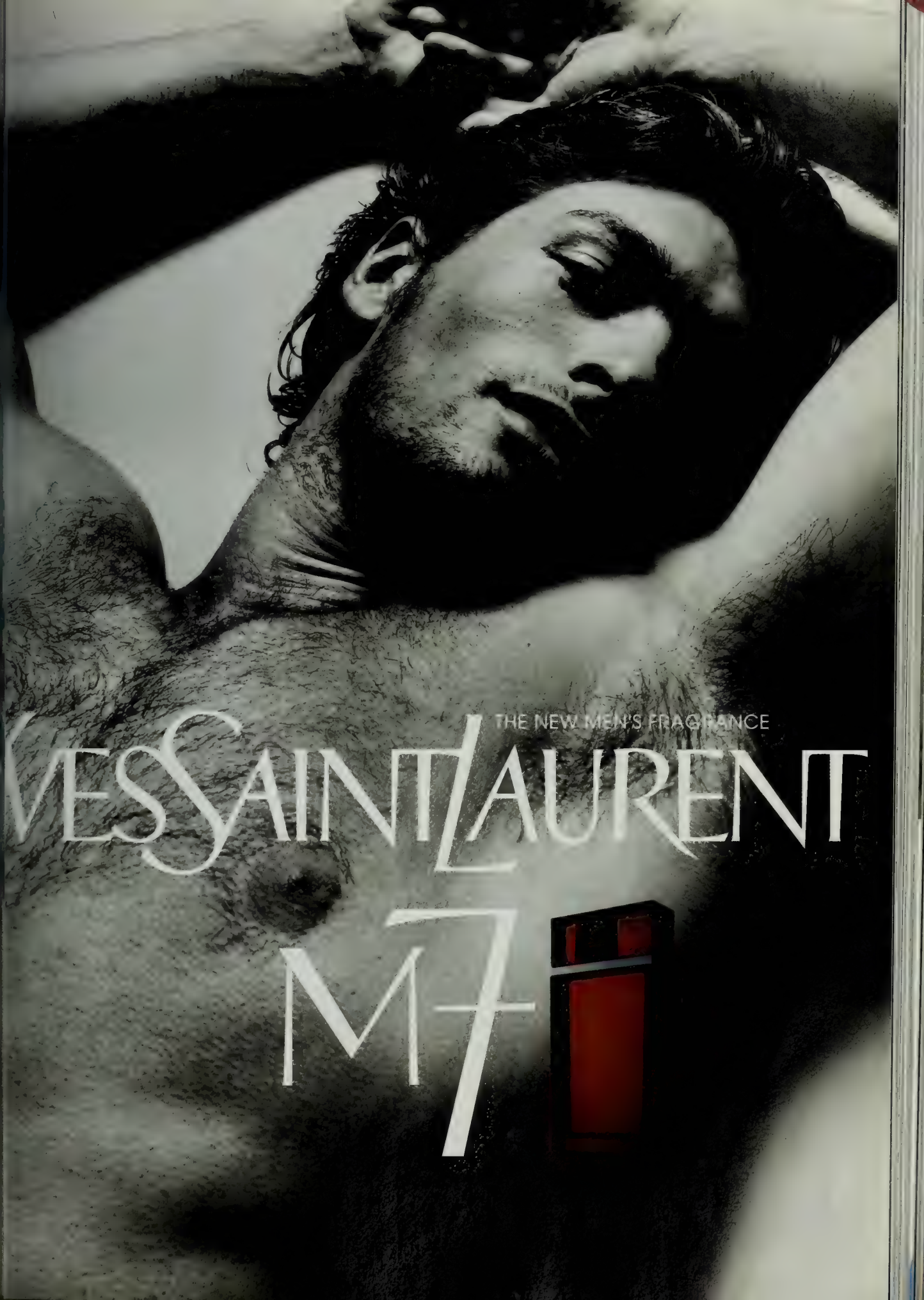
EYES ON THE SKY Drs. Joe Farman and Jon Shanklin, a chlorofluorocarbon's worst nightmare.

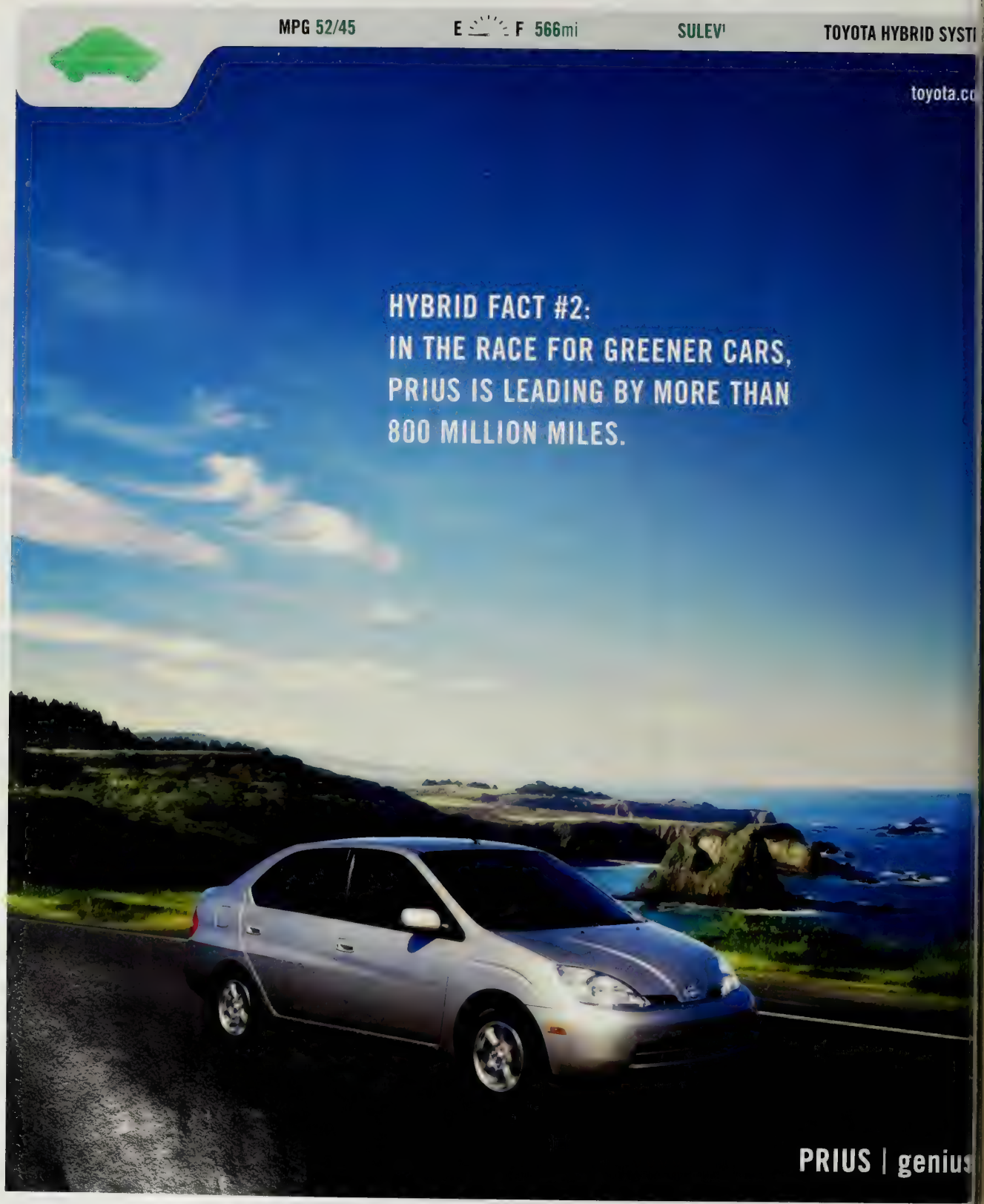
VANITY FAIR NOMINATES OZONE SLEUTHS

BECAUSE they said the sky was falling, and they were right. BECAUSE in 1982, Dr. Joe Farman, then director of the British Antarctic Survey in Cambridge, relied on gut instinct rather than technology and took a closer look at "abnormal" data which NASA computers were programmed to discard—data which said that much of the protective ozone layer over the frozen continent had vanished. BECAUSE the existence of this "ozone hole," which can be roughly the size of the United States, was proved conclusively in Dr. Farman, Dr. Jon Shanklin, and Dr. Brian Gardiner's groundbreaking 1985 paper in the science journal *Nature* and became one of the most important scientific finds of the century. BECAUSE they sounded the alarm for the elimination of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) and halons, chemical compounds used in air conditioners, refrigerators, and fire extinguishers, which they definitively linked to ozone depletion. BECAUSE despite opposition, and more than a little ignorance, on the part of industrial and political powers—Ronald Reagan's interior secretary suggested wide-brimmed hats and sunglasses as possible protection from increased ultraviolet radiation—they boldly stepped outside the lab and into the unscientific realm of public policy in an effort to bring the crisis to the world's attention. BECAUSE in 1987, through their tireless efforts, 24 countries signed the Montreal Protocol, which put controls on CFCs and halons, although an unsatisfied Farman called the initial restrictions "absurdly weak." BECAUSE today, while progress has been made with the halting of production of CFCs and halons, Dr. Farman, at age 72, continues his work as a consultant to the European Ozone Research Coordinating Unit, and Dr. Shanklin remains with the B.A.S. BECAUSE they still hold out hope that the ozone hole can be repaired by 2100, and they still keep their eyes to the sky and their noses to the grindstone.

—JOHN GILLIES

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEF ASTOR


THE NEW MEN'S FRAGRANCE
YVES SAINT LAURENT
M7



The first mass produced vehicle in the world to combine a super-efficient gasoline engine with an electric motor that never needs to be plugge in. Double the average mileage of conventional vehicles, with up to 90% fewer smog-forming emissions.[2] And, since 1997, over 100,000 owner have been putting it through its paces, covering millions of miles.[3] The gas/electric Prius. One revolutionary vehicle that can really go the distanc



VANITIES



Kiera Chaplin

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 20, model, actor. **BIRTHPLACE:** Corsier, Switzerland. **NOT YOUR TYPICAL MISS MISS:** Kiera's grandparents Charlie and Oona Chaplin settled in Switzerland in 1952 during the height of McCarthyism. Growing up, Kiera [illegible] my grandmother lived next door. She was all alone in a big house—it was like a castle—and she'd invite me over all the time and spoil me." **ANNIVERSARY PARTY:** Marking 25 years since her grandfather's death, Kiera stars in a documentary about him directed by her father, Eugene Chaplin. "The first half is about his films, and the second half is unseen footage from Switzerland." **THE IMMIGRANT:** After conquering the modeling world in campaigns for Armani and Tommy Hilfiger, she made the transition to film in *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Year That Trembled*, and made the move to L.A.—not that she's [illegible] "It's easier, but you can't smoke anywhere. I like to go out and have fun, but L.A.'s not the best place to do that." **WHERE WAS BUBBLES?** "David Bowie, the Rolling Stones . . . I grew up around those people without even knowing who they were. But one day I saw a big helicopter in my grandmother's garden, and it was Michael Jackson. I was a huge fan."

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERB RITTS

GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Chuck Barris, *Gong* but not forgotten

Television today, which features lots of people willing to do anything to be on-air, owes a good deal to *The Dating Game, The Newlywed Game,* and *The Gong Show,* whose Dr. Frankenstein was Chuck Barris, a colorful ex–TelePrompTer salesman and boxing promoter whose ABC-TV business card once read, "Duke of Daytime." On the eve of the release of the movie made from his autobiography, *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind,* Barris reminisces about his purported service as a C.I.A. assassin, his years in Saint-Tropez, and those unforgettable Popsicle Twins.



George Wayne: *You always wanted to be a writer.*

Chuck Barris: Yeah, it was a fantasy, and it became a reality—when I made enough money to live happily ever after. If I would have had to keep on working, I wouldn't have been a writer. But the fact is that I could stop working. I took off and went to the South of France, so I did it in style.

G.W. *Chuck Barris is one of the most brilliant minds of American television. Would you put yourself in the category of Dick Clark and Aaron Spelling?*

C.B. Yeah, I would, no question about it.

G.W. *When you think about it, Chuck Barris really and truly created reality television—even though he's been called "the Ayatollah of Trasherola."*

C.B. "Ayatollah of Trasherola?" I've never heard that one. I created shows that I thought were entertaining. At the time, in 1965, ABC was opening up their daytime television, and they were looking for a teenage kind of show. They had *American Bandstand,* and they were looking for that kind of audience, so I created *The Dating Game.* It was the first game show in television history that didn't have a right answer or a wrong answer.

G.W. *And* The Gong Show*? Everything about* The Gong Show *was kitsch, from the goofy set to your mop of curly hair.*

C.B. We were trying to find a talent show, because at that time there were no nightclubs, no venues for variety shows, so where would a good act get to show themselves? We went out looking for good acts but couldn't find any. So we decided not to do a good-act show, but a bad-act show.

G.W. *Everyone loved to hate* The Gong Show, *but they couldn't help but watch. You pushed limits.*

C.B. Yeah, definitely, but the limits were ridiculous. We couldn't say "toilet." We couldn't say "making love"; we had to say "making whoopee." It was part of the entertainment of *The Gong Show* to push the envelope. Like the Popsicle Twins. Every time we came to tape our show, the censors would cut one act. They thought that if they cut one act, then they'd done their job. And sometimes they'd cut a pretty good act that had no reason to be cut. So I decided to come in with a couple of acts that were blatantly unusable, like the Popsicle Twins. I figured they would say we couldn't use them. They caused such a stir. I mean, they were these two cute little freckle-faced girls about 16 and 17 years old. They sat on the stage and started giving head to Popsicles. The most incredible head I ever saw. The censors didn't say anything, so we put them on the air.

G.W. *Not only did you create television that has been the inspiration for others, but you also created the idea of first-run syndication, which is what drives television today.*

C.B. That's right.

G.W. *You sold Chuck Barris Productions in the 1980s for $100 million. How old were you at the time?*

C.B. I was 50 years old.

G.W. *Most people think you should have titled the book* Confessions of a Dangerously Delusional Mind. *Are you going to look me in the eye right now and tell me you worked for the C.I.A.?*

C.B. I'm not going to tell you anything about that.

G.W. *So why did you write about it?*

C.B. If you want to know about it, read the book, but I'm not going to say anything about it.

G.W. *So obviously it was a figment of your imagination?*

C.B. I'm not going to talk about it.

G.W. *You were trying to get a movie made about the book, and George Clooney came to the rescue. He's the director. Julia Roberts plays a C.I.A. operative, and Drew Barrymore is your girlfriend.*

C.B. And Sam Rockwell plays me, and he's sensational. He got all my mannerisms, and he's just wonderful.

G.W. *Who knows, Oscar 2003's best actor could come down to Sam Rockwell playing Chuck Barris, and Greg Kinnear playing Bob Crane. Is it true you've had sex with more women than Wilt Chamberlain?*

C.B. No, not even remotely close.

G.W. *What achievement are you most proud of?*

C.B. Marching from Selma to Montgomery. I was one of the original marchers for the civil-rights movement.



Out with the old













and in with the





GROUND FORCE 7:00 et
CHANGING ROOMS 7:30 et
Weeknights

BBC AMERICA

BBC America is available on digital cable and satellite. Call your local provider today.

Want the Ground Force team to give you a backyard makeover? For details, go to bbcamerica.com or healinggarden.com. Sponsored in part by the healing garden

10/27/2002 BRAGMAN NYMAN CAFARELLI 22:17 FAX 2122864324 02

Bragman Nyman Cafarelli

October 27, 2002

Dear Graydon:

We have a crisis situation regarding your planned cover story on my client Cameron Diaz. It's currently evening L.A. time, and no one's answering the phone in your office, which is why I'm sending this fax. Please call me in the a.m. at your earliest convenience.

Basically, the problem is the writer you assigned to interview Cameron, Edwin Coaster. As had been agreed upon, Cameron was to meet Mr. Coaster this afternoon at the coffee shop in the Beverly Hills Hotel, where he is staying. Cameron showed up five minutes early, only to wait half an hour longer before inquiring at the front desk. The desk clerk informed Cameron that Coaster had said he wasn't feeling well, and wanted her to meet him at his bungalow. Now, any client of mine in Cameron's situation would have been totally within her rights to walk away right then and there. But Cameron has a big heart, and she felt bad for the guy.

Well, not only was Coaster not sick, he was drunk, and he greeted Cameron at the bungalow wearing only a loosely belted bathrobe. When they sat down on the couch to begin the interview, the robe shifted, and Cameron saw something she didn't want to see, and she thinks Coaster wanted her to see what she saw. She fled at that point and called me, which brings us to where we are now. No, wait, I forgot to tell you that, as she was fleeing, Coaster shouted out, "What, can't we be friends? Hey, next time, bring that Chinese broad with you!" Graydon, we value the *Vanity Fair* cover slot very much, but you must pull Coaster off this assignment and apologize to Cameron. Again, please call me as soon as you can.

Sincerely,

Brad

EDWIN COASTER

Dear Graydon:

10/29/

Well, I'm back in Maine again. Nice of you to oblig some publicist's fatwa against me without hearing my side. I was sick, if you must know, and ordered som Blanton's from room service to clear up my sinuses and wash down the Percocets so I'd be tip-top for Miss Diaz. Anyway, I was surprised that she turned out to be such a prude. Shit, when I interviewed Gene Tierney at the Pierre in '61 for the Herald Tribune, we were both wearing bathrobes, and Ida Lupino joined us for a steam and some reefer. What the hell's wrong with these convent girls today?

Per your request, I've forwarded all my Diaz materials to my replacement, the delightful Mr. Bruce Handy, who will no doubt be the picture of decorum and rectitude in Miss Diaz's presence—just like Rock Hudson with Doris Day, if you catch my drift.

Though the issue will suffer without me, I wish you luck.

Ed

VANITY FAIR
BRUCE HANDY
SENIOR ARTICLES EDITOR

GRAYDON—

THANKS FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO SALVAGE THE CAMERON DIAZ SITUATION. I WON'T LET YOU DOWN. I AM A HAPPILY MARRIED MAN, AND I PROMISE TO WEAR PANTS.

—BRUCE

The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1971



DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1830



urence Fishburne says sip responsibly

D LONDON DRY GIN 47.3% ALC/VOL. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

www.tanqueray.com

VANITY FAIR
JANUARY 2003



Cameron Diaz is either very lucky or very smart, but the way she conquered Hollywood has been low on angst and high on laughs. Forget the giggles on the set of *Charlie's Angels;* Diaz even lightened up the filming of *Gangs of New York.* BRUCE HANDY gets her talking about the rough stuff: wearing a corset, director-versus-studio tensions, and the 17-take slugfest in which she tried to bite Leonardo DiCaprio's face off (but, hey, it was fun!)



CANDID CAMERON

Cameron Diaz flashes her killer smile during a shoot at producer Darren Star's house in Los Angeles, September 15, 2002.

BUENOS DIAZ

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO • STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE



DAZZLING DIAZ

"I just had a good time with her," says Martin Scorsese of his *Gangs of New York* leading lady. "It was always refreshing when she was there." Diaz spent a total of five months in Rome for the complicated shoot.



New York City wasn't always the buoyant, untroubled metropolis we know today. Once upon a time, it was a place so grim, so hard and Dickensian, that it shocked Charles Dickens himself, who in 1841 flatly declared, "All that is loathsome, drooping and decayed is here." He was writing about a once notorious neighborhood known as the Five Points, the sights and smells of which a less celebrated author captured even more vividly in this guided tour of one of its slums:

> Saturate your handkerchief with camphor, so that you can endure the horrid stench, and enter. Grope your way through the long, narrow passage—turn to the right, up the dark and dangerous stairs; be careful where you place your foot . . . for it is more than shoe-mouth deep of steaming filth. . . . Turn to your left—take care and not upset that seething pot of butcher's offal soup that is cooking upon a little furnace at the head of the stairs—open that door—go in, if you can get in. Look . . . there is no bed in the room—no chair—no table—no nothing—but rags, and dirt, and vermin, and degraded, rum-degraded human beings.

This passage is from a book entitled *Hot Corn,* an 1854 study of what was not yet known as the criminal underclass. (The title refers to a popular street food.) The text is reproduced in the 1928 history *The Gangs of New York,* written by Herbert Asbury, which in turn has been the inspiration for a new movie directed by Martin Scorsese, also called *Gangs of New York* (minus the "the"). Set in a city more *Mad Max* than Edith Wharton, the film details the bloody battles in mid-19th-century New York between "native Americans" of largely English ancestry and the Irish immigrants who were then disembarking on the city's docks at the rate of 15,000 a week. The melting-pot metaphor doesn't really suffice here; the movie's depiction of a fight between a dog and a sack's worth of hungry rats, staged for bettors, is an apter analogue for Scorsese's savage vision of a young America's


"I HAVEN'T REALLY
VENTURED OUT ON MY OWN BEING
THE BIG STAR OF A FILM.
THAT JUST DOESN'T REALLY INTEREST
ME THAT MUCH."



CALIFORNIA GIRL

Díaz had a modeling career for five years before she made the successful transition to acting. Here she poses poolside with model Brian Leader.

struggle to forge an identity. (It makes present-day identity politics seem tame stuff indeed, unless Al Sharpton, like some of the movie's more colorful characters, has secretly taken to biting opponents' ears off.) The picture will open shortly before Christmas and may prove to be the darkest, most violent film the director has ever crafted. (The New York of *Taxi Driver* could be the New York of *On the Town* by comparison.) Needless to say, it is also one of the most unlikely big-budget, nearly three-hour epics ever made—a big gamble for Scorsese and Harvey Weinstein, co-owner of Miramax, the film's producer. Whether today's audiences will take to a saga of rum-degraded human beings who are not also horny college students remains to be seen.

But one thing *Gangs of New York* has going for it, aside from America's greatest living director, is a cast headed by Leonardo DiCaprio as an Irish gang leader, Daniel Day-Lewis as a native gang leader, and, in the love-interest role, Cameron Diaz. More specifically, Miss Diaz plays an occasional whore who also happens to be a skilled pickpocket—the "finest bludget in the Points," as one admiring character in the film describes her, bludget being 19th-century slang for a comely female thief. It says something about the success of "the American experiment," if we may momentarily indulge in patriotic sentiment (and reference our high-school textbook), that this character is played by an actress of English-German-Cuban-Cherokee descent. It may also say something about the American experiment's success, or at least about its peculiarity, that she has earned tens of millions of dollars and become recognizable around the globe by, most famously, pretending to put semen in her hair. Is it any wonder immigrants are still clamoring to get in?

It's a long way from the Five Points to the courtyard of the Chateau Marmont, in Hollywood, where if you saturate your handkerchief with camphor you will only miss the scents of jasmine and bougainvillea, along with the occasional waft of exhaust from Sunset Boulevard. As careful readers of this and other magazines already know, the hotel's courtyard is where nearly all show-business interviews take place. (The remaining handful occur while swerving in and out of traffic on La Cienega in someone's BMW X5.) And so here is Cameron Diaz herself, dressed casually but crisply in blue jeans and heels and a half-off-the-shoulder black sweater, swaying her way out of the lobby's Old Hollywood gloom and looking every bit the easygoing, long-limbed dazzler she typically plays on-screen. When she smiles, her eyes and teeth react to the hazy, early-afternoon light with the same electricity you might have thought cinematographers and lighting designers spend hours trying to confect. This is not a movie star of whom it is said, "She's so much smaller and washed-out-looking in person." This is a woman whose genetic blessings are as manifest as her lack of affectation. No actorly preening here: as she says of her current job, filming the sequel to *Charlie's Angels* with her "best friends," Drew Barrymore and Lucy Liu, "It's not like it's brain-twisting crazy-mama anything. It's just, like, fun." Sure, but try getting William Hurt to admit that.

Diaz will confess to being a hard worker, even a bit of a perfectionist, but to hear her tell it, "fun" is pretty much the prime directive of her career. Just yesterday, she says, recounting a typical day on the *Charlie's Angels* set, "we're like—we're totally soaking wet and sprinklers are all over us and we're like laughing our asses off and we're like, This is so silly. This is our *job.* This is what we get to do *every day.*" She offers one of her nature laughs—not a Julia Roberts cackle, more like an exte ed, hiccuping giggle, one that seems to express both delight embarrassment at life's fortune, a laugh that seems to say, *D hate me.* As an actress, she may on occasion use it as a cru but to observe that seems almost churlish, like objecting to J Nicholson's arsenal of eyebrow inflections.

Off the clock, Diaz is known for being much the sort of g girl she is often cast as, most notably in *There's Something Ab Mary,* the 1998 comedy that made her a star and in which was depicted lounging around in bikini underwear while wa ing *Sports Machine* and dreaming about an ideal date who wo take her to ball games and buy her "hot dogs—big, *sausagey* dogs." A caricature, but maybe not so far from the truth: can follow football, is a connoisseur of fart jokes, and has a p mouth. More impressive still, she won a celebrity burp-off at 2001 Nickelodeon Kids' Choice Awards, dispatching the gi men of 'NSync and the Backstreet Boys with a surprisingly onant basso profundo belch. A true sportswoman, she t apologized for what she alone perceived as an uninspired eff "I must say, next time I will do it better." Unlike many wor whose livelihoods depend on maintaining cheetahlike svelten she also eats—or, more to the point, allows herself to be s eating in public. Jennifer Egan, the novelist whose book *The visible Circus* was made into a 2001 movie with Diaz, rememb one day when that film was shooting on location in Portu and Diaz was required to spend the afternoon jumping into Atlantic Ocean. "She had to wear this bikini and she looked rific. But she had the hugest lunch—I mean, she ate like a tru driver. And I thought, How many actresses would eat a t course lunch when they know they have to spend the rest of afternoon in a bikini? The idea that she needed to change self in any way or guard herself didn't seem to occur to h (Lunching at the Chateau Marmont, she plays against type ordering soup and an artichoke, but then, true to form, sc nearly a whole basket of bread.)

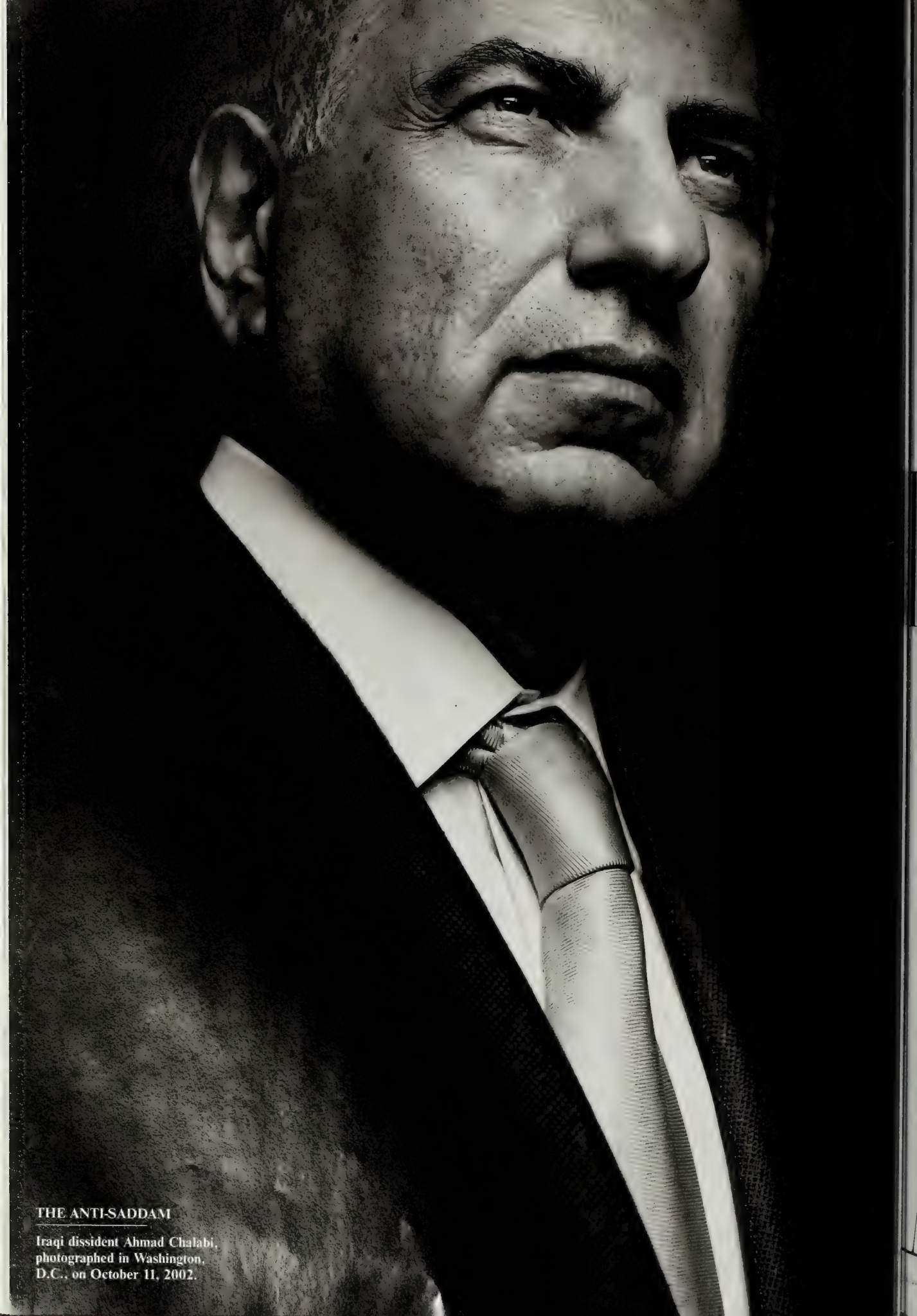
The veneer of olde-tyme grime and grease that c everything and everyone in *Gangs of New York*– movie's sets and costumes look as if they'd b hosed down with a mixture of soot and tallo doesn't obscure the radiance that has put Diaz in uppermost tier of Hollywood actresses in box-of terms, a group that at present is arguably restric to herself, Julia Roberts, and Reese Witherspoon—not neces ily in that order, but not necessarily *not,* either. At any rate, Diaz having reportedly joined the $20-million-a-picture clu only for *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle,* as the sequel to the $ million-grossing film has been uncleverly titled, it is safe to that she is history's most successful model turned actress. Perh more important, in a career that dates back only as far as 19 *The Mask,* she has also secured herself a place in cinematic h ry—and in future Oscar-night nostalgia-clip packages—three ti over: (1) for her delightfully off-key karaoke rendition of "I Don't Know What to Do with Myself" in *My Best Friend's W ding;* (2) for the "hair gel" scene in *There's Something About M* and (3) for her completely gratuitous and utterly winning "boo dance in *Charlie's Angels,* a fusion of gawky and sexy (her choreography, by the way), which was easily the most memor performance in boys' underwear since Tom Cruise launched career in *Risky Business* by scampering CONTINUED ON PAGE

"YOU HAVE A FEELING CAMERON LIKES TO ACT, WANTS TO STICK AROUND," SAYS ONE PRODUCER.



CHARLIE'S ANGEL

"It's not like it's brain-twisting crazy-mama anything. It's just, like, fun," Diaz says of filming the sequel to 2000's phenomenally successful *Charlie's Angels.*



THE ANTI-SADDAM

Iraqi dissident Ahmad Chalabi, photographed in Washington, D.C., on October 11, 2002.

Scholarly, charismatic, and wealthy, Ahmad Chalabi could be enjoying the good life; instead, he may be Iraq's next leader. Born to one of Baghdad's most prominent families, which went into exile after the 1958 military takeover, he has been leading the opposition Iraqi National Congress, fighting to overthrow Saddam Hussein, and funneling valuable intelligence and defectors to the U.S. But after all the dangers Chalabi has faced, from rocket-propelled grenades to poison, car bombs, and allegations of fraud, DAVID ROSE reveals, today his most insidious enemies may be in Washington, D.C.

An Inconvenient Iraqi

Ahmad Chalabi, the sometime scholar, banker, and guerrilla politician who could be Iraq's next leader, was only 13, and the long night of his country's military dictatorship just beginning, when he learned firsthand the possible costs of resisting tyranny. His lesson came on July 15, 1958, the day after General Abd al-Karim Qāsim seized power by massacring Iraq's royal family and many of its public officials. Ahmad Chalabi, his mother, and numerous relatives had taken refuge in an old mud farmhouse on an estate they owned near Baghdad. Crowded into a single room, they were thanking the heavens that Chalabi's father, president of the Iraqi senate, had been abroad when the plotters struck, and was safe. Then, recalls Chalabi, "as if in a movie," he watched a platoon of soldiers arrive, get down from their trucks, mount heavy machine guns on tripods, and surround the house.

An officer entered and demanded to know the whereabouts of Ahmad Chalabi's brother Rushdie, who had been a minister in the deposed elected government, and Fadil al-Jamali, a former prime minister. Holding a pistol to Ahmad's mother's head, the officer said he had reason to believe the wanted men were hiding on the Chalabis' farm. Ahmad stood up. "I'll go with you," he said, volunteering to accompany the soldiers as a hostage while they searched the grounds. They frog-marched him and another brother out of the house and into the family's Chrysler

PORTRAIT BY NIGEL PARRY

sedan. "I can still remember what I was wearing: a T-shirt we'd bought at Harrods in London the previous year," Chalabi says. "I had no idea where Rushdie was, but I knew al-Jamali was hiding in an irrigation pumping shed. I also knew that if they found him my brother and I would be shot at once."

In the 115-degree heat of the Mesopotamian summer, the Chalabi brothers sat squashed between two soldiers, the officer slowly driving around the farm while his men performed their search. There were five pumping sheds. Unaccountably, the soldiers looked in only four. The two boys were released unharmed.

Forty-four years later, in October 2002, at the end of a strenuous hike in Great Falls Park, west of Washington, D.C., Chalabi sits on a vertiginous crag, his ankles dangling over the surging Potomac. As passionate as his words—delivered in an accented but always perfect English—often are, he exudes an air of calm. His resting pulse, he notes, is 53. "You don't fear death, do you?" I ask. He shrugs. "I don't think about it," he says. End of subject.

As leader of the Iraqi National Congress, the anti-Saddam organization he helped found in 1992, Ahmad Chalabi has survived several attempts on his life, of which four—by poison, bullet, car bomb, and potshot from a rocket-propelled grenade—nearly succeeded. He has seen comrades killed by bombs and in battle, and known others who have endured the horror of capture by Iraq's intelligence service, the Mukhabarat.

> "It was a miracle I didn't get killed. But I always operated on the principle that if I was asking guys to do dangerous things, then I was going to have to do them myself."

But if fearlessness is a prerequisite for the Iraqi National Congress's campaign to overthrow Saddam Hussein, Chalabi discovered some time ago that it is equally necessary in Washington.

To his champions in the Pentagon, and in parts of the White House and Capitol Hill, his call for a new Iraq founded on the principles of democracy and respect for human rights justifies ousting Saddam as much as does the dictator's support for terrorists and weapons of mass destruction. These potential benefits of "regime change" have been given little emphasis in the Bush administration's stated reasons for a possible war on Iraq. But in the eyes of Chalabi's allies, it presents a chance to remake the world, as great as that which President Reagan took in the early 1980s when he dared to call the Soviet empire "evil" and set in motion the measures that led to its undoing. Here, says Richard Perle, once an assistant defense secretary under Reagan, now the chairman of the Pentagon's Defense Policy Board, is a similar opportunity to "reject the operational code" of former administrations and initiate a "benign domino effect," in which all or most of the Arab tyrannies now in power would slowly give way to democracy.

While Perle and Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz are the most visible advocates of this position, its intellectual father is Bernard Lewis, emeritus professor of Near Eastern Studies at Princeton, acquaintance of Vice President Dick Cheney's, and author of more than two dozen books on the history of the Middle East. It was Lewis who made Chalabi's first introductions in Washington, in 1991, when Saddam Hussein was still occupying Kuwait. His impression of Chalabi has not changed: "A man of profound culture, and a dedicated patriot. With his family's wealth, he could easily lead a quiet and happy life. Instead, for a long time he's lived a life of considerable danger."

To Chalabi's Washington enemies, these ideas are anathema. Mainly found in the State Department and C.I.A., his opponents have made their thoughts plain through the media for years. "State Department officials say [Chalabi's] organization has failed to establish itself as a unifying force for the opposition and has been less than meticulous with its financial accounting," reported *The New York Times* last May. The article went on to say that the C.I.A. considered Chalabi "ineffectual." In the conventional wisdom of the foreign-policy professionals, any move toward democracy would lead to the breakup of Iraq, thus destabilizing the entire Middle East. The best Iraq could hope for, according to the *Times* columnist Nicholas D. Kristof, is "Saddam lite," a less brutal tyrant who would be friendly to the West. Talk of democracy is but "a pipe dream, a keting ploy to sell a war," Kristof a For the C.I.A. and the British intellig organization M.I.6, there is no terra the world more difficult than the hyper lice state of Saddam Hussein. Yet one sequence of Washington's interne battles over Chalabi and the Iraqi Nati Congress has so far been that one o few sources of Iraqi intelligence is being regarded and undermined.

In a peeling office in Knightsbridg central London, a bear of a man jet-black hair and a ready smile hunched over a laptop compu reading and sending streams of encry E-mails. Arras Karem, 37, is the hea the Iraqi National Congress's own in gence service and has been one of labi's closest lieutenants for a decade. In time, the I.N.C. has recruited and har over many "assets" that even the r skeptical admit have been unalloyed in gence stars. One was Adnan Ihsan Sa al-Haideri, a building contractor, who a aged to flee Iraq in August 2001 wi thick bundle of documents proving hov firm had been engaged to build chem biological-, and nuclear-weapon facili Now under 24-hour protection toge with his family, al-Haideri is reportedly source for crucial parts of President B case for disarming Iraq.

The C.I.A., however, remains dispa ing of the efforts made by Karem anc I.N.C. In the fall of 2002, the agency culated a secret assessment of six re Iraqi defectors who had come to l through the I.N.C. It concluded that, the exception of al-Haideri, none was portant or reliable.

When a very senior U.S. official told of this analysis, I was surprised, bec I had already interviewed two of the reliable" five. One of them, the an mous defector whose story appeare the May 2002 issue of this magazine, told in detail of Saddam's new chem and biological-weapon factories, and he had been personally responsible f program to buy Renault trucks and them into mobile bioweapons labs. C.I.A. has argued that he cannot be t ed, and might be "embroidering" his s





IN OLD IRAQ
At the Chalabis' Baghdad home in the mid-1950s, from left: Iraqi prime minister Fadil al-Jamali; Arshad al-Umari; Ahmad's father, Abdul Chalabi (standing); British envoy Sir Edward Spears; Ahmad's brother Rushdie Chalabi; and Abdul Amir Allawi. *Right,* Ahmad Chalabi's mansion in Amman, Jordan.

he hope of finding refuge in America. wever, in September 2002, the British me minister, Tony Blair, published a ssier on Iraq compiled by British intelli- nce. It repeated the mobile-labs claim established fact, and listed several facil- s where missiles and both chemical l biological weapons were allegedly ng made and stored. It closely matched information the defector produced for in a Middle Eastern hotel room, which s published in these pages.

I had also interviewed the former Mu- abarat brigadier general Jamal Abu nab al-Qurairy, who freely confessed to ving participated in mass murder, the ming of a special terrorist commando t under Saddam, and helping to train n-Iraqi Islamic fundamentalists at the man Pak camp near Baghdad, where re- uits learned to hijack aircraft with ves. Although his story was later cor- orated by another defector, the C.I.A.'s essment contended that al-Qurairy was no value. Strangely, over three days of rviews in Beirut, Lebanon, al-Qurairy claimed that the C.I.A. had shown "no interest" in many of his allegations. He had been debriefed by the agency at the U.S. Embassy in Ankara, Turkey. The C.I.A. agents who took him from his I.N.C. handlers promised to return him safely. Instead, he says, they left him in the street late one evening, casually mentioning that they had given his whereabouts to Turkish intelligence—which, as al-Qurairy was only too aware, contained numerous Iraqi agents.

In 2000, the State Department agreed to provide $4 million a year to what it called the I.N.C.'s "information collection program." Barely had the first payments of the grant been made than Chalabi's Washington antagonists took steps to tie it up in red tape, announcing in June 2001 that it would be subject to a rigorous audit—so rigorous, as one I.N.C. staffer says, that "we were having to produce receipts for $6 taxi rides in Teheran." The audit took longer than a year. Informing the media in January 2002 that it had found "accounting irregularities," the State Department first delayed and then, from May 2002 onward, withheld the payments altogether. But in September, when the results of the audit were finally made public, Chalabi's group was given a clean bill of health. Meanwhile, the Pentagon had agreed to step in and fund the program. As of November 2002, no new funding has reached the I.N.C.

Lack of funds has sharply reduced the I.N.C.'s effectiveness. "At the moment," says Karem, "I have seven defectors wanting to talk in several countries, but I can't afford to send anyone to check them out." One of them claims to be a scientist with recent information about Saddam's nuclear-weapon program; another says he was a member of Saddam's family bodyguard.

The I.N.C.'s network dates back 30 years, to contacts established by Chalabi across the Middle East. Like most things in the region, it functions through the bonds of family loyalty. Some four million Iraqis now live abroad, says Karem, and most have extended families inside the country. Thus the I.N.C. has been able to develop sources even within Saddam's security and intelligence agencies. In Jordan, Lebanon, and Turkey, I have witnessed one of its full-time case officers in action, a man known within the I.N.C. as "al-Dheeb," "the Wolf," and seen how he exploits his own local connections to conjure documents, photographs, and people across supposedly impermeable frontiers. Karem opens files on his laptop and shows me a series of photographs and false passport applications copied by an I.N.C. agent in a Middle Eastern state he asks me not to name. They depict, he says, Arab, Chechen, and Central Asian members of Osama bin Laden's al-Qaeda who escaped the West's attack on Afghanistan in 2001. Has he been asked to share his material by the C.I.A. or the agency at his London base, M.I.6? Karem laughs. "Never."

Discounting the work of the I.N.C. is not the only questionable judgment being made in intelligence circles in Washington. Early in 2002, concerned by media reports and I.N.C. claims of connections between Iraq and al-Qaeda, the Pentagon set up a special unit, headed by an experienced analyst from the Defense Intelligence Agency. After much pressure, it was given access to the C.I.A.'s reports CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



THREESOMES

Princess Diana in the late 1980s, flanked by Paul Burrell and George Smith, whom Diana secretly taped saying he had been raped by one of Prince Charles's closest aides. *Inset,* on their way to a memorial for victims of the terrorist attack in Bali in October, Prince Philip said to Prince Charles, "It's a bit tricky for Mummy because she saw Paul, you know."

Diana's Secret



the trial of Princess Diana's butler, Paul Burrell, was halted by the Queen, one mystery remained: why was he prosecuted, given all the ugly secrets he knew? In London, MINICK DUNNE learns of the vendetta behind Burrell's arrest, the Palace's scramble to keep the lid on an alleged 1989 rape, and the tape Diana made of the rape victim

You wouldn't believe how classy the trial of Paul Burrell, the butler of the late Diana, Princess of Wales, was when it started, although why anyone ever allowed this fascinating fiasco to get started in the first place defies imagination, but we'll get to that. As an American who frequently writes about criminal cases, I was thrilled to cover my first trial at the Old Bailey in London, as part of a limited cadre of print and television reporters in Courtroom No. 1, where some of the greatest trials in English history have taken place. The Old Bailey inspires reverence. The defendant sits in the raised dock in the middle of the courtroom, with a guard in attendance, for all to see. There is a stairway to a cell below, but the defendant in this case, who was on trial for stealing more than 300 of Diana's possessions, was never a prisoner. He moved about with the rest of us, wearing Turnbull & Asser–looking shirts and ties, and ate in the commissary where we had lunch. Protocol in the courtroom was very formal. The lawyers wore black robes and those little white wigs whose significance I had never quite understood. The point of them, it was explained to me, is to put the Crown, meaning the prosecution, and the defense on equal footing. The judge's name was Anne Rafferty, but she was always referred to with the greatest deference as Mrs. Justice Rafferty, and the lawyers, when they addressed her, referred to her as "Milady." A small but commanding figure of 52, Judge Rafferty wore a scarlet robe with wide strips of ermine on the sleeves. She also wore the little wig. Whenever any of us had to leave the courtroom while the trial was in session, whether it was to go to the bathroom or a television interview, we had to stop and bow our head to her. Once, when people were talking as she was leaving the courtroom, she turned with an icy glare that silenced the room, and then proceeded to her chamber. But no matter how classy the case had started out to be, it ended right at the bottom of the cesspool, with royal revelations guaranteed to ruin the glory of the Queen's Golden Jubilee.

What a can of worms these grand folks opened to bring down a butler, who they thought had gotten too big for his britches and taken things from the palace where he had been the Princess's closest confidant for 10 years. It was as if the royal family, known as the Windsors, and her blood family, the Spencers, still did not realize—even after participating in what was possibly the most publicized funeral in history—that the drawing power of the late Princess of Wales continued undiminished five years after her death and will probably never abate. She was led like a lamb to the slaughter in a fake marriage that everyone was in on except her, and she is still ting even. Sailing up there on her bro stick, as they say about her, she took the whole show. During the two wee was in London, there were more ph graphs of Diana in the newspapers of the Queen or anyone else. The W sors may have stripped her of her roy tle, but anyone could have told them they will never obliterate her memor one of the outstanding legends of En history, a latter-day Anne Boleyn. A the Spencers, couldn't someone have vised them that, no matter how despe ly they wanted the uppity butler t time in prison, the secrets he was cap of revealing could bring disaster dow them? This story has sunk so low in gusting details that we now even k that Prince Charles had his valet hold bottle when he gave a urine specimen ing a stay in the hospital.

Paul Burrell's alleged criminality n made sense to me. This man's loyalty t Princess had been so great that he fle Paris after her death in the car crash

"You wait," one of my new British media friends sa

Dodi Al Fayed, helped prepare her b dressed her corpse, and maintained a by her casket in Kensington Palace night before the funeral. The nurses in hospital in Paris had given him a bu of the clothes she had died in. Her g friend Susie Kassem, a magistrate, me, "Her white jeans had turned b with her blood. At first Paul put the p age in the refrigerator at Kensington Pal Then he burned the clothes." She ad

"He wasn't just a ler. He was her e ears, her protecto life and in death,



ROYAL MAIL

Left to right: Dominick Dunne with Princess Diana, 1995; *The Mail*'s November 10 front page; Diana with her "rock" in Bosnia, 1997; detail of a 1993 palace group photograph with George Smith at top, Michael Fawcett (the aide of Prince Charles's accused of fencing unwanted gifts for him), second row, and Prince Charles at bottom; *Daily Mail*, November 11.

paying the price for her.... Diana to me, 'Apart from my sons, the only I trust is Paul.' Look at the responsi- that puts on Paul."

he idea that Burrell would steal things Diana seemed alien to his character. was the most famous woman in the d, and he was probably in love with in some obsessive way. That she could difficult at times became more and e apparent, and he doubtless bore the nt of her anger and frustration, but his tion never flagged, or never for long. e needs me," he said to one person I v who asked him why he stayed. "She no one." I spoke on the phone to an- r of Diana's closest friends, Lucia ha de Lima, the wife of the former ilian ambassador to London, Paulo o, just as she was leaving for São o to fly to England "to hug Paul." She me, "On the first Christmas, when the were at Sandringham with the royal ly, she was alone. Then she announced, going to Althorp [the Spencer-family e, where she had grown up] for Christ-

happens to me they'll destroy all my papers.' She stored a box of letters and documents at the Brazilian Embassy for two years. I never looked at what was there."

I must confess to being predisposed to favor Burrell in this trial before I ever entered the courtroom. I had once had the extraordinary experience of speaking in depth with Princess Diana, and I was utterly captivated by her charm, her beauty, and her star power. It happened during a three-day break from the O. J. Simpson trial in Los Angeles, when I flew to London to attend a *Vanity Fair* party at the Serpentine Gallery, where she was the honored guest. When I was introduced to her, she put out her hand and said in the friendliest manner, "Don't tell me they've let you out of that trial." She had been following the Simpson trial on Sky television, and she wanted to talk about it, as so many people did during that period. "He's going to be acquitted," she said to me with a confirming gesture of her hand.

lunch with his wife and brother, our eyes met. He rose from his seat, I put my tray down on a table, and we shook hands. I said something like "This has to be the most terrible ordeal for you." And he replied, "I never thought anything so terrible could happen to me." I wished him luck and told him I was rooting for him, and he thanked me. After that, we spoke briefly every morning in the corridor before entering the courtroom. He was clearly tense and nervous, but he was also polite and friendly. One day he said, "Happy birthday, one day late." I replied, "How in the world did you know it was my birthday?" I'm at an age where I don't go around announcing my birthdays. He simply said, "Oh, I know." Then, at his moment of triumph, after unexpectedly and abruptly being acquitted of all charges through the 11th-hour intervention of the Queen, he left the courtroom surrounded by policemen, lawyers, and reporters. When he saw me observing the scene, he broke away and walked over to me. He had just been

me. "The rape tape is going to become the story."

.' The very next day, Boxing Day, a ly day, she arrived at the Brazilian Em- y in tears. She said it had been the t horrible Christmas of her life. She 'My family told me I was disgracing and ruining their lives.' She only trust- Paul. She didn't trust her mother. She n't sending her old clothes to her sister h anymore. She thought Sarah was en- s of her and wouldn't say thank you. It a huge surprise for me to hear that they the executors of her will. Diana was g. She didn't expect to die, but she once to me, 'I'm sure if something

I said, "Oh, no, Ma'am," but indeed she turned out to be right. That night, the adjective I used in my journal to describe her was "awesome." So I was all for the butler she had called her rock.

Burrell and I spoke to each other in the cafeteria of the Old Bailey on the first day of the trial. I was feeling slightly shy, not knowing anyone in the media there yet, and was looking for a place to sit. As I walked by his table, where he was having

sobbing in the courtroom, with his head on the shoulder of his attorney Lord Carlile, and he still had tears in his eyes. He put out his hand and said, "Thank you for believing in me." I said, "I'm thrilled for you, Paul." Then he made his way down the stairs of the Old Bailey and out onto the street to the cheers of the crowd that had gathered there. He said quite gallantly to one reporter, "You know, I've always had admiration, trust, and respect for Her Majesty. The Queen came through for me." He went on to a celebratory







lunch at Luigi's, one of Diana's favorite restaurants, with his lawyers and Susie Kassem.

Within 72 hours of Burrell's acquittal, however, his love and devotion came into serious question. In three words, he blew it. Public opinion promptly turned against him when it was announced that he had made a deal with *The Mirror*, an English tabloid, to tell his story for £300,000, or $480,000.

Then, in a startling example of dirty one-upmanship, a rival tabloid, the *News of the World,* owned by Rupert Murdoch, who is known to be hostile to the monarchy, pulled the rug out from under *The Mirror* by printing a leaked copy of a highly confidential deposition made with Burrell's cooperation to document his closeness to the Princess. Who actually leaked the report to the *News of the World* is unknown, although a public-relations person Burrell had passed over in favor of another was suspected of being the culprit. In this statement, which was never meant to be made public, Burrell told how he would deliver Diana's lovers to Kensington Palace at night in the trunk of his car so that the palace guards would not see them. He told how she once came out naked under a fur coat and jewels to meet a Pakistani heart surgeon with whom she was besotted. Burrell's statement also revealed Diana's interest in common prostitutes and related how she would give them money and tell them to go home and get out of the cold. It has been rumored that Prince Philip called Diana a "harlot" and a "trollop" in angry letters to her, and that is exactly what the deposition made her sound like. Overnight, people who had stood loyally behind Burrell throughout the ordeal of his arrest and trial turned on him and called him a traitor. Richard Kay, the reporter from the *Daily Mail* who had been the Princess's most trusted confidant in the British press and who had made Burrell godfather of his elder daughter, told me, "He has been so dishonest. All of us who were going to take the stand for him are horrified."

Burrell's trial was jinxed from day three, when Mrs. Justice Rafferty dismissed the first jury. Things were made worse when the reporters were told not to reveal the reason for the dissolution of the jury; making a mystery only created endless speculation. The British system of jury selection is very different from our own, which in high-profile trials can take weeks while jury consultants whisper in the ears of attorneys to eliminate this individual or that one. The Brits pick a jury in about an hour. In this case the pool of jurors was asked only if they knew anyone who worked or had worked in any of the royal households. People who wanted to be excused had to explain their reasons to Mrs. Justice Rafferty. Some she let go, some she kept. In the British system there are no alternate jurors to fall back on, but a trial can proceed if one or two jurors drop out. On the third day of the Burrell trial, however, the judge decided to dismiss the entire jury. The second jury was picked in less than an hour, and the trial began again as the prosecutor, William Boyce, read aloud a list of 300 objects belonging to Diana which the police had found in Paul Burrell's house in Farndon, near Cheshire.

It is impossible for the average person to understand the complex relationship the royals have with their servants. The denizens of palaces live at such a rarefied level of existence that they see and trust few people in their private hours, when they are not performing their official duties of CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

Spotlight

ACTION ATTRACTION

On ABC's *Alias*, Jennifer Garner plays a gorgeously geeky grad student who secretly moonlights as an ass-kicking agent for the renegade intelligence agency SD-6 *and* as a mole for the C.I.A. In real life, Garner's a traffic-stopping beauty from West Virginia with a straight-A attitude and a hearty appetite for staged combat. In next month's *Daredevil,* she plays a martial-arts expert whose weapon of choice are fork-handled, spinning swords. "I would give myself little drills," she says. "Ten spins with the right, 10 with the left, 10 backwards. It was like learning to play the piano. Then I took them out and pulverized Ben Affleck with them." Garner isn't limited to roles that hinge on handing out beat-downs, however, and in Steven Spielberg's Christmas release, *Catch Me if You Can,* she plays a different kind of aggressor. "I wouldn't say that she's a full-on hooker with a heart," Garner says, "but she's been known, I think, to weasel cash out of men for a good time." The part involved "a lot of kissing" with Leonardo DiCaprio, and Garner says her husband, the actor Scott Foley, whom she met on the set of *Felicity* in 1998, understands. "He is a normal man, and he doesn't relish it by any means," she says, "but he knows who I come home to at night." This summer, the actress will shoot *Thirteen Going on Thirty,* directed by Gary Winick (*Tadpole*). "It's kind of a female version of *Big,*" says Garner, who is 30 herself and whose work schedule for *Alias* has gone from 80 hours a week the first season to somewhere in the 70s. "And it's a comedy where nobody gets hurt, or is on a wire, and you don't work all night, like, ever," she says with a laugh that lets you know she loves every last grueling, bruising minute of her life as an action hero. —MICHAEL HOGA

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERB RITTS

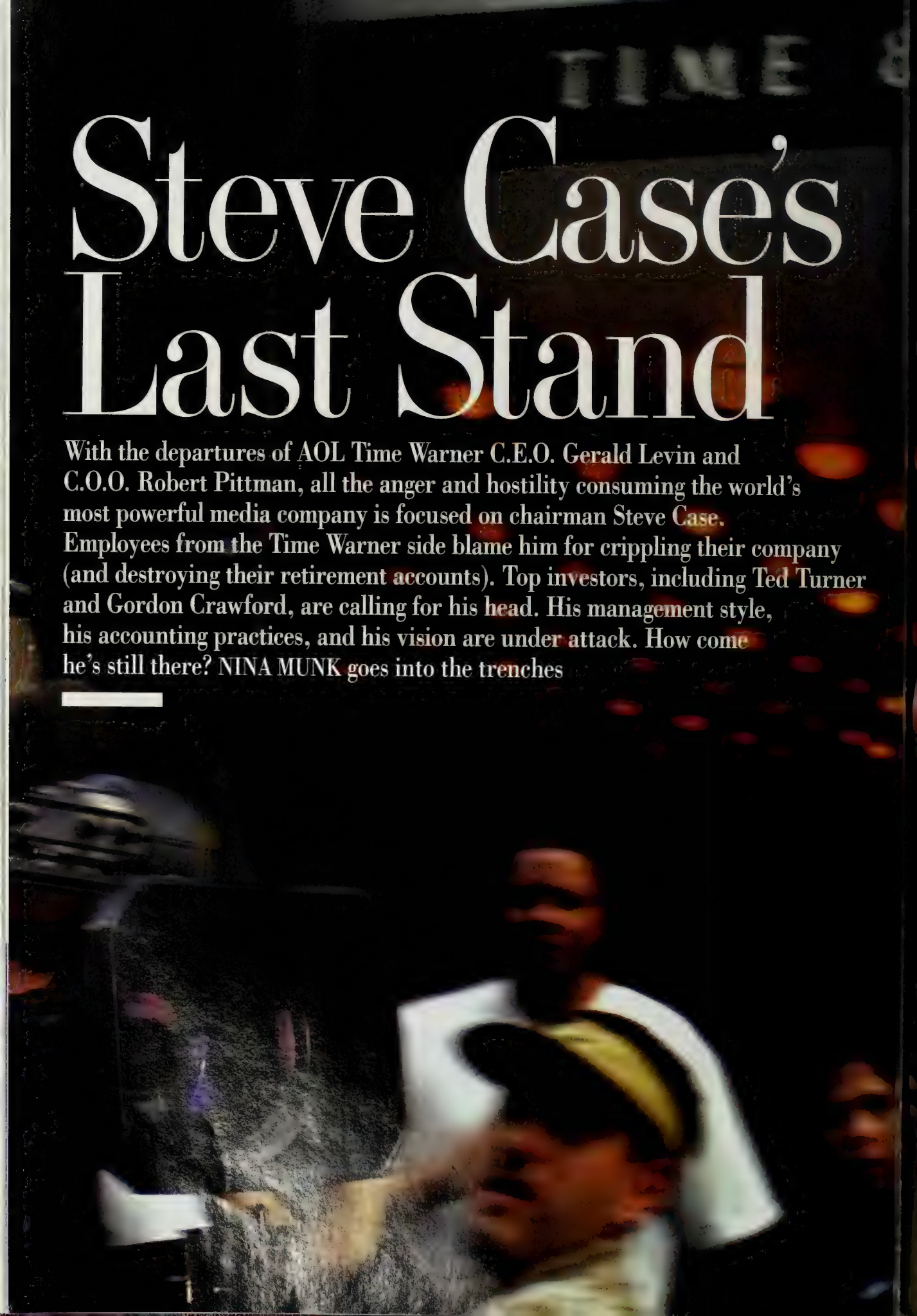


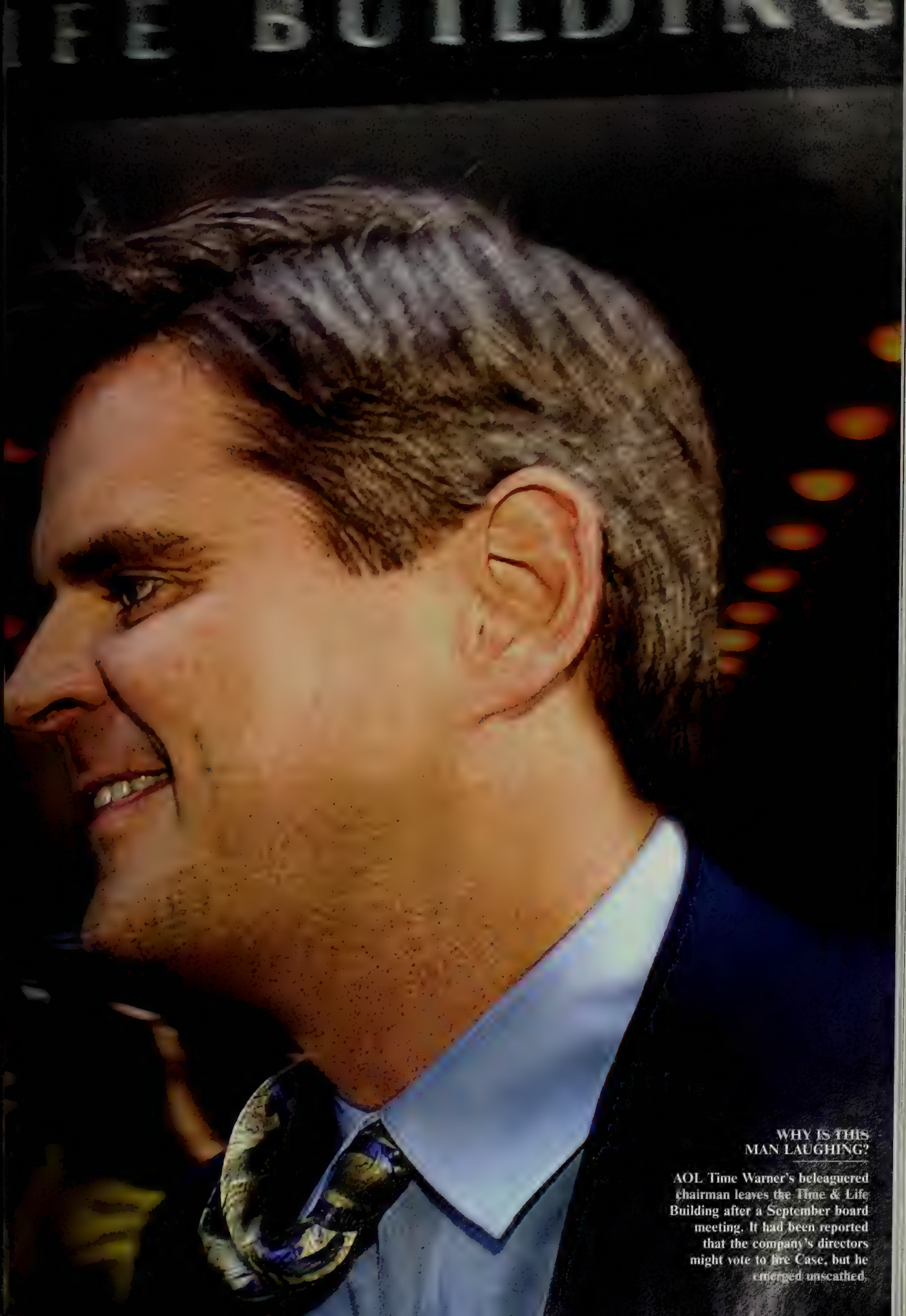
OKS THAT KILL

r Garner, whose beauty
matched only by her
n-screen bloodlust,
hotographed in Malibu
September 15, 2002.

Steve Case's Last Stand

With the departures of AOL Time Warner C.E.O. Gerald Levin and C.O.O. Robert Pittman, all the anger and hostility consuming the world's most powerful media company is focused on chairman Steve Case. Employees from the Time Warner side blame him for crippling their company (and destroying their retirement accounts). Top investors, including Ted Turner and Gordon Crawford, are calling for his head. His management style, his accounting practices, and his vision are under attack. How come he's still there? NINA MUNK goes into the trenches





WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?

AOL Time Warner's beleaguered chairman leaves the Time & Life Building after a September board meeting. It had been reported that the company's directors might vote to fire Case, but he emerged unscathed.

Grant Steve Case this: he may be a genius. One after another, people who have worked with Case say he's "really smart." They say they're awed by the way he handles information, by his ability to absorb, process, and sort huge amounts of complex data, and, finally, translate it all into a stripped-down concept anyone can grasp.

What else do people say about the 44-year-old chairman of AOL Time Warner—as a person? A senior company executive who has known Case for many years confided to me, "He spends a lot of time with his kids. He's very devoted to his family." Anything else? "He goes to his daughter's soccer games." Another longtime colleague, who considers himself a friend of Case's, confirmed this: "He does make sure he's at his kids' soccer games. . . . He's an extraordinarily strong family person—a devoted family person." When pressed, a former senior AOL executive, someone who has worked closely with Case since the mid-1990s, listed Case's personal interests for me: "He travels with his wife in the summer." Does he collect anything? Is he interested in politics? Does he speak foreign languages? (My line of questioning was growing desperate, as anyone can recognize.) "He likes good wine, I know that." A pause; then, as if he were overwhelmed by the impossible burden of humanizing Steve Case, the colleague concluded, "I don't know if he reads, I don't know if he goes to the movies, I don't know if he plays ball, I don't know if he's a sportsman. I don't have any idea. None. *None.*"

We do know this: Case is aloof. He doesn't like making small talk. He's uncomfortable at parties, often appearing bewildered, as if he doesn't get the point of being there. In photo after photo, he looks past the camera with the same forced and frozen smile. "He doesn't create a warm and fuzzy," yet another AOL executive told me. He added, "One of the longest six hours I ever experienced was sitting next to him on a plane going across the country."

In the context of the ongoing battles at AOL Time Warner, Case's aloofness may turn out to be his fatal flaw. Having alienated one colleague after another, he is fighting to hold on to his position atop the world's most powerful media-and-entertainment conglomerate. In the three years since Case (then running AOL) and Jerry Levin (then C.E.O. of Time Warner) shook hands on the deal that created AOL Time Warner, Case has made few new friends or allies. In fact, many people on the Time Warner side of the company are hostile—they want Case out, *now,* as if his departure would magically solve the company's problems. Summing up the free-floating resentment of her colleagues, a Time Warner executive told me, "I don't see how he can survive—there's so much ill will towards him."

That ill will is not restricted to headquarters. Many of A Time Warner's biggest investors, most notably Ted Tu (whose more than 3 percent stake in the company makes its largest individual shareholder), are convinced that the c pany would be better off without Case. "To me, it's a huge ative having Steve as the chairman of the company," ano important AOL Time Warner shareholder told me.

Determined to stay put, Case has in recent months made h self visible at AOL Time Warner after a long period in whic had largely withdrawn from the company's day-to-day affair late, he's been more available, outgoing, sometimes even acc modating. As co-chair with C.E.O. Dick Parsons of the boar directors' strategy committee, Case has been meeting with various divisions and their leaders to figure out what the de troubled company should be doing. In February he atten Warner Music's Grammy Awards party, mingling awkwardly Kid Rock, Linkin Park, and Matchbox Twenty at the Mond Hotel in West Hollywood. In September, at a party hoste AOL Time Warner's HBO division, Case posed for photos actor Tom Hanks. In October, onstage at New York's Avery F er Hall for the launch of AOL's version 8.0 software, Cas bored to trade jokes and banter with comedian Dana Carvey. a rare moment of spontaneity, he was even seen making ra ears behind Ted Turner's head.) That same month, changing h he gave a luncheon speech at a Goldman Sachs investor co ence and announced to the audience, "As chairman, my role run the board, partner with Dick Parsons, and roll up my sle and be helpful. And that's what I plan to do."

Back in the heady days of the late 90s, before A bought up Time Warner, Case wasn't expecte spend his lunch hour justifying his paychec this one and that one. In those days, he was being hailed as a prophet, a visionary of the ternet Age. Wall Street revered him: at its pea late 1999, just before the Time Warner deal was announc AOL, the company Case built in just 15 years, was worth m than General Motors and the Ford Motor Company combi Despite his shortcomings as a manager, Case was held in a even loved (one hazards) by his employees, who didn't pres to expect that such an extraordinary man would make sm talk and ask about their child's first day at school. "To the p ple at AOL . . . AOL is not just a company, it's a religion," plained a longtime AOL executive, who, like most peop spoke to for this article, was reluctant to be quoted by name AOL is your religion, Steve is your spiritual leader."

Compared with the true believers at AOL, people at T Warner are cynics; they've never worshiped their leaders. the contrary, Time Warner's fractious division heads have l interpreted any direction from headquarters as a hostile i sion. When it comes to Steve Case, however, they're mostly one mind. To these people, Case represents everything th gone wrong with the company in the past two years: a st price that's down 70 percent from its peak of $58.51 in J 2001; a federal investigation into the company's accounting admission of having falsely inflated revenue by $190 million far); a $54 billion (and counting) write-down taken last A to reflect the declining value of the company; and, in the fi quarter that ended in September, a 30 percent drop in cash f generated by the AOL division, once described breathlessly the company's "crown jewel."

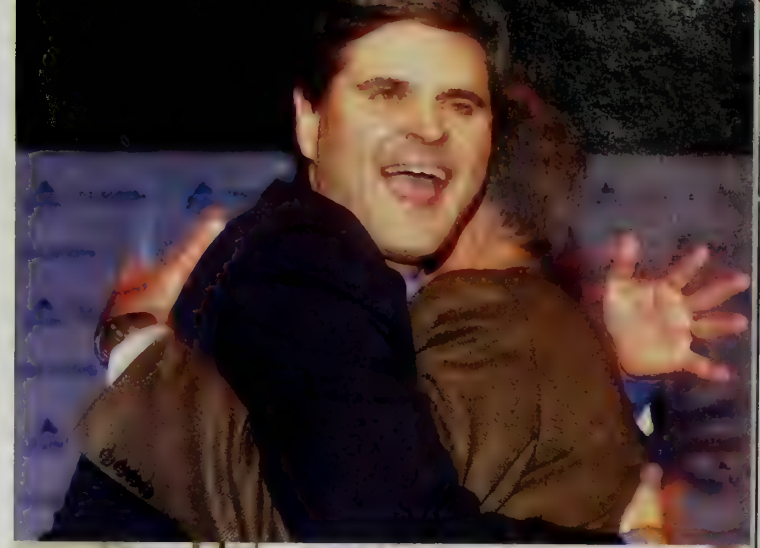
don't see how he can survive—here's so much ill will towards him," says one colleague.

Above all, what Time Warner executives and investors resent is: with a remarkable sense of timing, Case used AOL's inflated stock to buy their company. That sleight of hand took place in January 2000, just two months before the meltdown of Internet stocks. For AOL shareholders, the Time Warner deal was a miracle: without it, according to numbers recently crunched by *Newsweek* columnist Allan Sloan, they'd be holding shares worth less than half AOL Time Warner's current $15 stock price. The people who lost out, and lost out big, were Time Warner's shareholders and employees. Ted Turner, for example, has seen the value of his shares drop from roughly $8 billion to $2 billion. As for Time Warner employees, the value of their retirement accounts has been destroyed, their stock options made worthless. If the AOL deal had never happened, the stock might now be worth $47; those are the sorts of figures his detractors throw out when they're sounding off about the evils of Steve Case.

"Steve understands and shares the frustration that other major shareholders have about the performance of the company since the merger," Kenneth Novack, an AOL Time Warner vice-chairman, a member of the AOL Time Warner board, and one of Case's closest confidants, told me when we spoke in late October. Does he really? Can he possibly? After all, in the decade since AOL went public, Case has exercised and sold about $700 million worth of AOL stock options, according to calculations based on S.E.C. filings compiled for me by Thomson Financial. Beyond that, Case continues to hold another $170 million worth of AOL Time Warner stock—plus another 30 million of old AOL options vested but not yet exercised. He also has nearly four million unvested options that are worthless at the stock's current price.)

The movement to get rid of Steve Case isn't about just money and retirement accounts and stock options. It's deeply personal. What's grating on Time Warner executives and investors is the collective belief that Case fleeced them, and yet here he is, day after day, hanging around headquarters, rubbing salt in their wounds, a constant reminder that they were taken. "One of AOL Time Warner's biggest shareholders told me, 'There's the guy who conceived the deal; pitched the deal to Jerry Levin]; got this deal, this catastrophic deal, to happen; and right in the guys who were his cultists, his accounting, his company—it's been a big downer for everybody."

In retrospect, it may be that Case's first mistake was handing over the title of C.E.O. to Jerry Levin, and then withdrawing to the sidelines as chairman. According to people close to him, he liked playing an elder statesman: making informed speeches about the digital revolution, thinking big thoughts, CONTINUED ON PAGE 132







CHARM OFFENSIVE

From top: Case, then C.E.O. of AOL, and Jerry Levin, then C.E.O. of Time Warner, share a tender moment after announcing their big deal in January 2000; at a recent AOL Time Warner event Case makes light of the tension between him and Ted Turner; Case with top content provider Julia Roberts at the premiere of Warner Bros.' *Ocean's Eleven.*

Spotlight

CUT TO THE CHASTE



OGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER



Back in the 50s early 60s—back before directors like l Ferrara and screenwriters like Joe erhas, back when men were men and nen were girls—there was something ıd subtlety in Hollywood. A virginal de ingenue (Doris Day) met a strap- slab of masculinity (Rock Hudson), the Gilby's was poured, the ivories e tickled, and the screen faded to k. Oh, for the sweet whimsy of *Pillow* and *Lover Come Back* and *Will Suc- Spoil Rock Hunter*? "The movies were bout a young woman protecting her nity at all costs from a playboy deter- d to bring her down," recalls director on Reed. Sex? Notwithstanding the asional double entendre, sex never entered into it. Finally, courtesy of d and *American Beauty* producers Jinks and Bruce Cohen, comes a re- to innocence with the forthcoming *n with Love*, in which Renée Zellweger s the Doris to Ewan McGregor's Rock. gifted comedic actors Sarah Paulson David Hyde-Pierce are their hyper- ıte sidekicks, and sex is everywhere nowhere. A poker-faced homage to t Reed calls Hollywood's "pre-sex" when silver-screen couples wore slip- to bed and kissed like Nixon, the ıe was filmed on oversize stages with era Gotham backdrops, and retro- with candied, CinemaScopic colors. ng directed the *Citizen Kane* of cheer- er movies, 2000's *Bring It On*, Reed vs how to walk the line between hom- and parody. To wit, playing the effete, cilious Tony Randall–ish character is Randall.

—NED ZEMAN

LAST TANGO

Renée Zellweger and Ewan McGregor on the set of *Down with Love*. *Opposite*, McGregor with Melissa George and Ivana Milicevic.

France's Prophe

Only France could produce a phenomenon like Bernard-Henri Lévy, the dashing 54-year-old writer, philosopher, and activist. As celebrated as any rock star, he speaks uncomfortable truths, wields influence in Bosnia, Afghanistan, and the Middle East, and routinely turns down the Légion d'Honneur. In Paris, and at the Marrakech palace where Lévy and his exquisite movie-actress wife, Arielle Dombasle, escape the spotlight, JOAN JULIET BUCK learns the passions—personal, intellectual, and political—of a man whose life challenges every kind of orthodoxy, including his own



THE THINKER

Bernard-Henri L... at his apartment in... March 2002. In t... decorated rooms, his... are hidden, but the objects his wife, Arielle Dombasle, collects are prominently on display.

Provocateur



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER

At dinner in Montparnasse last spring with the philosopher Bernard-Henri Lévy, his wife, the actress and singer Arielle Dombasle, and Nicole Wisniak, the witty creator of *Egoïste* magazine, I looked at Bernard-Henri and said, "Who are you?"

We had been talking for weeks. I had interviewed him in Marrakech and Paris, read his books, read his columns, seen him on TV, read the torrent of words that poured from all sections of the French press at his every move, seen people come alive at the sight of him, heard him say, "I am someone who thinks he can influence things and do it with fire and passion and energy, and then the other side of me speaks up and says, 'Just write,'" and watched him run a meeting as council president of the egghead TV station Arte, yet the more I saw, the less I knew.

"Bernard, who are you?," I repeated. Dombasle was eating wild rice, Wisniak was playing with an antique gold watch they had given her, and Lévy was sitting in the late François Mitterrand's customary corner seat at Le Duc. He looked at me with his intense, dark eyes and said with a loving smile, "You tell me."

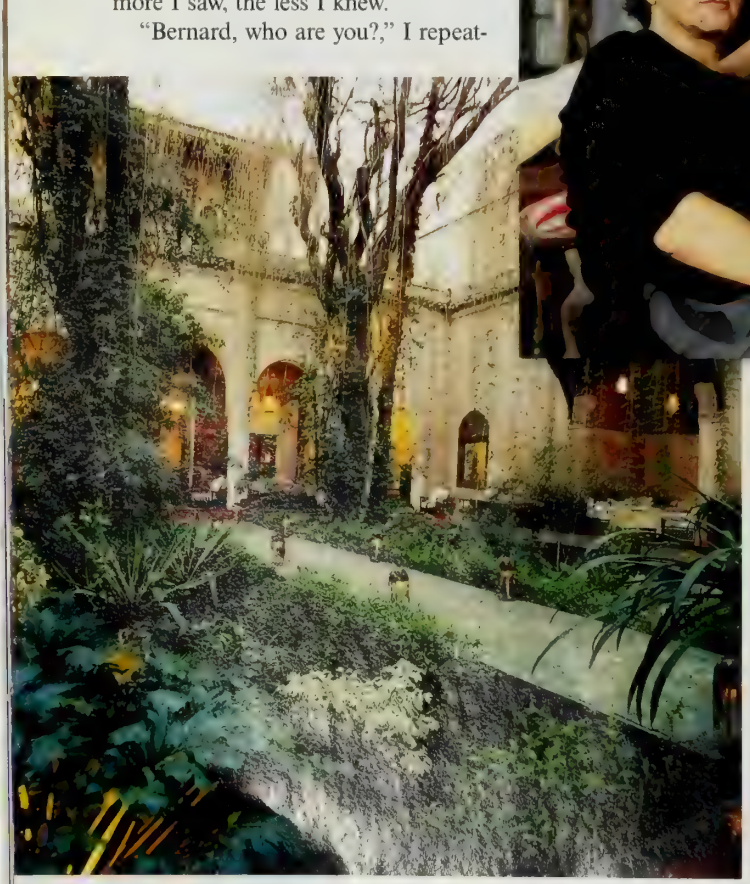
Bernard-Henri Lévy, known to the French by his initials, B.H.L., and Arielle Dombasle are the most famous couple in France. He's a unique figure, an action-driven intellectual who moves fast, writes fast, and is listened to with respect. Lévy's access to power and speed of action are virtually without precedent. Philosopher, publisher, novelist, journalist, filmmaker, defender of causes, libertine, and provocateur, he is somewhere between gadfly and tribal sage, Superman and prophet; we have no equivalent in the United States. Lévy represents no party and holds no job or elected office. Every year, because of his position with Arte, the government contacts him to ask if he wants the Légion d'Honneur, and every year he says no. The question most often asked about him is not whether he's sincere but wh he's real. Not since André Malraux French intellectual managed to be so ent on so many fronts.

In one week last April, he comple government mission to Afghanistan, ered to President Jacques Chirac a page report that came out days later short book (his 28th), spent the wee at his palace in Morocco with his and friends, and went on to Jerusale meet with Ariel Sharon, Benjamin N yahu, and Shimon Peres. He told Sh "You might win the battle against te ism, but unless you open up to the P tinians very quickly, you'll lose the damental war, which is for the securi Israel and justice."

Today, Lévy is working on a b about Daniel Pearl. He is obsessed the murder last year of the 38-yea Jewish *Wall Street Journal* reporter, he spends much of his time in Ka and New Delhi in an effort to get a heart of the killers' network. It's a lit as well as a journalistic investigatio line with his constant ef to close the breach betw current political horrors the insights of literature.

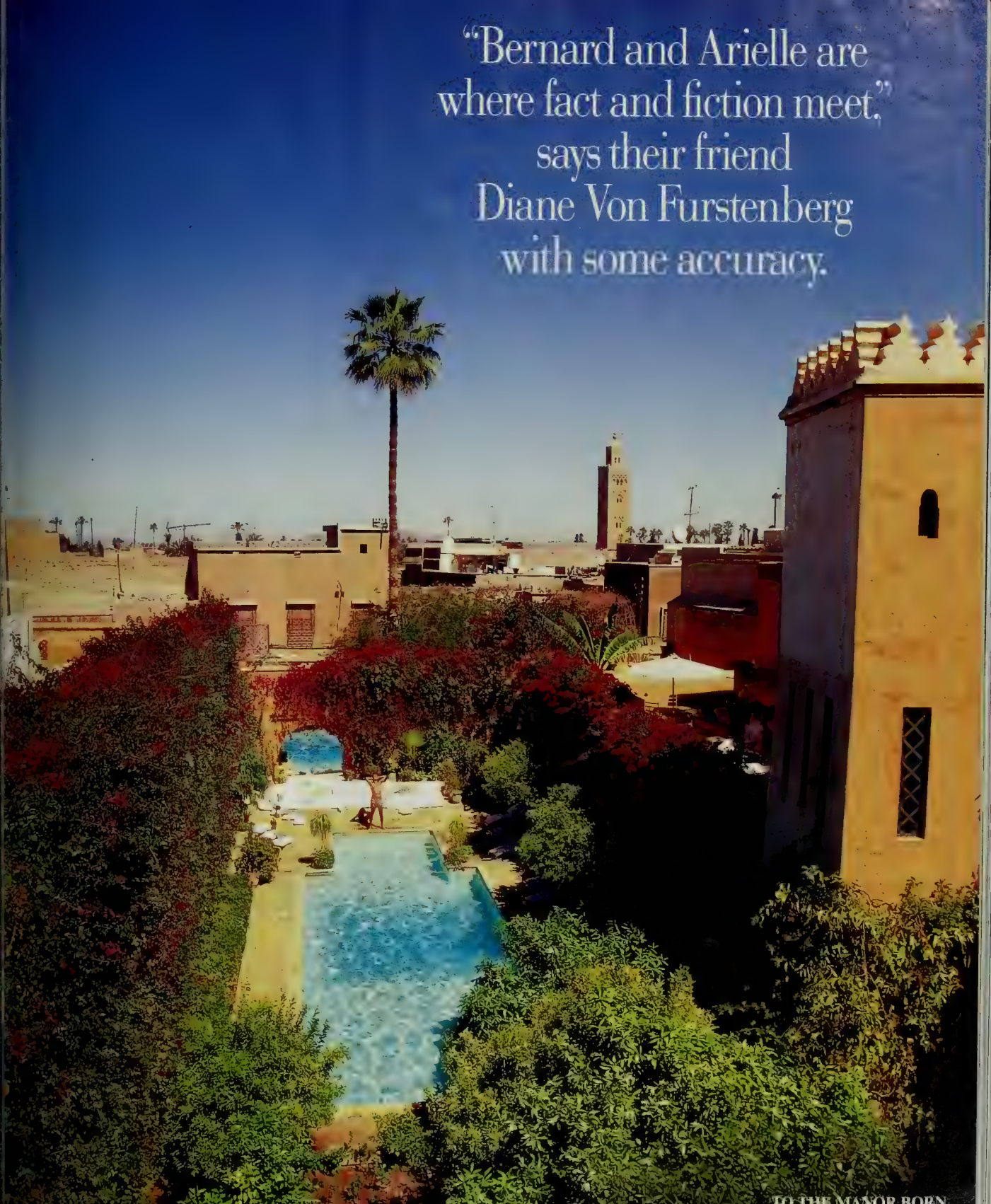
The French will say ge politely, as when pointin spinach on your teeth, B.H.L. is not really Frenc that he does not really k France. That can mean he was born in Algeria, or he is a Jew. Lévy advo "a positive, solar Juda which doesn't only live in the mirror of the H caust and pain, or see itse perpetually persecuted.' writes about inspiratio being a kind of dybbuk inhabits certain people







"Bernard and Arielle are where fact and fiction meet," says their friend Diane Von Furstenberg with some accuracy.



TO THE MANOR BORN

Levy at the pool of his 18th-century palace in Marrakech, which he bought from the actor Alain Delon. *Opposite, from left:* the inner garden of Levy's Marrakech home; Levy and Doumbadi inside the house; Levy and cell phone with Gilles Hertzog (far left) on an airfield in Kandahar, Afghanistan, March 2002.













THE ACTIVIST

(1) Bernard-Henri Lévy in a Sarajevo morgue, 1994. (2) With rebel leader Ahmed Shah Massoud in Afghanistan, 1998. (3) Interviewing François Mitterrand, 1994. (4) At the time of the publication of his second book, *The Testament of God*, 1979. (5) With author Salman Rushdie in Paris, 1993. (6) On a government mission to Afghanistan, inspecting the site of two giant Buddhas destroyed by the Taliban, 2002. (7) North of Kabul on the same mission. (8) With Governor Deng Alor (left) of Bahr al-Ghazal Province in Sudan, 2001.





moves on, conscious that a dybbuk be an evil spirit. He is so unpopular religious Jews that when he wanted on circumcised he had to find "a rab- the edge of apostasy" and use Presi- Mitterrand's doctor.

eing a Jew did not stop him from being irst and loudest champion of Bosnia's lims and their president, Alija Izet- vic. Being a Jew today, however, means his secretary at Grasset, the publish- ouse where he has been headquar- since his 20s, is opening anonymous mail consisting of used toilet paper.

an interview with *Le Figaro,* he de- d, "There will be peace only once we desacralize a debate that is poisoned nderhanded forms of idolatry.... That e entire humanistic message of Juda- Stones are not holy. It is a form of try to sanctify stone, earth. Men are not stones."

ortly before our dinner at Le Duc, I asked him what he saw as the prevail- deology today. He had said, "Religion a sense to what has none—suffering, ality, misery, despair. When men are ronted with the depths of their condi- they see it makes no sense. Religious on is what has always motivated peo- ut religion has become ideology." The hope, he said, was in the birth of a ern, secular Islam, which is what he found and admired in Bosnia.

don't believe in history as progress, I ot believe in purity, I do not believe in good' society. I believe that man is a l species."

nd yet with all that, Bernard-Henri Lévy s a profoundly happy man.

For Françoise Giroud, the writer and former Cabinet minister, "Bernard is intelligent, and he is courageous. There are many intelligent people in France, but few courageous ones."

hilippe Sollers, the thatchy-haired nov- who is France's current great man of s, asks, "Can a philosopher have a di- ffect on events? He can, if he's Bernard- i. An energetic intellectual who has er Communist nor Fascist tendencies event."

week before his departure for Kabul year, Lévy had lunch at a Chinese urant with Bernard Kouchner, who co-founded Doctors Without Borders, h received the Nobel Peace Prize, as as Doctors of the World, headed the d Nations' civil administration in Ko- and was now merely France's deputy h minister. They are both idealistic

"Can a philosopher have a direct effect on events? He can, if he's Bernard-Henri," says author Philippe Sollers.

and jaded in the way that only men who have tested themselves are allowed to be. They have fought at times—owing, says Kouchner, to B.H.L.'s capacity for being "sententious and annoying"—but they are both energetic, committed French Jewish intellectuals, and they validate each other. Kouchner described Afghanistan as "the kingdom of oppression, which attracts rogues, adventurers, and right-wingers. It's all manly values there. The people are famous for their hospitality, and then they kill you after dinner." He briefed Lévy on whom to see in Kabul and whom to ignore. Then Kouchner sighed and said, "Your enemies are sending you there. Mine are keeping me at home."

Periodic falls from grace and intellectual reinstatements have been the essence of Lévy's career. "I took the measure of the absurdity of the judgment of Paris a long time ago," he says. "Whether it's good or bad, it's the same either way." He has the writer's illusion that life can be rewritten—"I like the idea of living your work, writing your life. My life is like a text I can endlessly correct"—and the warlord's certainty that events can be brought to heel. It's a unique combination, on the border between fact and fiction. Lévy has three best friends. One, Gilles Hertzog, grandson of a founder of the French Communist Party, calls him a "field intellectual." Asked the latest annual-exam question for entrance to the École Normale Supérieure (his old school), "What are the limits to action?," Lévy answered, "Inefficiency." The second, Jacques Martinez, a painter, says, "He's handsome, he's talented, he's rich, he has a beautiful wife—of course they hate him." The third, Jean-Paul Enthoven, an editor at Grasset, says, "The French intellectual gets involved in what's none of his business, and the French intellectual is usually wrong. You have to credit Bernard with never having made a mistake. Today he's an Albert Schweitzer figure."

Others compare him to Charles Baudelaire, Victor Hugo, Émile Zola, André Malraux, T. E. Lawrence, and King David. Arielle Dombasle once said on TV that the first time she saw a picture of him she thought he was Jesus Christ.

Lévy laughs at the comparisons. "If I thought that I had Camus's sense of justice, Malraux's courage, the freedom of Romain Gary, and the resonance of Sartre, then I would have won." In a bureau drawer in the study of his apartment on Paris's Left Bank, he keeps half an amphetamine taken from Malraux's bedside table and given to him by Malraux's daughter. "I knew when I was 20 that I'd never have to suck up to anyone," says B.H.L. "I have never written something I was ashamed of for money. I fight for the freedom of others, but my own is incommunicable. It can't be generalized. I risk my life pretending it can be."

B.H.L. lives a civilized life. "I am Baudelairean," he explains. "I loathe what is natural. I think the more laws a society has, the more livable it is. The more civilized a woman is, the more seductive she is." He never learned to drive, so a chauffeur conveys him around Paris in a Daimler sedan. In his and Dombasle's apartment, his books are hidden, whereas her collections of objects are on show. In the living room, a half-gloom of dust-colored damask and velvet, there are chandeliers alive with prisms, gilt Japanese temple flowers, ancient religious enamels, and a huge Symbolist painting. A coffee table is heaped with semi-precious rocks and dishes of candy. Two stuffed chickens, one of them a curious orange bird called a wyandotte, are displayed with the same amused respect as the reclining golden Buddhas.

He rarely goes to his office at Grasset. He works at home, or in the South of France at the Colombe d'Or, the rustic little hotel with Braques and Picassos on the walls, where Simone Signoret and Yves Montand famously hung out. Lévy's years have no seasons: he is mobile, ubiquitous, free. In a war zone he puts comfort first. In Kabul, given the choice between a secure hotel with no water and an unprotected room with hot water, he chose the hot water.

At 54 he is young-looking, tall, and broad-shouldered, with fine features, pierc-







ing eyes, long dark hair, and a rich boy's careless grace. He also has the hyperkinetic energy of a gifted child, a fundamental restlessness that is always spoiling for a cause or a fight. At 28 he was the most famous member of a group known as the New Philosophers, who attacked Marxism, the basis for all serious French thought. His book *La Barbarie à Visage Humain* (Barbarism with a Human Face) was greeted with the same excitement Albert Camus's *The Rebel* had received in the 1950s. It began, "I am the bastard child of a satanic couple, Fascism and Stalinism," described Communism as nothing but an excuse for totalitarian cruelty, and turned the left against him. His second book, *Le Testament de Dieu* (The Testament of God), posited that the Old Testament could be a guide to a humanistic socialism. He says today, "That one turned some of the Jews and most of the anti-Semites against me."

Lévy describes the French intellectual as being, since the time of the Dreyfus case in the 1890s, "the one who positions himself as mediator between the community and the universal, between the state and the True and the Just—as opposed to personal passions." (The Dreyfus Affair was a case of military treason, in which a Jewish captain named Alfred Dreyfus was wrongly tried and condemned to Devil's Island. Zola attacked the injustice in 1898 with the famous open letter "J'Accuse" and went to jail for it.)

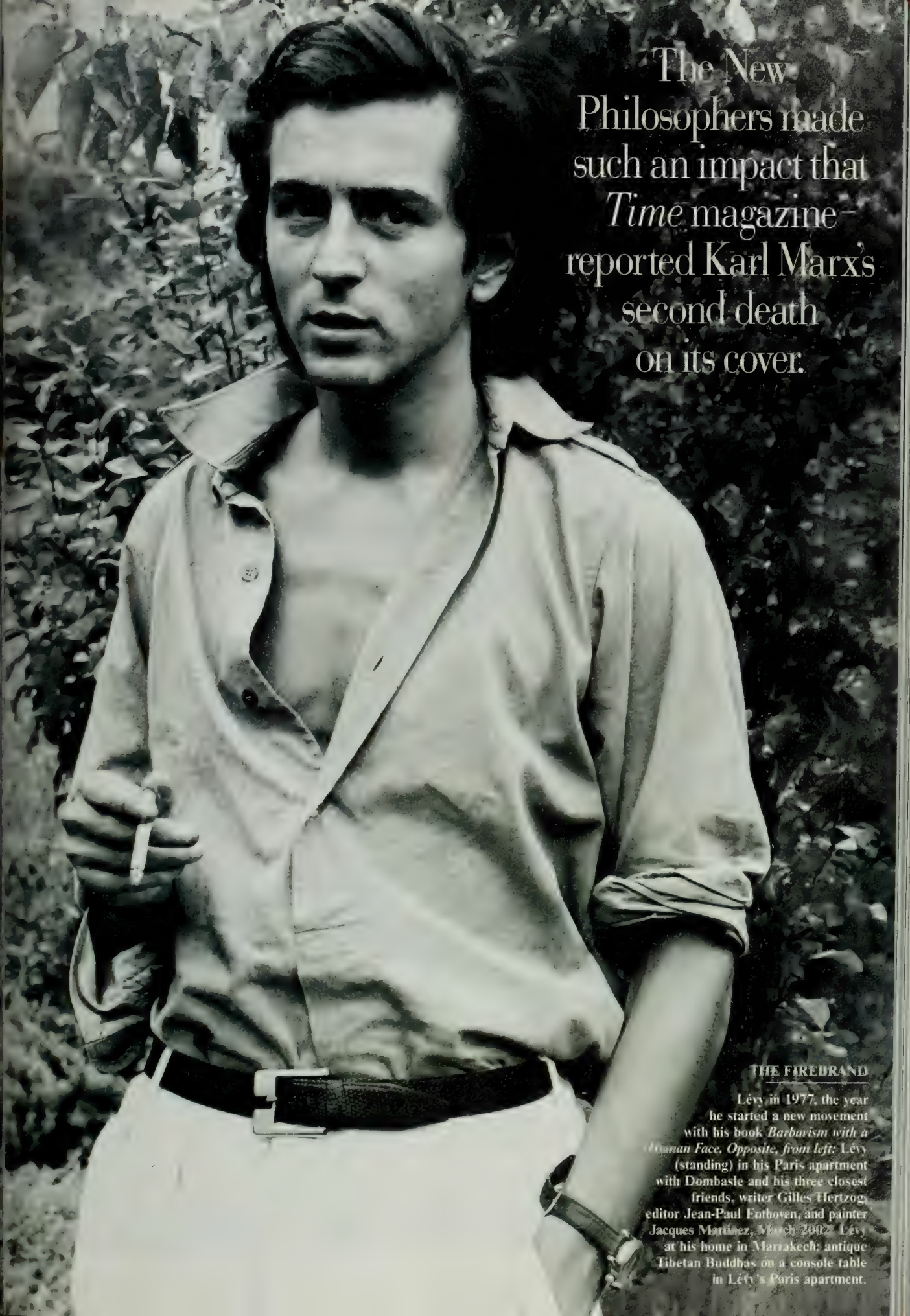
In the last 20 years, Lévy has probed the roots of French Fascism, predicted the rise of the extreme right, and helped found an anti-racist group (SOS Racisme) to empower the Arab and black populations of France against right-wing violence. He created Action Contre la Faim (Action Against Hunger), but in 1986 in Ethiopia he discovered that humanitarian aid in fact enabled the dictator Mengistu Haile Mariam to have his way. Lévy explained, "Aid is based on the idea that you cannot let someone die of hunger. I believe that by preventing the starvation that is a result of totalitarian action you condone that totalitarian action." That caused the rift between him and Bernard Kouchner.

Lévy attacks orthodoxies with wit and elegance and refuses to accept prevailing ideologies. "I am against the of common sense," he says. "(mon sense is rarely right."

His son, Antonin, 22, who is a law student at Sciences tiques, has his father's sense o tice. He has started a move and launched a Web site to ex ate Christian Ranucci, a young unjustly executed in France in

Lévy fought loud and lon bring the world's attention to nia. In 1992 he was one of the four foreigners into the besi Sarajevo, where President Iz govic told him, "We are the saw Ghetto.... Tell your presid which he duly did. In his boo *Lys et la Cendre* (Lilies and As he describes how, in order to ge message across to a distracted Mitter he had to compare Izetbegovic with vador Allende, the Chilean Socialist dent, who is a martyr to the left. days later Mitterrand flew to Sara Lévy eventually turned on his old f Mitterrand: in his documentary film *B* he included footage in which Mitter denies knowledge of the Serb conce tion camps.

B.H.L.'s long involvement with Af istan began in 1981, when he took transmitters to Ahmed Shah Massoud rebel leader. In 2001 he tried to fly soud to talk with President Chira France, using the private plane of Fra Pinault, the tycoon whose holdings in Gucci and Christie's, and who was a friend of Lévy's late father. The French ernment would not allow Massoud the country, and he CONTINUED ON PAG



The New Philosophers made such an impact that *Time* magazine reported Karl Marx's second death on its cover.

THE FIREBRAND

Lévy in 1977, the year he started a new movement with his book *Barbarism with a Human Face*. *Opposite, from left:* Lévy (standing) in his Paris apartment with Dombasle and his three closest friends, writer Gilles Hertzog, editor Jean-Paul Enthoven, and painter Jacques Martinez. March 2002: Lévy at his home in Marrakech; antique Tibetan Buddhas on a console table in Lévy's Paris apartment.

STEALIN



Cuing up the CD player in his concrete Bel Air compound, Tony Kaye, known for directing *American History X* but better known for making an absurd spectacle of himself while doing it, presents his latest project. It's five minutes of ambient music of his own creation accompanying answering-machine messages, some painfully intimate, left for Kaye by the great Marlon Brando, Kaye's hero and onetime friend.

"Tony, this is your new friend, Marlon," Brando says in formidable tones, bringing to mind the troubled heroes of *The Godfather* and *Last Tango in Paris*. "Oh, *yoo*-hoo, *To*-ny," says the next one, a little more playful. "I have symptoms of a cold." Brando goes on to describe his bowel movements and mention bran muffins. Then he reveals that "women depressed me today, particularly the mother of my children." Kaye thinks this dance track could be major. "It's going to the Buddha Bar now," he says in an agitated Cockney, "so this could be a huge cult thing in Paris." The would-be cult hit is among the ruins of Kaye's friendship with a man who represented everything Kaye wanted to be. Instead of directing Brando in another masterpiece to add to the archives alongside Elia Kazan's *On the Waterfront,* Kaye is turning the detritus of their relationship into the latest chapter of his Dada-esque magnum opus, one not necessarily destined to find a large audience: the legend of Tony Kaye, master of self-promotion and self-destruction.

Kaye, 50, is tall and thin, with a completely shaved head, large adorned ea postage-stamp beard, gothic bone st ture, and intense, almost possessed e He has Hebrew words tattooed randc over his body. The overall look is a n ern take on Savonarola, the 15th-cen monk who was into self-flagellation gripped by visions of apocalypse. Pa outside Kaye's studio, a 15,000-squ foot warehouse in West Los Angele his black town car, outfitted with a va license plate that reads JEWISH and a er with a black, 12-inch beard. In his studio are madman art extravaga hanging chockablock: giant photogr of dogs and lizards and fat girls sho ing, penises penetrating fish heads rats burrowing into vaginas (which staged with porn stars), and large s blings pronouncing nonsensical slo

For most of his 50 years, Tony Kaye has had an obsession with being a mad genius, but any genius he displayed—in his "hype art," in his daring ads for Nike and Volvo, and in his 1998 debut as a film director (*American History X*)—was overshadowed by his madness. With Hollywood executives calling him unemployable, Kaye turned to one of his heroes, Marlon Brando, the patron saint of crazed geniuses, who offered him friendship and a job. What happened next, EVGENIA PERETZ discovers, is a study in betrayal, self-promotion, and self-destruction

BRANDO

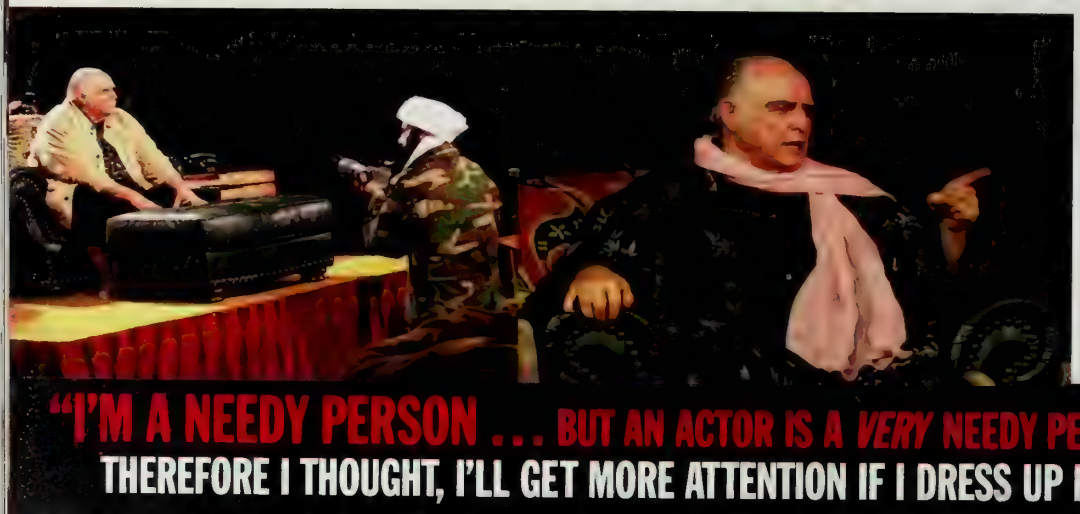


FRAME ARTIST

Marlon Brando, as seen through Tony Kaye's video lens in Brando's living room. *Opposite*, Kaye, as seen through Brando's lens at Brando's [illegible]

such as IF I FALL ON THE TABLE I'LL CHOOSE HOW I FEEL. Kaye digs at a tiny blemish on his arm that he's sure is something horrible and points out which pieces he claims to be ashamed of, such as the pornographic ones. He is, he explains, "really paranoid and insecure." The next moment, he puts forth with grand obscurity that what we're looking at is a 17-year diary of his personal artistic life, something called the "*Epicomedy* ... which is one word, and with one *c*."

Kaye is obsessed with the idea of the "crazy genius." Sometimes he'll list his heroes unprompted, jabbering out their names in a crazy-genius sort of way. "I think, there's, you know, there's Marlon Brando, there's Bob Dylan, you know what I mean? ... There's certain people that really ... there's certain performing artists that really ... Elvis obviously is ... I forgot him, but, you know, maybe not Elvis as much, I don't think, but anyway, for me, but, I don't know ... yeah." At other times he'll state his credo with simple lucidity: "My heroes are people like von Stroheim, Orson Welles, Francis Ford Coppola—those kinds of crazy artists. I had read about them from my humble background, my humble London background, and I thought, That's the way to do it.... You have to be a lunatic."



"I'M A NEEDY PERSON ... BUT AN ACTOR IS A *VERY* NEEDY PERSON. AND SO THEREFORE I THOUGHT, I'LL GET MORE ATTENTION IF I DRESS UP LIKE OSAMA BIN LADI

Kaye grew up in an Orthodox Jewish household in Stamford Hill, a working-class neighborhood in North London, and later in the suburb of Potters Bar. He spent the late 60s and early 70s at Saint Albans School of Art in Hertfordshire and at a design school in Kent, and shortly thereafter began his career as a "lunatic." At the age of about 30, he made an inflatable E.T. doll his permanent companion. "I'd go out to dinner with the E.T. doll. I'd sit on a train with the E.T. doll. And everywhere I went, people would look at me," recalls Kaye. "It was incredible. So I couldn't ever leave the house without the bloody thing, you know what I mean? Because my whole world would've come to an end."

Then Kaye began making what he christened "hype art," which he explains as "an investigation into why certain pieces of art are worth certain amounts." His friend Damien Hirst, darling of the young London art scene, whose world Kaye wanted to penetrate, recalls the heyday of Kaye's movement, in the early 90s. "I remember he did a documentary where he said he was going to take a shit in a gallery," says Hirst, "and I was crossing my fingers, saying, 'Come on, Tony, you've got to do it, you've got to do it,' and then he didn't. You wished he'd never said anything, or if he said it he would have done it." Kaye's most noted work was *Roger,* wherein he retained a homeless man to wander the halls of international museums including the Tate, the British Museum, and San Francisco MoMA. The idea was not necessarily to raise consciousness about the problem of homelessness; it was to get Kaye's name in the papers. "They always got a lot of media attention," says Kaye, "and that was really what I was trying to do."

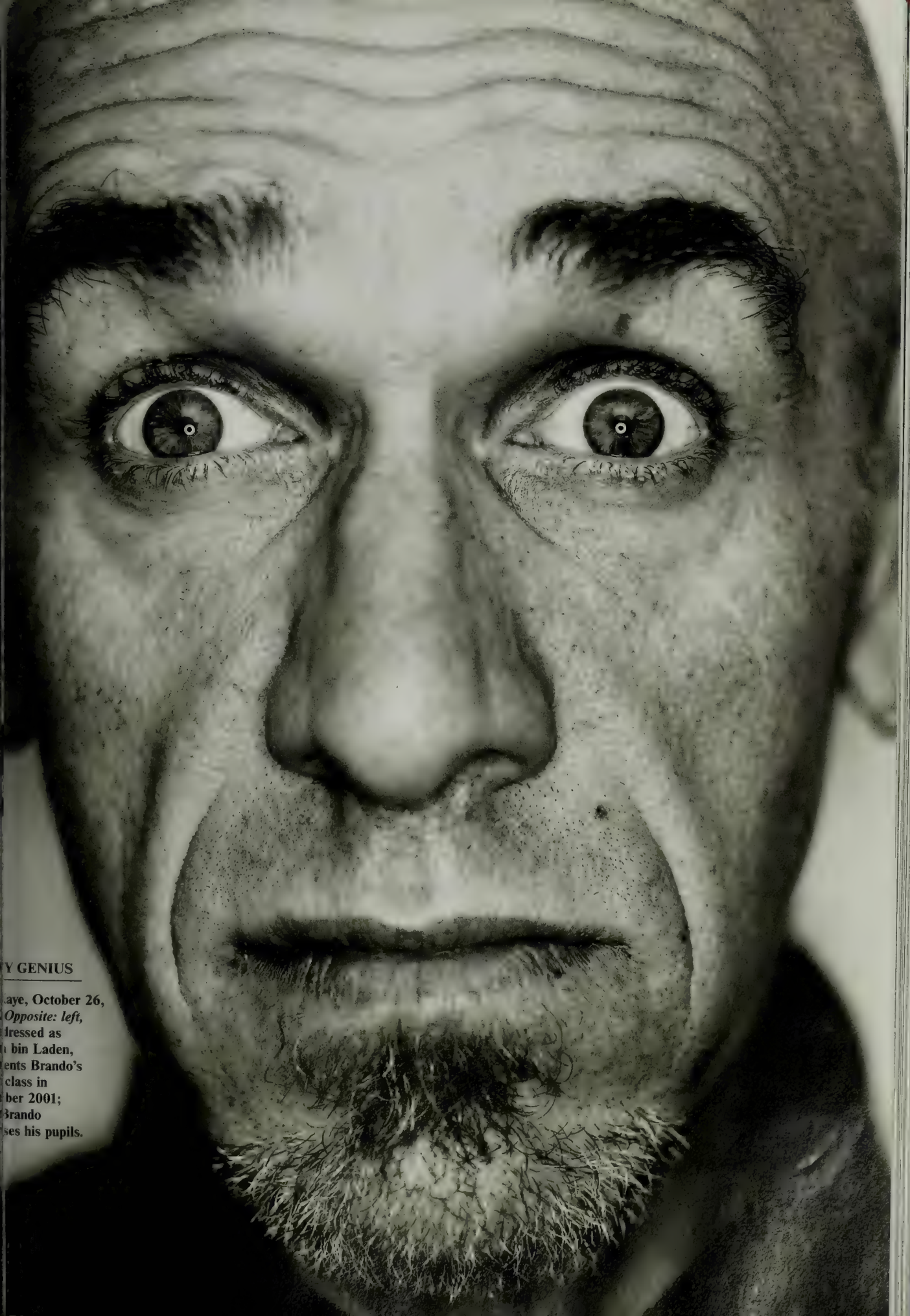
But when others were proclaimed the geniuses—even though Kaye was clearly crazier—Kaye began his pattern of creative acting out. During the 1995 opening of Hirst's show of medical equipment at London's vaunted White Cube gallery, Kaye tried to steal some of the glory from his friend by hiring ambulances to drive around and around the gallery and blast their sirens in a project called *Empty Vessels Make the Most Noise.* Hirst was good-humored about it; his dedication to K in his 1997 book reads, "To Tony Kay sharing his world (with me) when he wanted to steal mine."

Throughout this period, Kaye was doing something commercially viable: r ing advertisements. After having serve an art director at a London adverti agency, he directed his first commer for Olivetti typewriters, in the early 19 By the 90s he was working for such h profile clients as Guinness and Volvo, making public-service announceme His work was high-concept, visually ing, provocative, and memorable, an eventually earned a reputation as on the most remarkable craftsmen in business. When the Florida Departm of Health contracted Crispin Porter & gusky to warn of the link between chew tobacco and cancer, the agency gave job to Kaye. With his usual flair, he sho a man slathering his outstretched tor with barbecue sauce, and th vicious junkyard dog appea to tear the thing off. Last yea the Super Bowl broadcast, K filmed a powerful P.S.A., sp sored by the White House, a ing that drug users help f terrorism.

Even when making milli selling sneakers, Kaye kept up mystique as the brilliant madm When the producers of Kaye's cardi commercial decided they neede change the ending and get a new dire Kaye reportedly flew the talent to a se location so that they wouldn't be abl participate. Then he parked a 10-p rap band on a flatbed outside the h quarters of the McCann-Erickson adve ing agency and started screaming slo into the mike, trying to foment an Sharpton–style political protest over th nal seconds of a rum ad.

The notion of being a man who c commercials makes him cringe. "To misfortune," he says, "I've gotten quite g at them." The millions he has made them he has put into his pet projects, s as *Lake of Fire,* a sober and probing th hour documentary, 10 years in the m ing, about abortion, which contains kind of graphic, chilling imagery Kaye is famous for, such as close-up aborted fetuses; and CONTINUED ON PAGE

PORTRAIT BY JULIAN BROAD



Y GENIUS

aye, October 26,
Opposite: left,
dressed as
bin Laden,
ents Brando's
class in
ber 2001;
Brando
ses his pupils.



...ers's life was always champagne and sometimes shocking.
...of late '60s New York society and Catherhood that
...included Andy Warhol, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg,
...and becoming in 1965 a young Park Avenue mother
...[illegible]. Whether the Pop art pioneer was mocking her
...Tupperware bowls, making an impromptu movie, or
...[illegible] for a Lambretta motor scooter, Goldsmith recalls,
...friendship was as exhilarating as any of his work

When Park Ave

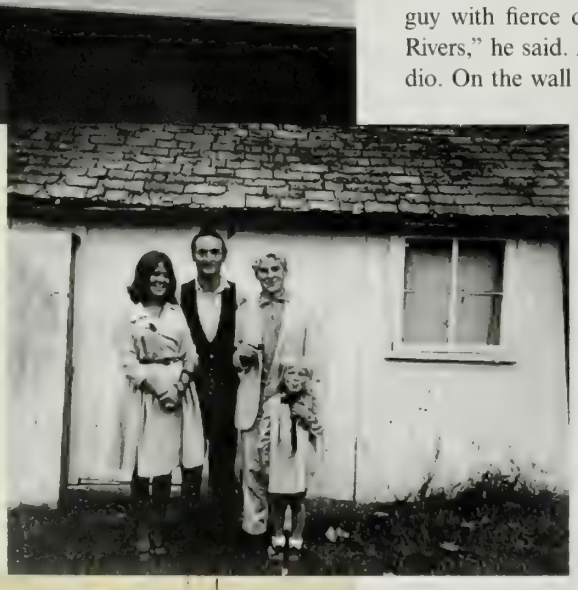


MODEL FRIENDSHIP

Larry Rivers in the late 1950s. *Opposite,* a detail of Rivers's portrait of the author, *Barbara Goldsmith—Echoes and Parts,* 1963 (oil and collage on canvas, 80 in. by 68).

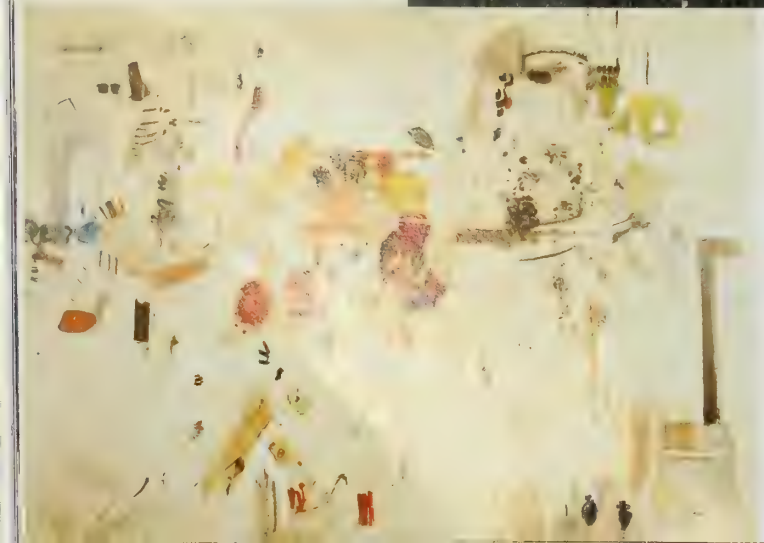
let Pop Art





WILD MEN

From above: **the poet Gregory Corso, Rivers, and Jack Kerouac, photographed by John Cohen (reflected in the mirror) during the filming of *Pull My Daisy*, in Greenwich Village, 1959; Clarice and Larry Rivers with Willem de Kooning and his daughter, Lisa, in Southampton, 1961; Barbara Goldsmith's first Rivers acquisition, *Three Weeks*, 1957 (oil on canvas, 80 in. by 110 in.).**



June 4, 1957, the day my first child was born. husband sat on the hospital bed and announced, "I'm goin buy you the most wonderful gift—I'm going to get you a big ri

"Boy, have you got the wrong girl," I said. "You know I c like that stuff."

He took this in stride. "Well, then, what *can* I get you thought for a minute. "A while ago, I went to the Museur Modern Art and saw a show of emerging artists. There's a p ing, *Washington Crossing the Delaware,* by Larry Rivers, th can't get out of my mind. It's not abstract and it's not figura it's spontaneous yet controlled. If you really want to get something, I'd like a painting by that artist."

Ten days went by, and my husband asked me to meet hi an address in Greenwich Village. I opened the door of a sha building and saw four flights of narrow stairs—straight u was so soon after I'd had the baby that I wasn't sure I'd m it. But slowly up I went. Inside was my husband with this la guy with fierce dark eyes and an eagle nose. "Hi, I'm L Rivers," he said. A balcony ran around all four walls of the dio. On the wall opposite me was a large painting. He poi to it. "How do you like that painting?" asked in the husky Bronx voice that I w come to know well. "I think that's good ally good," I said.

"That's good," he repeated, mimicl my voice, "because you own it." The p ing was *Three Weeks.* Larry Rivers had a named Betty Weisberger, who had lot clothes, and she appeared again and a on the canvas in different outfits—so m that they formed a semi-abstract patt The only recognizable objects were the f ers on her skirt, executed with Bonnard fection. That was the beginning.

We became friends. Larry thought I l in a bourgeois world, and he wanted no of it. I thought his bohemian life could pretty messy, and with a new baby I was capable of falling as in the middle of a jazz session. What drew us together—this ful, repressed Park Avenue girl-woman and this freewhee artist—was art. We loved to talk art, to analyze the newest, oldest, the best, the worst. In this our disparate worlds bec one. My job then was writing about art for the New York sec of the old *Herald Tribune.* Soon Larry was asking me specific questions, and that spun off into what I was reading, what seen, where I'd been.

Larry was possessed of a sweeping knowledge of art hist His frontal nude of the poet Frank O'Hara wearing only b was based on the work of the early-16th-century painter L Cranach the Elder, and his nudes of his aging mother-in-



"You know what my worst fear is? That someone will refer to me as the Jewish John Singer Sargent."

NG HISTORY

unique, ironic
on of Napoleon,
atest Homosexual, 1964
collage on
80 in. by 61 in.).



"I have a recurring nightmare. I'm at an easel. A critic looks at what I'm doing and says, 'I get it! Forget it!'"

die, with her sagging flesh, were an ironic send-up of the chritudinous nudes favored by painters such as Peter Paul ens. "I like taking on history," said this pugilist painter. At time, Larry wanted all of his friends to pose nude. These raits were disturbing and wonderful in their precise drafts- ıship and objectivity. He wanted me to pose in the nude, but I told him that wasn't in the cards. His ploys were e ingenious, though: he'd say, "Nude or not, kid, you look same to me." Or "Someday you'll be happy you had the y you have today. So nu?" That was of his favorite expressions.





VIVID PRESENCE

From above: **Barbara Goldsmith, center, with Larry Rivers at the party to celebrate her first novel, *The Straw Man,* 1974; *Portrait of Joseph H. Hirshhorn,* 1963 (oil and charcoal on canvas, 71⅛ in. by 48¼ in.); *Camels,* 1962 (oil on canvas, 72 in. by 48 in.). *Opposite,* in the back of the Five Spot, a popular Village meeting place, in 1957, clockwise from left: painter Helen Frankenthaler, sculptor David Smith, poet Frank O'Hara, Rivers, painter Grace Hartigan, unidentified man, sculptor Anita Huffington, and poet Kenneth Koch.**

t night a group of us would go to a Village dive where Larry played the saxophone, not always well but for a long time. His girlfriend at the time was Maxine Groffsky, who lat- ecame a well-known literary agent, and y would say how she was Brenda in *dbye, Columbus* and boast that he'd tak- er away from Philip Roth. He'd draw ons of Roth with an elongated head a dunce cap. He said he thought the thing Roth had ever done was not writ- ut asking Maxine to stand nude at the f a staircase with her legs spread so he could crawl up slow- til he reached her. Once, Larry said of a dress of Maxine's mired that it hadn't cost her much, because she frequently v her dresses away in the morning. Was he kidding? Maybe. I shocked? Sure. It was the 50s, and I was a Wellesley girl. rding to the old joke, "when a Wellesley girl says she'll sleep you, she means just that."

hen I look back on the Stepford-type wife I was then, some- s I'm embarrassed. I don't know that proper person. Larry, he other hand, had no inhibitions. I invited him to dinner at apartment with some friends, and he arrived wearing a loose nwork shirt and two ties. After dinner Baccarat finger bowls presented, with marigold petals floating on the surface of the r. As pals daintily dipped their fingers, Larry picked up his and drank the contents, flowers and all. What disturbed me not Larry but the realization that I was still wedded to a cul- hat served finger bowls. After that I used them for ice cream. his maverick opened a door for me, and I walked through. an to trust my own instincts and value my skills, to listen to o be nonjudgmental. Being with Larry was always exhila- g. Saturdays, sometimes in the company of the collector Hirshhorn, I'd hit the galleries (then on Madison Avenue) end up at Larry's studio, where Joe and Larry would talk t their childhoods. Larry told Joe how his mother had said always be a bum and couldn't do anything right, and Joe Larry how he'd been so poor he ate out of garbage cans e he became a uranium multimillionaire. Larry painted a ait of Joe that made him look like Quasimodo—no pan- , Larry—and said he was going to call it *CockEyed Joey.* It's in the collection of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture en in Washington.

here were to be many firsts with Larry Rivers. I'd written a e of the master lithographer Tatyana Grosman, of Universal ted Art Editions. She told me she'd CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

GATED LIVING

Jayne Wrightsman, in the early 1970s at her winter Palm Beach home, [illegible] decorated in an ambient [illegible] by the sea, with [illegible] Chinese wallpaper in the drawing room.



JAYNE'S WORLD

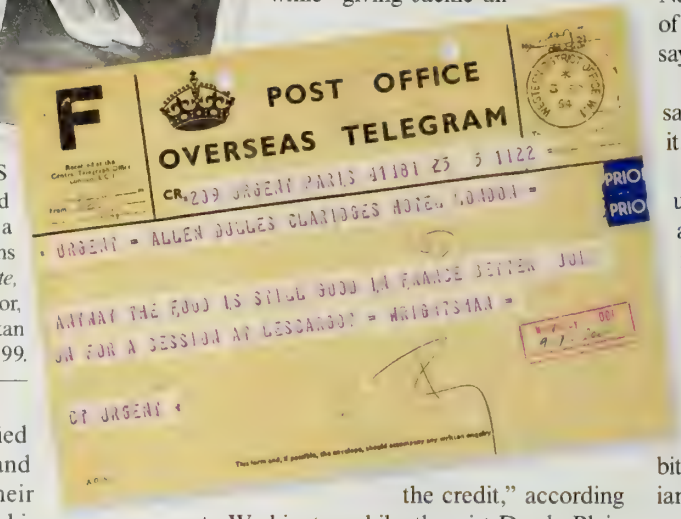
Intensely private and utterly controlled, Jayne Wrightsman inhabits the pinnacle of New York society as one of the late 20th century's greatest art collectors. But even friends know little of her life before she married Charles Wrightsman, who left her his vast oil fortune in 1986. From Wrightsman's turbulent youth to her bond with Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, to her impact on the Metropolitan Museum of Art, FRANCESCA STANFILL charts the making of a grande dame

October 3, 2001.

The opening-night concert of the Carnegie Hall season was about to begin. That music would resume, that the Berlin Philharmonic had not canceled—these were hopeful symbols to a city still shattered less than a month after the terrorist attacks of September 11. The late arrival of Peter Jennings seemed to cause a collective sigh of relief: reassurance, perhaps, that there would be no late-breaking crisis that night.

No seat remained empty; New York's elite filled the hall: music as elixir, but also as social draw. ("I hate opera, but I love my wife," financier Saul Steinberg once famously remarked.) The mood was highly charged, though the audience itself looked subdued, with few of the glittering necklaces and important brooches




POST OFFICE
OVERSEAS TELEGRAM
CR 209 URGENT PARIS 41181 23 5 1122 =
PRIO
PRIO
URGENT = ALLEN DULLES CLARIDGES HOTEL LONDON =
ANYWAY THE FOOD IS STILL GOOD IN FRANCE BETTER JOI
ON FOR A SESSION AT LESCARGOT = WRIGHTSMAN =
CP URGENT =

FIRST LADIES
Above, Wrightsman and Jackie Kennedy, 1960. *Inset,* a telegram from the Wrightsmans to Allen Dulles. *Opposite,* philanthropist Brooke Astor, Wrightsman, and Metropolitan curator Daniel Walker, 1999.

that signify, in that rarefied world at least, the ebb and flow of affluence. In their stead: the severe, driven chic intrinsic to a certain echelon of New York society and which seemed, that night, more than usually appropriate.

After the audience joined in an emotional chorus of "God Bless America," it leapt to its feet to applaud Daniel Rodriguez, the Police Department tenor who had sung it onstage.

Among those who rose, in Box 45 of the first tier, were three reed-thin, dark-haired women, dressed in column-like black. Two would be familiar to many in the audience—or, indeed, to anyone who knew the highly chronicled beau monde of New York City: on one side, Annette de la Renta, philanthropist and elegant wife of the designer Oscar de la Renta, and, on the other, Mercedes Bass, second wife of Texas billionaire Sid Bass. The fragile-looking older woman whom they flanked—and who continued to clap in her singular slow, intense way—was a far less familiar figure: rarely photographed, intensely private, deeply shy, wary of publicity, seemingly chilly and excluding to those beyond her protective inner sanctum, Jayne Wrightsman is nevertheless considered by many to be *the* grande dame of New York society and one of the great art collectors and museum patronesses of the last part of the 20th century.

Galleries of French decorative arts in her and her late husband Charles's name remain among the treasures of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. A close friend of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, with whom she shared a love of France, an elusiveness, and an ability to keep secrets, she served as the First Lady's mentor during the 1961–63 restoration of the White House—while "giving Jackie all the credit," according to Washington philanthropist Deeda Blair, who knew both.

"As a collector, she's very high up in the pantheon, in the league with Paul Mellon and Norton Simon," says banker Jacob Rothschild, a close friend. "She has given her life to the Met." In Metropolitan director Philippe de Montebello's words, her contribution to the museum has been "substantial—and, in the aggregate, colossal." Recalled the late J. Carter Brown, a former director of Washington's National Gallery of Art, several months before his untimely death in June of last year, "I always championed her, because so few who have money also have the taste and the smarts. She really understands, and she really loves art."

To her old friend British publisher George Weidenfeld, Wrightsman exemplifies the last of a certain breed—"a code of behavior that is dying out," he explains, "that code being American patrician with a blend of the French aristocratic, with an emphasis on aesthetics and a fastidiousness in terms of interests and people."

Many elements con
ute to the Wrights
mystique, not the
of which is her m
bership in that e
sive club of those
have owned one o
world's 24 extant Vermeers and lived
furniture made for the Kings of Fra
There is her moated life, laced with c
tors and Fifth Avenue luxury; her mar
of over 40 years, to Charles Wrightsr
a brilliant but brutal wildcatter bor
Oklahoma; and her enigmatic beginn
in the Midwest and in Hollywood.

Lacking a formal education, she
nevertheless become known as an ex
on French decorative arts and Euro
painting. Born to a modest family, she
become one of the undisputed leade
New York society. "She has vaulted al
of the people to whom she once aspir
says an art-world insider.

"In that group of power and mor
says a European observer, "if you've n
it, you have to be close to Jayne."

The life of Jayne Wrightsman
uniquely American saga of power, pa
age, sublimation, and self-invention
former Metropolitan director Tho
Hoving, who observed her as an
traordinarily responsive and met
lous wife, she was "the quintesse
American geisha"; another obse
citing the studied mix of her ci
and her role as mentor to certain
bitious society women, calls her a "Pr
ian figure, like Madame Verdurin."

"She's not Jay Gatsby—but she's no
from it, either," says a longtime vetera
the board of the Metropolitan Museu

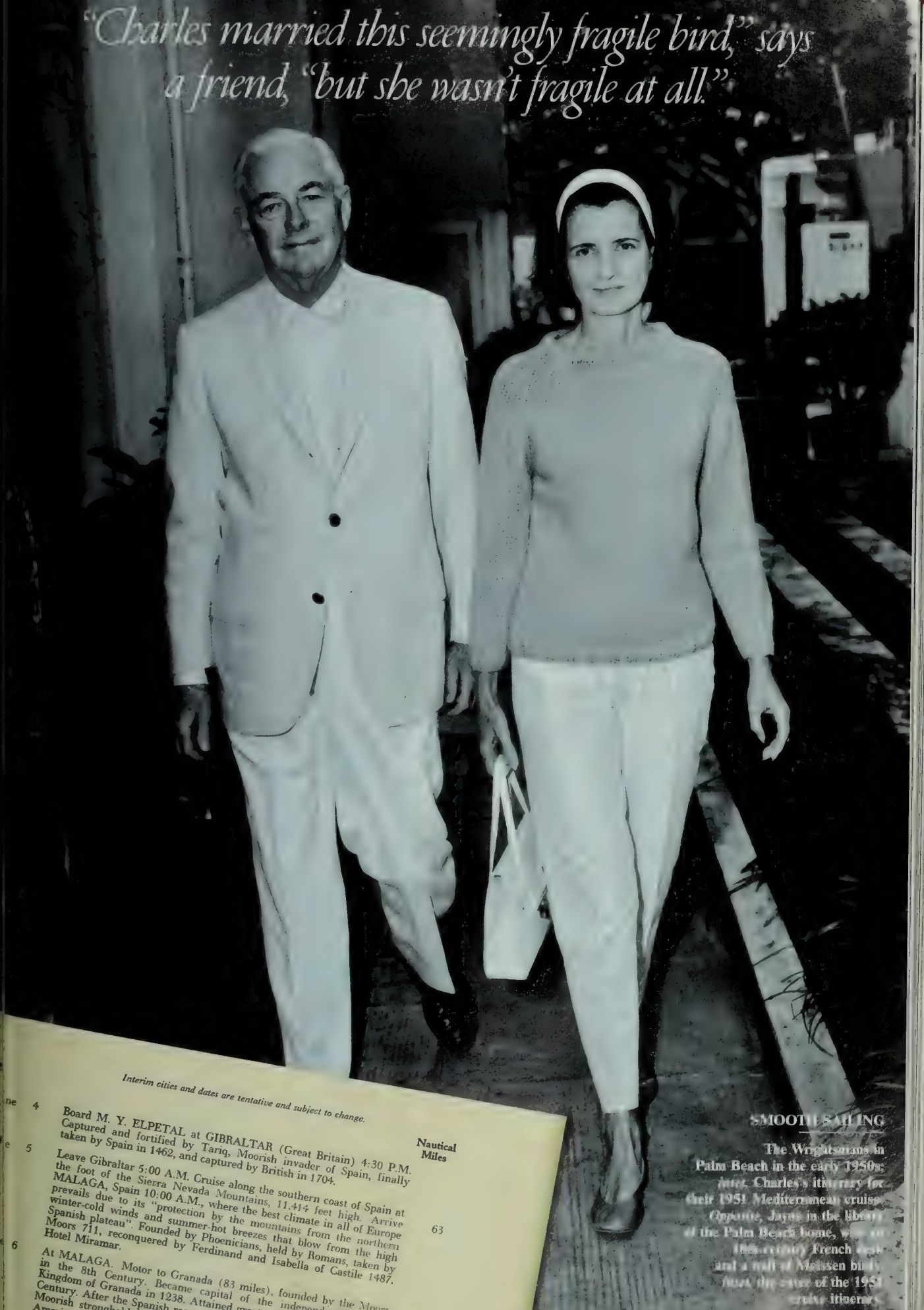
"She is an extraordinarily discipl
person," emphasizes her close fri
Henry Kissinger, adding, "Whatever
seeks to achieve she does so unobtru
ly." A vivid contrast, in other word
one of New York's other and far m
visible grandes dames, the still-saucy
year-old Brooke Astor, with her ex
sive range of causes and acquainta
and flair for publicity. Though the
women are friends, another art-worl
sider confides, "The only one Brooke
to be jealous of is Jayne."

Privacy and control loom larg
Wrightsman's life. This is partly inhe
in one who is by nature formal and
mored, and partly owing to her angei
lowing a flippant 1991 profile by H
Nguyen in the now defunct *Connois*
magazine, which portrayed the Wri
mans as social climbers and claimed
her mother had run a nightclub. (Wh
wrote to Mrs. Wrightsman last sprin


"The only one Brooke Astor used to be jealous of," confides a friend, "is Jayne Wrightsman."


The Cruise of
"THE ELPETAL"
1951

"Charles married this seemingly fragile bird," says a friend, "but she wasn't fragile at all."



Interim cities and dates are tentative and subject to change.

			Nautical Miles
ne	4	Board M. Y. ELPETAL at GIBRALTAR (Great Britain) 4:30 P.M. Captured and fortified by Tariq, Moorish invader of Spain, finally taken by Spain in 1462, and captured by British in 1704.	
e	5	Leave Gibraltar 5:00 A.M. Cruise along the southern coast of Spain at the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 11,414 feet high. Arrive MALAGA, Spain 10:00 A.M., where the best climate in all of Europe prevails due to its "protection by the mountains from the northern winter-cold winds and summer-hot breezes that blow from the high Spanish plateau". Founded by Phoenicians, held by Romans, taken by Moors 711, reconquered by Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile 1487. Hotel Miramar.	63
	6	At MALAGA. Motor to Granada (83 miles), founded by the Moors in the 8th Century. Became capital of the independent Moorish Kingdom of Granada in 1238. Attained greatest prosperity in the 13th Century. After the Spanish reconquest, remained for 250 years the Moorish stronghold in Spain. Columbus' first voyage to America was delayed six years until Ferdinand and Isabella on [illegible] 1354), one	

SMOOTH SAILING

The Wrights aram in Palm Beach in the early 1950s; inset, Charles's itinerary for their 1951 Mediterranean cruise. Opposite, Jayne in the library of the Palm Beach home, with an 18th-century French desk and a wall of Meissen birds, just the start of the 1951 cruise itinerary.

















THE RIGHT MOVES

...nnette de la Renta, Marella Agnelli ...ni's wife), Jayne, and Paris ...s Marie-Hélène de Rothschild at ...main show, Paris, 1993. (2) Charles ...ayne before they wed, in Palm ... in the 1940s. (3) Jayne goes for an ...ead smash, Palm Beach, 1940s. ...yne with theatrical producer Gilbert ... at a ball given by society hostess ...Maxwell, Paris, 1953. (5) Jayne, ...so-Palm-Beach Jack Rogers ...ds, with her poodle, early 1950s. ...yne wears a Dior dress with ...cuffed jacket in her New York ...ment for the March 1963 issue of ... (7) Jayne at the American ...my in Rome last year. (8) Leaving ...attan's Le Cirque restaurant are, ...eft, Annette Reed (soon to be ...Oscar de la Renta), Jayne, and ... Lally Weymouth, 1989.

fering her a chance to correct any inaccuracies in that article, she responded, "The article was almost entirely wrong—in particular about my early life, my mother and my marriage—so that I would hardly know where to start correcting it.") Only when her friends had been given her approval did they slowly and very reluctantly agree to speak. "If we are protective," says Barbara Walters, "it is because her shyness and sense of privacy are genuine. She is truly self-effacing." That said, she is not without a certain steeliness and can also be "terribly grand and aloof with people," says the European observer. Notes one normally loquacious quote giver with a nervous laugh, before refusing to talk, "If you're a friend of Mrs. Wrightsman, you mind your p's and q's."

In response to my written request for an interview came a note, typewritten on cream-colored Cartier paper engraved with "Mrs. Charles Wrightsman" in notably unshy red ink, its signature in an even hand devoid of finishing-school flourishes. The tone is practiced, polite, and, at times, arch. "I feel over-honoured," she writes, "but it has been an ironclad rule of mine never to grant interviews either about friends or about myself. I cannot make an exception, even for you.

"So please understand and forgive this eccentricity of mine."

"I think she learned rather a lot from Jackie Kennedy," says a friend of both. "The less you're available, the more exclusive you become." But, for many others, her reticence is due to Wrightsman's fear of an issue she is doubtless familiar with from the art world: provenance—in this case, her own.

"People who are self-invented—such as [art historian] Bernard Berenson—don't like to think of themselves that way," says a museum expert. To a woman of Wrightsman's generation especially, self-invention is not necessarily a phenomenon to be celebrated—even Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy felt the need to give her simple French roots an aristocratic gloss.

The idea that Wrightsman—with her aristocratic aura, connoisseurship, and quavering, carefully cultivated voice—was not to the manner born seems to pique the curiosity of many in the upwardly mobile, rootless world of New York. Part of it is jealousy of her unassailable position; part of it is the age-old fascination with the rags-to-riches story. Theories about her early days, and her early jobs, abound, yet these, paradoxically, only enhance the legend. "What I was always told," said Carter Brown, "was that she had a job as a bathing-suit model at a department store in Los Angeles. Charlie saw her and said, 'I want that—the girl, not the suit.'"

Ask her friends if she ever discusses her past and the response is invariably the same: "Never."

"Never," reiterates her stepgrandson Dana Dantine, when asked the same question. "That's the big mystery. Where did she come from?"

She was born Jane Kirkman Larkin on October 21, 1919, in Flint, Michigan. At the time, the city was thriving, fueled by the booming automobile industry. From the town's historical records we know that her father, Frederick Larkin, was president of the Realty Construction Company; her mother, Aileen, was born in Alabama. The family included an older brother, Frederick junior; another brother, Lawrence (who is still alive, but declined to speak for this article); and a sister, Katherine. In the 1920s the Larkins lived on Garland Street, in a prosperous neighborhood. What happened in the years that followed is not clear. According to city directories of the time, by 1931 Frederick senior was living at the Durant Hotel; perhaps there were marital problems.

With the onset of the Depression, life in Flint grew more difficult: like many of that generation the Larkins, minus Frederick senior, went west, to balmy Los Angeles, where life looked more promising. The film industry was in its golden age, and the city itself seemingly immune from midwestern grimness.

Around 1933, Jane attended a Los Angeles public junior high school, John Burroughs. A classmate recalls her as being impeccably turned out, "outgoing and friendly. Her dresses were perfectly ironed—better than everyone else's." Says this friend, "It came as a shock to learn later that she had a turbulent home life. What I was told was that her mother neglected Jane." The whiskey-voiced Aileen Larkin—nicknamed "Chuggy"—was spending much of her time, it seems, frequenting Café Gala, a fashionable nightclub much in vogue with Hollywood's arty set. "Chuggy came alive at night," says a Café Gala acquaintance, who remembers her raucous deep-southern accent, and how startlingly different she was from her daughter.

Jayne—who added the fanciful *y* in her name as a teenager—went on to attend Los Angeles High School, according to a classmate. (Her name does not appear in the yearbooks, however.) "The boys called her Little Egypt," says the classmate, remembering her dark hair, which she wore in a

"There were a lot of levels—like a Brontë novel," says Charles's grandson. "She got stuck with the dirty work."

pageboy, and her sophisticated use of makeup, especially eyeliner. "She was always ahead of the curve." According to telephone directories of the time, by the late 1930s the Larkins were living on Spalding Drive, and then on Robbins Drive, in the less fashionable area of Beverly Hills, south of Wilshire Boulevard.

A series of mundane jobs followed high school. Some recall her working as a model and a merchandise manager, others as a bit player in movies. South American heir Nelson Seabra, now living in Paris, remembers her as "a very pretty girl who worked at Saks in the glove department."

The lack of a debutante background did not seem to prevent Larkin from being much in demand with the Hollywood in-group of socialites, playboys, and aspiring film stars who frequented press baron William Randolph Hearst's castle San Simeon, the Brown Derby restaurant, and the beach clubs along the Santa Monica strip. Her innate style and preternatural poise distinguished her, even then. The late artist Tony Duquette often spoke admiringly of her glamour. "He always remembered her at the beach in a one-piece white bathing suit against her tanned skin, long red nails, and diamond rings," says a friend of Duquette's. "The men used to lose at cards to her, on purpose!" Among those cardsharp losers were producer Delmer Daves, actor Randolph Scott, Cary Grant, and Townsend Netcher, a Chicago department-store heir. "Whenever we needed an extra girl, we called her," says Seabra.

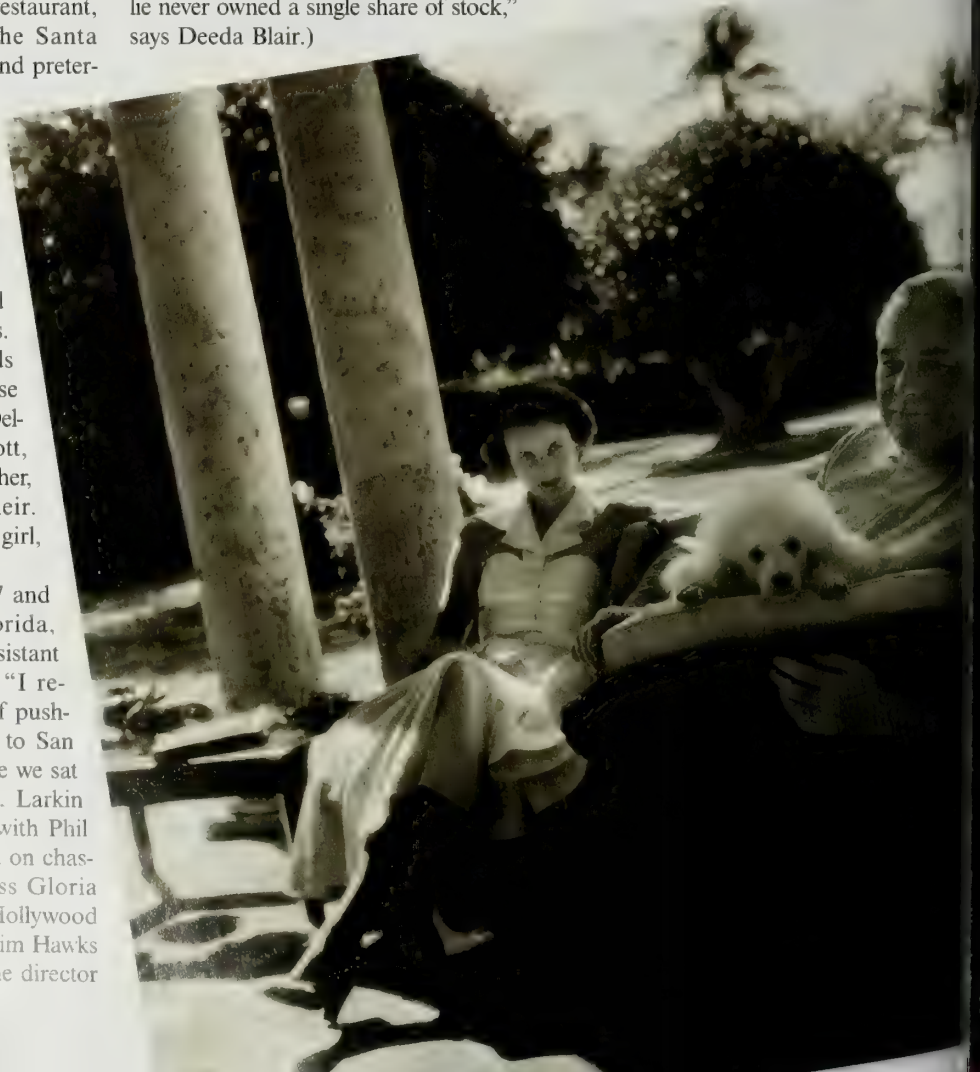
"I knew her way back—in '37 and '38," recalls Palm Beach, Florida, resident Charles Amory, an assistant movie producer at the time. "I remember the mother was sort of pushing the daughter. I took Jayne to San Simeon a couple of times, where we sat with old man Hearst." In 1941, Larkin was said to have been smitten with Phil Kellogg, a producer more intent on chasing the gorgeous young heiress Gloria Vanderbilt, who was visiting Hollywood that summer. Larkin also met Slim Hawks (later Slim Keith), the wife of the director Howard Hawks. "Slim used to say that Jayne was the only extra girl who was respectable," recalls a friend. "Men liked her, and she always behaved impeccably." Adds Slim's daughter Kitty Hawks, now an interior designer in New York, "My mother admired two things about her—the things she learned and her discipline."

By the early 1940s a dashing new player and potential "catch" arrived on the Hollywood scene—the recently divorced oilman and crack polo player Charles Bierer Wrightsman.

He had been born in Pawnee, Oklahoma, on June 13, 1895, the son of Charles John Wrightsman, a lawyer, and his wife, the former Edna Lawing. The elder Wrightsman made a fortune in Oklahoma oil and was credited with helping to devise the oil-depletion allowance, a tax break meant to encourage the development of new oil wells. An avid investor in the stock market, he lost and won his fortune several times—hence, many say, certain of his son's insecurities and distrust of securities. ("Charlie never owned a single share of stock," says Deeda Blair.)

There are suggestions of early phys vulnerability: Wrightsman was asthm as a child; at age six, according to later friend and doctor Emanuel Pap Charles had a tonsillectomy on the kitc table, performed under ether, which him with a lifelong fear of anesthesia a terror of being smothered.

Wrightsman's was a privileged upbr ing in most ways, with schooling at Phi Exeter Academy, Stanford, and Colum "He was well educated, but, at the s time, he grew up carrying a pistol," Everett Fahy, who would become a c friend, and who is now the chairma the Department of European Painting the Metropolitan Museum. After ser as a navy pilot in the First World Wrightsman, at the age of 23, began a reer in oil exploration by conducting a vey of Russian oil fields, later going o develop oil properties in Oklahoma, Te Kansas, Louisiana, and California. By he had been elected president





FRONDS FOR FRIENDS

The saltwater swimming pool, kept at 90 degrees, at the Palm Beach house; President Kennedy, a frequent guest, found it a boon for his bad back. Gardeners climbed the trees to remove the coconuts so none would fall on guests' heads. *Inset,* Jayne and Charles in Palm Beach, 1953.

of the reorganized Standard Oil Company of Kansas, where he would make his first millions. His life was not without glamour: he earned a reputation as a tournament polo player and owned championship ponies that competed internationally.

Ruthless, restless, intolerant, and fascinated by technology in all forms, Wrightsman was the epitome of the aggressive tycoon. ("What other kind is there?" he once wondered.) "Charlie regarded money as a lubricant," writes British art historian John Pope-Hennessy in his 1991 memoir, *Learning to Look*. "Everything is for sale in the end" became the Wrightsman dictum.

"He was not construed to be a gentleman," said the late Mollie Wilmot, the niece of man-about-town T. Netcher, a fixture on the Los Angeles social circuit, "at least as I remember Cary [Grant] talking about him. Apparently they all liked him because he had a lot of money and he picked up the bills."

The warm climate of Los Angeles and the availability of starlets were clearly a draw for Wrightsman, who had, by 1942, divorced his first wife, the pretty, genteel, but fragile Irene Stafford. An alcoholic, she was the mother of Wrightsman's two daughters, Irene and Charlene.

How he met Jayne Larkin is unclear. Mollie Wilmot claimed that her uncle introduced them. An interview with Jayne from *Good Housekeeping*—a relic from the period in the 1960s when the couple did permit some carefully controlled publicity—recounts they met "at a dinner in California."

Wrightsman continued to see other women at first—including Martha Kemp, a socialite—though a Los Angeles friend recalls the first sign of the growing seriousness of his liaison with Larkin: a full-length mink coat. Around that time, when Wrightsman developed lip cancer, the die was cast—during his hospital stay in Palm Beach, Kemp focused on her social life, while Larkin remained at his bedside and steadfastly attended to his every need. They were married on March 28, 1944, in St. Augustine, Florida.

In the meantime, "Chuggy" Larkin continued to live on Horn Avenue in West Hollywood. A neighbor at the time describes this chiaroscuro scene: "I got one of Aileen's letters by accident and delivered it to her one day," he recalls. "I went inside, to see a small group in the back, playing cards. Looked like a group of old actresses and actors. Aileen was a character, with a deep, crackling bourbon voice, very loud and telling jokes. A heavy smoker and a night owl who slept all day. There were many large photographs in silver frames. 'That's Jayne, my daughter, the Mrs. Wrightsman,' she would say. 'She doesn't want me back there on the East Coast with her highfalutin friends.' She wasn't resentful about this—just flatly making a statement."

Another neighbor, Victor Cusack, an architect, rented his guest cottage to Katherine Larkin, Jayne's reclusive younger sister, who seldom ventured from the house. "Both mother and sister were faithfully supported by Jayne and her husband in the years that I enjoyed their acquaintance," he recalled. He elaborated to me that the sister's rent was always paid by checks with Wrightsman's name.

Armed with a new, younger wife, Wrightsman was able to give full rein to his social ambitions. "He decided there were two ways to break into society," says a New York art dealer, "horses or art. He chose art."

He employed tutors and curators to transform her into a polished châtelaine who would be at ease in the drawing rooms of international society. "In the rough-and-tumble world of oil and gas, he was comfortable," says Dana Dantine, the son of Charles's daughter Charlene and the actor Helmut Dantine. "In the social world he was fearful. Jayne was his conduit." Thus the Pygmalion period began—an intricate pavane of hired mentors, in all realms, that would continue for decades. "Jayne could be molded, and she was willing to be molded," observes Dantine. "He had her taught everything," says a friend of many years.

In the process of transforming his wife, Charles was often brutally demanding of her. "If she didn't do everything perfectly," says a friend, "he made it clear there would be consequences." Another remembers dinners when "Charlie would say, 'Jayne, that picture doesn't hang straight!,' and she would stand up, take off her shoes, and adjust it, then and there." "He was terrible to her in front of other people," says a longtime acquaintance from the art world. "He would say things [to her] you couldn't conceive of saying, let alone at the dinner table."

At the same time, though, "he was very proud of her accomplishments," says Dr. Papper. "When she spoke French he thought it was like a miracle."

In the beginning of their married life, Palm Beach beckoned—an attractive venue for the Wrightsmans, one perhaps less daunting to a Texas oilman than fortresslike New York, where the couple lived at the Pierre. A visit to the home of Mona and Harrison Williams—he a prominent utilities executive, she a famous green-eyed beauty and Mainbocher-dressed woman of style—greatly impressed the Wrightsmans, who soon expressed a desire to buy the estate: six manicured acres of oceanfront, with a Spanish-style house designed in the 1920s by Maurice Fatio. As it turned out the house became available in 1947, when the liamses' financial difficulties prompted t to sell to Wrightsman.

For the first few years the couple was fied to live within the confines of the liamses' taste—white-on-white Syrie Maug interiors, then considered *le dernier cri*. exposure to a wider world made clear t were others to emulate. During the dec that followed, from the 1950s through 1970s, the Wrightsmans embodied the cious, acquisitive energy of gifted arrivis a phenomenon discernible from the M to J. P. Morgan.

Despite his wealth, Wrightsman w shrewd spender—his budget may have immense, but there remained a budget ertheless. (In the 1960s, he was estimate have spent about $16 million on furn and paintings—a huge amount at the ti "Charlie would always negotiate, and often got his price," said the late Sir F cis Watson, the former head of the Wa Collection in London and, along with Louvre's Pierre Verlet, a crucial early ad As so often happens with collectors, and availability influenced direction. stolid English antiques fashionable in war New York had become difficult to and inordinately expensive, whereas Fr furniture of great quality was still chea

Around this time Jayne met the ele Stéphane Boudin, head of the French de house Jansen, who was known for ha advised the Duchess of Windsor and Shah of Iran, among others. Jayne qu absorbed his teaching, passing from th cessible realm of mere decoration int challenging realm of connoisseurship, in particular, to the highly refined wor 18th-century French furniture, with it cane distinctions and vernacular.

"Boudin was so adorable," she tol historian and friend Rosamond Bernie an article in *House & Garden*. "We loved him. He made a laugh out of e thing. He found everything for us—the niture, the boiseries, the porcelain, the quets." (Four of the rooms in Palm B had parquet floors from the Palais R in Paris.) The result was a château b sea with 18th-century Chinese wallp in the drawing room that, today, seem riously incongruous with spirit of plac

Some say that Jayne "hated" the trenched Old Guard society of Palm Be which she viewed as provincial and p tine. "There were not any kindred sp who could talk Louis-Louis," said C Brown wryly. Celebrated friends were ported. "It was like staying at a grand h in England," recalls Everett Fahy, "alw house party, all the bedrooms filled. At meal, there were people like [art histo Kenneth Clark, Cecil Beaton, [hostess

ocratic Party supporter] Marietta Tree." Whereas Jayne's fascination with the dec-ve arts may have begun as a diversion, it became a way of establishing her iden-is-à-vis her controlling husband, and yet a consuming passion that would bind and and wife. "Jayne recognized that il business could be managed without gery, that he was too old for sport, that bling did not interest him, that yacht-ould never be a full-time occupation," former National Gallery of Art direc-ohn Walker in his 1969 memoir, *Self-ait with Donors.* "What should she do lp him avoid his major problem, bore-' Why not dedicate themselves to art, rning about it, to seeing it, to collect-t?" Carter Brown told me, "Charlie ged Jayne. He knew these were appre-assets and also that they were a social And Jayne has a fabulous eye."

e Wrightsmans' social ascent was chieved not solely through collecting, lso with the creation of exquisite set-where important friends were enter-d lavishly. In addition to the Palm h house, they bought European collec-enée de Becker's Manhattan apart-at 820 Fifth Avenue, which was even-filled with great paintings and much e furniture that would come to ap-the Wrightsman Rooms at the Met. couple worked ceaselessly in their offices, not only cataloguing the art ction, but also keeping up an exten-orrespondence with the right people. nuary 1953, Charles wrote to Allen s, who had been his lawyer for many "Heartiest congratulations on being head of the Central Intelligence cy. You and Foster [Dulles, Allen's er, who was Eisenhower's secretary of will make a fine team.... However, work too hard and don't forget to pay visit in Florida."

ne concentrated on courting cultural s. Carter Brown recalled John Walker ayne being "thick as thieves.... Jayne ohn to meet Bernard Berenson. Beren-oved intelligent young women, particu-f they were rich." Early in her friend-with the fabled art historian she herself graphed the entire collection of the nal Gallery—a project that involved l thousand slides—so that the elderly ," who had never been there, could nize the paintings from I Tatti, his vil-side Florence.

e Wrightsmans spent extended periods ndon, where they bought an apartment James's Place, overlooking Green In Paris, where Jayne frequented the re houses, they stayed at the Ritz, and Nice they held court on a chartered Writer Nancy Mitford met them in Venice and announced that Charles spoke "exactly like Hector Dexter in my book" (her 1960 novel, *Don't Tell Alfred,* which featured an overbearing American businessman). The Wrightsmans were, in fact, among the few Americans the acerbic Mitford ever liked. In a letter to Evelyn Waugh she writes, "Old Chourlie [*sic*] is the 7th richest man & about the 4th nastiest but I love him, he makes me scream with laughter. Yesterday he announced sadly that the Ritz is an undeveloped area. [Wrightsman had a theory that undiscovered oil lay beneath Paris.] He is always rather sad. Weighs himself twice a day." She describes Jayne as "Head girl of N.Y. charm school, not bad at all."

The Wrightsmans were also early venturers to the Soviet Union, first in 1956 and then again in 1967, when they were accompanied by Thomas Hoving. "They were absolutely the prince and princess," he recalls. "They came with lots of American cash and lived as well as you possibly could. They were loved by the people in power. Charlie said [the Russians] had the best education. The best police." He adds, "Charlie just wanted to do business there. They knew every curator in the Hermitage and would entertain them immensely well."

During the winter months in Palm Beach, while Wrightsman conducted his oil business and surveyed geological maps, he also made up the exhaustive itineraries for what would become his famous yacht trips, which featured a glamorous mix of café society and curators. Nowhere are his precision, mania for detailed planning, and curiosity more apparent than in these astonishingly crafted schedules. A friend recalls the itinerary and an extensive reading list, which were delivered months in advance in a red leather dossier.

The Dulles papers at Princeton University include the itinerary of the 1951 "Cruise of the *Elpetal*" (length, 247.6 feet precisely, with a weight of 1,108 tons), from June 4 until October 18. The 8,864-nautical-mile, four-month trip began at Gibraltar and, after circling the Mediterranean, ended at Naples. No detail is omitted from the itinerary, including timed breaks for swimming. Even such splashy resorts as Cannes were dignified with sober historical context—"Twice destroyed by the Moors and nearby where Napoleon landed on his escape from Elba in 1815."

"The first time I went on a trip was in 1966, with [philanthropist] Mary Lasker," recalled Deeda Blair, sitting in her serene, light-filled Washington, D.C., living room early one afternoon last spring. She leafed through an extravagantly large, linen-covered photo album, lined with endpapers of Florentine marbled paper. The album was devoted to Wrightsman's cruises—"1966—Voyage into Antiquity" announces the itinerary of a cruise aboard the *Radiant.* Like others, Blair remembered the sumptuous details of the trips: the daiquiris made by Hampshire, the butler; the "mattresses from Claridge's and the heated towel racks"; the perfectly organized meals; and the cast of characters that included Thomas and Nancy Hoving, *Washington Post* owner Katherine Graham, and Cecil Beaton—"in Carnaby Street garb—green one night, then pink, and, another night, mauve....

"Everyone would go down the ladder to swim, in order," she recalled, adding pointedly, "except for Tom Hoving, who would do a swan dive from the deck."

Carter Brown recalled this anecdote: "After dinner, the butlers would present two carafes, one with real coffee, another with decaf. You'd be asked which you wanted. One night Charles tossed and turned, didn't sleep, and bawled out Jayne, complaining about 'those stupid waiters.' He was rough on servants. The next day Jayne craftily instructed the staff to fill both carafes with decaf—so that, whatever happened, Charles would get what he wanted."

Blair, however, denies that Charles treated his wife harshly. "That doesn't mean that there wasn't a sharp, abrupt comment: 'Where's the car? Where's Moustafa [the guide]?' But he was devoted to her. Once Jayne had an appalling toothache. She was in great pain and was flown to London for two days. He was in agony while she was away." She pauses, adding, "But Charlie *was* very exacting."

I ask whether she recalled any deviation from the schedule. "Once," she said, smiling slightly. "No. Twice."

By the 1960s the Wrightsmans' social position was secured when they became linked with the young John F. Kennedys. "The Kennedys *made* them," says a friend simply. As a Republican, Wrightsman had viewed his Palm Beach neighbor Joseph Kennedy with some skepticism, but through the Boudin connection Jacqueline Kennedy had become a friend and admirer of Jayne's—evidence that Jayne, increasingly, was fulfilling the role her husband had planned for her as a facilitator of advantageous relationships. The Kennedys were frequent guests at the Palm Beach house—after the birth of John junior, Jackie spent time there. The immense saltwater pool, heated to 90 degrees, was a boon for the president and his bad back.

It is not hard to see the affinities between Jackie and Jayne—both romantic historicists with a European bent, caretaking daughters of alcoholics, and survivors of tough, complex marriages that would in retrospect be re-invented.

"Jayne was a very good member of Jack-

ie's White House [fine arts] committee," recalls Letitia Baldrige, Jackie's social secretary during the Camelot years. "She contributed a great deal and impressed everyone. Not pushy like some of the others.... Jackie later sought her friendship in New York—they were not warm, cozy friends, exactly. But Jackie wasn't like that with anyone." Jayne's pivotal role in the White House restoration included acting as liaison with Boudin and Sister Parish, its designers, as well as contributing funds for the Blue Room redesign. This ushered in the period of carefully controlled publicity for the Wrightsmans, during the glamorizing era of Diana Vreeland's *Vogue*.

A *Vogue* story from 1964 features Jayne in front of the Georges de La Tour painting *The Penitent Magdalen,* which she and her husband had just acquired. The article details the "pleasurable obsession" of their apartment, where the rooms were maintained at a "72° temperature with the humidity at 55 percent" to accommodate the artworks. "Finally," the article concludes, "a simple historic document rests on a mantelpiece in Mrs. Wrightsman's bedroom—an invitation to a masked ball in honor of the marriage at Versailles of the Monseigneur Le Dauphin in 1745."

Photographed by Cecil Beaton in a Balenciaga gown covered in pink ostrich plumes, Jayne is described in a 1966 *Vogue* profile as a "coolly amused, prompt, accurate woman," and her scholarship is emphasized. The article includes this rhapsodic but no less evocative description of the interior at 820 Fifth Avenue: "The coral-tangerine velvet of certain chairs, for instance, the faded Antwerp blue and ivory of others, or the daffodil yellow of toile-de-Juoy curtains are demure foils for the lustrous enamelled boxes and gleaming candelabra; the brilliantly coloured Meissen porcelain birds by Kaendler placed in niches on the walls of the library in the New York apartment add to this atmosphere of levitation."

The surface of the Wrightsmans' lives, as polished as the veneer of a Riesener commode, deflected attention from the turmoil and tragedy that continued to haunt Charles from his first marriage. "I do remember that Granddaddy didn't want any more children," recalls Stephanie Wrightsman, the daughter of Wrightsman's elder daughter, Irene. "Because, in his mind, Mummy and Aunt Charlene had been devastations to him." Charles's first wife, Irene, drank herself to death in 1963; a month later, Charlene overdosed on sleeping pills and died, at age 36; and two years later, in 1965, came the death from pills and alcohol of Irene, at 40.

Many blamed Wrightsman himself, among them young Irene's onetime suitor actor Kirk Douglas, whose career and Jewish background were disapproved of by her father. "He was one of the richest men in the country, and one of the meanest," writes Douglas in his 1988 memoir, *The Ragman's Son.* "He was cruel and selfish, and demanded that his two beautiful daughters be ornamental and obedient.... If they did not please him, he would just cut them off without a cent. So he kept them in a constant state of turmoil." As for Jayne's role, says a New York social figure, "she tried to help with the girls, but Charlie would have nothing to do with it."

"There were a lot of levels—like a Brontë novel," reflects Dana Dantine. He and his half-brother, Alex Cassini, both now living in California, recall their grandfather with a wistful sadness. Cassini describes him as a "complex character" and an "enigma ... What he was haunted by, I do not really know. Jayne was very pleasant with me, but there was never much of a relationship."

"She made an effort," remembers Dantine. "I don't think she has a maternal bone in her body, but she was not unkind. She acted very honorably.... She got stuck with all the dirty work. Running their lives, cleaning up after him, straightening up things." His grandfather, he believes, was "a scared man. He attempted to build a bastion of wealth to protect himself. And of course he was very controlling.

"When I would stay with them [as a teenager] in New York," Dantine continues, "he would always have me followed. When I went on an escapade, he would tell me about it the next morning.... That muscle—trust—didn't develop in him. He couldn't just ask what someone had done—he had to have him followed."

The two men show none of the bitterness of Stephanie Wrightsman, the eldest grandchild, now living in Palm Beach. "We were brats from another marriage," she says edgily. "Granddaddy viewed my mother and aunt as failures. But the marriage with Jayne definitely worked. She became the kind of wife he always wished for. I would have resented it if someone said, as he would [to her], 'Take this down.' But it didn't seem to faze her.

"I spent a lot of time in the servants' quarters," she reminisces ruefully. "They had swell digs. And there were dogs."

The tragedies did not, however, arrest the couple's restless social ascent, nor that of their splendid furniture, *objets d'art,* and paintings, which continued their inevitable progress—from the Palm Beach ho the New York apartment, and, finally, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Gilded ries from the Hôtel de Cabris, in G which had lined the couple's New Yo ing room, were among the treasures ed to the Met beginning in the mid- as was a red lacquered desk commis by Louis XV for his study at Vers Everett Fahy tells the story of a Savo carpet, which had been installed Fifth Avenue apartment. "We were l lunch one day," recalls Fahy. "And one—I can't remember who—dropp cigarette on it. Peter Wilson [ther of Sotheby's] was alarmed and said, ' a $2 million carpet!' Charlie had it b to the Met the next day." The galleri voted to French decorative arts—n for the couple—were begun in 196 continually honed during the follow years.

In 1975, Charles retired as an trustee of the Met and was designa trustee emeritus. The same year, Jayn appointed a trustee in her own righ saging her period of intense involv with the museum that continues to th The 1970s began that "golden age f quisitions" which John Pope-Henne calls in *Learning to Look*. "Mrs. W man's leadership with Tom Hoving an Pope-Hennessy will always be remem as a great period," observes Barnaba Henry, a longtime trustee and conser ist. "A lot of people then followed."

The Wrightsmans were among with whom the famously stringent Hennessy worked well: some credi Pope"'s influence in shifting their fo paintings from decorative arts. "Ne its history can the Department of pean Paintings have received a succ of gifts of such high quality," Hennessy wrote of his tenure as chai which began in 1977. The list of pai the couple donated is, indeed, stagg a Tiepolo, a Poussin, a de La T Jacques-Louis David (the immens trait *Antoine-Laurent Lavoisier an Wife*), an early El Greco, and a Ve *Study of a Young Woman,* which ha viously hung in the New York apart In 1986, Jayne added a Northern painting by Lorenzo Lotto—the work Hennessy most admired—to the colle the subject of which seems a curious for a woman who has been describ one good friend as being "almost rian in her prudery." "It shows a Venus lying on a blue cloth spread ground," writes Pope-Hennessy of the "[The Venus] wears a gold-jeweled d and, with her right hand, holds up a wreath through which a naked Cupi fully urinates."

y 1983, Charles's health had begun to fail; a series of debilitating strokes npted his wife to take over his business rs, as well as the running of the homes the supervision of the collection. Even he meticulous way of life continued un- ed. "Charles married this seemingly le bird," says a current friend, "but she 't fragile at all."

isitors—interior designer Robert Den- and Susan Gutfreund, wife of banker Gutfreund, among them—recall the ex- te lunches at home, with Charles im- ulately dressed in Duke of Windsor- e plaids, attended by a coterie of Irish es. "She was the best wife of all time," ls Denning, who was also struck by the that "the nurses were all middle-aged efficient and looked like her."

Every day the table would be set for n beautifully," recalls Susan Gutfreund, had become a Jayne Wrightsman aco- "The perfect flowers, the perfect food. extraordinary discipline and elegance." y today still cite the classic French cui- A trademark of the house was an hors uvre made of small globes of foie gras, ed with a fine layer of glazed black e. One guest, who attended a dinner on Patrick's Day, recalled a dessert fash- d as a "*pièce montée* of spun sugar, in hape of an Irishman's derby."

1984 the Wrightsmans placed the e in Palm Beach up for sale, with an g price of $12 million. Sotheby's sub- ently auctioned the contents in early of that year—the first of the spectac- "lifestyle" sales that would fuel the ession-avid 80s and 90s. The Wrights- , who in 1951 had sat on their yacht nice as society flocked to the de Beis- Ball, to which they had not been in- were now widely viewed as Old Money. e auction many clamored for objects furniture with the Wrightsman impri- r; even seashells collected by Jayne on each walks were sold for 10 times the ate, at $1,650. Among the most enthu- c buyers were Detroit tycoon Alfred man, then the new owner of Sotheby's ow in prison for price-fixing, and his oyant second wife, Judy. The sale, ally estimated to fetch about $2 mil- totaled more than $4 million. (The e itself, bought by the Limited C.E.O. Wexner, was eventually razed to make or a new mansion.)

w saw Charles Wrightsman in the last of his life. "When he was dying, I Jayne and asked to see him," recalls Dantine. "We were sitting in that room—on Fifth Avenue. He had a , and he said to the nurse at one , 'Come on, honey, I want to give you as squeeze.' We were looking at an art together, though he was drifting in and out of consciousness. At one point, he took Jayne's hand. She was wearing a beautiful ring, and he said, 'Isn't that beautiful?' Not in a boastful way, but in an appreciative way—he appreciated the beauty of the ring, on this finger, on this hand. He stroked her hand, and I felt the glance between them."

He died on May 27, 1986, leaving his entire estate to his wife in a will that was never contested. "From my point of view," says Dantine, echoing the attitude of the other grandchildren, "it was perfectly just. Jayne certainly worked for it."

Thus, in 1987, a new era began for Jayne Wrightsman. "A blossoming period," George Weidenfeld calls it. "In a sense, Jayne's life began when her husband died," muses another, "rather like Brooke [Astor]." A close friend observes, "American society is run by women, not by men, and especially by widows with great fortunes. Jayne is part of that old regime."

Two other widows from the "old regime" would remain her friends—Astor, 17 years her senior, and Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, who had continued to live at 1040 Fifth Avenue, in an apartment Jayne had found for her in 1964. "There they would be," recalls Letitia Baldrige of Onassis and Wrightsman, "two women of great wealth having hamburgers at [the now defunct Manhattan society haunt] Mortimer's."

The continuing friendship with Onassis was based on the shared history of the White House restoration—the former First Lady never forgot Wrightsman's contribution. Onassis also viewed Wrightsman with compassion, several friends recall. "I knew her when she was married to that awful man," she would say. The relationship never deepened beyond a purely social level, perhaps because Onassis's interests had continued to evolve after the White House years. "Jackie was a real intellectual," says one person who knew them both. "Very hip, very literary, interested in *everything*—including pop culture." And yet Wrightsman was among those few friends called to Onassis's deathbed, and, with Bunny Mellon, helped organize her funeral.

If Onassis shared her friend's sense of privacy and distrust of the press, Brooke Astor represents the opposite: a canny extrovert who, according to a friend, "casts a very wide web." The difference extends not only to their style but also to the charities they sponsor. While Wrightsman focuses on the arts, Astor's reach extends to literacy and Harlem. "Mrs. Wrightsman does not have anything to do with unpleasant things," says an observer, "AIDS, for instance, or cancer." (One source, though, says that Wrightsman gives anonymously to many causes—especially medical research and libraries.)

To many, however, Wrightsman's involvement with the arts and her highly visible role at the Metropolitan Museum serve only to corroborate her impregnable social status; indeed, her taste and expertise have come to represent a sort of apotheosis at a time when it is no longer sufficient merely to be an able hostess. Many have tried to compete in the *ne plus ultra* realm of décor—Susan Gutfreund and Mercedes Bass among them—all much younger women, with husbands who indulge the desire for a splendid setting. These aspirants have tried to absorb the Wrightsman alchemy: how one dresses, entertains, selects jewels, and creates an enviable room. And to a fortunate few, Wrightsman herself imparts the lessons—a role she seems to enjoy.

Yet Wrightsman can be prickly in bestowing her favor. The close mentorship between Wrightsman and Susan Gutfreund became part of Upper East Side lore; so did its eventual cooling, which one friend attributes to Gutfreund's eagerness and the fact that Wrightsman "hates being possessed by people." The rift has generated its own mythology, even reaching the shores of the Mediterranean. In Palermo recently I met an antiques dealer who, at the mention of the Wrightsman collection, felt compelled to inform me confidentially, "I hear Mrs. Wrightsman and Mrs. Gutfreund are no longer close."

The portraits of Wrightsman by those within her circle and by those beyond it can only be likened to seeing two contrasting profiles in a diptych. Barbara Walters calls her "sweet and funny"; others mention her dry, occasionally self-deprecating wit. Still others say she is "warm," even "girlish," and unfailingly generous in her thoughtfulness, which extends to her constant gifts. Yet many beyond her inner sphere view her as cold and even "excluding." ("'Cozy' is a word that will never be associated with her," says an art-world expert wryly.) Still others criticize Wrightsman for the hermetic, "stiff" quality of her circle (the de la Rentas, the Basses, the Kissingers, Jacob Rothschild, Barbara Walters, Lady Grace Dudley and her companion, *New York Review of Books* editor Robert Silvers). "It's like a game of musical chairs—everyone's afraid to take his eye off his chair, as if someone else might get it," says an acquaintance.

No one, however, disputes the diligence, focus, and intelligence that she applies to her museum work. "There's nothing of a dilettante in Jayne," says fellow trustee Annette de la Renta, who succeeded Wrightsman as head of the Metropolitan Museum acquisition committee in 1997. Wrightsman has come to a point in her life, says Swiss art consultant Alain Gruber, a frequent traveling companion, where "she wants to admire things. But she does not want to possess them." Gruber—who also describes Wrightsman's temperament as coming from "the

Jayne Wrightsman

North"—is among those who have helped to propel her to a new involvement with Russia. Some say it is prompted partly by her fondness—even "passion"—for the Russian conductor Valery Gergiev and his opera productions at the Mariinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg. Others mention her respect for Dr. Mikhail Piotrovsky, an archaeologist who is now director of the Hermitage. "She's better than a czarina," says Piotrovsky with an appreciative chuckle, going on to discuss Wrightsman's key role, by donating money, in the restoration of the General Staff Building, the former Ministry of Foreign Affairs, opposite the Winter Palace, which has been developed into a museum for the decorative arts.

Such largesse is not without its privileges, among them the ability to organize and control a rarefied world of connoisseurship and divertissement. During the past several years, the personae in Wrightsman's set—including Everett Fahy, Philippe de Montebello, and the de la Rentas—have accompanied her on several trips to Russia, "in the heat and in the snow," says Annette de la Renta. (These are latter-day versions, perhaps, of Charles's yacht trips.) Oscar de la Renta recalls such a trip several winters ago. One morning the group traveled to Pavlovsk, the neoclassical summer palace of the czars, recently restored to its former splendor, in a project of 45 years.

It was January, the deep of w when the silver birches are skeletal a bronze, lion-paw-footed jardinières the colonnade are mounded with The cold was impenetrable, as Oscar Renta recalls it: "Jayne had organize ride, on sleds. It was unbelievably Finally we came to the Rose Pavilio she said, 'Let's go inside.'" The gro tered the interior, with its feminine motif. "It was about 11 in the morn he continues. "To our surprise it was ed, and there was Russian music, a as some food—little piroshki and vodka. She had it all organized, you see He pauses, searching for the right w "But in a very gentle way. Almost ibly." □

Bernard-Henri Lévy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 was the victim of a homicide bombing by al-Qaeda two days before the attack on the World Trade Center.

In 2000, Lévy set out to look at what he called "the forgotten wars" for *Le Monde*. He had been one of the few French reporters in 1998 to go to Algeria, where hundreds of anonymous villagers are murdered every month. Asked whether he was insured, Lévy responded, "Against what? Being hurt, being wounded, being killed? If I am kidnapped, my friends would try to get me out. If I'm hurt, there's no insurance. And if I'm killed . . . "

His thoughtful descriptions of massacres in Burundi, Angola, and Sudan, anarchy in Colombia, and female suicide bombers in Sri Lanka came out shortly after 9/11 in *Réflexions sur la Guerre, le Mal et la Fin de l'Histoire* (Reflections on War, Evil and the End of History). The book caused the French, for the third time, to take Bernard-Henri Lévy very seriously. In it he speaks of "the confrontation between the developed, historic world and the peripheral lands we have condemned to slowly edge their way out of the present day." In his preface he describes "other kamikazes ready to say to the nations of the world, 'You ignored us while we were alive; now here we are dead; you didn't want to know about our deaths as long as they happened in our own countries; now we throw them at your feet, into the same fire that is consuming you. We who were invisible when alive will become clear to you as suicides.'"

Philippe Sollers says, "Bernard's freedom comes first from his culture and then because he's protected by his money. There's a professional schizophrenia, which means he goes from an extremely pleasant life to dangerous situations in the field, and that's where he suddenly remembers the past. He has a great lucidity, and one of the explanations of his engagement is probably his refusal to be introspective, his quest for self being in going forward instead."

"There are writers who use the novel to explore the unknown possibilities of existence," Lévy wrote in *Réflexions sur la Guerre*. "I do reporting. . . . It's into real life, not into fiction, that I have gone, for a long time now, to find my new perceptions."

Over tea in his study in Paris, Lévy talked about his 1981 book, *L'Idéologie Française*. "I said, 'We are wired for Fascism.' It had no embodiment yet, but I deduced it from several French writers and also from the Vichy government. I put my finger into the wound, and it provoked such convulsions—it was like the Devil convulsing when faced with the truth." The consensus at the time was that the book should be burned, and Lévy along with it—"which," he said, "given my surname, was not in the best of taste." In the elections three years later, the extreme right-wing National Front of Jean-Marie Le Pen got 12 percent of the vote. "When I saw him on TV in 1984, he talked as if he'd read the book. It was the black truth of France, and no one wanted to see it before me." Lévy was suddenly a prophet. But by the end of the century the National Front appeared to have self-destructed.

Last spring, however, three synagogues were burned, and young Arabs and blacks were in the streets wearing kaffiyehs, shouting "Death to the Jews!" Anti-American sentiment had grown louder and more vicious than usual.

Lévy explained, "I am in a culture where anti-Americanism is a warning light that signals the worst is happening. At the heart of Fascism is anti-Semitism, or nationalis racism. There is something less know just as central, and it's anti-Americar America taken as a category, not as gion of the world, but as a region soul, which describes the non-natura of human society. Democracy is a m of races, a society based not on roo on a constitution, founded on an oat course the real America isn't faithful t program, but this is how the anti-Am French see America, as a chemical n inorganic, the triumph of law, of ab tion, of institution. I'm not pro-Am as much as anti-anti-American. Whe French begin to feel a mad visceral h toward an imagined America, I kno cauldron is boiling and the filthy ge about to jump out again."

A few weeks after our interview, L re-appeared, it seemed, out of now and beat the Socialist prime ministe onel Jospin, in the first round of pre tial elections, with 17 percent of the Chirac won the second round in a slide, but for Lévy "there are still a six million French people who voted f Pen. And who did it, this time, consc and with all the facts, after a cam where his real face was revealed, and knew that they were voting for an aut Fascist. That is now the real problem.

Bernard-Henri Lévy became B.H. years ago. He published *La Barb Visage Humain* at the same time A Glucksmann brought out *The Master T ers*, and a movement was born. The Philosophers made such an impact *Time* magazine reported Karl Marx's ond death on its cover, and Soviet pr Brezhnev dispatched an envoy to Pa make a declaration against the "agita Bernard Pivot, the creator of the lit TV show *Apostrophes*, conducted a d

whether the New Philosophers were left
ight. Pivot began by asking, "Is this
ement merely the Parisian effervescence
few gifted minds ... an intellectual
keting coup ... or an intelligent, origi-
approach to truth?"

évy, his white shirt open over a creamy
very flat chest, his long fingers elegant-
olding a cigarette, already had a way of
g "*Un instant!*" to Pivot that let every-
know who was top dog. He made his
tion clear: "The only revolutions that
succeeded in the 20th century were
otalitarian ones [of Stalin and of Hit-
He told Pivot, "Left and right isn't real-
e problem." No conclusion was reached,
he next day Pivot's daughter reported
her friends said they had just seen
baud on TV.

he enormous impact of the New Phi-
hers, and of *La Barbarie à Visage Hu-*
, merely amused Lévy. Two years earli-
e had founded a daily newspaper
d *L'Imprévu* to revolutionize the press.
crolled by his generous and loving fa-
it looked like a student newspaper and
d for 11 issues. "What my poor father
dn't imagine was that it was going to
bad," says Lévy. His father paid the
tors but cut him off, so Lévy sold his
l studio apartment for just enough
to take his girlfriend and some friends
g at the best hotel in Val d'Isère. When
ied to get his old job back at Grasset,
çoise Verny, the editor who had hired
told him, "Listen, *mon chéri,* you're a
been. Your failure is so terrible, you
so arrogant—it's a great pity, but you'll
to wait years to surface again." His fa-
called Verny and said, "You don't tell
-year-old he's a has-been," and Grasset
ed him. Lévy recalls, "Two years later
Barbarie comes out and the has-been
ts the New Philosophers and creates
tomic cloud of ideas and debate and
a and the whole big mess!"

vy's father, André, was born to a poor
amily in Algeria. He married the grand-
hter of a rabbi and left Algeria in 1938
ght in the Spanish Civil War. He later
d the Free French Forces and fought
ermans in Italy. He and his wife, Dina,
ettled in France by the time Bernard-
i was born in the small Algerian town
ni Saf. In France, after the war, An-
tarted a lumber company, which grew
a huge business of wood imports
d Becob. He became very rich, and
is children—Bernard-Henri, Philippe,
eronique—plenty of money.

rnard-Henri studied at the École Nor-
Supérieure. When he was still a stu-
he went to see the civil war in Ban-
sh and stayed on to work as an adviser
esident Mujibur Rahman on problems of development. After having studied current revolutionary movements in Mexico, he was invited to join a think tank by François Mitterrand, then the head of France's Socialist Party.

Mitterrand was a father figure, if a flawed one. Lévy knew that Mitterrand had been decorated during the war by Marshal Pétain with the notorious Francisque medal, but he never doubted his loyalty to democratic ideals. He had literary premonitions, however. In *L'Idéologie Française,* Lévy invented a patriotic scoundrel, and in his first novel, *Le Diable en Tête* (Devil in the Head), the hero is the son of a collaborator who becomes a terrorist. Lévy says that when Pierre Péan's book *Une Jeunesse Française* (A French Youth) came out in 1994, proving the extent of Mitterrand's involvement with the Vichy government, it gave him "the obscure satisfaction of a writer, because he really *was* the character I had written about in *L'Idéologie Française.* It is an extraordinary feeling when reality catches up with something you have set out in a book."

Lévy claims to have no childhood memories, says he rarely knows what the weather is unless he's on a reporting trip, and declares that he is completely myopic when it comes to music, food, and surroundings. "Some writers say their work comes from a faithfulness to their childhood, and others are born a second time. I was reborn through writing."

Like almost all intellectuals, Lévy exists through what he has read, what he believes, what he identifies with. In the early books, there are fireworks of dissimulation and a certain amount of grandstanding, which abate over the years to let something more human, vulnerable, and interesting come through. Starting with *Comédie,* the books all have a new lucidity. His excellent biography of Jean-Paul Sartre and *Réflexions sur la Guerre* are very different from the early work. It was another disaster, a double one, that changed him. Just before he presented his Sarajevo documentary, *Bosna!,* at the Cannes Film Festival in 1994, Lévy announced on TV that he would run for the European Parliament with a list of demands for Sarajevo. He pledged to drop out of the race as soon as his demands were assumed by one of the other candidates. To his amazement, the "Liste Sarajevo" became a huge popular movement, gathering all kinds of disaffected idealists, but when the candidate Michel Rocard took up the demands, Lévy dropped out of the race. He still regrets it: "A real politician would have taken the power, but I am not that kind of a guy, and I keep my word. I had made people believe in another kind of politics, and then I dumped them." The press called him a buffoon, and the Bosnians still feel betrayed.

The humiliation was still fresh when he directed his first feature film, *Le Jour et la Nuit,* shot in Mexico, financed with a huge budget by François Pinault and André Lévy, who died in 1995, just before shooting began. It starred Alain Delon as a famous expatriate French writer who falls in love with a young actress (Arielle Dombasle), who wants to play the woman who inspired his masterpiece (Lauren Bacall). It was constructed a little like Jean Renoir's *La Règle du Jeu,* Lévy's favorite film. When the movie came out in 1997, it was universally slaughtered. *Cahiers du Cinéma* called it the worst French film in decades.

"It was his first film," says Dombasle. "The characters were so tied to our lives. Delon was a mixture of my father and Hemingway and Bernard-Henri. When it got massacred, I was so used to it—all the interesting films get shot down—but for Bernard-Henri it was painful."

Beaten, Lévy retreated to the Colombe d'Or and wrote *Comédie,* a vulnerable, naked book, full of anger, but also raw and candid. He tells self-deprecating, myth-busting stories: during the student riots of May 1968 that defined his generation, he was not on the barricades, but watching over his girlfriend in a hospital; on meeting the great philosopher Jacques Derrida, all he could say was "I know your cousin the pharmacist in Neuilly." There's a litany of praise to those amphetamines that fuel French writers: "Corydrane! Maxiton! Admirable captagon! Delicious and faithful friends!... They are the only way I know to rely only on one's own resources."

In the book, fragmented parts of his personality engage in a dialogue, in which B.H. and L. are not the same person. "Bernard would hate to be under the house arrest of a single identity," says Olivier Nora, the head of Grasset. Lévy's classmate Alain Minc and his daughter, Justine, use the identical expression to describe *Comédie:* "*Il ruse avec sa vérité*"—He plays tricks with his truth.

"I have the writer's need for secrecy," says B.H.L. "I like secrets, compartmentalize a great deal—there are whole areas of my life that don't communicate. There's one multiplicity that I am ready to show off, and also a concealed one. I've wasted a good part of my life watching what I say, saying certain things and not others, keeping the intimate part of my life locked up."

The intimate part of his life is in Marrakech, where his office—laid out exactly like the one in Paris—overlooks one of the many courtyards in the Moroccan palace that he bought a few years ago. Maids wearing white kerchiefs set down pots of smoky

Bernard-Henri Lévy

Lapsang souchong tea on the low table in front of him. It's the only thing he and Dombasle drink, all day long and at meals. Next to the fax machine is a pile of shoe samples waiting for the couple's friend the designer Christian Louboutin.

The house was built for the Glaoui of Marrakech in the 18th century. Multiple wings and sharply angled corridors, staircases, terraces, mosaics, brick floors, roses, tall trees, and rampant lianas—worlds are enclosed in its walls. The muezzin sounds his call to prayer five times daily. The King of Morocco has just moved in next door. The palace used to belong to J. Paul Getty Jr., the reformed heroin addict, whose wife Talitha overdosed in 1971. Lévy bought it from Alain Delon, who left most of the furniture and fittings. There is a harem—all alcoves and mosaic pillars—where Marlon Brando once spent six months. Starlings go wild at sunset on a wall of red bougainvillea, and roosters are crowing beyond the sunken courtyards, out along the domed roofs and satellite dishes of Marrakech. Suddenly a bird emits a chirp that's a familiar 60s sequence of notes; Dombasle identifies it as the opening bars of the Los Bravos song "Black Is Black."

Dombasle is down by the pool, going over a musical score. She sings as well as any fat lady, despite having the smallest waist in Paris, and she is making her second record: Gounod and Fauré set to electronic music. She says, "You can re-create a true paradise in a big house for your friends, away from the static interference of big cities." She calls her husband Bernard-Henri, and uses only the formal *vous* with him in public. "Arielle is a blessing for him," says Françoise Giroud. "He was running after girls all the time, and he had an impossible wife. He needs to be loved, and to be told he's loved, all the time. She's very intelligent and knows how to handle him."

Dombasle is an odd, exceptional woman. In the course of some 40 films, she has embodied the medieval virgin and the contemporary slut, has directed herself being undressed by a lubricious Omar Sharif, and thinks nothing of going off to Uzbekistan for months to play a mute in a film where a scary father-son duo repeatedly jump her on dirty furs. Filmmaker Chris Marker, a close friend, tells me in an E-mail, "My cat, Guillaume-en-Egypte, loves Arielle and sees her as a she-cat in a fairy's disguise." Dombasle's tiptoe walk, her fragile little body with the astonishing figure, her constant good mood and crystalline singing voice are not the whole picture. She read Schopenhauer at 16 and is clear about the world as will and representation. Her grace, her retro way of using lipstick as rouge on her cheeks, her singular, eccentric radiance may reflect her upbringing by her maternal grandmother, Man'ha Garreau-Dombasle, who lived in India, Guinea, and the United States, learned Bengali, translated the Indian Nobel poet Rabindranath Tagore, owned borax mines, wrote poetry, and died three years ago at 101.

Arielle's mother died when she was 11. "I was so traumatized by my mother's death that I wanted to have a thousand lives, and always felt I'd be myself by playing the lives of others. I wanted to be in novels, theater, movies. My father was hysterical that I wanted to be an actress, but I was aware since I was a baby that what I wanted would come true." When she was 18, she moved to Paris from Mexico to study acting, singing, and dancing. She secretly married a Jewish playboy society dentist 32 years her senior, and was cut off by her appalled father. When she saw Lévy's photograph on the paperback of *La Barbarie à Visage Humain,* she fell in love. "It was the most moving face I had ever seen—full of pain, femininity, gravity."

She found out where he was signing books, marched in wearing tight white jeans, told Lévy that she was playing Kleist's Catherine of Heilbronn onstage, invited him to come see her in it, and asked him to sign her book. He wrote, "To Arielle Dombasle, *en attendant* [waiting]."

"I went rigid with fear," he says. "I said to myself, This is impossible. She looks too bizarre, too beautiful, too this, too that. It was too dangerous, too complicated. I was thunderstruck by her beauty, her gaze, her voice, her oddness, and I didn't want to be thunderstruck—I was a libertine!" Instead, he married the woman he had been living with and continued the libertine's life.

"He'd go to a dinner party and know that he'd sleep with the hostess within the week," says an old friend. "He could start off the evening with one woman, go sleep with a second one, and join the third in her bed at five in the morning." Lévy admits he was "good at duplicity, and all kinds of women attracted me. And because I sleep only four hours a night, I have a little more time to live than most people."

Since the 18th century, the libertine has been the essential French archetype of freedom. The libertine is a freethinker, unconstrained by conventional morality, an atheist without superstition or faith, and a voluptuary—a Don Juan, a Casanova. As a youth, Lévy exercised his free will with bad-boy behavior, some of which he recounts in *Le Diable en Tête*—thefts, holdups, assaults on virtue. A friend of his says, "There were a few years there where his models were more Bonnie and Clyde than Beauvoir and Sartre."

Identification with the libertine is a k
Lévy's modus operandi over the years,
is shared to some extent with everyone
was around in the 60s when the Marqu
Sade's writings were first released from
sorship. "The Marquis de Sade opene
the sexual revolution to us—he was ou
cess to excess," says Lévy. *La Barbarie*
sage Humain ends, "I believe in the virt
an atheist spirituality against today's co
ly resignation—a kind of austere liberti
for catastrophic times." The book is
cated to his daughter, Justine-Juliette. A
why he named his first child after two
ines of de Sade's, Lévy says, "I was yo
De Sade was the bible for my generatio

Justine, a tall, beautiful young wo
with one novel behind her, says, "I h
my name. I wanted to be called Car
like everyone else. I read *The Misfortun*
Virtue, with the help of the dictionar
soon as I could reach the shelf it wa
But I am uncomfortable when some le
old man wants to remind me that Ju
was whipped." (Lévy signed Justine u
karate classes when she was six.)

It was two years before Bernard-H
Lévy and Arielle Dombasle ran into
other again, in Milan. They spent the
noon together and the evening with
Italian movie people. He confides tha
was terrified by her "absolute exuberan
this uncommon creature all skinny and
but who displaced a lot of air, who s
four languages and fascinated everyone
came near her." They spent the night
hotel.

He was "bludgeoned by joy," he
when he took her back to her hotel i
morning. But he decided never to se
again. "It fell on me like lightning, and
was very bad news. There was no roo
her. Not only was I a libertine, I'd just
a child—Antonin. I felt that if I saw thi
again it couldn't be some little thing
the others, in dark alleys or doorways.
went on three weeks, one month, t
thought about her day and night."

He then did something he calls "
ble." He had her investigated by a pr
detective. "I asked him to find out wha
does, where she's from, her past, her
ent, whom she sees—everything." Th
tective told him that she had been bo
Connecticut to a distinguished French
ple named Sonnery de Fromental,
lived in Mexico, that her mother had
and that her father was remarried
painter named Laurence de Lubersac.
had been raised partly by her grandpar
aristocrats who owned silk factorie
Lyon and lived in a château called Cha
in Burgundy. The detective told Lévy
Arielle had been in Roman Polanski's
and had worked often with Eric Roh

y learned that she and her husband d completely separate apartments, an ortant detail for me, of course."

I found out that after that night in Mi- she had shut herself in and stopped eat- ' he recalls. "Maybe she got a cold, or ill because of my silence? It was like a el. Finally, after about a month, I had o to Florence. I called Arielle and she ed me in the plane, and we've been to- er since then.

I felt this was exactly the woman I had n waiting for, who was right for me. I erstood that if I attached myself to her I ld never leave her, that she would make ne others redundant, fill all the available e for passion and feelings, and that's t scared me. I didn't believe in love, did think it existed, and if it did, that it was an illusion, and I didn't want an illusion e the center of my life."

Nevertheless, he ended all his other rela- ships, telling the "friendliest" of the mis- es that he had "fallen in love with an ex- ional woman who was like none other." he said nothing to his wife. Instead, in- d by Arielle, he set to work on his first l, *Le Diable en Tête.*

"Bernard and Arielle are where fact and fiction meet," says their friend Diane Von Furstenberg with some accuracy.

For seven years they conducted their affair in secret. They are both fond of saying, "Elevator operators and barmen were our only friends."

"I was the Backstreet Girl for a very long time," says Arielle. "In the evenings I went to parties alone, because I didn't want to make him jealous, or put pressure on him. Once in a while I thought I was deluding myself, because he had hundreds of women. But from my childhood I had two models of women: The one who is all poetry and dreaminess, a kind of sleepwalker, without strategy, always gay, delicious, and beautiful—and who dies. That was my mother. And there was the complete opposite, just as seductive, very polite, cultivated, intelligent, theatrical, but a dark and dominating person. That was my stepmother. I told myself, I don't want to be the one who dies—I want to be the other one. But the one I loved is the one who died. So I decided to be a good little soldier."

Arielle had a way of making her will known. Several years into their secret affair, she was the model for a massive advertising campaign for Pronuptia, a manufacturer of wedding dresses. The few Parisians in the know snickered and whispered as they watched her on TV, all done up in white, singing "*Je vous salue, Mari* [Hail, Husband]," a jingle that was a pun on "Hail, Mary."

"Seven years of secrecy when one person is a famous actress and the other is a well-known writer, and you live in Paris—that's a tour de force," says Lévy. "Arielle showed total loyalty and absolute kindness." They never discussed divorce or their eventual marriage, but when Antonin Lévy turned seven, B.H.L. left his wife and moved into a hotel with Arielle. They married in 1993 at the Colombe d'Or.

Arielle and Bernard-Henri say the only fight they have ever had was over religion. In Florence they argued about the Pope and about God. "She's a mixture of Dijon aristocracy and bizarre Mexican pagan Catholicism," says the atheist Lévy, marveling slightly. Even if he is no longer a Casanova, Lévy is still the libertine freethinker, who believes neither in the unconscious nor in God. □

---

ando vs. Kaye

INUED FROM PAGE 96 *Lobby Lobster,* h was first about a depressed poet and w about a psychotic comedian.

y 1998 his commercial reel was strong gh to earn him the job of directing a million Hollywood movie, *American ory X,* about young American neo- s, for New Line. The concept was dar- nd socially conscious to a degree— up his alley—and his plans were huge. as going to make *Citizen Kane* my first out," says Kaye. He immediately got ork proving that the enormity of his n demanded the smashing of all con- ions. At a breakfast meeting at the rly Wilshire with his agent and publi- Kaye ordered a 30-egg omelette and ly 2.7 ounces of dried oats, and insist- h weighing the oats in the kitchen when spected he had been given the incor- mount. He held cattle calls, and made such as Ed Norton and Elliott Gould through hoops. "I had to read for part over and over and over and over n," recalls Gould, a veteran of some ms, "until the producer, John Morris- said, 'I think that's enough. Decide her you want this person or not.'" Fi- after endless debates on the casting— wanted many unknowns—he started ing . . . and shooting . . . and shooting, lion feet in all, four times the amount usually shot for a feature film. Every detail required that Kaye make a scene—often physical. Once, when Morrissey made a suggestion Kaye liked, Kaye dropped to the ground and started kissing his feet. On another occasion, though, when Kaye decided that the lettering on the crew's jackets was "passé," he went at Morrissey with his fists.

But the results of his obsessiveness were impressive. The actors blossomed under Kaye's method of uninterrupted, marathon shooting. Morrissey, who remains steadfast in his belief that Kaye has the talent to be the next Fellini, felt that Kaye's finished edit demonstrated his unique strength—a "commitment to psychological truth." Kaye's edit of the film pleased New Line executives Michael De Luca and Bob Shaye too, and for a moment everything seemed to be going smoothly. Then Kaye allowed the film's star, Ed Norton, into the editing room to take a pass at the picture. Norton made some tiny changes, which mostly involved putting in more acting. De Luca and Shaye decided to go with Norton's cut over Kaye's, perhaps as an easy way to please the rising star.

Kaye "overreacted monstrously," recalls Morrissey, "decided that, oh no, now enormous changes have to be made in the film. Throw out half the movie, create a new character, go back to filming, take another year to work on it—stuff that he knew was a cartoonish reaction." New Line gave Kaye eight more weeks to work on his version, but by now Kaye was too devoted to his new project—"crazy genius takes on Hollywood studio"—to deliver an actual art product. Kaye brought along a rabbi, a Catholic priest, and a Buddhist monk to a New Line meeting in which he begged for more time. He spent $100,000 of his own money, taking out 38 ads in *The Hollywood Reporter* and *Variety* directed at the New Line top brass and all the film's actors. One announced, TONY KAYE IS THE GREATEST BRITISH DIRECTOR SINCE ALFRED HITCHCOCK. Another one said, TO EDWARD NORTON, STOP LOOKING INTO THE LAKE AND LISTEN TO THE WIND. He lobbied film festivals not to show the movie. And he filed a $275 million suit against New Line over its refusal to let him take his name off the film and replace it with "Humpty Dumpty." The stress of his martyrdom was too much to bear. He suddenly found himself unable to use the telephone and unable to eat in restaurants.

"I think he was scared shitless," says Marty Bauer, Kaye's agent at the time, whom Kaye unloaded when Bauer refused to get on the maniac bandwagon. "I think he was in a total state of panic." Morrissey, too, felt that the root of it all was Kaye's insecurity. "He's such an incredibly self-loathing person and compensates for this with such a powerful self-promoting technique." And these were his *allies;* the rest of Hollywood was not as understanding. An

Brando vs. Kaye

executive memo circulated around town saying that Kaye was "mad, bad, and dangerous to employ." He was in director jail. In the midst of the drama, Kaye reached out to the one person who was nuts enough to understand him, genius enough to legitimize his talent, and superstar enough to get him another movie.

Marlon Brando is one of the greatest actors of all time. He is also very strange. He has been known to drive down Hollywood Boulevard with a prop arrow through his head. In the middle of the night he has instructed McDonald's deliverymen to throw burgers over the wall of his compound. He sometimes shows up at friends' houses in his briefs. Even to those who know him well, his actions can be inexplicable. Once, in the early 70s, singer turned actress Michelle Phillips—his Mulholland Drive neighbor who was dating his best friend, French actor Christian Marquand—was playing piano in Brando's house, dressed to the nines in Missoni. Brando came up behind her and took a swing at her, knocking her onto the floor. "He just looked at me and said, 'You're lucky that's all you got,'" recalls Phillips. In a five A.M. telephone "apology," he told her that he had believed her to be one of the Manson girls. "That's the kind of insanity he carries around with him," says Phillips.

He is also famously impossible on sets. In 1961, during the filming of *Mutiny on the Bounty,* Brando almost bankrupted MGM by repeatedly storming off the set, refusing to learn his lines, and splitting some 50 pairs of pants. On his most recent film, *The Score,* Brando, for a critical scene in the film, refused to be directed by Frank Oz, whom he called "Miss Piggy," in a reference to Oz's being the voice of the famous Muppet, and insisted that he'd listen only to co-star Robert De Niro. He also requested that he be given his lines through an earpiece.

The key difference in Hollywood's eyes between Kaye's antics and Brando's is the genuine-genius quotient. Even "Miss Piggy" believes that Brando's stature excuses him. "He has paid his dues and he is also a genius," says Oz. "He came from a time when he was working with demigods. He was working on the poetry of Tennessee Williams. He was working with extraordinary directors like Elia Kazan. He was working on large themes with the movies he'd done, from *On the Waterfront* to *Streetcar.*" To the handful of people that Brando keeps close to him, often speaking to them daily, whatever erratic behavior he may display is transcended by his heroism. "They always like to knock you behind your back. You're *crazy,* you're *this,*" says his close friend Helena Kallianiotes, an impassioned, throaty-voiced Greek actress who lived in Brando's compound for years, tending to its every need. "They can call Marlon whatever they want, but he's the most gentle, courageous, and sensitive man I've ever met.... He's like Medusa. You cut one head off, another one grows, cut one head off, another one grows. You can't destroy him."

Kaye didn't know Marlon Brando personally, but when he came to Hollywood in the early 90s, he put Brando on "the top of my list." In the universe of crazy geniuses, after all, Brando was the gold standard. Kaye knew random Brando trivia that Brando himself didn't know—such as the story that the Beatles were said to have taken their name from that of a motorcycle crew in *The Wild One.* Kaye also knew that Brando was big on pranks (crank E-mailing; responding to faxes only if addressed to his dog, Doctor Tim). Kaye sent Brando a personal message via—what else?—*Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter.* MARLON BRANDO, HAVE YOU READ *ONE ARM* BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS? it read, referring to a Williams short story about a one-armed prostitute which Kaye had recently optioned and sent to Brando. "I knew that would appeal to him," says Kaye. "Oh, I most *certainly* knew that."

"Do you know how I make a friend?" Brando told Truman Capote in 1957. "I go about it very gently, I circle around and around. I circle. Then, gradually, I draw nearer. Then I reach out and touch them—ah so gently. Then I draw back. Wait a while. Make them wonder. At just the right moment, I move in again.... Before they realize it, they're all entangled, involved. I have them. And suddenly, sometimes, I'm *all* they have. A lot of them, you see, are people who don't fit anywhere. They're not accepted—they've been hurt, crippled one way or another." For Brando, a man with plenty of time to kill, Kaye, this gifted 50-year-old child, was a project he could really sink his teeth into. Kaye fit the pattern of the sort of companion Brando had always been attracted to: damaged outcasts, such as nebbishy character actor Wally Cox, who played Mister Peepers and was the voice of Underdog, and whom Brando described as having "the mentality of an ax murderer," and, more recently, Michael Jackson. Receiving an invitation in the fall of 1998, Kaye arrived at Brando's house—which was once owned by Howard Hughes—and was led into the living room, where the actor was waiting near his large Buddha statue. Brando turned to him and said, "I hear that you're as crazy as I am."

Kaye began showing up at Brando's l on a weekly basis. After discussing *Arm* (a project that never got off the gro Kaye asked Brando if he would partic in the video diary of the disaster he wa broiled in over *American History X.* Br was game, and so the two sat togeth hours, each holding a camcorder i other's face. But Kaye, perhaps to hi appointment, found that Brando's aim to make Kaye act less insane, so tha talent could shine through. As the tap veal, Brando quickly established a fa son dynamic, in which he taunts, te and calmly tries to blow the lid off K pretensions. Wearing a white track ja slouched back into the sofa, with one l ed bare foot millimeters away from a bo finger food resting on a coffee table, do wants to know what's the deal wi of Kaye's earrings.

"Well, I had one done many, many ago," says Kaye, perched on the edge opposite sofa, like a nervous sixth-grad front of the school principal, "26 or 27 ago, and I wore an earring in that ho a few years and then I stopped."

"You mean you took it out," says do, dead serious.

"I took it out."

"Why did you have it put in in the place?" Brando asks.

"In the very first place?" asks Kaye.

"In the very exactly first place."

"Because I thought I would appear interesting to people," Kaye replies.

"Do you think you're four times interesting now?"

In another scene, Brando receives on speakerphone from Scott Lambert, was the agent of *American History X* Ed Furlong. Brando seizes the opportu to try to get Kaye to practice being lik rest of the humans. "Would you pleas a word, Tony," Brando instructs him b saying good-bye.

"W ... w ... w ... what do you me to say?" asks Kaye, a bit panicked occasional stutter kicking in.

"I want you to say, 'How do you Scott?'"

"Hi, Tony," Lambert says gently.

"How do you do, Scott?" Kaye ages.

Kaye was getting the message from master that the work—and the protocol—important, not the antics. Brando tri convince Kaye that having "Humpty Du ty" as the credited director of *American tory X* was ludicrous. "I pleaded with not to make a spectacle of the events rounding your taking your name off picture and putting the name Hum Dumpty in place of it," Brando says almost lawyerly calm. "It really didn't any interest.... You had surrendere

ething that was less than fully mature worthy of your intelligence and your ition, and I remind you that you had ed a piece of paper, as we all do, in this requiring certain circumstances, under ain circumstances, to produce certain re-s, and you seemed to make light of that, considered that unimportant, and that what I asked you to do.... Don't you k, sometimes, Tony, that discretion is better part of valor?" Kaye dropped the uit against New Line.

he two men drew close. According to Kaye, Brando opened up to Kaye about pain over his daughter Cheyenne, who'd mitted suicide five years after her her, Christian Bran- had been sentenced the murder of her friend, Dag Drollet. ndo even wept in t of Kaye. He also hed out to help his friend financially, Kaye was in the hole r having spent at t a million dollars *merican History X.* n money problems is own, Brando had an that could help them both out. He ded to teach a free g class to the pub- ntitled "Lying for ving." Kaye would it, and Brando ld sell the tapes on personal (now de- t) Web site, giving e a commission. "He told me I was go- o make millions and millions of dol- says Kaye. "In fact, he would spend s with a pocket calculator, telling me much money I was going to make." seemed like an opportunity for Kaye ake right, and possibly take his first out of Hollywood jail. Not only had disgraced director been given a public of approval by Marlon Brando, he was g to direct a Marlon Brando project. asn't a feature film, but it was some- k—at the very least, an infomercial that d be hard to forget. Furthermore, cool ds of Brando's were in attendance— Penn, Nick Nolte, Leonardo Di- io, Jon Voight, and Michael Jackson—to from and show their respect for the er. But Tony Kaye could not resist turn- Brando's lessons into the Tony Kaye . To demonstrate how to transform a character, Brando was planning on ing the class in semi-drag. So Kaye led to come in the first day dressed as a bin Laden. "I was getting into the mind-set of what an actor would do, and an actor is, you know, I mean, *I'm* a needy person, I need a lot of attention, but an actor is really a *very* needy person and needs a lot of attention," explains Kaye. "And so therefore I thought, I'll get more attention if I dress up like Osama bin Laden." On another occasion, he puts it more simply: "I was trying to outdo him." It was November 2001, less than two months after the terror attacks, and the bin Laden outfit wasn't exactly a hit, especially with Jon Voight. "Wouldn't any sane person be upset at that time?" asks Voight, who nearly walked out over Kaye's stunt. "I thought it was way out of line.... It was no joke." The next morning, Brando, according to Kaye, phoned him and said, "Look, Tony, this is my show, this is not yours. And what are you going to wear today?"



HOLLYWOOD PARIAH
Kaye's costuming himself as bin Laden for Brando's class had one student, actor Jon Voight, incensed. "Wouldn't any sane person be upset?" says Voight.

Temporarily chastened, Kaye showed up for the next class in a suit and tie, and Brando took back the limelight. Brando meandered, from vaguely recalled professional anecdotes to bits and pieces from the Adler method, which he had been taught as a young man. But it didn't matter what he said—his presence was overwhelming. In his pink scarf and black kimono, sitting on the stage in his armchair throne, feet propped on an ottoman, Brando had the class in rapt attention. "I was too fascinated with what was going on to learn anything, if that makes any sense," says Alex Sol, an actor friend of Kaye's who had a small role in *American History X* and is the lead in Kaye's ever changing *Lobby Lobster.* "Fascinated by Marlon being in a muumuu, by Marlon putting on lipstick to start the class, by the way he spoke, by his presence, which is incredible." Helena Kallianiotes recalls, "You see the maestro sitting up there on his chair, with a *fabulous* robe. He looked like an ancient Greek coin.... Every emotion went through his face."

For whatever reason, Kaye could neither learn from nor fulfill his duty of documenting the master at work. On the third day, he decided to make his move. As Kaye's tapes show, two African-American women are performing a rather lifeless scene from *The Color Purple.* Kaye pushes the camera just inches away from their faces and suddenly shouts, "Cut! This is terrible! I find this really awful.... Who was bored? Who was bored here? Who was bored with that shit?" The two women tear into Kaye, telling the "director" to "direct his ass back down." Kaye fights back, hollering desperately. As the confrontation reaches *Jerry Springer* fever pitch, one of the students from the scene lunges into Kaye's camera lens, shaking with rage, on the verge of tears. "You don't know nothing about me, but you're getting ready to *learn,*" she says. "You need to be *taught.* Don't ask me to be a goddamned ghetto bunny. It works for him and it works for him.... And if you don't like it you can kiss my ass!"

Brando, in silence, watches the circus from his grande-dame perch for about 20 minutes. Finally, he speaks up, anger in cool check. "I did not ask him, nor did I anticipate that he was going to do this," says Brando, the pink of his scarf picking up the color of his painted lips. "Does anybody think that this was useful to these actors to be told that they're boring and unreal, and dull? Would you please raise your hand if you think so." A surly-looking hipster with a goatee raises his hand in support of Kaye. It's another *Lobby Lobster* star, Tony Ward, an actor known mainly for dating Madonna, whom Kaye had wanted to cast—as the lead in *American History X.* Sounding like a 16-year-old stoner, Ward argues that Kaye was coming from an "organic place," that Kaye "fucking sparked ... that's what the man's all about." Brando ridicules his inar-

Brando vs. Kaye

ticulateness and then asks, "May I ask who invited you?"

"I was invited by Tony," Ward replies.

"I disinvite you now.... I would ask you to leave this class. And would you make another promise to me if you could? Could you promise me that you won't come back?"

Kaye tries to re-insert himself. "I have to speak, actually."

"You are going to be *silent* until I finish!" says Brando, losing his cool for the first time.

"O.K., fair enough, fair enough," says Kaye, suddenly reverting to the frightened child.

Ward heads for the door. "I don't have a career, so you can't fuck it up anyway," he mumbles.

Just then, something inside Kaye decides he's going to be the kind of crazy genius *he* wants to be, and not the kind Brando is. Kaye follows Ward out, and all the other *Lobby Lobster* cast members Kaye has invited to the class follow, too. It is the last time Kaye and Brando speak to each other or are even in the same room.

"I was disgusted with Marlon," Kaye says, explaining his actions. "Because he had said the previous day, 'I want you all to be a part of it.'" Kallianiotes sees it differently. "Obviously, Tony Kaye didn't hear what Marlon said [to the actors] earlier: 'Fall on your butt. You're not here to do anything but get rid of intimidation,'" she says, adding that what Kaye *really* is is a frustrated, frightened actor. "Even Marlon asked him, 'You ready? You want to come up?' He didn't have nothin'. He couldn't do it.... That's who Tony Kaye is," she says. "Can't hold up on his own. Trying to piggyback on Marlon, and trying to knock him.... The only thing on Marlon's mind was, How the fuck am I going to fire this guy?"

Kaye seized the opportunity to create another Tony-centric spectacle. He and the *Lobby Lobster* gang staged and filmed a "mock trial," with Tony Ward as himself versus Marlon Brando, portrayed, in an attempt at humor, by an obese black woman in a white wig. Kaye, dressed as bin Laden, plays the electric guitar and does some square dancing. The rest of the gang watch and bang unpleasantly on instruments. Kaye was finally free to be his old self.

Kaye took that footage—and the footage he had shot of Brando at his home and Brando in the classroom—and began editing it into a film, which, he explains, he will turn into a chapter of *Epicomedy,* or show at festivals, or sell. But over the past several months Kaye has been getting calls from Brando's lawyers, indicating that Brando is onto his plans and will resort to legal action to stop them if necessary. Kaye isn't rolling over. "I left a message on his answering machine at his house, saying I can sell this thing for a few million pounds," says Kaye. "I *know* he'll respond to that."

It's unlikely. One of the messages that appears on Kaye's future Marlon Brando dance hit (which Brando is still unaware of) says, "I trust you. I trust you to be a man of honor and discretion, and if you ever break that, then it's not remakable and you've lost yourself to me. Or, rather, you've lost me to yourself." Trust has long been Brando's bête noire—ever since having been cajoled by Truman Capote into spilling his guts on everything from his bisexuality to his mother's alcoholism for a 12,000-word 1957 *New Yorker* article. "That's what's weird about Marlon," says Jod Kaftan, a 33-year-old writer who has been friends with Brando and some of his kids since Kaftan was a teenager. "He has this thing about trust in his inner circle, but he lets the wrong people in his circle sometimes. The worst of the worst. There's something kind of naïve about Marlon in that way."

Kaye alleges that the lawyers and appeals to honor are not Brando's only tactics to prevent Kaye's footage from being shown. Last summer, Kaye claims, he received a number of strange phone calls from someone purporting to be the Devil. "I'm in your house and I'm going to kill you," the caller said in one. In another the voice pleaded in a falsetto, "*Help me, help me.*" "It was definitely [Brando]," says Kaye. "I knew immediately. I could hear his voice. It had gone through a coding machine." Kaye was terrified, and stayed out of his house for two weeks. Brando has nothing to say about whether or not he made the calls, or anything else about Kaye, for that matter. People who know Brando think it's possible Kaye is right. "That sounds like something he would do," says Kaftan. "If Tony escalated things and made it clear that he was breaking the rules, Marlon would definitely call someone, probably at about three in the morning." But Kaye does not seem particularly depressed or contemplative about having lost a friend. After all, this is a man who once told John Morrissey, "There's no such thing as friends. I don't have any friends. I don't want any friends. Friends is a meaningless concept."

Still, Kaye can't help but admire and envy Brando. "I don't think there's one person on the planet who can really say, 'I have lived, I have lived a full life,' and could die with a smile on his face," says Kaye. "That guy could really and truly say it." And, from his experiences, Kaye claim have learned some of what his for friend calls discretion. "It was a prepo ous thing to do," says Kaye, looking b at his *American History X* campaign. "I in a state of delirious shock.... I just a very misguided and inappropriate vi of the way the world worked, which since learned the hard way.... Deep d I thought they would really like me for Hoping that Hollywood will accept again, he says, "Someone said to me fantastic thing, that if you want to w you've got to keep the muzzle on. Now fore I walk through any door, you kn glass, metal, or wood, I have that, 'K the muzzle on.'"

Even those who qualify as Tony ch pions are skeptical about his *mea c* and his claim that he's a reformed n "Tony is as talented a person in filmm ing as is alive," says Morrissey. "B don't care what kind of campaign he lau es to re-integrate himself into the H wood community, the damage he has fered psychologically is part of what ma gives him a certain flair, but it absolu is what prevents him from functionin a moviemaker. And it's a tragic story, cause I don't think he ever will." comes after Morrissey gave him a sec chance. In June the producer approac Kaye about directing a script called *oc,* by Academy Award–winning scr writer Stephen Gaghan. Kaye had p lems with the script and made a serie demands that essentially would have en him full control of its rewriting its ultimate destiny. "Never mind t this is unconventional," says Morris "it's ludicrous.... I don't think there very many people who'd do that for one. Maybe for Marty Scorsese. *Ma* Maybe for Coppola."

It is possible that Tony Kaye will that pantheon yet. There are a co of Hollywood projects that Kaye has b toying with, including one called *Sl blind,* based on Robert Sabbag's legen book about the cocaine trade. There his personal-statement projects such as *by Lobster,* which he believes "will w out in the end when I figure out wha about," and the abortion document which he's preparing to send to festiv And then there are the multi-media ations based on Marlon, which Kaye se determined to get out by hook or by cr "Certain European people view Am ican things with great admiration awe.... That's my regard," he says, r ring to his feelings for the actor. "Th not going to stop me from taking this and exploiting him to hell, and not gi a damn." □

arry Rivers

TINUED FROM PAGE 103 be glad to teach ry how to use what she referred to as e stone." Along with a friend, my hus- d and I sponsored the series called *Stones,* ı Larry's drawings and Frank O'Hara's ms—the first Rivers lithographs. Tanya's band liked to play chess, so he and I ıld do that while Tanya and Larry worked, I also learned how to make a lithograph. rank and Larry were well matched. At time they were lovers, and one poem *tones* ended, "The elements of disbelief very strong in the morning." Long before ıy people "came out," Frank was happily ıosexual and Larry bisexual. Larry told it was just part of "trying everything." e someone approached him at a party said, "I hear you're even having an af- with Leonard Bern-*steen*." Larry's irri- d reply was "Bern-*stein*."

ıt Larry's studio, the poets Allen Gins- and Kenneth Koch and the painters ce Hartigan, Jane Freilicher, and Willem Kooning drifted in and out. We drank ıp red wine and ate yellow cheese. One Larry appeared at my Park Avenue rtment with Ginsberg and his compan- Peter Orlovsky, in tow. We climbed up terrace that belonged to my friends rles and Ellen Brush. Ginsberg recited of *Howl* and taught us a mantra. Larry, nk, had meant to shock the Park Av- stiffs, but it backfired, so he pretended as going to jump. We ignored him.

nother early memory: he invited me to rformance of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex,* lucted by Lukas Foss. Larry had de- d the set, an enormous boxing ring, floodlights all around. At the moment ipus was blinded, floodlights aimed at udience were switched on, blinding us I thought it was shocking and superb. critics, however, didn't get it. Foss, then anger, now a close friend, had seated n a box next to Igor Stravinsky. I'd in- ewed famous movie stars—Cary Grant, k Gable, Audrey Hepburn—and was r intimidated by them. Now I froze. I'm g next to a real genius, I thought. At end of the performance, Stravinsky ed at his watch and turned to his wife, who sat on his other side. "Much too " he muttered. Vera leaned over the of the box and called out in a ladylike "Boo! Boo! Boo!"

Winters in New York were followed by glorious summers. I took my kids—three of them—to East Hampton. Lar- as nearby, on Little Plains Road in hampton. We'd see a lot of each other. e time I had a Lambretta motor scoot- at I'd won in a charity raffle. We'd rent- ed a house on Lily Pond Lane, and my then husband managed to fill every room with houseguests. One day I looked out the window and saw one of the guests, Kemmons Wilson, a founder of the Holiday Inn hotel chain, circling the driveway on my Lambretta with my four-year-old daughter, Alice, hanging on behind him. Suddenly she flew off the back and landed on the grass. I dashed downstairs, picked her up, and comforted her. She was not hurt, but she was shaken. Later that day I rode the Lambretta down to Larry's house. He was standing in the driveway. "So nu? What's new?" he asked. I said, "I'll tell you what's new—here's a present for you. One caveat: you have to drive me home. You always said you wanted a motorcycle, so you can start with the Lambretta." "Wait a minute," he said. "You're just giving this to me?" "Yes, I don't want it. I'm never going to ride one of these things again. Just take it." "I can't just take it," replied Larry. He seemed annoyed. "Don't you know I've got to give you something for it?" He drove me home, and the next day he called and said, "I'm going to do a sketch of you. Come on down, and then we'll be even." I treasure that early work, on graph paper—a yellow sweater, green scarf, and the one eye that was to become a trademark of his. By the next summer there were seven motorcycles parked in Larry's driveway.

One of the best things about being in the arts is that you never have to grow up. In Larry's house and the little house behind it there were always fun and games. In the summer of 1958, Larry and his friends began making a film there. It started like those old Mickey Rooney–Judy Garland films where somebody says, "Let's put on a show," and everyone runs out to the barn. It was named *Pull My Daisy.* I was in it for a nanosecond, as was everybody who drifted by the little house. That fall in New York, the painter Alfred Leslie and the photographer Robert Frank took over and turned it into an innovative movie. Jack Kerouac narrated it, and Larry played a train conductor who was based on Kerouac's friend Neal Cassady. As so often happened, what had begun as Larry's caprice became an influential way of opening doors for other artists.

Everything was great, until it wasn't. In the late summer of 1966, Frank O'Hara went to a party on Fire Island. About 2:30 in the morning, the beach taxi he was in had a flat. As the passengers waited for a mechanic, Frank was run over by a private beach buggy. Larry and Bill de Kooning rushed to the hospital on Long Island where he was taken. When they came back, de Kooning said, "Frank looked up and said, 'Why, Bill, how nice of you to come.' He died early the next morning."

By then the 60s were rolling along, with all the changes they brought. I had the responsibilities and the joys that raising three free-spirited kids entailed, and I was writing about what by then was referred to as "the art scene"—not just about the explosive breakthroughs in art itself but also about the artists. Nora Ephron once wrote a collection of essays titled *Wallflower at the Orgy,* and that's pretty much the way I felt during those years. Larry now had a studio and an apartment in the Chelsea Hotel, on West 23rd Street. One night he looked at the clock and bolted. "Gotta go—I'm picking up an au pair who can help with the boys [his sons from his first marriage, Joe and Steven]. She's Welsh, Clarice Price, and she's had a lot of experience." About a week later I called and asked, "How's it going with the new nanny?" "Oh, yeah," he said. "She lied. She just likes artists. She's beautiful, she's here, she's going to stay." She did and became Clarice Rivers.

In 1963, Larry had asked me if I would pose for a portrait. He said I could keep my clothes on but directed, "Wear those big dangly topaz earrings and that flowered skirt." I appeared at the Chelsea studio thinking this was going to take one sitting, but the sittings went on and on and on. Larry's left hand trembled, and somehow that made my eyes constantly circulate around the canvas. I became aware that watching Larry work was an education I could get no other way. I'd majored in art history in college, and I'd been writing about art for several years, but this was the real thing. I learned how one stretches a canvas, how a good draftsman glides with his instrument, how one creates light and shade and perspective.

Also, I learned much about this cocky artist's self-critical, sardonic side. When the portrait began to look too slick, he said, "You know those Annigoni portraits, the heavily varnished ones? They look like he licked the canvas. Gotta go." With that his brush tore through that area and demolished it. After several weeks there, I was not only facing forward but also in profile. Larry stepped back and said, "You know what my worst fear is? That someone will refer to me as the Jewish John Singer Sargent." Again, his brush went right through the canvas, and I lost an eye and a shoulder. I complained about that brutal stroke, but I caught on when Larry decided to repeat the lost parts on another canvas and cut them out. Clarice came up to the studio, and Larry showed her where he wanted the parts to go. She sewed them onto the original canvas. Later Larry decided glue was better. The two figures appear on the left, and the cutout parts of me on the

Larry Rivers

right. He called the portrait *Barbara Goldsmith—Echoes and Parts.* He'd done a portrait of Clarice called *Parts of the Face: French Vocabulary Lesson,* where he'd labeled each facial feature, but I think this was his first collage. After that there was no stopping him.

I don't know if my portrait was finished or not. Larry was working on a last small detail one afternoon in 1963 when his son Steve ran into the studio shouting, "The president, the president—he's been shot!" Larry dropped the brush and fell to the floor. He got it. I didn't. "Maybe he's just wounded," I said. Larry got up. "He's dead," he said. That night we walked around the Village. I've seen people behave like that only one other time—after September 11. The streets were full of clusters of expressionless people, not saying much or crying as televisions reported on the death of John F. Kennedy. It seems almost every adult remembers where he or she was that night. When I look at that painting, I always remember.

I wonder how many people knew the Larry who was neither out to shock nor full of bravado. The one who kept friendships going. The one who asked a friend, "Why do you keep renting your house? You're throwing away money," and, when the friend replied, "I'd love to own a house, but I can only afford to rent," bought him a house. The Larry who called me up after a hurtful divorce and said, "Think of this as a comedy, and let's have supper. You can laugh on my shoulder." Over the years my kids came to love Larry. My eldest son, Andrew, became an instant friend when he was four and Larry filled a brown paper bag with cigarette smoke, twisted the top, and gave it to him as a present. He also gave him a *Jack of Spades* lithograph and told him, "You don't appreciate this now, but one day you will."

Larry's own family was growing, first with Gwynne (Gwynneth Venus), then Emma. I took photographs of the pregnant Clarice in a bright-blue bathing suit with a pink headband, and he used them as the basis for a painting. The painter Jimmy Ernst once described his father, Max Ernst, as "the eagle father," a bird, he explained, that spawns its young and deserts them. Larry and Clarice were separated after six years, when their daughters were two and four, but he didn't fly away completely, and later in life he held his extended family near to him. He told Gwynne, "Look, you gotta find yourself. That's the most important thing. You've gotta figure out who *you* are." Emma, a talented sculptor, showed Larry's dark side by revealing in her work her father's sexual obsession with his prepubescent daughters.

Toward the end of the 60s, my writing assignments included Andy Warhol's so-called superstars, who would go into the bathroom at Max's Kansas City to snort cocaine or stick needles full of speed into one another's buttocks. I was a distant observer of the action, but Larry was part of it, disconnecting with drugs. He lists some in his autobiography: "heroin, cocaine, opium, quaaludes, speed, mescaline, LSD, angel dust." That we were going separate ways became evident when I wrote an article on the first show of the then 20-year-old artist Jamie Wyeth. I called it "No Soup Cans for Jamie," and I wrote, "His work is not in the mainstream but don't underestimate this young artist, who is perfecting his draftsmanship while some of our most talented artists are devoting themselves to pornographic put-ons."

The next morning I got a call from Larry. "I've got a question for you," he said in that raspy voice. "Would you say *Lampman Loves It* is a pornographic put-on?" I hesitated. "Yes, Larry, I would," I answered. "That's what I thought," he said and hung up. We didn't speak for two years. In his obituary in *The New York Times* on August 16, *Lampman Loves It* was described as "a sculpture of a couple having intercourse." It isn't exactly that. It is of a woman bent over a table while a black man buggers her. The man's penis is represented by a long, transparent lightbulb with a coiled wire inside that flashes as it moves in and out of the anus of the woman. Bob Wails, Larry's heroin connection and fellow user, was Lampman. When I first saw this work, the woman was Caucasian (based on Larry's sculpture *Plexi Playmate*), but the eminent art dealer Sidney Janis told Larry, "A Negro . . . having sex of a most unusual nature with a white woman would cause [my] exhibition to be closed down." Larry's solution was to glue a black female face on the sculpture.

"I have a recurring nightmare," Larry told me. "I dream I'm working at an easel and a critic walks in, looks at what I'm doing, and says, 'I get it! Forget it!'" In his work as in his life, Larry Rivers felt driven to constant change and shock, which accounts for his mixed reputation. Critics who once praised his work as masterly and innovative later dismissed it as trash. It was hard to believe that the artist who had produced the Dutch Masters cigar paintings, the Camel cigarettes, the ironic Napoleon titled *The Greatest Homosexual,* the portraits of friends drawn with a line as sure as that of Matisse, and the massive collages with famous artists jutting out of the canvases could also produce airbr figures with feathered caps that look if they'd come from an old producti the musical *House of Flowers,* the re flamingos you'd find on trailer-park l a black and a white penis separated equal sign, and even, near the end life, a flock of plastic chickens.

Rivers rushed at motorcycle speed next innovation. He was in the forefr working with stencils, collage, and lith phy, an inspiration to the artists wh lowed—Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper J Andy Warhol, Jim Dine, Roy Lichten He demonstrated that the abstract an realistic could dwell together with ex ance and skill. There is little doubt drugs, alcohol, and sexual excess de his talents, and that his irony and hum ten slipped over the line into kitsch when he was good he was very, very and, if one sorts it all out, he was an remain a major artist of our time.

After a long estrangement, we were fr again. In the wake of his heart lems, which started in 1978 but were l ignored until they burst upon him in Larry seemed more concentrated, an immense talent re-emerged. In his ma *History of Matzoh (The Story of the J* he once again displays a mastery of d manship, fresh color, action, and abstra He was once again climbing the heights this time without abusing his body. The cles in his arms became apparent again his talk veered toward health food. He a loony autobiography, called *What I Do?* (with the playwright and teache nold Weinstein), but he couldn't reme much, so he got a lot of his own life w He told me his brain had become like cheese. After reading the book, an Jim Dine phoned me: "What's he d This is not an art book, it's a sex book

After Clarice, there had been a seri young women in his life. Larry said never been attracted to women who two nickels to rub together." He said he needed women to need him; he ne to control them. Almost every year ar midsummer, Larry gave a party, an go, usually with my friend the gifted p er Cornelia Foss, Lukas's wife. Time moving on for us, but not for Larry. women always seemed to be in their wearing aviator glasses and jeans or le pants. All of them clearly adored L and they were all smart. They could c on prickly or not, but once you talke them you could see why Larry wa trigued. They changed with regularity. L Deshuk, a first-rate painter, was an ex tion; she stayed for a decade and a another son, Sam, to his extended f ly. Then there was Jeni Olin, his last

l, a poet who was with him till the end. 1979, Larry made a maquette of *Bar- Goldsmith—Echoes and Parts* and put it show he called "Recent Works—Gold- ldies." I didn't particularly like the title, vious reasons. I didn't think I'd arrived olden Pond, but I did realize that our dship by then had endured more than lecades. The last week of Larry's life, I to see him in Southampton. Several of nutual friends had told me that he had slept through their visits, but he was wide awake when I walked into the room. "So, nu," he said. Only, this time it wasn't a question but a way of saying, This is how it is. He was 78, and he looked wan, almost ethereal, with his head like that of a lion with its gray-white mane. "Look in the studio," he said. "There's a thing of Clarice, the two girls, and my grandchildren. I want you to see it. Then come back."

I walked into the studio so bursting with life and color and looked at the uncompleted portrait. There was so much love in it. I went back. Jeni gave Larry an orange Popsicle. We sat in silence for a while. Then he said, "They say I'm terminal." I answered, "Listen, Larry, we're all terminal—it's just a question of time." Soon he fell asleep. Two days later I was told Larry had asked to have the morphine patch stepped up—he didn't want to stick around. That was so like Larry, doing things his own way. "So, nu?" □

meron Diaz

INUED FROM PAGE 68 about in his tighty es. All three scenes trade on Diaz's sig- e gameness, her willingness to not let eauty get in the way of her inner goof- She is often compared to Carole Lom- .) But lest anyone think looks and sma are her only stock-in-trade, remem- hat she is a skilled-enough actress to audiences believe that Dermot Mul- would choose her over Julia Roberts *Best Friend's Wedding* and that Tom e would choose Penélope Cruz over *Vanilla Sky.* Neither assignment could been easy. (She herself is currently dat- te actor Jared Leto, star, most recently, *quiem for a Dream.* Past boyfriends in- Matt Dillon and Vincent D'Onofrio.)

brief biographical sketch: Diaz was born 30 years ago in Long Beach, Califor- "I'm so happy to be out of my 20s," ays with an enthusiasm that anyone has survived his or her own 20s would ret as genuine.) Her Cuban-American was an oil-company foreman with a ed" sense of humor. ("Go play on the ay" was a favorite parental request.) Her who worked for an import firm, is of sh-German-Cherokee extraction. (Diaz tes her flat, wide cheekbones to her Na- merican heritage.) The younger of two . Cameron grew up in a middle-class borhood otherwise dominated by boys; te being saddled with the nickname or, she passed her childhood playing ll and baseball and getting into her of scrapes. She has said she never con- d herself beautiful—"Are you kidding? ose has been broken three times and I serious pimple problem" (in truth, she have a bit of a schnoz)—but at some amid all the roughhousing she blos- l. A photographer noticed her at a Hol- d party when she was 16, and with one leading to another, she soon had a con- with the modeling agency Elite and was g as one of the more employable "girls" rope, Japan, and Australia—successful, short of Gisele Bündchen status.

By her account, her movie career has been something of a fluke. It certainly wasn't something she would have eagerly debased herself for—unlike, say, everyone else in the profession. Her first role, which she got at the age of 21, came about due to the coincidence of Elite's being headquartered in the same office building in Los Angeles as *The Mask*'s casting director, who one day asked the agency for some headshots. The film's director, Chuck Russell, was looking for unknowns and seized on Diaz's picture. He had her flown in from Paris, where she was living at the time, to audition for the lead, a slinky, femme-fatale-ish nightclub singer, opposite Jim Carrey. To her mind, it wasn't much of a break. "I wasn't really interested," she says. When the day of the audition came, "I called my agent up and I was like, 'I don't feel like going.' I was bloated—I had started my period. I was angry. I said, 'Is there another part I can go read for that I don't have to put on a dress?'" She ended up auditioning for a smaller role, but Russell was so enamored that he wanted her for the lead anyway, despite her lack of enthusiasm and the fact that she had never acted before. "She was just a natural walking in the door," says Russell (whose most recent movie was *The Scorpion King* with the Rock, another more or less natural). "Obviously she's lovely. But what I think really makes her unique is this charm she's got, and humor that she's got, that makes her appealing to both men and women. In fact, that's probably not a bad definition for what makes a movie star. It's why women can think Mel Gibson is gorgeous and guys can still imagine they would like to be a friend of his. I knew with Cameron I could make her look explosively good and still make her greatly sympathetic."

Diaz herself came around and committed to the role once she realized Russell was serious about casting her—even though the studio, New Line, was dead set against the idea. Carrey at the time was known only as "the white guy" on television's *In Living Color,* and New Line was hoping to land an actress who might provide at least a gentle gravitational tug at the box office—not a woman "who hadn't even done a soap commercial," as Russell puts it. "They wanted Anna Nicole Smith," explains Diaz. In the end, with Russell threatening to quit just two weeks before principal photography was set to begin, New Line finally signed off on Diaz. "I was, like, sick to my stomach," she says, recounting the first day of shooting. "I was going to throw up—I mean literally, like 'Pull over! I'm going to be sick!' I was like, 'Oh my God—what am I doing?'" One way or another, she figured that out and rewarded her director with a performance that drew appreciative if not quite glowing reviews. "A real find," noted *Variety.*

(There's an alternative version of Diaz's "discovery." On the commentary track of the DVD for *There's Something About Mary,* one of the Farrelly brothers remembers their first meeting with the actress: "I asked her, 'Is it true you had to fuck Jim Carrey to get into the business?' She said, 'No, I blew him.'")

Rather than do the obvious thing—more roles as "the girl" in high-concept comedies and blowhard action movies—Diaz followed *The Mask* with a series of dark, little-seen independent pictures such as *She's the One, Feeling Minnesota,* and *A Life Less Ordinary,* movies in which she deliberately low-beamed her charm and showed a flair for playing ball-busters. (Like everyone else, Harvey Weinstein compares Diaz to Carole Lombard. "But at the same time," he says, "you can see her doing all the Barbara Stanwyck roles.") It was 1997's *My Best Friend's Wedding,* in which Diaz is first seen wearing a bright-yellow shift and looking like the world's most luscious Easter chick, and in which she subsequently goes nose-to-nose with Julia Roberts and wins, that anointed her as someone with the potential for true stardom. But during filming she was taken aback by the amount of scrutiny her co-star received, and was quoted as saying, "I don't ever want my name to be the first over the title." And so, rather than do what would now seem the obvious thing—big romantic comedies—she's taken supporting roles in films such as *The Invisible Circus, Vanilla Sky,* and *Being John Malkovich,* in which she frumped herself down in a frizzy brown

Cameron Diaz

wig, lumpy sweaters, and makeup that made her look puffy, as if she'd been crying for three straight days. (Compare that with the thick glasses and stringy hair most actresses affect when they want to play dowdy.) And then there was Oliver Stone's *Any Given Sunday,* where, as the improbably young, improbably hard-assed owner of a pro football team, she proved her tomboy mettle by holding her own in a locker-room scene while acting opposite the largest penis ever seen on film outside of a Long Dong Silver movie—*Boogie Nights* included. The movie that established her as an A-list attraction, *There's Something About Mary,* was hardly an obvious star vehicle; before it was released, in the summer of 1998, few people would have predicted that a movie built around a semen stalagmite and male genitalia caught in a tuxedo zipper would be a blockbuster to the tune of $176 million. As she says, "When we were doing that movie, my agent tells me, people were like, 'You're going to let her do that movie? Are you crazy?' I didn't think about where it was going to take me. I was just like, 'This is the funniest thing I have ever read.'" * Even her most blatantly commercial vehicles, the *Charlie's Angels* pictures and last spring's raunchy girls' comedy *The Sweetest Thing,* carefully position her as part of a threesome, maybe the apex of a triangle but not "the" star.

When it's suggested to Diaz that she makes success sound like an inadvertent lark, she laughs. "The whole thing is *totally* inadvertent." When it is further suggested that, from a conventional career-management point of view, she seems to have rather stumbled her way to stardom, she laughs again. "I did. It's *so* silly. I just have no idea how it happened—it's almost embarrassing to say. But what I know is this: I work my ass off." Describing the way in which she chooses projects, she holds a finger up, says, "I want to see which way my own wind is blowing," and adds, "I haven't really ventured out on my own being the solo person, the big star of a film. I don't know why, but that just doesn't really interest me that much."

Others see her as maybe more savvy than she lets on. In the words of one producer, who hasn't worked with Diaz but admires her greatly, "I think she's been rather smart about her career. I think she's reaching past what seemed to be a comedy career and trying to get more serious. And if you were her manager, you wouldn't necessarily be advising her to go out for the big sort of Meg Ryan/Julia Roberts roles. I think being the third banana in a Cameron Crowe movie [*Vanilla Sky*] is a brilliant idea. I think laying back in *Gangs of New York* and letting Leonardo and Scorsese take all the heat—I think it's just a brilliant way to play your career, being very selective and not taking full responsibility for these damned movies. Because once you do that, it's a slippery slope. I mean, look at Demi Moore. It went from $10 million, $12 million, $15 million a picture to *gone.* It's amazing how quickly it can go. And you have a feeling Cameron likes to act, wants to stick around."

"I was like, 'I don't care what it is. If I get to work with Martin Scorsese, I'll do it.'" That's Diaz describing her reaction, like that of any sentient actor, to being offered a part in one of his films. For *Gangs of New York,* she would spend a total of five months in Rome, where the film was shot at the legendary Cinecittà Studios—Fellini's old stomping grounds—on a 1.5-square-mile set. Diaz has no formal training as an actor; by her account and others' she was challenged by the intensity of her co-stars, especially Daniel Day-Lewis, who came out of retirement to do the picture—he had given up movies after appearing in 1997's *The Boxer* to apprentice as a cobbler in Florence—and who even offscreen stayed fiercely in character as Bill the Butcher, the film's nominal villain. At times, his commitment to the role could be intimidating; crew members have described his on-set deportment as "scary." "I think, even after the film was finished, it was a few months before Daniel could get rid of the accent," says Diaz. "He talked in it all the time. And I'm amazed by that and admire it so much. I learned a lot from him, but it definitely was a tough discipline for me. It's hard to remove yourself from your own life that long." The former SoCal tomboy also admits she had a hard time adjusting to some of the physical demands of performing in a period film. "The corset threw me off," she says.

The shoot was punishing at times. A love scene between her and DiCaprio has them smacking each other around pretty roughly. Then she nearly bites his face off, Hannibal Lecter–style, before the two of them finally succumb to each other. One imagines that the scene was either very carefully choreographed or very dangerous and painful to shoot, or both. "We basically beat the shit out of each other for the day," Diaz explains. "But it was a lot of fun. We laughed our asses off. Because at one point it just became a test of stamina, like who was going to be able to endure it? Who was going to be able to flail about the longest without hav complete coronary? So those scenes be less about the kissing and that kind of and more about 'O.K., can you do again?' 'I don't know, man. I don't kno have it in me.'"

"Seventeen takes," says Martin Sco speaking in a rush of words, sentence ing up and even overlapping, as is his tom. "Yeah, 17 or 18 takes. We choreogr it, but that was it: you walked in, the each other, slammed against the pillow, ing and scratching. The thing was that i quite demanding. They would, after take, collapse on the bed." The director p half a beat to imitate the sound of and DiCaprio panting—*ahuh, ahuh, a* then continues: "I'd say, 'You kids again?' We knew that she had done *lie's Angels* and that she was into this p cal thing, and I quite honestly felt I ask for anything, really. The biting-k thing was from the script. But then whe tapped into the energy of these two you couldn't stop them."

Scorsese is sitting in the plush, em green screening room in his Manhatta fices, located on a steel-and-glass stret Park Avenue (probably a swamp or ma pig farm at the time of *Gangs of New* He has been trying to make *Gangs of York* for two and a half decades, sinc project was first announced, a little too mistically as it turned out, with a full ad in *Variety* in 1977. Potential drawb from an investor's point of view include film's obvious expense (it was clear fro start that the Five Points neighborhood have to be built from scratch rather tha created somewhere on location), the violence (an early draft of the script inc a child being killed for a penny and having his billy club shoved down his th and the fact that it takes place in a s that for most audiences will be a hist nowhereland (true, the time frame coin with the Civil War, which is an impo political backdrop to the film's action there are no antebellum mansions or ing young rebs).

The project got traction only when nardo DiCaprio came on board in 199 even then there were bumps. *Gangs of York* was originally set up at Disney, bu company got cold feet, and after bein jected by MGM and Twentieth Century the movie was finally given the brea life by Miramax, which is co-financin film with an English company, Initial E tainment Group. The script, by Jay C (who also co-wrote *The Age of Inno* with Scorsese), was reworked, with eve contributions from Steven Zaillian (*Sc ler's List*) and Kenneth Lonergan (w director of *You Can Count on Me*), to the characters added depth and perha

* Film-buff bonus! Diaz explains how the "hair gel" scene was done: "For his car they did this prosthetic kind of like gelatin drop and then they covered it in hand lotion. We were laughing so fricking hard I can't even tell you. And then, in my hair, we used this hair glue that you use for hair molding that's called Gafquat, and it just hardens your hair. You blow-dry it and then you could literally break it in half."

nplay some of the bleakness and violence. t the time *Gangs of New York* was com- together, both Scorsese and DiCaprio : represented by Artists Management up, the Michael Ovitz–led company that since imploded. Diaz was also a client MG's, but Scorsese says it was Joe Roth, the chairman of Disney, who brought ictress to his attention. "Joe mentioned if I were to consider Cameron, just *con-*; he said that she would help in terms big budget of this kind, that it would to have people in the picture who are what popular with the box office. I don't n to be reductio ad absurdum, but you to keep remembering that it behooves to think of putting people in the film people would want to see. Similar thing Sharon Stone in *Casino.*"

corsese is well known for his encyclope- knowledge and a not unrelated discur- ess—Diaz says his on-set direction often sted of long lectures on the historical con- of a given scene or character—and when d what it was in Diaz that spoke to him persuaded him to cast her, aside from her office appeal, Scorsese replies with an ite and ultimately cohesive five-minute er that ranges from the status of women children in mid-19th-century America to iases of the era's media to the reasons nd the country's westward expansion to act that William "Billy the Kid" Bonney born in New York City. Unfortunately, isn't space enough here to print it all, he gist is that Diaz's character repre- a kind of life force in the film's under- emotional and symbolic scheme—let's more sophisticated version of "the girl" d that he saw in her work a lightness, a or, and a freshness that would bear that nt. "Not that she's funny in the movie," lds, "but that she has the *ability* to be , the *ability* to see absurdity."

npressed with her dedication and emo- l fluidity, he ended up working closely Diaz as her character evolved over the se of the shoot, the two of them adding ng to the role. Scorsese also praises 's sheer nerve, especially in a scene in n Bill the Butcher uses her for a knife- ing demonstration. "She was very brave, brave. The knives were on wires, but it's hard not to blink when you see a piece arp metal coming at your head." Diaz lf demurs: "It wasn't that scary. Marty's being kind." Still, in tribute to her sang- a crew member presented her with flow- pon completion of the scene. "I mean, I ad a good time with her," Scorsese says. as always refreshing when she was there."

is is seconded by Harvey Weinstein: was the inspiration to all of us on the remember Leo turning to me and Dan- nen she left and asking, 'Are you guys to stick around?' None of us wanted to be around after she left, including Marty. She was the soul of the movie. She's totally fearless. She's tough. There's nothing she wouldn't do. I think all of us—Marty, myself, Leo, and Daniel—really felt indebted to her. We probably wouldn't say that about each other, but we would say it about Cameron."

As has been chronicled in numerous newspaper and magazine articles, the set in Rome wasn't always a place of sweet harmony. Aside from the "normal" stress of filming a movie about urban warfare involving hundreds of extras in period costume—Luc Sante, the writer who was the film's historical consultant, likens Scorsese's labors to "juggling flaming bathtubs"—there was the added squeeze of money matters. Although it's unclear how much Miramax itself put up on a budget that has been estimated to be as high as $115 million—Weinstein has said his company is on the hook for only $32 million—*Gangs of New York* is the most expensive film the company has been associated with; Weinstein reportedly spent time more or less reminding Scorsese of this. Since both men are passionate, accustomed to getting their way, and said to have operatic tempers, the result was, by many accounts, a fair amount of friction: "*occasional* arguments," in Weinstein's words, "but only creative." Or, as he put it at a press conference last May at Cannes, sounding as if he had been addressing a kindergartner, "Now sometimes there is a limited budget and sometimes—we'd all like to have a thousand extras fill every nook and cranny of every sequence—but sometimes we have to make a compromise." "I'd always try to get a little more, naturally," Scorsese confesses with what approaches a twinkle in his eyes, recounting the temptations of working on an outdoor set that he controlled as opposed to the messier dictates of location shooting.

Whatever tension surrounded *Gangs of New York* apparently didn't abate after production wrapped, and the film's release date was postponed from December 2001 to summer 2002, and then again to December 2002. The first change came because Miramax was reportedly concerned about the film's violence in the light of September 11, although there were also doubts that Scorsese, a noted tinkerer in the editing room, would have the film finished in time. (It's telling, both about how long it has taken to get *Gangs of New York* to the screen and about the serial horrors of recent American life, that one of the reasons Disney dropped the project back in 1999 was concern over the film's violence in the wake of the Columbine shootings.)

Diaz thinks the film's drawn-out postproduction has been "just torture for Marty." But she also thinks the stories about behind-the-scenes conflicts have been overstated and misinterpreted. "Marty's an artist, Harvey's a businessman—never the twain shall meet. But they have to find their way of making it work, and that happens with every single movie, especially of this caliber, of this scale. They both just want to make the best movie that they can. . . . And I have to say, Harvey makes movies because he loves movies, obviously."

Scorsese soft-pedals any tension in much the same way. "It's the nature of a picture this size, and of two personalities like Harvey and myself, to a certain extent." He then allows himself a brief flash of amused irritation: "And the showman, Weinstein the showman. 'I announce this picture will be released on such and such a date . . . I change my mind . . . ' He's a showman and that's what you go for. But the studio has to question what you do, and they've got to come in. Each film has its own set of surprises and conflicts." In other words: you gotta break some eggs to make an omelette. Weinstein offered his own perspective at Cannes: "This is an attempt of art—not like half the shit you see from goddamn Hollywood . . . " An apt bottom line no matter how the film is received by audiences and critics.

Weinstein says he will push "strongly" for a best-supporting-actress Oscar nomination for Diaz, which would be her first in any category. (She did win a surprise best-actress award from the New York Film Critics Circle for *There's Something About Mary.*) The producer will no doubt keep his promise and bang a big drum. "She deserves it," he says.

Ambition remains a tricky subject for Diaz herself. It has been reported, erroneously, that she is also serving as a producer on the *Charlie's Angels* sequel—a suggestion that seems almost to horrify her. "I'm not a very good multi-tasker," she says more than once, making a mantra of it while comparing herself unfavorably to Drew Barrymore, who is, in fact, a producer on the Angels movies. "Lucy and Drew both amaze me because those girls are just like workers. Lucy, she's on that fricking BlackBerry like every second. She's there typing, Drew's making phone calls. And I'm just like, 'You guys need me on the set? No? *Good.* I'm just going to mosey on back to my trailer and whip up a little something to eat. Anybody hungry?'"

By her own reckoning, introspection—at least for public consumption—isn't her strong suit. But she gives it another try: "I love working with people and having a good time. I mean, I say it so often I almost feel like people must be like, 'Shut up already with you-had-a-good-time. We *understand* you had a good time.' But really, honestly, it's, like, it *was* a good time. And that's why I do it." She doesn't seem to want to belabor the point, and neither will we. □

Iraq

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 going back 10 years. In recent selective media leaks, C.I.A. officials have suggested that the Pentagon unit was created to "politicize" or "cook" intelligence, in order to support the hawks' case for war. Three senior administration officials who have seen its work say the opposite is true—that the C.I.A. had let politics serve as its guide. The reason, says one, is that the C.I.A. had spent a decade "clinging to the belief" that Saddam, as a secular dictator, would shun Islamic fundamentalists, despite their common enemy. For the C.I.A., revising that view would mean admitting that its agents may have missed chances to prevent the attacks of September 11, 2001.

"In the Cold War," says another official, "often you'd draw firm conclusions on the basis of just four or five reports. Here there are almost 100 separate C.I.A. reports of Iraq–al-Qaeda cooperation going back to 1992." The C.I.A. grades intelligence reports' credibility. All of the reports examined by the special Pentagon unit, says the official, came from the highest category—defined as a report from a source whose information had proved reliable in the past. The reanalyzed C.I.A. material included the claim that Farouk Hijazi, one of the Mukhabarat's most senior agents, traveled to Afghanistan in 1998 to meet with Osama bin Laden, and details of journeys by two of the 9/11 pilots, Marwan al-Shehhi and Ziad Jarrah, to the United Arab Emirates, where they are said to have met with Iraqi intelligence officers. Both of these claims were first brought to light by the I.N.C.

"In 32 years in Washington," says Richard Perle, "I have never seen anything like it." Driven by its entrenched beliefs, the C.I.A. has seemingly closed its eyes to the inescapable conclusions of its own information. "It's either criminal negligence or criminal incompetence," Perle says. "We do not have a fully functioning intelligence system on this issue."

Ahmad Chalabi was born in Baghdad, the youngest of nine, in October 1944. His father, Abdul Hadi Chalabi, the head of a family already prominent when it arrived in Baghdad with the Ottoman sultan Murad IV in 1638, was the richest man in Iraq. In addition to an export business that handled most of Iraq's vast grain surplus, his holdings included a farm estate south of Baghdad a hundred square miles in area. (Today, Chalabi says, Saddam has turned part of it into a factory for producing chemical weapons.) The infant Ahmad was cared for by Sayeeda, a former African slave, who had once nursed his mother. The Chalabis must have been benign employers. Most of their retinue of servants stayed with the family for decades. Chalabi inspires a similar loyalty today: many of the key figures around him in the I.N.C. have been there since its inception.

Steeped as they were in the Shia Islamic tradition, the Chalabis also looked to the West. Ahmad's uncle graduated from Cambridge University in 1928. His father, grandfather, and brother Rushdie were all leading figures in the constitutional monarchy of the Hashemites (the same family that still governs Jordan), who ruled Iraq from 1921 until the coup in 1958. One of Ahmad's childhood memories is of helping campaign for his brother's election to parliament from the back of a black Cadillac. Another time, the British prime minister Harold Macmillan was a family guest. "I remember our own then prime minister, Nuri as-Said, introducing Rushdie to him as the third generation from our family to serve." Months later, in the 1958 coup, as-Said was murdered.

Iraq in the 1950s was multi-racial and increasingly prosperous. Shots from the Chalabi family album depict a sumptuous party for Sir Edward Spears, the British Middle East envoy, held at their Baghdad home, a sprawling palace with 27 acres of garden. Clearly visible are a Catholic monsignor, Shia and Sunni Muslim clerics, and several Jews. (All these groups were also represented on the board of the Chalabi export firm.) Among the guests are scientists, bankers, writers, and physicians—an entire elite, most of whose members either were murdered or fled Iraq long ago. "Just look," Chalabi mutters. "Those bastards have set us back 700 years." Before the coup, Ahmad attended Baghdad's American Jesuit school, long since closed. It was part of the best educational system in the Middle East.

When the violence surrounding the 1958 takeover began to subside, Ahmad's family tried to return him to the Jesuits. But on his first day back, he got into a fight with another pupil, whose father was siding with the generals. To be outspoken in this way was now potentially fatal. Eventually, the Chalabis moved to London. The boy had already shown academic ability. After entering Seaford College, a secondary school in southern England, Chalabi continued to do well, and roared effortlessly through the British exam curriculum. In 1961, when he was 16, he enrolled at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

It doesn't take long for anyone in Chalabi's company to become aware of the unusual force of his intellect. It isn't just the breadth of his knowledge, but also its prodigious detail. "Sometimes in meetings I just have to laugh," says Arras Karem, the I.N.C.'s intelligence chief. "He'll be with some Iraqi Communist, and to make a point will begin a lecture on an obscure aspect of Soviet history, always with exact dates. Or he between mullahs, talking in incredible about Islam, about ancient Shia th Their jaws just drop. We call it 'open his hard-disk drive.'"

In the year that I have known Cha have heard this hard drive open nun times: on the 19th-century Punjab w India; on the construction of "wind t in hot climates as an alternative t conditioning; on the beauty of both a Indian *ghazal* laments and animated- show tunes. The books in his office refl catholicity. There are the directly rele histories of the German resistance to and of Germany's reconstruction after t ond World War; Clausewitz and Sir Bas dell Hart on the theory of war. The also Gibbon's *The History of the D and Fall of the Roman Empire,* the p of Stephen Spender, shelves of histor philosophy in Arabic, and the works o wig Wittgenstein.

At the start of Chalabi's second y M.I.T., he chose to major in math ics. Warren Ambrose, the professor wh to become his intellectual mentor, ask class to take a test. There were 15 que with seven points awarded for a corre swer, and seven deducted for a wron In less than half of the allotted two Chalabi says, he had finished. Am marked it in front of him: he had scor maximum 105. The professor asked h sit beside him and help grade the oth dents' papers. His nearest rival scored (Even today, Chalabi keeps up his r matics. His associates often find comp gebraic equations scribbled like dood his notepad after political meetings.)

Graduating in 1965, Chalabi tra with his father from New England to Arabia, on the hajj, the sacred pilgrim the Great Mosque in Mecca. He retur the U.S. to begin his doctoral studies University of Chicago. His work is stil as a contribution to a new branch o bra. In Chicago, he also began to wo using computers to encrypt message codes based on huge prime numbers. warned off by the authorities. They t not to pursue it, because what I was was at the cutting edge of work at th tional Security Agency." The encry method the I.N.C. uses to communicat its agents today is a direct descendant.

In early 1963, the Baath Party, l Saddam, had seized power for the firs Months later, Chalabi, though still an undergraduate, joined a countercou and was exploiting his family's extensiv tacts in Jordan to win support for th ters from King Hussein. In 1969, af ceiving his doctorate, he flew directly Iranian capital, Teheran, to join an

spiracy, organized by the Kurdish leader tafa Barzani. By then Saddam Hussein, gh nominally only vice president, was tively the ruler of Iraq. His ruthless ex- ion of intelligence and repression was under way. The coup plot was penetrat- and 44 of its members inside Iraq were uted. The experience taught Chalabi an lible lesson. "I saw that Saddam is a h better plotter than any of the intelli- e services who are trying to confront " Iraq's dictatorship could be toppled by overt means—not by a coup but by a ution or war of liberation."

halabi might easily have found a tenured at an Ivy League university. But in 1970, der to stay close to developments in Iraq, cepted a job at the American Universi- Beirut. There, he met Leila, a daugh- f Adel Osseiran, who was a leader in non's war of independence from France later president of its National Assembly. became Chalabi's wife and the mother s four children. Lebanon, however, was t to dissolve in civil war. In the dark of 1975, Chalabi recruited his own mili- protect his home, stockpiling a ton of and 4,000 gallons of gasoline so that he is neighbors would not starve. By 1977 ad become untenable, and the family d to Amman, Jordan.

s Chalabi laid the foundations for what would become the I.N.C.'s intelligence ork, he nurtured contacts with Western ters. In the summer of 1979, Saddam urated his presidency with a notorious dbath, convening a large meeting of aath Party leadership and denouncing of those present. They were taken from all and shot; in a number of cases, their st surviving comrades were forced to he trigger. Chalabi got news of the mas- to the Western media within 48 hours. am had ordered a videotape of the pro- ngs. Later, Chalabi acquired a copy.

Amman, Chalabi founded and ran the controversial venture of his career—the Bank. The first bank in Jordan to use outers, and the first to introduce both t cards and A.T.M.'s, it grew from noth- become the country's third largest. In however, it was closed by the Jordani- entral Bank amid allegations of fraud embezzlement, and later Chalabi and al of the bank's directors were tried and cted *in absentia.* He lost all his posses- in Jordan—including a stunning marble ion, which he had designed.

halabi maintains that Petra was always nt, and that the embezzlement claims a shabby pretext. The real reason the was closed, he says, was the manipu- n of Jordan's institutions by Iraq. Pe- former foreign-exchange director, Ali f, supports this assertion. The bank's liquidators, Sarraf says, offered a 25 percent discount to any of Petra's borrowers who repaid their loans. Although this meant thousands of people got new loans from other banks simply to repay Petra at the discount rate, when the bank was shut down its assets still outstripped its liabilities. As for embezzlement: "Why would Chalabi steal from the bank when he owned three-quarters of its shares?" Sarraf says. "He would have been stealing from himself." It is also notable that Chalabi was warned of the bank's impending closure by none other than Crown Prince Hassan, who remains one of his closest friends.

Years after, in the late 1990s, as Chalabi tried to build support for his cause in Washington, the Petra Bank affair appeared to be a potent weapon in the hands of his antagonists at the C.I.A. Randy Scheunemann, now a lobbyist, was senior foreign-policy adviser to the Senate majority leader, Trent Lott. Scheunemann wanted the senator to meet Chalabi, but first he had to ensure he was "clean." When Scheunemann was shown Chalabi's official C.I.A. profile, he was dismayed: it stated without qualification he had fled embezzlement charges. It was only when Scheunemann thought about its other items—such as the claim that he was a strict authoritarian who always traveled with a large entourage of bodyguards—that he began to wonder about its veracity: not only is Chalabi a democrat, he has no bodyguards at all. "I went to the C.I.A. and asked for details," Scheunemann says. "If they were serious, they'd have rushed up with reams of information. They couldn't produce a single document that suggested anything other than what Chalabi had always said."

In February 1991, shortly before the end of the Gulf War, Chalabi published an impassioned article in the London *Observer.* "The people of Iraq have struggled long and hard against the dictatorship of Saddam," he wrote. "They are able to construct a democratic regime. They should not be denied this opportunity." The brief ground war, the disastrous uprising that followed Iraq's defeat, and America's abandonment of the rebels to murderous retribution all lay in the future. But here was Chalabi for the first time publicly formulating the simple message he has propounded ever since. Weeks later, amid the wreckage left by George H. W. Bush's war, Chalabi took the first steps toward forming the I.N.C.

From the outset, it was envisaged as an umbrella group in which all the strands of Iraq's diverse opposition could find a home. After a first conference in Vienna, in the summer of 1992, Chalabi traveled to Salahudin, a former resort in the Zagros Mountains. It lay inside the Kurdish "no-fly zone" of northern Iraq, protected from Saddam by Western aircraft. Soon after arriving he met Arras Karem for the first time. After a brief interview, Chalabi decided that Karem was a man of unusual ability. Then, Karem says, "Chalabi gave me the mission impossible. He asked me to find and prepare a venue for a conference of 400 delegates in Salahudin, and to prepare all the necessary accommodations and facilities. He said I had one month." The water and electricity supplies had been destroyed, and many buildings ruined. Karem said yes—and managed to deliver on his promise. With money supplied by Chalabi, he acquired generators and pumps, repaired hotels, and rented the entire police force from the nearby city of Irbil as security detail for the conference. Afterward, Chalabi found houses for himself and his closest aides. Iraqi Kurdistan, first in Salahudin and later in Irbil, was to be his and the I.N.C.'s home for the next four years—the staging area, as he saw it, for a national revolution.

His achievements in this autonomous statelet were considerable. The I.N.C. ran a newspaper and radio and TV stations, and acted as a magnet for non-Kurdish Iraqis who wished to defect from the regime. Thousands moved north with their families. But life sandwiched between Saddam and the two opposing Kurdish factions, the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan and the Kurdish Democratic Party, was always insecure. "It was a miracle I didn't get killed," Chalabi says. "But I always operated on the principle that if I was asking guys to do dangerous things, then I was going to have to do them myself." From 1993 on, he found himself almost continuously trying to broker peace between the Kurds—on one occasion stepping between them on a mountain ridge while bullets flew from both sides.

Throughout this period, the I.N.C. was bankrolled by the C.I.A. But this was a marriage made in hell. In 1995 the substantial C.I.A. contingent in Kurdistan led Chalabi to believe he had U.S. support for a plan to advance with I.N.C. and Kurdish troops southward, into the territory controlled by Saddam. On the eve of the offensive, Chalabi got word from the C.I.A. that there would be no support—neither moral nor with airpower—after all. Although the I.N.C. persuaded almost 1,500 Iraqi troops to surrender after a brief skirmish, the offensive fizzled out.

The C.I.A. was done with support for Iraqi democracy. Its new client was the Wifaq, the Iraqi National Accord, a group of former Baathist officers who promised they could deliver the "silver bullet" solution—a coup by friendly tyrants, and the assassination of Saddam Hussein. From a base in Amman, the C.I.A. supplied the plotters with a high-technology satellite ra-

Iraq

dio transmitter, in order to communicate with their colleagues in Iraq.

At the end of March 1996, three months before the planned coup, a Mukhabarat officer who was working for Chalabi's intelligence network told Chalabi that Saddam knew the names of every plotter, and that the vaunted C.I.A. transmitter had been captured. It was sending out disinformation—from a Mukhabarat office in Baghdad. Chalabi flew to Washington and arranged a meeting with John Deutch, then C.I.A. director. He told him what he knew, but was promptly disbelieved: in the C.I.A.'s view, his story was the product of I.N.C. sour grapes.

The plot went on. A few days before the coup came the first of hundreds of arrests. Many of the plotters inside Iraq were tortured to death. The C.I.A.'s satellite receiver in Amman chattered into life one final time, this time acknowledging that the message was coming from the Mukhabarat. "We have arrested all your people," it said. "You might as well pack up and go home." Having done what he could to prevent this fiasco earned Chalabi no favors. "It all goes back to Chalabi," comments a senior administration official in regard to the C.I.A.'s current hostility to the I.N.C. "He showed them up, and they don't like it."

After the damp-squib offensive of 1995, the U.S. withdrew funding from the I.N.C., eroding Chalabi's ability to broker peace between the Kurds. Two months after the foiled Wifaq coup, Saddam did a deal with the Kurdish Democratic Party, and in return for trying to help the faction crush its rivals his armies were able to advance into what had been the safe haven of Irbil. The U.S. observed from the air, but took no steps to protect its erstwhile allies. About 130 I.N.C. activists were murdered, while thousands more fled for their lives. The I.N.C. plan for a revolution led from Kurdistan was over.

If Chalabi was ever tempted to follow the Mukhabarat's advice to the C.I.A., to "pack up and go home," he showed no sign of it. "The C.I.A. and the whole Clinton administration wanted Chalabi and the I.N.C. to roll over and die," says Zaab Sethna, one of Chalabi's long-standing advisers. "They'd never seen anything like what happened next. The client not only refuses to expire, he comes back and bites them. That's why they hate him." Chalabi already had a handful of allies in Washington, including Randy Scheunemann in Senator Lott's office and Danielle Pletka, a former Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff member—and, more distantly, Professor Lewis in Princeton. Chalabi and what was left of the I.N.C. used them to build what Sethna terms a "guerrilla lobbying campaign," slowly drawing in more converts—among them Senators John McCain and Joseph Lieberman. Scheunemann says, "Others were involved. But it was Ahmad's personality, intellect, and persua- skills that made it possible to put toge politicians of both parties, foreign-polic tellectuals, and former U.N. weapons ins tors behind an overt policy of regime ch in Iraq."

The result, signed into law by Presi Clinton in October 1998, was the Iraq eration Act. It not only committed Ame to trying to oust Saddam, but also marked $97 million for the Iraqi opp tion—including the I.N.C. Chalabi was in business. For two years the idea democratic Iraq remained a distant dre Then came 9/11. As the world change seemed to become an attainable objec

Since the beginning of 2002, Ame has lurched repeatedly toward, and away from, a war with Saddam—a "wa Iraq," as Chalabi puts it. He compare position to that of the German resist to Hitler before 1939: "This is the fat countries who make themselves dange to the rest of the world. They become tirely subject to the will of the rest of world's powers to deal with them. We only try to persuade."

The alternative, for many Iraqis, is alt too desperate to contemplate. "This is last chance," says Nabeel Musawi, the I activist who took me to Beirut in 200 meet al-Qurairy. "We have never bee close. And if, despite everything, it all apart, Saddam and the Baathists will b power for the next three generations."

Steve Case

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83 tending to his charitable foundation. Besides, with the exception of Levin as C.E.O., the most senior corporate positions at the new company were generally occupied by loyal AOLers. But as time went by and the heady promises of the great AOL Time Warner deal faded—and with Case now being criticized for remaining aloof from the fray—the AOL side slowly lost control. One by one, the executives who'd initially played a role in bringing together AOL and Time Warner lost power: some of them were fired, others forced out, others marginalized. In December 2001, Levin himself was pushed out, replaced as C.E.O. by Dick Parsons (who, despite having helped negotiate the AOL deal as Levin's second-in-command, has been untainted by its catastrophic aftermath). Last July it was Bob Pittman's turn: the most senior AOL executive after Case. Pittman resigned as the company's chief operating officer when it became clear that his power base had eroded. Case is now the last man standing—a target for the accumulated ill will of employees and investors unappeased by the previous bloodlettings.

If Case survives the purges, it won't be the first time he's beaten the odds through sheer tenacity and resolve. Throughout much of the 1990s, according to the media and Wall Street, AOL was on the way out. If competing Internet-service providers didn't finish it off, the thinking went, surely Microsoft would. Nonetheless, Case's belief in the future of AOL was unshakable. "Since the early 1990s, Steve has had this burn in his belly that what he was creating with AOL was not just something you did with your computer—like word processing. It was something huge and something that would one day be as big and pervasive as the telephone or the television," explained an AOL executive who has worked with Case for more than a decade. "That belief of his burns inside of him like radioactive uranium. It's ever present—it's the drive that propels him."

Likewise, the setbacks of the past three years have not changed Case's faith in the future of AOL Time Warner. Without irony, he continues to use such late buzzwords as "convergence" and "inte tivity" to describe his business model his view, all creative content—music, mo cartoons, TV shows, books, and m zines—will eventually be converted f analog to digital; using high-speed Inte connections, people will then access A Time Warner's proprietary content i sorts of unforeseen ways. "This wave i ing to crest—you don't know how high be, or when it'll come, but it's inevita is how Ted Leonsis, vice-chairman of AOL division, explained Case's vie me. Drawing out the surfing metap Leonsis concluded: you either ride wave of the digital revolution or it dro you. In other words, to survive, AOL Warner must figure out how to make m ey in entirely new ways.

Few people dispute Case's view of digital future: as visions go, it's bec commonplace. But some people on Time Warner side don't think it will a as quickly or universally as Case imag (For instance, will enough people get w for or be willing to pay for high-spee ternet access?) That debate aside, wha

Case's detractors within the company the vision itself but the raw, confronta- al style of management he uses to get points across—his lack of "warm and y." The way Case typically makes deci- s, colleagues say, is to play devil's advo- : an executive proposes an idea, and e responds by arguing forcefully, logi- , against it; the executive, who can't be just where Case stands on the issue, has to prove that he truly backs the and believes in it. If the executive des under the pressure and recants, he lost the game.

Darwinian management" is how one executive described Case's style to You've got to be thick-skinned to sur- in his business world. According to al admiring AOL executives, this Dar- an style is an intellectual exercise, used ase to help him work through an idea at the same time, st his managers' in- ndence. It's a mind e. "If you say 'Yes' ie time to him, he'll working with you," ins another AOL tive. "If you are a you have to tell that he's wrong—if think he's wrong— you have to tell exactly what you ." There's only one lem with this ap- ch: "If you didn't him, you'd be in- d."

eed, Case has offended Time Warner ex- utives on more than one occasion. Dur- strategy meeting, as recounted to me by one who was present, Case bluntly told ner Bros. executives: *You guys will be f business. The Internet's going to steal ur copyrighted material. What are you to do?* The Warner executives appar- took umbrage: they were being second- ed, aggressively, by someone who, in opinion, knew nothing about their busi- "He thinks he's challenging people to do best, to think creatively. But it doesn't ate people—it pisses them off," the ex- e who attended the meeting told me. mething else ticks these people off: s refusal to admit defeat. Instead of be- dmired for his steadfastness and deter- tion, Case is described as "stubborn" "tone deaf" by people on the Time er side. "He doesn't second-guess him- r have regrets" is how a senior AOLer ibes Case's messianism. In Case's view, urrent problems at AOL Time Warner inor and temporary; they may look etbacks, they may be painful, but really they're nothing more than the zigs and zags you'd expect when a sailboat is on course and tacking. Anyone who disagrees hasn't seen the light yet, or isn't being logical, or hasn't weighed the facts, or is myopic. "Remember: Courage through analysis," Case preached in a recent Instant Message to his colleague Leonsis.

To the extent that he does acknowledge that the AOL Time Warner deal has so far been a fiasco, Case has portrayed himself as a victim of other people's incompetence. "He had this vision. They did this grand deal. Then the guys running it screwed it up." That's how one major shareholder described the explanation Case gave him. The shareholder didn't swallow the story: "I would feel a lot better about it if Steve said that he made a bunch of mistakes."

That isn't likely. "Steve continues to believe in the potential of the merger," Ken



DUDE, WHERE'S MY SHARE PRICE?
Case as an indifferent student at Williams College in the late 1970s. Says a former roommate, "He knew the game was not 'Get an A'; the game was 'Take over the world.'"

Novack told me. "And he's determined not to let the noise—which is generated by a few people and then fed by the press—distract him or distract us."

Stephen McConnell Case was born in Honolulu on August 21, 1958, the third of four children. Although he grew up in the turbulent 60s and 70s, his childhood reflects the cozy clichés of a yellowing copy of *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Aloha from The Cases" is the message printed on a Christmas card from 1971, featuring all four Case children, smiling brightly, along with their corgis, Tuffy and Tabe.

Steve Case's mother, Carol, was an elementary-school teacher who stayed at home to raise the children. His father, Daniel Case Jr., a corporate lawyer, represented the state's powerful sugar and pineapple companies. The Case children had paper routes and limeade stands; while they were still teenagers, Steve and his older brother, Dan III, established a company called Case Enterprises, selling Christmas cards, seeds, and wristwatches door-to-door.

Steve Case was not your typical upper-middle-class suburban boy; he was too single-minded for that. Scott Lankford, who roomed with Case for three years in the late 70s at Williams College, recalled, "He knew he was going to be a businessman from the moment he walked into Williams. He didn't care particularly about grades. He would shoot for C's and he knew why he was shooting for C's.... He knew that the game was not 'Get an A'; the game was 'Take over the world.'"

If Case was not a dedicated student ("I would not want to reveal his grade," James MacGregor Burns, professor emeritus of government at Williams, told me elegantly, "but he was among my median students"), it was because his full-time campus occupation was to start and then promote one business venture after another. "He was a yuppie before the word existed," said Lankford. Using his dorm room as an office, and signing up roommates as business partners, Case launched Williams Fruitbaskets, offering parents a way to send their children a healthy snack during exams. He also started a record label, Purple Cow Records, whose only known LP, a Simon and Garfunkel–influenced compilation entitled *The Best of Williams Volume One—1978*, sold for $4. Case took control of Magic Bus, a student-run shuttle that transported students from Williams to the Albany airport at the end of each semester. From a haphazard operation, Magic Bus turned into an efficient one.

Despite his efforts, Case never made much money at Williams. He lost at least $350 on a for-profit *Saturday Night Fever* party he helped organize. And as co-chairman of the All-College Entertainment Committee, he spent so much of the school's money hiring big-name acts such as Don McLean, Livingston Taylor, and Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes that he was accused of "deliberate mismanagement of funds by the school paper. After one sparsely attended concert, a writer for the *Williams Record* reported, "Sprawled on a foam rubber cushion between sets, a distraught Steve Case ... estimated that total losses would probably approach five thou-

Steve Case

sand dollars or more, necessitating the cancellation of Homecoming concert plans."

After graduating from Williams in 1980 with a degree in political science, Case joined Procter & Gamble as an assistant brand manager. Restless after two years at P&G, Case joined Pizza Hut as a manager of new development.

It was during his time at Pizza Hut, living by himself in a rental apartment in Wichita, Kansas, that Case was granted his epiphany, the revelation that led to AOL. Described time and again, in almost every in-depth interview Case has given, as well as on his personal Web site and in his speeches, the now mythic story goes like this: Case bought himself a Kaypro II personal computer and a primitive modem; he then paid $100 to subscribe to the Source, the first on-line service for consumers. The year was 1982, a lifetime ago in the history of computing. (Case's Kaypro II weighed 26 pounds, despite being described as a "personal portable computer," and featured a nine-inch green phosphor screen.) "When I finally logged in and found myself linked to people all over the country from this sorry little apartment in Wichita, it was just exhilarating," Case is quoted as saying by Kara Swisher in her 1998 book, *AOL.com.*

One year later, at a 1983 Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, Case's brother Dan, who was working for the investment bank Hambrecht & Quist, introduced Steve to the man who had created the Source, William Von Meister. A consummate inventor and entrepreneur, Von Meister was then running Control Video Corporation, whose sole product was something called GameLine, which allowed subscribers to download video games onto their Atari 2600 home game machines. At the 1983 electronics show, Von Meister and his chief technologist, Marc Seriff, took orders for tens of thousands of units. On the spot they also hired Steve Case, aged 25, as a marketing consultant. "He had no credentials. He was a pizza-marketing guy," recalled Seriff. But Case was enthusiastic and bright and optimistic; what is more, his brother Dan—or, rather, Dan's firm—had invested in Control Video.

A few months later, the home-video-game industry collapsed, and Atari teetered on the edge of bankruptcy. Of the 50,000 or so GameLine modules made, almost all of them ended up in a Dumpster behind Control Video's offices in Tysons Corner, Virginia. Determined to salvage their investment, the company's backers pushed Von Meister out and installed Jim Kimsey as C.E.O., although Kimsey knew almost nothing about computing. He was a decorated veteran of the Vietnam War whose only business experience was running a string of successful bars in Washington, D.C. But he was an old and trusted friend of venture capitalist Frank Caufield, one of Control Video's largest investors; the two men had been at West Point together. With Marc Seriff in charge of technology and Steve Case responsible for marketing, Kimsey started over, using the core idea behind GameLine to launch Quantum Computer Services. The company offered an on-line service for Commodore 64 computers called Q-Link, introduced in 1985. This was the beginning of what would become AOL.

Case had heard the prophetic call. "More and more, it became sort of religious," said Kimsey, describing those early years to me. "I was driven more by everybody telling me, 'It can't be done.' ... Steve was driven by a much longer-term vision." Seriff, who left AOL in 1996, concurred: "This is going to sound so corny, but Steve is one of those destiny kind of guys. He knew what was going to happen. He didn't grandstand—he just went and made it happen."

Most famously, what Case made happen was a deal with Apple Computer, a deal so unfathomable that, in the words of an AOLer who witnessed it, it was "like grabbing a gumball out of the crocodile's mouth." Rather than compete directly for consumers with the industry's big players (the Source, then owned by *Reader's Digest;* H&R Block's CompuServe; and General Electric's GEnie), Quantum started out by building proprietary on-line services for computer manufacturers. Still, common sense dictated that if Apple wanted such a service, and it did, Apple would do a deal with one of the bigger companies. Quantum was not just unknown; it was a tiny, poorly financed company with a shaky history and, in Commodore, only one customer.

Unintimidated by the odds, and establishing a pattern that would become typical for him, Case was going to do a deal with Apple, and nothing would deter him—nothing. In late 1986 he packed a suitcase, got on a plane, and moved into a rental apartment just down the road from Apple's headquarters in Cupertino, California. Every day for three months, obsessively, patiently, he focused on only one thing: wearing down Apple's resistance. After the deal was signed, Case returned to Quantum as a conquering hero. Then he pulled off a string of miraculous deals, one after another, and his colleagues became convinced that Case was superhuman: he walked on water and changed it into wine. "The deals he did—there was no logical reason for them to be done," Seriff told me. "Apple, Tandy, IBM. None of them should have happened. We were a nobody."

Officially, Kimsey was still the company's C.E.O. But inside the company (whose name was changed to America Online in 19 was clear that Case had become the l Fueled by the belief that he was bu something that would change the world. was working 15-hour days, inspiring h ployees to do the same. "It was intoxic said Randy Dean, who joined the comp 1988. "How many people can say that t to work and do something that nobody done before? We were saying that every

In 1991, Case was named C.E.O. H 33. One year later, Case was forced t back the C.E.O. title to Kimsey on pr grounds: AOL was getting ready to go lic, and in the view of its board of dire Case was too young to give the compa credibility needed for an initial public ing. Kimsey told me, "So I took him to at Clyde's in Tysons Corner. I remembe Elmer Fudd look on his face. We sat for two hours and I really had to go th it. I will tell you, I admire him tremend for how he took it and how he cond himself.... You know, he could have 'Screw you, I'm outta here.' He could been petulant. He could have tried to u mine me. He was a good dude. He too know it killed him. It had to." Wasn't sey worried that Case might quit? "I kn was too psychically invested to do that," sey confided. Not long after AOL's I.P. March 1992, Case got his title back.

Kimsey also told me the story of Case, in Paris for a business meeting Minitel, an early on-line service own the French government, refused to stop the Louvre. "That just tells you every you need to know about Steve," said sey. "He was so focused on going t Minitel thing, he didn't even want to for two minutes and look at the Louv

Case does have what's called a per life. In 1985 he married Joanne Barke church in her hometown of Rumson, Jersey. They'd met at Williams, where ker, a student at Smith College, had sp year. She became a schoolteacher. They three children. In retrospect, it's pro not surprising that this first marriag raveled somehow, or that his second wife, Villanueva, would be a senior executi AOL. Day and night, there was nothin Case but AOL; it was all-consuming Randy Dean, who concedes that he hi had more than one love affair with a f AOLer, put it to me, "You didn't have other social life." In 1998, two years taking their office romance public, Cas Villanueva were pronounced man and by Billy Graham in a small ceremo Case's home in Virginia.

By this time the world was beginni understand Case's vision. Since going lic in 1992, AOL had seen its revenue from $38 million to more than $1 bil Case had buried the old competitio

noting AOL as a simple on-line service he masses, by demystifying it and mak- t so innocuous that no one was intimi- d by the underlying bauds and mega- s. Clever marketing didn't hurt: every sehold in the country, it seemed, had ved by mail at least one copy of AOL's software, along with the promise of a month of service. It was hard to resist ligital future on those terms.

nd then, even more quickly than it had risen, AOL had found itself spinning of control. More and more, the cost ose millions and millions of free soft- discs was outpacing the revenue they ght in. Meanwhile, a huge number of s were abandoning AOL and its high ly rates for other, brand-new Internet- ce providers that offered cheap flat rates unlimited access. There were legal lems, too, with the Federal Trade Com- on and various state attorneys general tigating the company's billing policies. een May and October of 1996, AOL's price dropped nearly 70 percent.

he crisis at AOL Time Warner may be but it's nothing compared with what faced back then. "The company was mendous turmoil. The press was say- ve were going to die," remembered an er who was there at the time. "People OL] were hurting. They wanted some- o stand up and comfort them." That on was not to be Steve Case.

noring the static by tuning out, Case iso- himself from his employees, focusing owly on the primary question: should move to flat-rate pricing? With Bob Pitt- the former C.E.O. of MTV, now on to be responsible for the quotidian, could become a full-time seer. Hiding his office, communicating largely by il and Instant Messages, Case finally a decision in October 1996: AOL an- ced a flat $19.95 monthly fee. The re- se to the flat fee was overwhelming, liter- when customers stampeded to sign up, s computer servers, its central nervous n, collapsed. But soon AOL's customers spending more and more of their day e. Over the course of just six months, went from using AOL for a combined illion hours a month to a remarkable illion hours a month. Case's reputation seer was etched in stone. "Steve just making the right decisions," said Jack itt, a former AOL executive. "One time, mes—you could chalk that up to luck. when you keep doing it, it moves into alm of skill."

1998, in a clear sign of its dominance on-line industry, AOL acquired Com- ve. One year later, AOL paid $10 bil- n stock for Netscape Communications, n of the Internet Age. From trading at around $2 a share (split-adjusted) in early 1997, AOL's stock hit an all-time high of $94 on December 13, 1999. Less than a month later, AOL announced that it was buying Time Warner for $164 billion in stock.

It had taken Case many long months to make the decision to buy Time Warner. In typical fashion, he assembled vast amounts of data, examined all the options, and, throughout 1999, held meeting after meeting about the future of AOL. All things were in flux. More and more, Microsoft's MSN on-line service was encroaching on AOL. As for AOL's stock price, it couldn't keep rising forever; at some point, reasoned Case, Internet frenzy had to abate. To seize the day, the company needed to use its inflated stock to buy something huge—something that would make AOL less vulnerable to Microsoft, and, at the same time, less susceptible to a deflation of Internet stocks. According to investment bankers hired by AOL, Case considered making a deal with WorldCom or AT&T; he looked at merging with eBay; he discussed hooking up with Citigroup; he approached Disney. But the more Case weighed the possibilities, the more he focused on Time Warner.

In late September 1999, Case flew to Shanghai to attend a global-business forum hosted by *Fortune,* a Time Warner publication. Not that he was strictly interested in global business: Case flew to China because one of the hosts of the conference was Jerry Levin. It was love at first sight. "He was taken by Jerry's perspective on the world," someone who accompanied Case on that fateful trip told me. "Jerry had a prominent position there. He was greeted by officials in China basically as an equal."

Levin wasn't just a powerful man with worldwide connections; in Case's eyes he was a sensitive man, concerned with fairness and the greater good of shareholders. "Steve and Jerry spent a great deal of time talking about their view of the world—about companies that serve to create value for shareholders and operate in the public interest," I was told by the person who was on the trip. "They shared the same set of values."

After the conference in Shanghai, Case and Levin went on to Beijing, where they attended celebrations for the 50th anniversary of Communist rule in China. On October 1, 1999, as 500,000 soldiers and civilians paraded machine-like through Tiananmen Square along with rows of tanks and patriotic floats, Case apparently made up his mind: Jerry Levin would be his partner. Together they'd change history. That night Beijing was illuminated by fireworks. It was blinding.

Fast-forward three years. The smoke has cleared, the lights are out. Jerry Levin has lost his job as C.E.O. of the world's most powerful media-and-entertainment company. As for Steve Case, the pressure on him to quit is building day by day.

Case's troubles began in earnest last July, when a series of investigative articles in *The Washington Post* accused AOL of having falsely inflated advertising revenue in the period leading up to the consummation of the Time Warner deal. Two of AOL Time Warner's biggest, most powerful shareholders—Ted Turner, a vice-chairman and a director of AOL Time Warner, and money manager Gordon Crawford of Capital Research & Management—reacted by turning on Case. Turner had already proved his mettle; as I reported in this magazine last July, he had been instrumental in forcing Levin out of AOL Time Warner. Crawford, though not as well known as Turner, carries tremendous weight on Wall Street. For three decades he has been one of the country's most admired and mimicked media-and-entertainment investors, owning massive positions in such companies as Viacom, News Corporation, and USA Interactive. At last count, his Los Angeles–based firm owned around 8 percent of AOL Time Warner.

Using their considerable influence, Turner and Crawford began lobbying other major shareholders and directors to demand Case's resignation. Late last summer, Crawford even met with Case in New York, telling him he should resign. The next day, according to someone close to Crawford, Case called Crawford to ask what he could do to patch up their relationship. "Not very much" was the matter-of-fact answer.

By September 2002, shortly before a scheduled AOL Time Warner board meeting, reports in *The New York Times* and the *New York Post* suggested that the company's directors might vote to fire Case. At AOL's headquarters, where any attack on Case is taken personally by the devoted employees, flyers started appearing in hallways and elevators, stuck up with tape. They read, WE SUPPORT STEVE. On one of the flyers the word "strongly" had been added by hand, as in WE *STRONGLY* SUPPORT STEVE. So intense was media speculation about Case's future that on September 19, once AOL Time Warner's board meeting had ended without a formal change in Case's employment status, a company spokesperson took the unusual step of telling reporters, "Steve Case is the company's chairman and he will remain so.... Steve Case's role at the company was not on the [board's] agenda and not discussed."

That announcement has done nothing to stop the intrigue and ill will at AOL Time Warner. Some people inside and outside the company have gone as far as to argue that the merger should be undone and AOL spun off. According to a recent report in *The Wall Street Journal,* even Case himself has had thoughts about spinning off

Steve Case

AOL. That's not likely to happen, though, mainly because the prevailing view inside the company is that things are so bad they can't get much worse, and, indeed, since hitting a low of $8.70 last July, AOL Time Warner's stock has climbed sharply, hovering around $15 as this article went to press.

As for Case: "The odds are heavily stacked against him surviving, because leaders get picked or elected by the acclaim of their constituencies—and he has no constituency," one of AOL Time Warner's large institutional shareholders told me recently. "There's no shareholder in the company of any substance that wants him around.... There's nobody at the Time Warner companies that wants him around. I don't believe Dick Parsons wants him around. I don't think the majority of the board wants him around. So his only constituency is the AOL board members.... That's all that stands between him and the door."

"That's bullshit" is how Ken Novack responded to my suggestion that Case's only remaining allies were board members who came from the old AOL. "Steve's got very strong support from Dick and the overwhelming support of our board."

This is the bottom line: the AOL Time Warner board includes seven directors from the old Time Warner board and seven from AOL. Under the terms of the merger, Case can be fired only if three-quarters of the board votes against him. That's a high hurdle—which is why, more and more, Case's only chance to get rid of Case may be to convince him to leave on his own, to persuade him to sacrifice his position for the glory of the digital future. What are the odds of that? Case himself wouldn't talk to me, but a top AOL executive who is close to him said, "Steve will endure any amount of misery. They will have to carry the boy out in chains—he will never ever leave on his own." □

Dominick Dunne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 greeting dignitaries and attending functions in tiaras and diamonds. Their fear of betrayal is constant, and the Windsor-family members do not seem to enjoy even one another's society, although the Queen was known to be close to her late mother and sister. Often the only people they can totally relax with are trusted valets, maids, and butlers who have been in their service for years. There's a famous story, probably apocryphal, about the late Queen Mother Elizabeth, who was known to like her gin. One night, H.R.H. supposedly rang downstairs to her butler and footman and said, "Will one of you old queens bring this old Queen another gin-and-tonic." That was an amusing thing for an old lady to say, but it also shows the easy, open relationship she had with her servants. In retrospect, Diana became far too close to Paul Burrell. He knew enough about her to sink her, and the outcome of his trial has resulted in a deplorable sullying of her name five years after her death.

Prince Charles is also known to be extremely loyal to his servants, who number 85, according to outraged reports in the English press. He has shown particular favor toward one of his closest aides, whose legal bills in the matter of the alleged rape of another palace staffer have been paid by the Prince to the tune of £100,000. Michael Fawcett, his personal assistant, is being investigated for fencing up to £100,000 a year in unwanted gifts for the Prince. Because palace servants are underpaid, they are often rewarded with gifts the royals have been given or clothes they no longer wear. Someone in the service of the Prince of Wales told me about a rarely used dining room in St. James's Palace, which has been Charles's home since his divorce. When the Prince entertains with Camilla Parker Bowles, they have small groups and dine in smaller rooms. The dining table in the large dining room, which seats 40, is covered with gifts that have been sent to the Prince from foreign leaders or presented to him during public appearances. I was told that once, walking through that room, the Prince said to an employee, "Oh, take anything you want." That same person told me that the small apartments in town and cottages in the country occupied by royal servants are often furnished like small rooms in one of the palaces, with bounty they have been given by grateful royals.

Speaking of royals, I had an extraordinary encounter in a revolving door at Claridge's a few days after I arrived in London. I was 15 minutes late for dinner at Green's restaurant on Duke Street with Simon Parker Bowles, who owns the restaurant, and my old friend John Bowes-Lyon, who was related to the late Queen Mother. I try to be an on-time sort of person, so I was rushing. I ran through the lobby, went much too fast through the revolving door, and came within an eighth of an inch of colliding with a woman who was entering from outside. I found myself looking directly into the startled face of the Queen of Spain. I did all the right things. I called her Your Majesty. I bowed my head the way you do to members of royal families. I also apologized for my thoughtlessness in racing through the door. She could not have been nicer or more gracious. She shook my hand. I introduced myself. We had an eye-to-eye moment and went our separate ways.

For me, in hindsight, it is inconceivable that the Burrell case ever got to trial. In the simplest terms, it is like your cleaning lady nicking a few things she thinks you're not going to notice. It goes with the territory. You don't call the police. A murder has not taken place. You sit down and talk about it. But the Windsors and Spencers, who go back in history together, utterly despise each other because of Diana. It is clear that she was toxic to both of these families. However, the fact that no go-between tried to reason with them and persuade them to dismiss this case wound up doing all concerned great h The perfect person for that role, acco to someone close to the royal family, v have been the Bishop of London, wh friendly with both Princess Diana and P Charles and who confirmed Prince Wi In addition, he was an executor of D will, although he had been left in the when her mother and sister, in their ro executors, ignored Diana's bequest quarter of her "personal chattels" to h godchildren, with the other three-qua going to her sons. Since Diana left a tate of £21 million, each godchild c have expected to receive in the vicini £300,000. However, the legal definiti chattels is debatable, and Mrs. Shand and Lady Sarah McCorquodale in sent keepsakes—like the odd bit of ch to the godchildren. Rosa Monckton, a friend of Diana's whose daughter, Do ca, was one of the Princess's godchil was understandably irked when sh ceived what she described in an irate a in *The Sunday Telegraph* as a tatty b box with Herend china wrapped in ne per inside, together with a receipt fo signature.

Burrell, the ever present butler, kne the ugly secrets of Diana's relationships her family—bad with her mother, bad her brother, bad with one sister, and not with the other. They had all let her d In life she had been a public embarrass to them, but they moved with record s to commemorate her in death, makin grave at Althorp a paid tourist attrac although she had been turned down b brother when, after her separation fro Prince of Wales, she had asked for o the cottages on the estate as a place to her kids when they were not in school had already picked out fabrics and rugs he told her no. They never spoke again mother admitted on the stand that she h spoken to Diana for four months befor died—according to Burrell it was six, believe him. At the funeral in Westmi

ey, Lord Spencer delivered his blistering gy of pent-up rage against the Windsors he treatment of his sister while the roy- ust sat there, on worldwide television, showed no reaction. Back at the palace, ever, there was fury, and the fury on sides has grown through the years. One ıy royal sources told me that even Wil- and Harry have nothing to do with their ıer's family.

ı Kensington Palace after Diana's death, Burrell, the keeper of the flame, was so ified to see Mrs. Shand Kydd and Lady h McCorquodale stuffing the Princess's rs into a shredder that he went to the en, whom he had served as a footman 0 years, and told her he was taking some iana's things to his house for safe- ing. Five years later, that meet- etween him and the Queen, who known to be fond of him, would enly take on great meaning. In ack of the family Bentley, on way to St. Paul's Cathedral to morial service for the victims of errorist attack in Bali, the 81- old Prince Philip said to his 54- old son, Prince Charles, "It's a ricky for Mummy because she Paul, you know." Spokespeople ıe Queen later explained that she been unaware that the prosecu- s case was built on the premise Burrell had taken the property never told anyone about it.

e had, of course, told someone, that someone was the Queen. shook Prince Charles into ac- After the memorial service, he d his secretary, Michael Peat, told him to phone his lawyer, ı Shackleton, and have her phone olice and the prosecutors—calls would bring the trial to a screech- alt the day before Burrell was to take tand. Burrell knew everything there o know about the royal family, and he facing seven years in prison for theft. lty goes just so far when prison is star- ou in the face. He was sure to talk. could the Windsors and the Spencers ave realized that the greatest victims is farcical trial would be the Princes am and Harry?

ve my own little role in this story. On my ond day in London, an English friend is close to the Prince of Wales read in a column that I was covering the trial taying at Claridge's. He called me and a date for lunch. I have known him for ly 35 years, but we rarely see each oth- old him I couldn't get him into the Old y cafeteria, because you had to have a badge to get into the building, but I meet him outside. There were photog- raphers flanking the front entrance of the courthouse all day, so I met my friend on a street corner a block away, and we walked to a restaurant. My friend, who shall remain nameless, moves in royal circles and has the highest sort of connections. After we got caught up on our families, we started to talk about the case. I said, "How could they have let it get this far?" He told me that the hatred of the two families knew no limits. He also told me two interesting stories.

First, he said that a secret meeting between Burrell and Prince Charles had been arranged sometime in the past, at which Charles was going to ask him to give back the objects the police had found in his house, and Burrell probably would have, because he too must have known what could come out in a trial. In order to ensure secrecy, I learned from another source, a house in the country had been borrowed for the meeting. The mistress of the house and the servants were to be away, and the Prince and the butler were to arrive at different times to avoid detection. That morning, however, the Prince played polo, took a nasty fall, was knocked unconscious, swallowed his tongue, and was put in the hospital. So the meeting between the two that could have straightened things out didn't take place, and it was never rescheduled. Soon the Prince cooled on the idea of a meeting. The police had convinced him that there was a photograph of Paul Burrell wearing one of Princess Diana's evening dresses, and that Burrell had been secretly selling her things. Both of these accusations were false. There was no such picture, and the reason Burrell had money in his bank account after Diana's death was that he had written a best-selling coffee-table book called *Entertaining with Style,* in which he explained how to eat a banana with a knife, how to fold a napkin properly, and what the distance between forks should be in a place setting for a dinner party. In addition he had become a popular figure on the lecture circuit.



A LIFE OF SERVICE
Paul Burrell as a footman of 26, in red jacket on left, riding behind Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip at the Royal Ascot in 1984.

My friend also told me that Burrell had earlier been to see the Queen, information he had heard right from the Queen's lips. He told me, "The Queen is best late at night, after 11, when the phones have stopped and she has had a few drinks and is relaxed. She enjoys talking. That's when she told me that she had seen Burrell. She said that the royal family couldn't interfere with the court of law." At that time, I did not get the full significance of what he was saying.

A few nights later, I was at a dinner in a private upstairs room at a restaurant with several journalists, including Richard Kay. Without mentioning my friend's name, I said, "Burrell went to see the Queen after Diana's death." I was assured by several people that that simply was not true, although, as we were to find out in due time, it was.

After Burrell's case was dismissed, I went on several television shows, and the BBC taped me for an evening radio broadcast. On that show, which I have not heard, I apparently said that I had known of the meeting between the butler and the Queen for several weeks. I said that I couldn't understand how it was that I, an American, could know such a thing when key people in the case did not.

As Prince Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles were driving to an estate—not their own—for a hunting weekend, they heard me on their car radio saying that I knew Burrell had been to see the Queen. Prince Charles called one of his public-relations people and said, "How come Dominick Dunne knows Burrell went to see my mother? Camilla says you know him. Find out who told him." That person came to see me for lunch in the Reading Room at Claridge's the next day, and Richard Kay joined us. We talked about the case, point by point. Kay expressed some worry that Burrell, for whom he had been prepared to take the stand, might be making serious mistakes in dealing with his representation in forthcoming matters of television and book offers, which had begun to pour in. After Kay left, my other guest said that Prince Charles wanted to know who

Dominick Dunne

had told me that Burrell had been to see the Queen. Naturally, I didn't tell. I never tell those things under any circumstances. In any case, it would soon develop, the Prince had much more serious things to worry about. So did his mother. The monarchy was in crisis again.

When the police, spurred on by the Spencers, brought charges against Paul Burrell for theft of properties belonging to Princess Diana, Prince Charles, and Prince William, they could have had no idea of the possible consequences of their inadequate case, including the exposure of the alleged gay rape of a young valet named George Smith by one of Prince Charles's most trusted manservants. Smith was a friend of Burrell's, and several years later Burrell told the story to Princess Diana. Smith was then in the hospital for stress and rehab, and Diana went to visit him. One of the things that made her the people's princess was her habit of visiting the sick and disabled and bringing them joy and comfort. It's the next part of this story that I find so indicative of Diana's complex nature. Apparently Smith poured out his story to her, but what he didn't know was that Diana was secretly taping him the whole time. That gay-rape tape would become the focus of the media in the days following the termination of Burrell's trial. Diana had kept the tape in a wooden box with the initial *D* on it, along with several letters, which are said to be churlish in the extreme, from Prince Philip, her former father-in-law. If so, the publication of those letters would be an abomination for the Queen, particularly as she comes to the end of her grand Jubilee year.

The third thing in the box was a piece of jewelry, which the prosecution made a great mystery about, saying the subject was too sensitive to be mentioned aloud and had to be written on a piece of paper by the police witness on the stand and handed to the judge, who would not tell Lord Carlile anything except that it was small. It turned out to be a signet ring belonging to James Hewitt man known as "the love rat" because he written a detailed book about his five love affair with Princess Diana, which ca acute embarrassment to many individuals was thought of as a betrayal by Diana. very night the ring was introduced in c I was having dinner with my friend A Fonda, the fourth wife of Henry Fonda. a group of friends at Riccardo's on the ham Road, and there, two tables over, the love rat himself, pouring wine for fabulous-looking ladies and a couple. never have known there had been all sensitive talk about the signet ring he given the Princess.)

The rape tape, which was in the b missing. As I was saying good-bye t new British media friends, one of them "You wait. The rape tape is going to be the story." I think he's right. Already, we been told in the English papers that P Charles paid £38,000 to George Smith alleged victim in the rape, who has left service. No wonder the Queen had a su

CREDITS

FASHION

Cover: Cameron Diaz's Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche dress from Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutiques, N.Y.C., San Francisco, and Las Vegas; **Pippa Small** rings from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.

Page 8: Tom Ford for Gucci swimsuit from Gucci, Beverly Hills; vintage necklace from Foley and Corinna, N.Y.C.

Page 24: See credits for cover.



Page 36: Bob Schieffer styled by Lori Celedonia-Pressman for T.H.E. Artist Agency.

Page 58: Chuck Barris styled by Jane Herships; socks by **K. Bell,** from the Sock Man, N.Y.C.

Pages 62–63: Cameron Diaz's **La Cosa** tank tops from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. **Miu Miu** pants from selected Miu Miu boutiques; call 888-977-1900. **Manolo Blahnik** shoes from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C. For **Tonya Hawkes** bracelet and earrings, call 917-841-8440. **Pippa Small** rings from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

Pages 64–65: Chloé pants from Chloé boutiques, N.Y.C., and selected Neiman Marcus stores.



Page 66: Mark Walsh and Leslie Chin for Linda Dresner earrings from Linda Dresner, N.Y.C.

Page 67: Eres bikini from Eres, N.Y.C. and Palm Beach Fla.; **Prada** jacket from selected Barneys New York stores; **Manolo Blahnik** shoes from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C.; **CK Calvin Klein** jeans from Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide

Page 69: Ralph Lauren Swimwear swimsuit and **Ralph Lauren Collection** cover-up from selected Ralph Lauren stores; go to www.runway.polo.com.

Page 85: L'Wren Scott for United Talent Agency.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: Cameron Diaz's hair styled with **Redken** Soft Hold Undone, Traction, and Vinyl Glam sprays, from Redken Salons nationwide, or go to www.redken.com. Makeup products by **Calvin Klein Cosmetics,** from Calvin Klein stores nationwide; on her face and body, Light Coverage Foundation in Cream and Sheer Coverage Foundation in Tan with Loose Powder in Medium; on her eyes, Eye Color Washes in Cloud and Pink Sapphire, Eye Definers in Ebony and Coffee, and Mascara in Ebony; on her cheeks, Blush in Rosebud; on her lips, Lip Color Wash in Pink Sorbet. Orlando Pita and Gucci Westman for Art & Commerce; Deborah Lippmann for JGK/Lippmanncollection.com.



Pages 8 and 24: See credits for cover.

Page 26: Bruce Handy's grooming by Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc. Barbara Goldsmith's hair by Steven White for Pierre Michel Salon; makeup by Barbara Stone for Bobbi Brown Essentials; additional hair and makeup by Jim Crawford for Contact.

Page 28: Dina Amarito-DeShan's hair styled Jerome Obrey; makeup by Mercedes Fernan both for the John Barrett Salon.

Page 33: Jason Patric's and **Ray Liotta's** ha styled with **Kiehl's** Creme with Silk Groom and Solid Grooming Aid; Kiehl's products from Barneys New York, L.A. and N.Y.C., or go to www.kiehls.com. **Clinique** grooming products from department stores nationwide; on their faces, Dramatically Different Moisturizing Lotion; on their lips, All A Lips; Miriam Vukich for Factory Artists.





Page 36: Bob Schie grooming by Lori Celedonia-Pressman T.H.E. Artist Agency.

Page 57: Kiera Cha hair styled with **Bumbl Bumble** Hair Powder Does It All Styling Spra **Kiehl's** Creme with Sill Groom and High-Gloss Conditioning and Sty Bumble and Bumble products from selected sc for more information, call 800-7-BUMBLE or www.bumbleandbumble.com. Kiehl's products Kiehl's stores and selected department stores. face moisturized with **Crème de la Mer** and the Body Lotion from Saks Fifth Avenue and N Marcus stores nationwide. **L'Oréal** makeup fr drugstores nationwide; on her eyes, Eyeshado Golden Creme with Voluminous Mascara in B

mory revival the day before Burrell was ake the stand.

Something about this story still doesn't ig together. It seems to me that if the een and her son and heir ever have chats ether, they would have certainly gotten und to the potential consequences of the rell case before it was too late. If you look photographs of the Queen, Prince Philip, Prince Charles in the back of their Bent- on their way to the Bali memorial ser- , they appear to be three of the unhappi- people imaginable, none of them talking, of them in their private worlds of troubled ughts. If we are to believe what they tell that the Queen finally told Charles about meeting with Burrell five years earlier, n must not Charles have made known to mother the existence of the rape tape, isn't that why they went into action?

the Burrell case did nothing else, it prob- bly ended the fantasy held by Mohamed ayed, the controversial owner of Harrods, his son, Dodi, and Princess Diana were one of the world's great love stories. Diana's relationship with Dodi lasted only six weeks, and they spent a grand total of 32 days together. She told Burrell that she thought he had a cocaine problem, because he went to the bathroom so often and always locked the door. As I was leaving London, Mohamed Al Fayed threatened to sue Burrell for saying that Dodi was a cocaine addict, but I would bet that he will not pursue such a suit. Far more interesting was Burrell's revelation in *The Mirror* that the Queen had told him, "No one, Paul, has been as close to a member of my family as you have. There are powers at work in this country which we have no knowledge about." We have only Burrell's word that the Queen made the statement, but Mohamed Al Fayed has pounced on it. He has often said that Diana and Dodi were assassinated, and has accused Prince Philip of being the principal figure behind their deaths. He recently went on television to say that the Queen's statement bolstered his belief that Diana and Dodi were murdered in the tunnel in Paris.

As I write this in my New York apartment, Paul Burrell is also in Manhattan, being famous and lining up a fortune. He is here with his wife and two sons, who used to be playmates of Prince William and Prince Harry's, when their father was Princess Diana's butler and their mother was her dresser. The press is following them everywhere, even as the English papers are circulating backstairs gossip of a prurient nature, most of it gay. Burrell himself is not exempt. His wife says she knew everything when she married him. I tried to call Burrell at the Millennium hotel, where he is staying, but the operator said no person was registered there under that name. Then I watched him on television, surrounded by cameras, walking on the street and making a statement but refusing to answer questions. He did say that he was shocked by the falsehoods that were being said about him, especially by people who used to be his friends in the media. His eyes looked dead to me. It seemed as if he was beginning to understand the consequences of selling your soul for money. □

---

n; on her cheeks, Touch-On Colour in Get Down ; on her lips, Glass Shine Lip Gloss in Crystal Shine. Allington for Magnet/Kiehl's; Paul Starr for Magnet.
e 58: Chuck Barris's grooming by Claudia eatta for DMA/Deborah Martin Agency.
es 62–63: On Cameron Diaz's eyes, **Calvin n Cosmetics** Eye Color Washes in Alexandrite Peridot; on her cheeks, Blush in Tearose; on her Lip Color Wash in Bloom; for more information, redits for cover.
es 64–65: On her eyes, Eye Color Washes in er and Capri; on her cheeks, Cheek Color in Radiant; on her lips, Lip Color Wash in n; for more information, see credits for cover.
es 66–69: On her eyes, Eye Color Washes in ndrite and Peridot; on her cheeks, Cheek Color n Radiant; on her lips, Lip Color Wash in Pink et; for more information, see credits for cover.
e 85: Jennifer Garner's hair styled with **Kiehl's** e with Silk Groom and High-Gloss Conditioning tyling Oil from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. **Chanel netics** from Chanel boutiques nationwide, or go w.sephora.com; on her face, Natural Finish Loose er; on her cheeks, Sunlit Powder; on her eyes, ia Lash Mascara in Garnet; on her lips, Sheer k in Soleil Volage. Ray Allington for net/Kiehl's; Paul Starr for Magnet.
e 97: Hina Dohi for One.

OTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

er: Production by Erick Jussen.
e 17: From Sipa Press.
e 24: See credit for cover.
e 34: By Siede Preis/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (January 4, left); from Burke/Triolo/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest (4, right; 9; 16; 25, bottom); by Joshua Ets-Hokin/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (7); Frank Ross/Corbis Sygma (12); from Corbis Bettmann (21); © by Image Ideas, Inc./PictureQuest (25, top); by Douglas Kirkland/Corbis (31); from Getty Images (table); by Peyton/Wood River Gallery/PictureQuest (party).
Page 39: Courtesy of MCA–Chess Archives (Howlin' Wolf); from Sunshine/Retna (Joplin).
Pages 40–41: Left, from Yupi/Corbis Sygma; right, from A.P. Wide World Photos.
Page 43: Top and bottom, from A.P. Wide World Photos; center, from AFP Photo.
Page 52: Top, from Reuters/Corbis; bottom, from A.P. Wide World Photos.
Pages 62–69: See credit for cover.
Page 67: Model Brian Leider from Ford Men.
Pages 74–75: Large photograph from Atlantic Syndication; inset from Nunn Syndication.
Pages 76–77: From left: courtesy of Dominick Dunne, from John Frost Newspapers, from Rex Features, from Atlantic Syndication, from John Frost Newspapers.
Pages 78–79: Production by Ruth Levy.
Pages 80–81: From Getty Images.
Page 83: Top and bottom, from A.P. Wide World Photos; center, from Reuters/Landov.
Page 85: Production by David Radin for SoCal Productions; props by Thomas Thurnauer for Sugarcube.
Page 88: Inset, bottom right, from Gamma.
Page 90: From Gamma (1, 3, 6, 7); from Retna, Ltd. (4).
Page 93: From Gamma.
Page 97: Photographed at the Sanderson hotel, London.
Page 99: Courtesy of the Larry Rivers Archives.
Page 100: Center, courtesy of the Larry Rivers Archives.
Page 101: Courtesy of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Smithsonian Institution, gift of Joseph H. Hirshhorn, 1966.
Page 102: From Magnum Photos.
Page 103: From top: courtesy of Barbara Goldsmith; courtesy of the Larry Rivers Archives/Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Smithsonian Institution; courtesy of the Larry Rivers Archives.
Page 106: Top, from the Morgan Collection/Getty Images; bottom, from Mudd Library/Princeton University
Page 107: From *WWD*/Fairchild Publications.
Pages 108–9: Large photographs: left, from *Vogue*/Condé Nast Archives; right, from the Morgan Collection/Getty Images. Insets from Mudd Library/Princeton University.
Pages 110–11: From Condé Nast Archives (4, 6), from Getty Images (2, 3, 5), from *WWD*/Fairchild Publications (1, 7).
Page 137: From Rex Features.
Page 140: Clockwise from top left: by Chris Hondros/NewsMakers, from Getty Images, by Erik Freeland/Corbis Saba, from Corbis, by David Fisher/DF/London Features, Arnold Newman/Liaison Agency/Getty Images, from Corbis, by Vince Bucci/Getty Images, Alex Wong/NewsMakers, from A.P. Wide World Photos, by Matthew Peyton/Getty Images, from Hulton Archive/Getty Images
Page 142: From CPI.

Michael Lutin tells Capricorns they've still got it



David Sedaris

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Sometimes the mirror can be crueler than the wickedest stepmother. So here's a piece of good news that may be hard for you to believe, considering how badly the transit of Chiron through your sign has scarred your self-image: you are actually becoming more beautiful and desirable all the time. Even with Jupiter going retrograde in your 8th house, you still possess that special something that turns people on. To take advantage of it, however, you'll have to screw up your courage and step out of your boring routine long enough to experience intimacy again.



Christian Dior

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Try not to freak if the people who have been your greatest source of strength suddenly withdraw their support. It's probably only temporary, caused by the stationary position of the ruler of your 11th house in your 7th. Even your most loyal friends must be getting a little tired of grabbing you by the elbows and propping you up each time you falter, though. Again, don't worry. The culmination of Mars in your midheaven will give you enough of a boost to prove to everyone that, in spite of its disconcerting leak, your ship isn't sinking yet.



Karolina Kurkova

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Although there are plenty of Pisceans in the working world who are busy getting, spending, and negotiating their way through impossibly complex power struggles, the truth is that the members of your sign were not put on this earth to engage in cutthroat politics. While it's only natural that you should value your career and position, you would be much better off dedicating yourself to some form of service and staying out of the fray as much as possible. On another note, if you can fly away somewhere for a well-deserved—and, better yet, erotic—trip, for God's sake go!



Flannery O'Connor

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Now that your creative and sexual passions have begun to revive, you should be feeling like your old self again, and what a relief it must be. For a while there, the outlook was pretty bleak. Droughts don't last forever, fortunately, and as your ruling planet crashes boldly across your 8th-house cusp, it's clear now that the artist in you was not dead, only sleeping. Meanwhile, though matters of the heart can be especially fraught when your 9th-house ruler stops moving in your 5th, you seem to be exuding more confidence in your love life this month. Welcome back.



Tim Russert

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

No matter how centered and sane and self-sufficient you normally may be, you're bound to get a little jittery when you perceive that your turf is threatened or that you're in danger of losing control. So if the situation at home is shaking you up now, don't panic. While you were preoccupied with reorganizing your domestic life, Mars and Venus entered your 7th house. As a result, you have much to look forward to in the way of companionship and guidance in all your personal undertakings. What you have to do is accept that, for the moment, you are not running the whole show.



Lenny Kravitz

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Just because you may be experiencing a little retrograde blip in your solar 3rd house, don't assume that you're destined to go broke or that all your social interactions have to come to a complete halt. In fact, now more than ever it's important that you keep on trucking and resist the temptation to turn off and tune out. In a few months, Saturn will leave Gemini, and the dark shadows that have fallen across your path should lift. Until then, focus on the silver linings of good health and well-being and avoid obsessing over the Grim Reaper. Depression is so not you.



Camilla Parker Bowles

CANCER JUNE 22–JUL

In this day and age, who among us can take financ curity for granted? It's a crapshoot even in the best of c stances, and you have to be Zen and let it all go or else you'll lose you every time the cupboards start to look a little bare. Life costs mone of story. Anyway, the love affair you are having is so much more fu counting beans. The presence of Venus and Mars in your solar 5th indicates that you are madly in love with *someone* right now, whet your spouse, your kids, or a paramour. Go ahead. Deny it.



Betsey Johnson

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

You may wish that you could run around providing what everybody else needs, but you simply cannot. Whether or not your heart is in the right place, being noble and heroic does not mean expending your energy and resources on others until there's nothing yourself. That's just stupid. Besides, with Venus and Mars in your so house, you've got plenty of needs of your own that have to be met. Yo be all things to all people all the time, especially now, with Jupiter ab go retrograde in your sign. This time, it's O.K. to be selfish.



Jimmy Fallon

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEP

Although emotional abstractions are difficult for many Vi grasp, you really ought to consider the possibility that, unlik old boredom, your current restlessness is a defense against the cha of a committed relationship. Intimacy is a funny thing, especially wh ruler of your solar 4th house stops in your 12th. When you atte achieve a deeper level of dedication to anyone (or anything), it can times seem that you've hit rock bottom and that there's nothing fur explore. Wrong.



Jade Jagger

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Even if your friends don't seem terribly sympathetic about the pain your afflicted 11th house has been causing you, you should be feeling much better about the whole money-and-prosperity thing, to the direct motion of Venus in the 2nd house. Your life has been a bit ic recently, but, with Mars joining Venus in the area of finances for t several weeks, you're not likely to revisit the victim's role. No matt many planets line up in your favor, however, you'll probably return to s ing about the poorhouse before long.



Lee Krasner

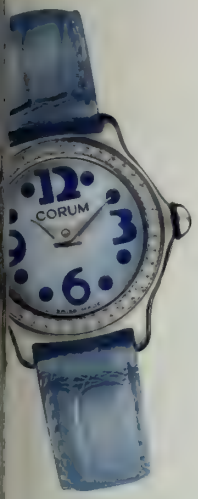
SCORPIO OCT. 24–NO

As the new year begins, you're sure to be thinking first an most about money and your career. Since retrogrades in you midheaven tend to thwart your best-laid plans, let's hope you were enough not to have bet the whole farm on one so-called sure thing. way, now that Mars has crawled out of your 12th house, you sho back in control. Let's also hope that you used that 12th-house transit and have become even more spiritual and compassionate than yo before. Otherwise, your anger now could be downright dangerous.

George Armstrong Custer

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Given that you've been wrestling with such heavy-duty issues as self-loathing and antisocial tendencies, you are actually doing amazingly well. Even if some of your ideas don't fly (they won't) and your rulin et goes retrograde just when you're feeling highest (it will), your ur ability to maintain a bright and cheery attitude will buoy you up eve annoys the daylights out of your loved ones. Those who really kno after all, can see the touch of secrecy and darkness—courtesy of Mars sit through your 12th house—that makes you the complex person yo



TIME FOR STYLE

Now there's a Corum Bubble watch for every trendsetter! The Mini-Bubble features a lighthearted design and lots of sparkle, and is guaranteed to show the world your fun-loving sense of style. Available at Bailey Banks & Biddle and Saks Fifth Avenue. To see an assortment of Bubble watches and other Corum timepieces, visit www.corumtimepieces.com.



A SENSORY EXPERIENCE

Escape the winter blues with Blu Mediterraneo by Acqua di Parma. An aromatherapy collection that scents, smooths, and soothes in five truly Italian fragrances: Sicilian Almond, Orange, Cypress, Marine Oak, and Basil. Visit or call the Bergdorf Goodman boutique at 800-218-4918 and receive a deluxe Orange body cream.





DISTINCTIVE. SEXY. ADDICTIVE.

HUGO DEEP RED by HUGO BOSS is a fragrance that blends fruits, florals, and sensual vanilla. The fragrance collection—for women only—is priced from $20 to $58. Visit your nearest fine department store and receive a complimentary sample of HUGO DEEP RED (while supplies last).

HUGO
HUGO BOSS
DEEP RED

Ford

SPORTS HEROES SCORE BIG FOR CHARITY

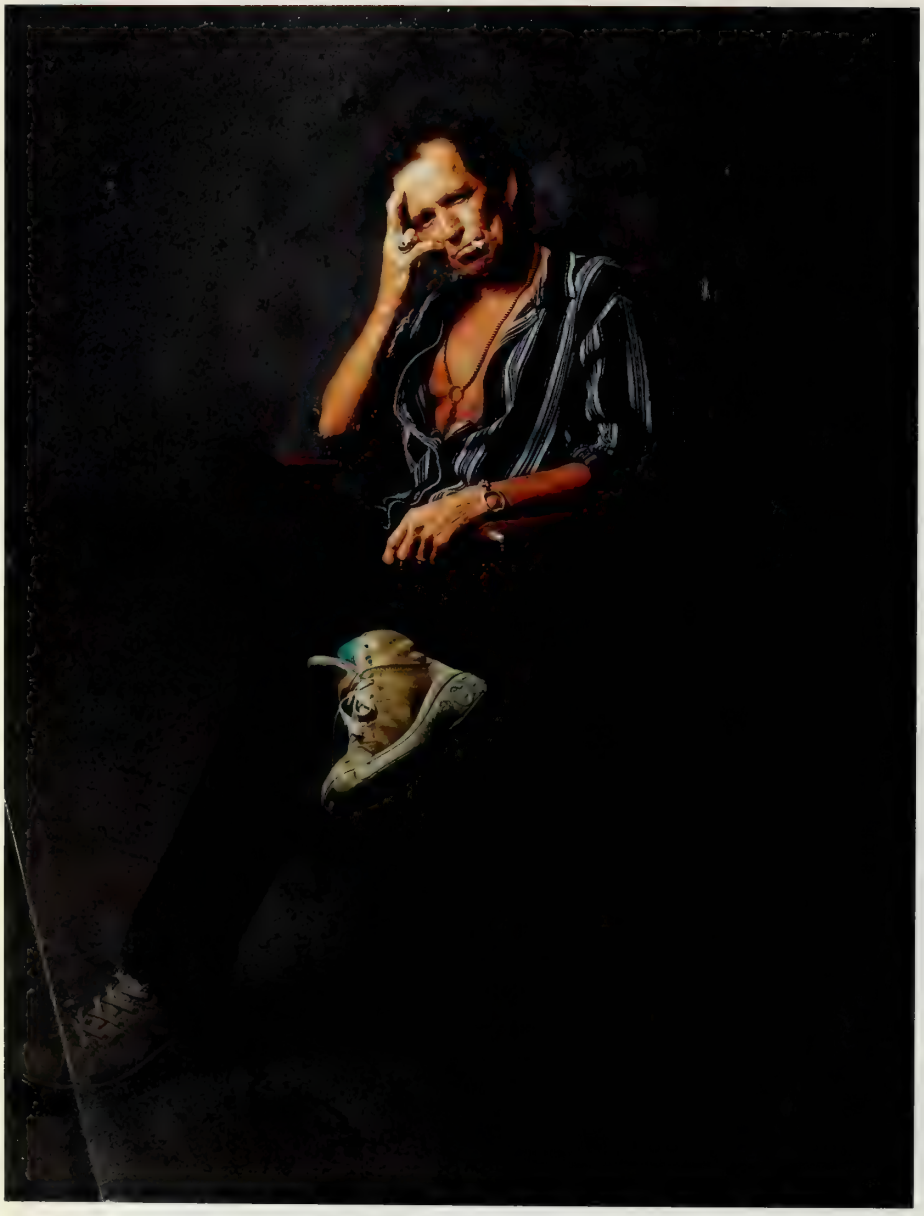
Hitting a homerun for a great cause, sports superstars took to the runway in the **Get Tied to the Cause** fashion show, celebrating the launch of Ford's breast cancer awareness scarf designed by Kate Spade.* Hosted by Ford—a crusader in the fight against breast cancer—and in partnership with *GQ* and *Entertainment Tonight*, the show featured celebrity athletes David Winfield, Jamal Anderson, Ross Powers, and Lenny Krayzelberg sporting the season's hottest fashions from Bloomingdale's. This dream-team event was held at Westfield Shopping Town, Century City, and featured hairstyling by KMS and makeup by Tony & Tina. For more information on Ford's commitment to the cause, visit www.fordvehicles.com/fordforce.

*Available through December 31, 2002, by phone at 800-777-0000 and on-line at Bloomingdales.com. All proceeds from the sale of the $25 scarf benefit the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation and the Breast Cancer Research Foundation.

Westfield SHOPPINGTOWN CENTURY CITY

bloomingdale's

AGENDA



KEITH RICHARDS

The Rolling Stones' indestructible guitarist is rock's ultimate outlaw. His love of blues guitar, loyalty to his band of 40 years, and impressive array of personal triumphs have marked this Rock and Roll Hall of Famer for icon status. Currently on the road with the Stones on their Licks world tour, Richards takes a moment to sound off on inspiring fear, the deplorable characteristic of modesty, and his current state of mind

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Now.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Me.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Modesty and humility.

What is your favorite journey?
Life.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Truthfulness.

On what occasion do you lie?
When I don't know the truth.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
When the lie doesn't work.

Which living person do you most despise?
Draw up a list.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"I love you."

What is your greatest regret?
Not having one.

When and where were you happiest?
Right up to this question.

Which talent would you most like to have?
Do you mean I have to give one up?

What is your current state of mind?
Are you crazy?

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Underwear.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
There's not enough of them.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Waking up.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Blinding charm.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Love.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Fear.

What do you most value in your friends?
That they don't die on me.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Hunter Thompson.

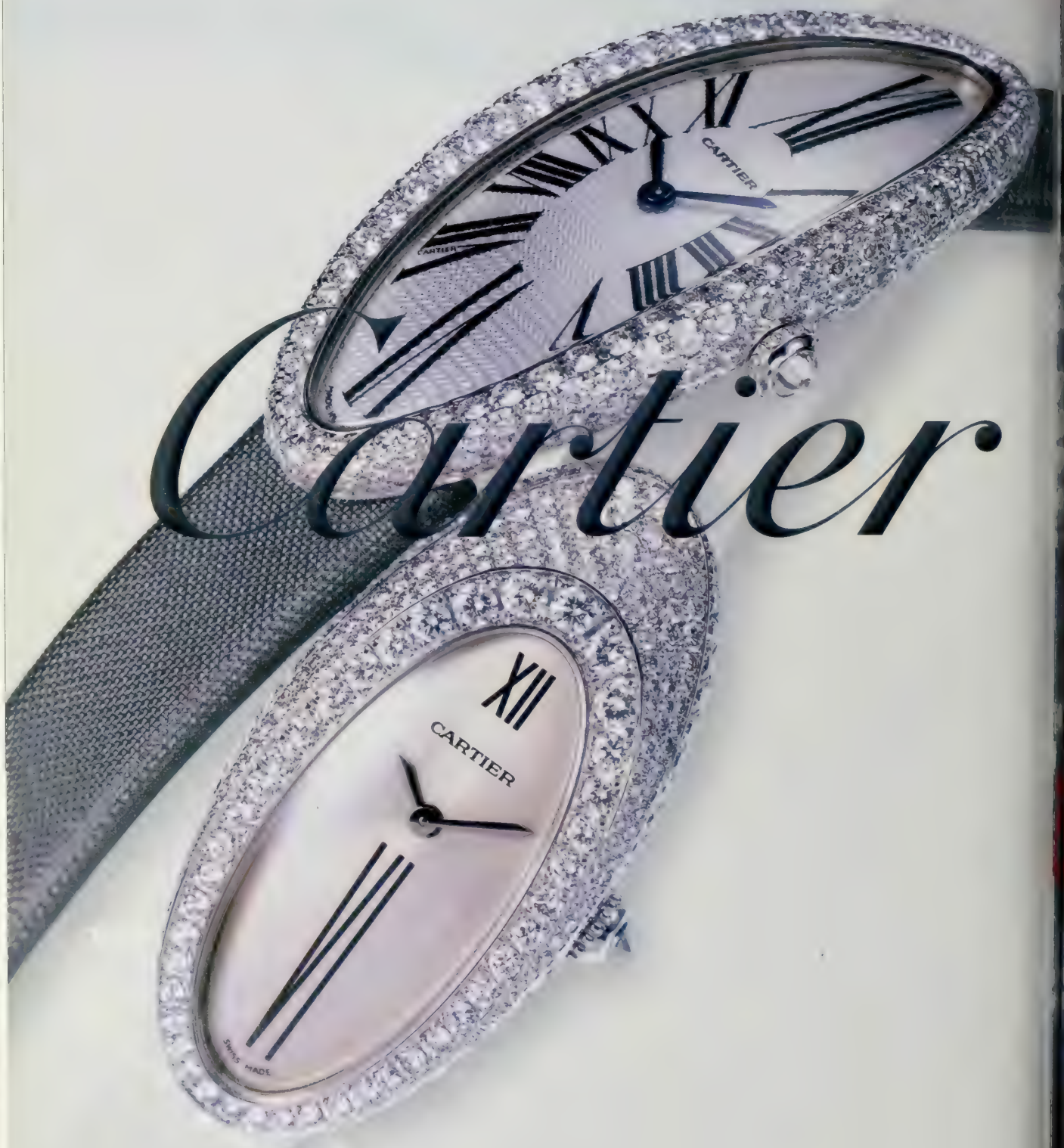
What is it that you most dislike?
The next question.

How would you like to die?
Later.

What is your motto?
"I told you I was sick!"


Orange with Attitude.
BACARDI
O
ORIGINAL ORANGE RUM
re you type O™?
BACARDI O™

©2002 Cartier, Inc.



www.cartie
1-800-c

VANITY FAIR

FEBRUARY 2003/$4.50



ATH ON
E RIVIERA
INICK DUNNE
HE FINAL
STS OF THE
RA CASE

DONALD
SFELD
'T BACK
N ON IRAQ
HN KEEGAN

FIRE AND
ASSION OF
ALMA
HAYEK
STA SMITH
S BY HERB RITTS

SWEDE DREAMS
YOUNG SCANDINAVIANS IN THEIR SKIVVIES FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON: OUR FIRST ANNUAL UNDERWEAR PORTFOLIO
BY BRUCE WEBER

IS MULLAH OMAR STILL ALIVE?
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS

LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS!
THE HELL'S ANGELS ARE BACK, AND THEY'RE MEANER THAN EVER
BY STEVE GARBARINO

If you're slow enough, there are no precedents.
—F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

PLUS:
JOHN RICHARDSON ON PICASSO AND MATISSE
CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS ON 30 YEARS OF *ROE V. WADE*
JAMES WOLCOTT ON ADVERTISING GIANT GEORGE LOIS



GUESS
BY MARCIANO

© 2003 Estée Lauder Inc.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



Enter the ageless future.

New. Perfectionist Correcting Serum for Lines/Wrinkles

If you're thinking about lasers, peels or shots, consider this gentle retinol-free alternative. Fast, effective and continuous, this is how Perfectionist works:

DAY 1 Fine, dry lines are reduced–instantly. Skin is luminous.

WEEK 1 Deep lines look lifted away as our exclusive BioSync Complex™ amplifies skin's natural collagen.

MONTH 1 and BEYOND Improved visible wrinkle-reducing effect equal to 24 weeks of retinol-based treatment*.

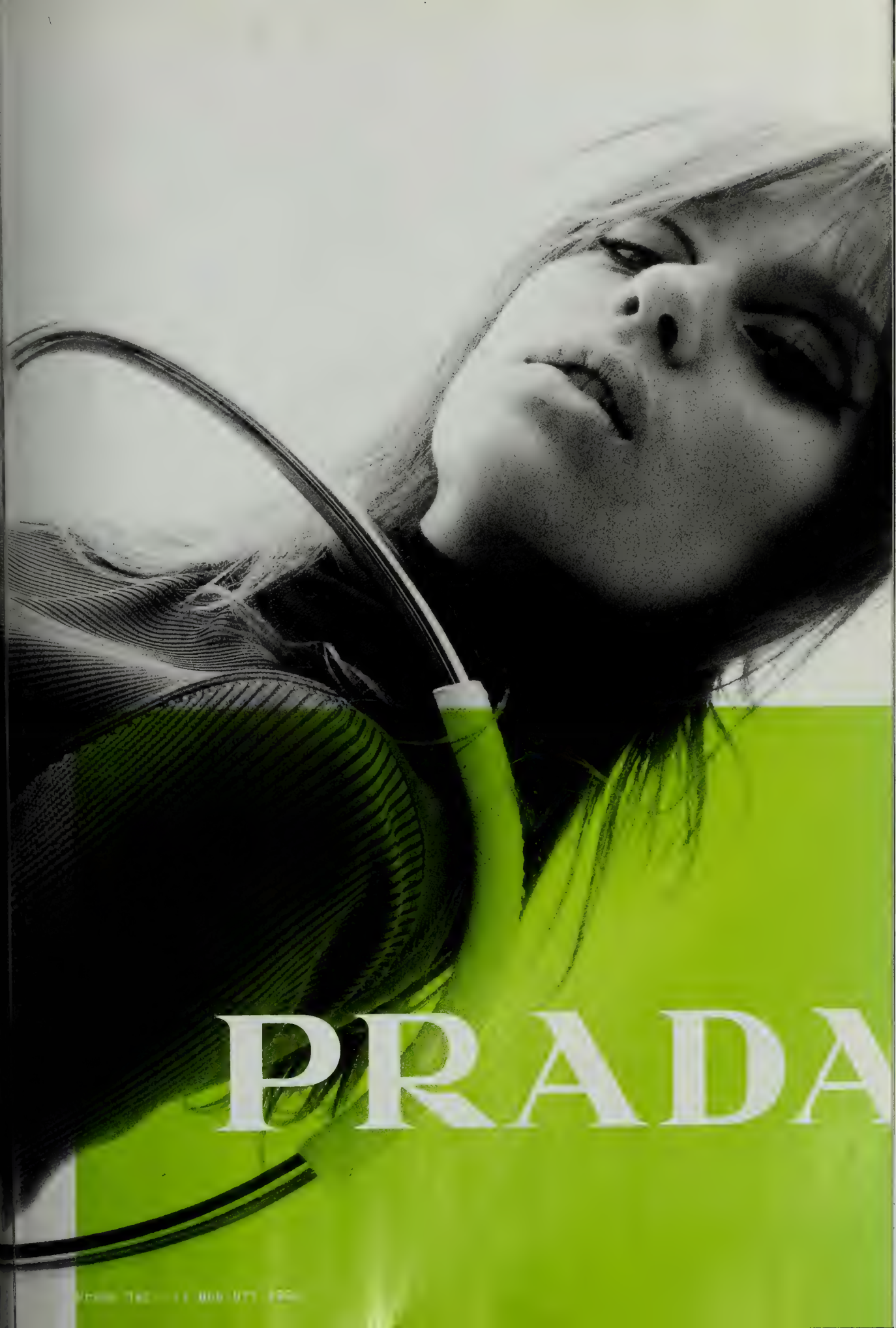
Welcome to the ageless future.

News from the lab @ www.esteelauder.com

ESTĒE LAUDER

Defining Beauty

*Test results compared to Estee Lauder's Anti-Wrinkle Retinol Treatment.


PRADA


www.gucci.com florence milan new york beverly hills london paris tokyo hong kong





swimwear Calvin Klein




EMPORIO ARMANI


EMPORIO ARMANI

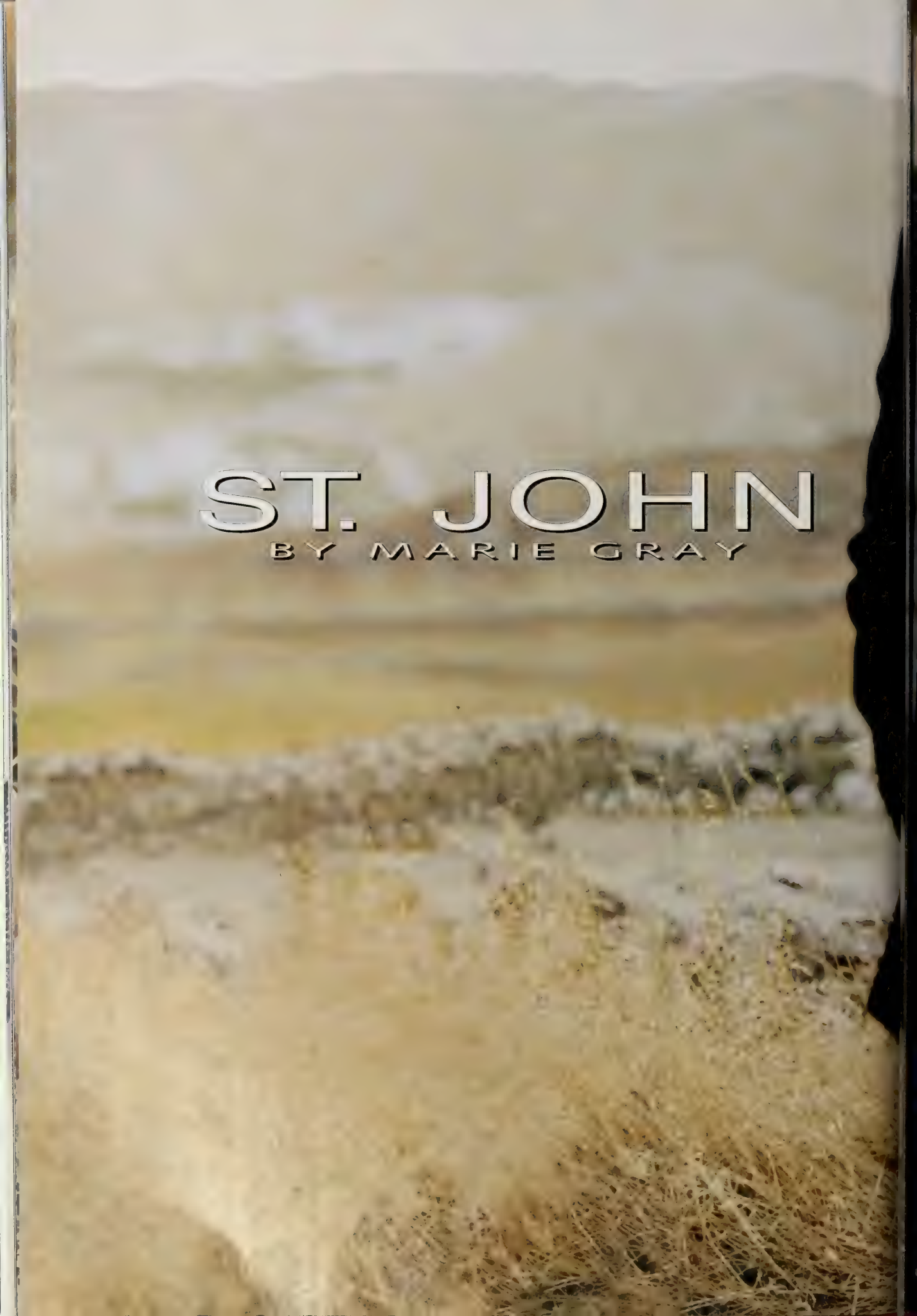

EMPORIO ARMANI


EMPORIO ARMANI
erly Hills - Boston - Honolulu - Houston - Las Vegas - New York - San Francisco - South Coast Plaza


ST. JOHN
BY MARIE GRAY



MANHASSET ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS BOSTON CHARLESTON CHARLOTTE CHICAGO DALLAS DENVER HONOLULU HOUSTON KANSAS CITY LAS VEGAS MAUI


ST. JOHN
BY MARIE GRAY



Kelly Gray is wearing St. John Collection and Couture

ORLANDO PALM BEACH PALM DESERT PLANO PORTLAND SCOTTSDALE SEATTLE SHORT HILLS SOMERSET COLLECTION

If it runs on gas, how come it generates so much electricity?

That's the question the hairs on the back of your neck will ask when you drive the all new Saab 9-3 Sport Sedan. With precision handling, turbo-charged performance and a reassuring number of safety features, it's like a lightning strike to the ordinary. Thrill seekers enjoy. **1 800 SAAB USA** or **www.saabusa.com**



Starting at $25,900 MSRP. Including the peace of mind of No Charge Scheduled Maintenance.*

MSRP of $32,495 for model shown. Taxes, insurance, title, registration fees and optional equipment extra. *No Charge Scheduled Maintenance for 3 years or 36,000 miles, whichever comes first. See your dealer for specific terms and conditions. © 2003 SAAB CARS USA, INC.



The all new Saab 93 Sport Sedan.

SAAB


Lord & Taylor
LANCOME
PARIS

LANCÔME
PARIS

Mouth-watering shine.

JUICY TUBES
ULTRA SHINY LIP GLOSS

Fresh-squeezed colours, ripe for the picking. Sheer. Shiny. Sweet. A new taste of colour.

RESULT: Ultra shine for a perfect pout. In 12 juicy shades.

BELIEVE IN BEAUTY®



shop at lancome.com

VANITY FAIR

February 2003 no.



Gilded Lily
LILY SAFRA OUTSIDE THE MONACO COURTROOM, NOVEMBER 2002 ... 130

Features

AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE By producing and starring in the highly acclaimed *Frida*—a project many thought was unfilmable—Salma Hayek showed Hollywood the boldness behind her beauty. With Hayek now adding director to her credits, Krista Smith profiles a star who won't take "no." Photographs by Herb Ritts 12

THE RADICAL AT THE PENTAGON To fight America's wars, Donald Rumsfeld believes he must first win a battle at home. Meeting with the secretary of defense, top military historian Sir John Keegan checks out Rumsfeld's own weapons. Portrait by Annie Leibovitz 12

VERDICT IN MONACO At the trial of Ted Maher, the nurse convicted of setting the fire that killed international banker Edmond Safra, Dominick Dunne devotes his diary to the insanity of Maher's story, and the tragic wreckage of two families. Photographs by Helmut Newton 13

SEARCHING FOR MULLAH OMAR The Taliban chief has eluded capture, in part because his face is virtually unknown. In Afghanistan, Edward Grazda and former Taliban photographer Khalid Hadi unearthed rare new images of Mullah Muhammad Omar—published exclusively in this issue—and other evidence that he is alive 13

BETWEEN PICASSO AND MATISSE This month, a blockbuster show pairing Pablo Picasso and Henri Matisse comes to New York's MoMA. John Richardson describes a creative one-upmanship that gripped the salons of Paris and inspired many a masterpiece 14

HEAVY MEHTA Timothy Greenfield-Sanders and Christopher Hitchens spotlight Knopf president and editor Sonny Mehta, whose authorial stars include Toni Morrison, V. S. Naipaul, and John Updike 15

SWEDE SURRENDER Baby, it's cold outside, but you wouldn't know it from the sizzling young Swedish bodies in Bruce Weber's latest portfolio. Evgenia Peretz learns the reasons for a photographer's Scandinavian itch 15

Fanfair

28 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Designing Men—fashion darlings Viktor & Rolf. Hot Reels: Bruce Handy gets *Lost in La Mancha,* Michael Hogan screens *Unchained Memories,* and Anderson Tepper reviews *City of God.* Laura Jacobs muses on Marchesa Casati; A. M. Homes on artist Adolf Wölfli. Henry Alford reveals Adam Zickerman's *Power of 10;* Anne Fulenwider on the new Mustang. Kevin Sessums falls for singer Dana Glover; Brian Thomas Gallagher on the A.R.E. Weapons. My Stuff—French designer Agnès B.; Hot Looks; David Colman plays with MAC's colorful cards 8

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

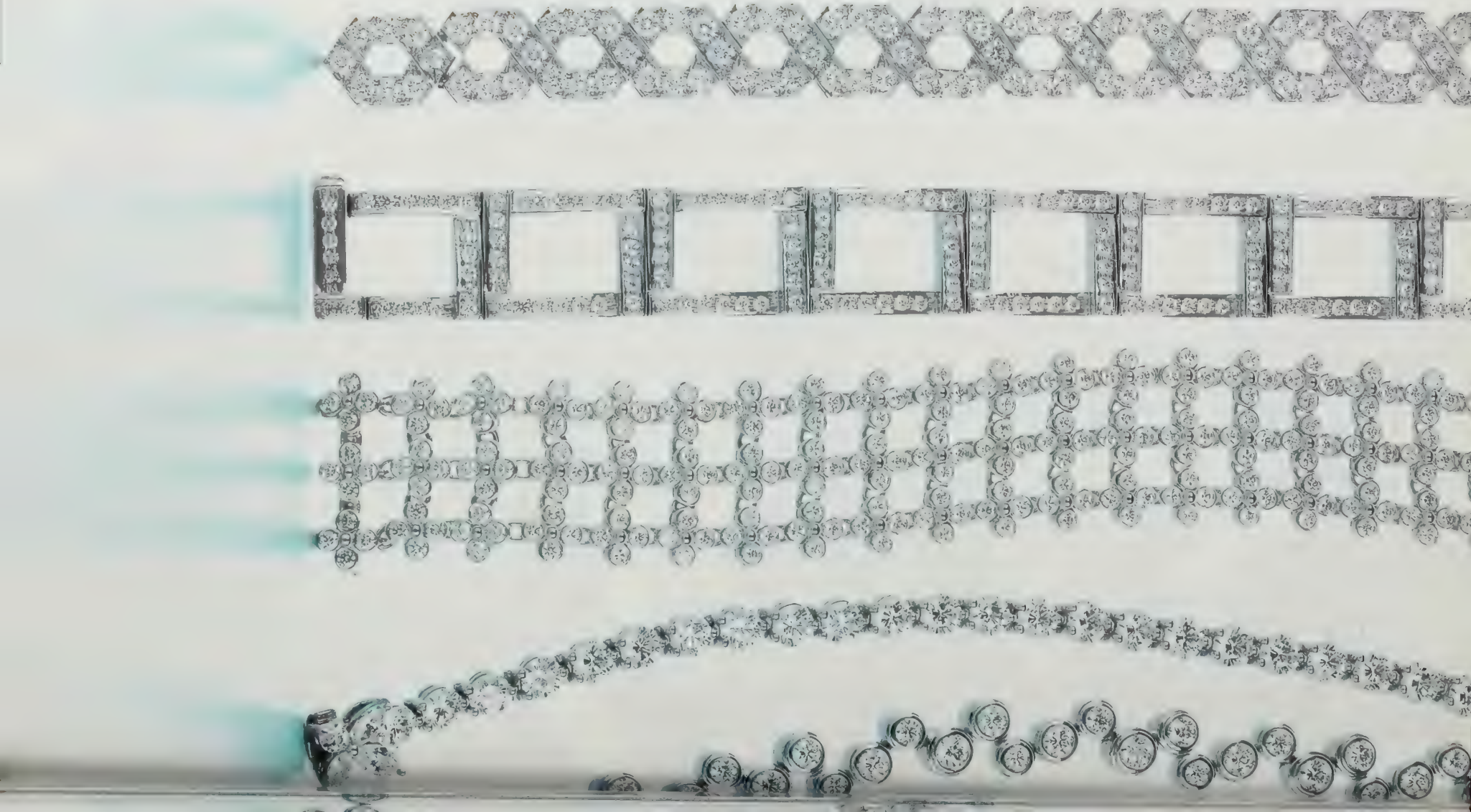
Saks Fifth Avenue



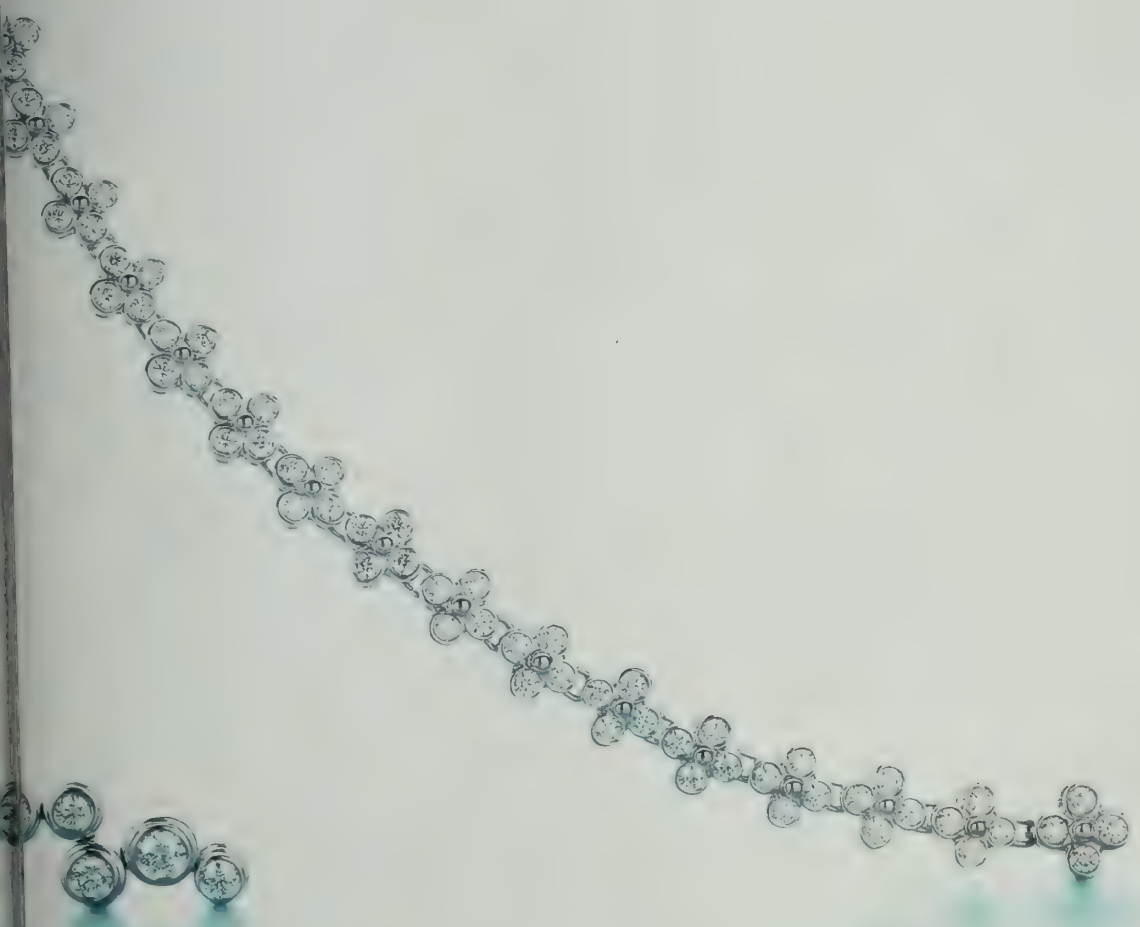
Find more ways to look better, longer at **clinique.com**

©T&CO 2003

Tiffany diamond bracelets, from $9,500 to $45,000. 800 526 0649 | TIFFANY.CO



Tennis, Anyone?

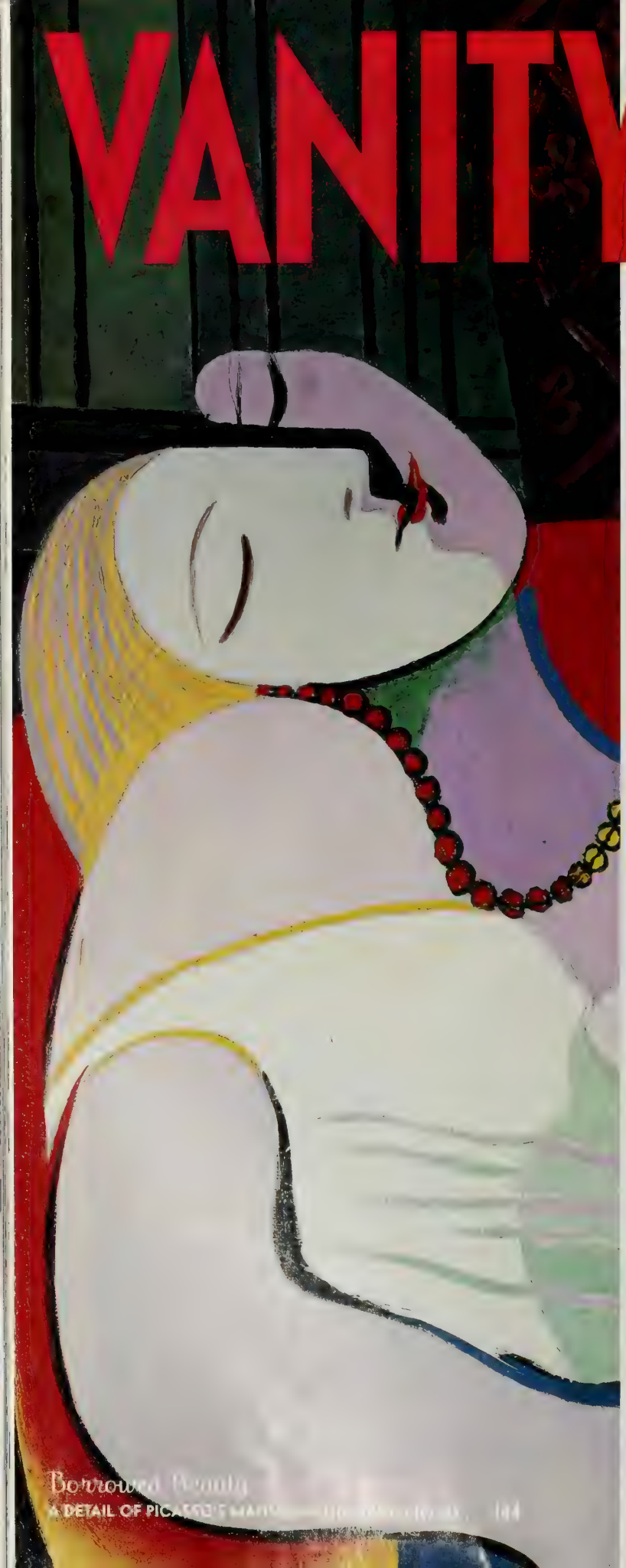


TIFFANY & CO.


Oh, what a tangled web it unweaves.
Its pop-up DVD navigation system with 3-D bird's-eye view helps you find your way.
Its 260-hp engine helps you get there. The new G35. From Infiniti. Visit infiniti.com.



INFINITI



VANITY FAIR

February 2003 No.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Columns

FETAL DISTRACTION On the 30th anniversary of *Roe* v. *Wade,* Christopher Hitchens explains why the abortion debate will end without a winner .....

GEORGE LOIS'S POWER PUNCH Talking to George Lois about his new visual memoir, James Wolcott explores how *Esquire*'s famous cover designer grabbed 60s America by the gut .....

HALL OF FAME Daisy Ho nominates 23-year-old Severn Cullis-Suzuki, who's been on the environmental front lines since grade school. Portrait by Art Streiber .....

UNEASY RIDERS Once fearsome kings of the road, the Hell's Angels want their reputation back. Steve Garbarino reports on the turf wars, murder charges, and book deals ..

Vanities

KNIGHTLEY PERFORMANCE Nan Darien turns the post-holiday blahs into her latest cause. George Wayne gets catty with Cindy Adams. Dame Edna says no to salmon. Henry Alford's sets and subsets .....

Et Cetera

EDITOR'S LETTER: Rules of Engagement .....

CONTRIBUTORS .....

LETTERS: The Brat Pack—The Sequel .....

CREDITS .....

PLANETARIUM: Aquarian agonistes .....

PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE: Ray Charles .....

TO FIND CONDÉ NAST MAGAZINES ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB, VISIT www.epicurious.

VANITY FAIR IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., WHICH PUBLISHES THE MAGAZINE THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. COPYRIGHT © 2003 BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Vanity Fair No. 510 (ISSN 0733-8899). The magazine is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications (4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036), which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. *Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.:* S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Chairman; Charles Townsend, C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, Executive Vice President–C.F.O.; Jill Bright, Executive Vice President–Human Resources; John Buese, Executive Vice President–Chief Information Officer; David Orlin, Senior Vice President–Strategic Sourcing; Robert Bennis, Senior Vice President–Real Estate; David B. Chemidlin, Senior Vice President–General Manager, Advance Shared Services Center. Periodicals postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. 10001, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as International Publications Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. For back-issue inquiries, call 800-365-0635 or write to *Vanity Fair,* Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to *Vanity Fair,* Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714. The first copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks of receipt of order. Eight weeks is required for change of address; please give both new address and old as printed on last label. Editorial, production, advertising, and business correspondence should be sent electronically to vfmail@vf.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714.

Postmaster: Send address changes to *Vanity Fair,* Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.


VictoriasSecret.com




VICTORIA'S SECRET
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

VANITY FAIR®

Editor GRAYDON CARTER

Managing Editor CHRIS GARRETT
Design Director DAVID HARRIS
Executive Literary Editor WAYNE LAWSON
Features Editor JANE SARKIN
Senior Articles Editors DOUGLAS STUMPF, AIMÉE BELL, BRUCE HANDY
Editor-at-Large MATT TYRNAUER
Legal Affairs Editor ROBERT WALSH Articles Editor JIM WINDOLF
Associate Managing Editor ELLEN KIELL
Fashion Director ELIZABETH SALTZMAN WALKER Photography Director SUSAN WHITE
Director of Special Projects SARA MARKS
Copy Editor PETER DEVINE Research Editor JOHN BANTA
London Editor HENRY PORTER West Coast Editor KRISTA SMITH
Special Correspondents DOMINICK DUNNE, BOB COLACELLO, MAUREEN ORTH, BRYAN BURROUGH, AMY FINE COLLINS
Writer-at-Large MARIE BRENNER
Photography Editor LISA BERMAN Deputy Art Director JULIE WEISS
Photography Research Director JEANNIE RHODES Vanities Editor DANA BROWN
Fanfair Editors ANNE FULENWIDER, JOHN GILLIES
Associate Editor MICHAEL HOGAN
Senior Production Managers DINA AMARITO-DeSHAN, MARTHA HURLEY
Associate Copy Editor DAVID FENNER Deputy Research Editor MARY FLYNN
Reporter-Researchers ALIYAH BARUCHIN, JUSTIN BISHOP, JAMES BUSS, ALEXANDER COHEN, ERIN GLADNEY, CHRISTOPHER HICKMAN, ADAM LAUKHUF, EAMON LYNCH, KRIS McNEIL, MICHELLE MEMRAN, MICHAEL SACKS, GABRIEL SANDERS, MICHELE SHAPIRO, NATASHA STOVALL, MADISON VENZA
Research Assistant JACQUELINE NEISS
Assistant Art Directors LISA MEIPALA KENNEDY, CHRISTOPHER ISRAEL, CHRIS MUELLER, LEE RUELLE, ADAM BOOKBINDER
Assistant to the Editor PUNCH HUTTON
Editorial Business Manager MERSINI FIALO Editorial Coordinator DORI AMARITO
Senior Fashion Market Editor MARY F. BRAEUNIG Fashion Editor PATRICIA HERRERA Market Editor CHRISTINE HAHN
Senior Photography Producer KATHRYN MacLEOD Senior Associate Photo Editor SARAH CZELADNICKI
Senior Photo Research Editor ANN SCHNEIDER Photo Research Editors KATHERINE BANG, ROSANNA SGUERA
Editorial Promotions Associates AUDREY CAMPIGOTTO-ELLAR, MELISSA GONZALEZ
Paris Editor VERONIQUE PLAZOLLES
Art Production Manager CHRISTOPHER GEORGE Copy Production Manager ANDERSON TEPPER
Production Associates LESLIE HERTZOG, TRINA ROBINSON
Assistant Copy Editor DAVID GENDELMAN Research Associate HEATHER FINK
Photo Research Associates IAN BASCETTA, MATTHEW LEVINSON
Editorial Associates MARC GOODMAN, LAURA KANG, MATTHEW TRAINOR, FRED TURNER Features Associate LAUREN TABACH-BANK
Editorial Assistants CAROLYN BIELFELDT, LINDSAY BUCHA, ABBY FIELD, KELLY FRIEDMAN, JENNIFER MASSONI, DAISY HO, CAITLIN MORLEY, MANYA RUBINSTEIN, KATIE SHARER, CLAIRE SMITH
Photo Department Coordinators KATHRYNE HALL, SARAH SMART Assistant Editorial Business Manager EILISH MORLEY
Photo Assistant DEIRDRE QUINN Fashion Assistant AGNES LE NART

Editor, Creative Development DAVID FRIEND

Contributing Editors
HENRY ALFORD, SUZANNA ANDREWS, ROBERT SAM ANSON, JUDY BACHRACH, LESLIE BENNETTS, CARL BERNSTEIN, PETER BISKIND, BUZZ BISSINGER, HOWARD BLUM, PATRICIA BOSWORTH, EDWIN JOHN COASTER, STEVEN DALY, BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE, JANINE DI GIOVANNI, LISA EISNER, RUPERT EVERETT, JULES FEIFFER, BRUCE FEIRSTEIN, STEVE GARBARINO, DAVID HALBERSTAM, REINALDO HERRERA, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, A. M. HOMES, LAURA JACOBS, SEBASTIAN JUNGER, DAVID KAMP, WALTER KIRN, EDWARD KLEIN, FRAN LEBOWITZ, ADAM LEFF, MICHAEL LUTIN, DAVID MARGOLICK, BRUCE McCALL, PATRICK McMULLAN, ANNE McNALLY, RICHARD MERKIN, FREDERIC MORTON, NINA MUNK, DEE DEE MYERS, ANDREW NEIL, BETSEY OSBORNE, ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY, EVGENIA PERETZ, GENE PRESSMAN, WILLIAM PROCHNAU, LEE RADZIWILL, KATE REARDON, JOHN RICHARDSON, LISA ROBINSON, DAVID ROSE, RICHARD RUSHFIELD, NANCY JO SALES, ELISSA SCHAPPELL, KEVIN SESSUMS, GAIL SHEEHY, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON, INGRID SISCHY, SALLY BEDELL SMITH, SAM TANENHAUS, NICK TOSCHES, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG, VICKY WARD, HEATHER WATTS, GEORGE WAYNE, MARJORIE WILLIAMS, JAMES WOLCOTT, NED ZEMAN

Contributing Photographers
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
HERB RITTS, HELMUT NEWTON, BRUCE WEBER, MARK SELIGER
JONATHAN BECKER, HARRY BENSON, TODD EBERLE, LARRY FINK, TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS, JONAS KARLSSON, DAVID LaCHAPELLE, MICHAEL O'NEILL, SEBASTIÃO SALGADO, SNOWDON, FIROOZ ZAHEDI
Contributing Artists TIM SHEAFFER, ROBERT RISKO, HILARY KNIGHT

Contributing Editor (Los Angeles) WENDY STARK MORRISSEY Contributing Beauty and Photography Editor SUNHEE C. GRINNELL
Contributing U.K. Coordinator JULIA WACHTEL Contributing Stylists KIM MEEHAN, SARAJANE HOARE
Contributing Market Editor (Accessories) STACEY LAPIDUS Contributing Credits Editor ROBIN RIZZUTO
Contributing Photography Producers RON BEINNER, RICHARD VILLANI Contributing Production Associate SUSAN M. RASCO

Executive Director of Public Relations BETH KSENIAK
Assistant KATHERINE WORDEN Contributing Associate DARRYL BRANTLEY

Editorial Director JAMES TRUMAN



x Cellini Cestello
ghteen karat pink or white gold.
he name and location of
Official Rolex Jeweler,
e call 1-800-367-6539.
rolex.com

, Cellini and Cestello are trademarks.

New York

3 WIRES

"...most of the audio thrills of your local cinema into your home at minimal cost and little bother."
Wayne Thompson, *Oregonian*, 9/7/01

2 SPEAKERS

"...the cars...seemed to move through the entire room...front, to the sides, and behind me – with only two main speakers!"
Teri Scaduto, *Sound & Vision*, 1/02

1 EASY SYSTEM

"Product of the year."
Electronic House, 9/02

media center with DVD/CD. Simple.



What you see. Two speakers and a



The new Bose® 3•2•1 home entertainment system.

Imagine surround sound without center or rear speakers. And without all those extra wires.

For a free information kit, call 1-888-321-BOSE. Ask for Ext. N37.

Or visit 321.bose.com Enter e-code N37.

BOSE
Better sound through research.

THE MALL AT SHORT HILLS
SHORT HILLS, NJ

Hideaway Acoustimass® module not shown. ©2002 Bose Corporation

VANITY FAIR

Vice President and Publisher LOUIS CONA

Associate Publisher, Creative Services and Marketing HOPE HENING
Associate Publisher STEVEN L. DeLUCA
Advertising Director WILLIAM C. SCHENCK
Executive Director, Creative Services JANINE SILVERA
Marketing Director DANIELLA R. WELLS
Executive Beauty Director LUCILLE DURAN
Fashion Directors MARIA ELIASON, PAULA FORTGANG, JENNIFER SCHLESINGER
New England Manager MERYL J. DEGEN
Southeast and Automotive Director ANTHONY RICE
Jewelry and Watch Manager ALATIA BRADLEY
Account Managers HEATHER DiBENEDETTO, KATHRYN BANINO
Senior Marketing Managers ERIC A. KARP, JENNIFER KIFFER
Business Director MARC LEYER Finance Director JUDY SAFIR
Executive Assistant to the Publisher AUDRA ASENCIO Advertising Coordinator ABBY CZELADNICKI

West Coast Director
RITA MORAN CHAVERS
Southwest Manager
STACY MACKLIN
6300 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90048
323-965-3433

Detroit Manager
KELLIE A. MacALOON
2600 West Big Beaver Road
Suite 440
Troy, Michigan 48084
248-458-7961

Midwest Manager
KELLY SOUTER PAXSON
875 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
312-649-3517

San Francisco Manager
RUTH TOOKER
50 Francisco Street
Suite 115
San Francisco, California 94
415-955-8270

Florida and Caribbean
JAY STELZER
Jay Stelzer and Associates
3475 Sheridan Street, Suite 306
Hollywood, Florida 33021
954-985-0651

Dallas
LEWIS STAFFORD COMPANY
5000 Quorum Drive
Suite 545
Dallas, Texas 75240
972-960-2889

Canada
DODD MEDIA SALES
3121 Theatre Road North, RR4
Cobourg, Ontario
K9A 4J7 Canada
905-885-0664

Milan
MIRELLA DONINI
Mia S.R.L.
Via Hoepli, 3
20121 Milan, Italy
3902-805-1422

Paris
ELISABETH BARBOSA
Go Media Sales Ltd.
39 Bis Rue Laugier
75017 Paris, France
33-1-44-40-43-28

London
FRAN BERRICK
Go Media Sales Ltd.
61 Grosvenor Street
London, England W1Y 9DA
44-20-7409-2616

Hong Kong
KIM KENCHINGTON
MediaWorks Mathews A
1902 Professional Buildi
19-23 Tung Lo Wan Roa
Causeway Bay, Hong Ko
852-2882-3963

Creative Development Directors JENNIFER ORR KELMAN, MERIDITH PARKS ROTMAN
Design Director COLLEEN MEADE
Promotion Director MARY CALABRESE O'REILLY
Copy Director ANNE DiBENEDETTO
Senior Merchandising Managers ALYSSA ROCKLAND, KERRI FALLON
Special Projects Manager JENNIFER PRODAN HENDERSON
Associate Art Director JAQUELINE BACICH
Promotion Production Manager SHELBY TOMPKINS
Promotion Assistant KRISTI NAERIS Marketing Coordinator EMILY ZAK
Entertainment Marketing Consultant JENNIFER PARKER

Advertising Assistants NICOLE BAGUER, COLEEN KEATING, KIM SIEBEL, LESLEY THOMPSON
LISA BARLOW (Detroit), ALISON CARTER (Chicago), SUZANNE MOHAMED (San Francisco), SUKI SIR (Los Angeles)

PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS

Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.

President and CEO STEVEN T. FLORIO

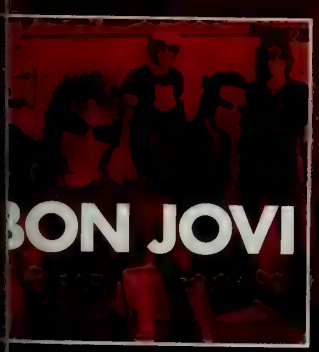
Executive Vice President–Chief Operating Officer CHARLES H. TOWNSEND
Executive Vice President–Chief Financial Officer JOHN W. BELLANDO
Executive Vice President–Chief Marketing Officer RICHARD D. BECKMAN
Executive Vice President–Human Resources JILL BRIGHT
Senior Vice President–Consumer Marketing PETER A. ARMOUR
Senior Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution KEVIN G. HICKEY
Senior Vice President–Corporate Communications MAURIE PERL
Senior Vice President–Planning and Development PRIMALIA CHANG
Senior Vice President–Advertising Services ROBERT A. SILVERSTONE
Senior Vice President–Market Research SCOTT McDONALD

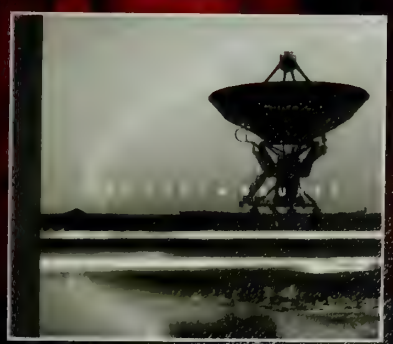
Vice President–Editorial Business Manager LINDA RICE
Vice President–Corporate Creative Director GARY VAN DIS
Vice President–Retail Marketing JAMES MATE Vice President–Corporate Sales LESLIE PICARD
Vice President–Strategic Sales LINDA MASON
Vice President–Corporate Sales and Marketing, Detroit PEGGY DAITCH
Vice President–Creative Marketing CARA DEOUL PERL Vice President–Marketing MATT ROBERTS

(A division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.)
Published at 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036

Subscription inquiries: Please write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0635.
For permissions and reprint requests, please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628.

BON JOVI





11.96

RGET® CD EXCLUSIVE!

BON JOVI *Target Exclusive*, **contains eight previously unreleased songs. BON JOVI** *Bounce* **also available.**

get Stores. The Bullseye Design and TARGET are registered trademarks of Target Brands, Inc. All rights reserved.

Rules of Engagement



I'm by and large a law-abiding citizen. I pay my taxes, try not to speed, and always pick up the check when dining with foreign visitors. Like most Americans, I react favorably to authority as long as it is thought out and, above all, fair. On the other hand, I have this almost pathological aversion to what I perceive as petty authority—an aversion that I believe used to be fundamental to the American character. A while back I went to see the second Harry Potter movie at a Loews multiplex in New York. I had stopped off at Starbucks, suffered the ritual humiliation of using the *venti* word, and walked into the theater with my cup. The usher who took my ticket told me that drinks purchased off the premises couldn't be brought into the theater. I said I would buy a Coke and put the coffee into the Coke container. No, not possible—it was the theater's policy.

He got the manager, who repeated the company directive and pointed to a trash container where I could throw away my coffee. Like the infantile renegade I am, I didn't toss the cup, but hid it in a huge inside pocket of my overcoat. The Loews gatekeepers gave me the once-over when I returned, empty-handed and moving carefully so as not to spill the hot coffee down my pant leg. After the movie I put the empty cup on a display case outside the manager's office. *Very* mature.

A few days later Mayor Michael Bloomberg's all-encompassing smoking ban for New York bars and restaurants was passed. This follows his somewhat arbitrary evisceration of the recycling laws and his making a number of streets "thru streets" (meaning that you have to drive practically to the er's edge before being able to ma turn). There was, too, his ban on e curricular noise. No doubt one wi forthcoming on cussing.

It is precisely these sorts of in rial, petty fiats that drive people me crazy. And it's happening all the place—especially where ther unchallenged imperial rule.

You have virtual one-party governments not only in New but also in Washington and London (although former Senate Re lican leader Trent Lott and British prime minister Tony Blair's Cherie, have been doing everything in their power to correct imbalance). And this all comes at a time when we are waging against Iraq come hell or high water—a conflict that appears without widespread public support or widespread public prot

A week after the coffee incident, I went back to the same thi to catch Martin Scorsese's epic bloodbath, *Gangs of New York* it—it's magnificent. In part it is about the exercise of petty auth and how New Yorkers a century and a half ago responded t Lawmakers issued a notice that men could buy their way out o Civil War draft for $300—an impossibly large sum for a poor, la immigrant population. In reaction, mobs took to the streets and four days all but tore the city down during what became know the Draft Riots. Not that I condone violence (or the racism of n of the rioters), but I wonder where that protest against author now. I wonder where the anti-war movement is on college campu I wonder where the revolt is against the no-outside-beverage ru the lobbies of Loews movie theaters. —GRAYDON CAR

ON THE COVER

Salma Hayek wears swimwear by Calvin Klein with a shawl by Adrienne Landau. Hair products by Kiehl's. Makeup products by Clinique. Nail enamel by Deborah Lippmann. Hair by Ray Allington. Makeup by Paul Starr. Manicure by Terry Hunter. Styled by Sarajane Hoare. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Herb Ritts in Malibu on November 13, 2002.





LACOSTE

STYLE ON SKIN



AVEDA
the art and science of pure flower and plant essences

GENTLE, DAILY HAIR CARE—
FROM SUSTAINABLE SOURCES.

Our Shampure™ Shampoo and Shampure™ Conditioner go above and beyond—with the help of ingredients sustainably sourced with rainforest communities: certified organic babassu nuts from the Maranhão region of Brazil, and rich morikue™ protein from brazil nuts gathered in Peru.

Find Aveda: call 800.791.1148 or visit www.aveda.com.

Aveda New York/
Los Angeles/Dallas





As the world's foremost war historian and the defense editor for London's *Daily Telegraph,* **SIR JOHN KEEGAN** has met his share of politicians and military personnel. Keegan was pleasantly surprised, then, when he recently sat down at the Pentagon with a calm, poised, and amicable Donald Rumsfeld. "I found Rumsfeld a fascinating chap, not a hard-faced tyrant," says Keegan, whose profile of the secretary of defense starts on page 126. As for war with Iraq, Keegan says, "There's not a great deal of support in Great Britain. I'm an odd man out. I'm pro-American, pro-Rumsfeld, and I think the world would be a better place if Saddam were knocked off his perch." Keegan's book about intelligence in warfare is due out this fall from Knopf.



JON CHASE

Writer and photographer **EDWARD GRAZDA** has traveled to Afghanistan more than 20 times and has published two books on the country, but the impetus for his mo recent trip occurred in 2001 at an I Independence Day festival in Queen where he met photographer Khalid Grazda was struck by Hadi's work from his native country. "In the pho the wounded and the amputees don have any self-pity as they present themselves to Khalid," says Grazda. "There's this wonderful innocence ab them, which a Western photographe would not get." On page 138, Graz recounts his and Hadi's search for photos of the Taliban's spiritual lead Mullah Muhammad Omar.



Though the third volume of **JOHN RICHARDSON'S** monumental four-part biography, *A Life of Picasso,* comes out in 2004 from Random House and the writer is acknowledged to be the world authority on the painter, the "Matisse Picasso" show that arrives in the U.S. in February still held surprises for him. "What is interesting is that it showed how much Picasso learned about scale from Matisse," says Richardson, who was friends with Picasso and met Matisse twice. "It was from him that Picasso saw how to use scale in new, and much more sophisticated and effective, ways." Richardson is also working on a second volume of his essay collection, *Sacred Monsters, Sacred Masters.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

AVEDA

the art and science of pure flower and plant essences

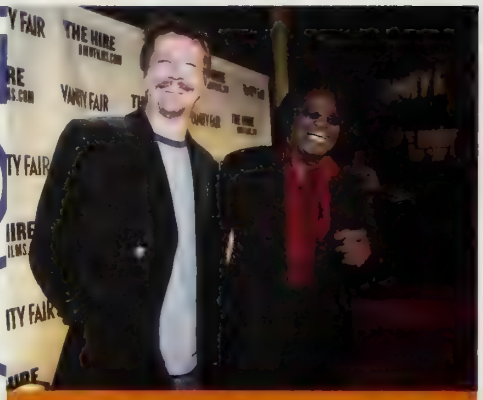
MPURE™ SHAMPOO AND SHAMPURE™ CONDITIONER

ore the nature of Aveda—with our most popular hair care. Offering sustainably-sourced
dients, gentle daily care for all hair types, and our signature, soothing aroma of 25 pure
er and plant essences, Shampure™ gets to the heart of our commitment to pure
ucts—and to the Earth. Experience Shampure today.

Aveda by calling 800.791.1148 or visiting www.aveda.com.

what hair care goes above and beyond?





Above: Gary Oldman and James Brown, from Tony Scott's *Beat the Devil*—one of the films in *The Hire* series—walking the red carpet.

A PREMIERE EVENT

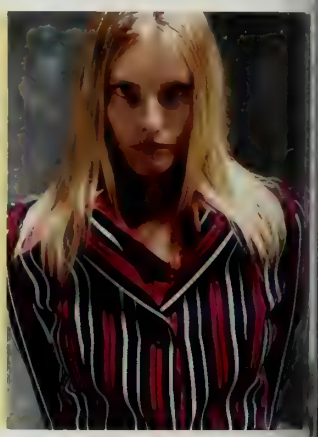
On Thursday, October 17, *Vanity Fair* and BMW co-hosted the world premiere of *The Hire* short-film series, presented by BMWfilms.com, at the ArcLight Cinema in Los Angeles. Hosted by *Vanity Fair*'s West Coast editor Krista Smith, and acclaimed directors Ridley and Tony Scott, John Woo, and Joe Carnahan, the premiere and after-party attracted nearly 500 guests, including Craig Kilborn, James Brown, Marilyn Manson, Gary Oldman, Owen Wilson, Adrien Brody, and Rebecca Gayheart. The star-studded event benefited Chrysalis, a nonprofit organization that assists disadvantaged and homeless individuals.

THE V.I.P. TREATMENT

In celebration of *Vanity Fair*'s "Campaign Hollywood"—a media blitz of special events, parties, and exclusive promotions prior to the Academy Awards—Barely There®, the ultimate in comfortable intimate apparel, and *Vanity Fair* invite you to enter the "Silver Screen Escape" sweepstakes. One lucky winner and a guest will be treated to four days and three nights of V.I.P. treatment, including tickets to *Vanity Fair*'s exclusive "Campaign Hollywood" events and a complete intimate apparel wardrobe from Barely There® (value $500). For a complete list of rules and entry information, visit Vanityfair.com or BarelyThere.com.

TAKE NOTE

Considered one of our generation's greatest songwriters, Aimee Mann drew rave reviews from critics and fans alike for her album, *Lost in Space*, which debuted in the Top 40. She has been nominated for three Grammy awards, an Oscar, and a Golden Globe (for her work on the motion picture *Magnolia*). *Lost In Space* is available in stores now. Visit www.Aimeemann.com.



VANITYFAIR.COM

Visit Vanityfair.com for monthly updates about the most exclusive on-line promotions and opportunities.



A WEEKEND ESCAPE

The Bryant Park Hotel has teamed up with Victoria's Secret for "The Very Sexy Escape." This weekend package for two includes: deluxe room accommodations, champagne and chocolate-covered strawberries upon arrival, a $50 gift certificate to Victoria's Secret, a complimentary in-room movie, "Very Sexy" Victoria's Secret products for men and women (retail value $200), breakfast in bed, and four P.M. checkout. Packages start at $449. For reservations, call 877-640-9300 or visit www.bryantparkhotel.com.

INUED FROM PAGE 38



According to contributing editor **STEVE GARBARINO,** "Gaining any sort of access into the Hell's Angels' ranks is like trying to infiltrate al-Qaeda." For his piece on page 98, Garbarino—who as a boy loved to watch the Angels thundering down the turnpike from the back of his family's station wagon—earned enough trust to be let into the biker fold and spent six months hanging out with members. "They can be exceptionally generous and good-humored with semi-invited strangers," he says. "There is a reticent kindness transparent through all the tattoos, scars, and gravelly talk."

Famous in his own right for his iconic portraits of notable people, contributing grapher **HERB RITTS** felt "at home" with Salma Hayek. "She had this rhythm and ty way about her that I liked," he says. Ritts's two days with her allowed him to various sides to her personality. "Besides e running around and upbeat mood on each, there was another mood, in which she was more inward." And unlike other stars at photo shoots, Hayek, Ritts was pleased to discover, didn't micromanage the lighting. "She knew she was being taken care of and realized that I knew what I was doing."

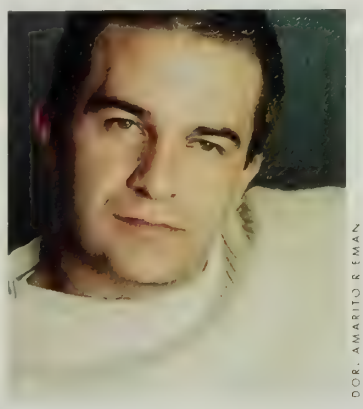


MARK HANAUER



BRUCE WEBER'S expedition to Sweden provided him with the chance to do the kind of spontaneous photography he relishes. "I have this little band," says Weber. "We have assistant photographers, hairdressers, and a makeup person. It becomes like a rock 'n' roll tour, but instead of singing, we're taking pictures." Comparing the project to his 1986 book, *O Rio de Janeiro,* Weber found the Swedes to be trusting easygoing. It's the kind of story that would have been impossible in the U.S., inks. "Today a photographer driving in a car cross-country would meet ferent America than, let's say, Robert Frank did many years ago. You probably dn't be able to take many pictures, because people wouldn't let you."

Associate copy editor **DAVID FENNER'S** studious exterior masks an adventurous side. A Montana native, Fenner spent 11 a newspaper reporter in Montana and cago, covering everything from wildfires to backcountry manhunts. "I miss my per days," says Fenner, "but they're easy manticize." While spending the last four holding *V.F.* to the highest grammatical standards, Fenner also completed an F.A. in writing from Vermont College. "I definitely inspired by the West in my writing. It's one way of maintaining a connection to home, I guess."



DOR: AMARITO REMAN

FOR DETAILS SEE CREDITS PAGE



Please give. Each year, we send thousands of inner-city children to the country. For only $519, you can give a child a summer to remember. The Fresh Air Fund. Celebrating 125 years.

The Fresh Air Fund

1.800.367.0003 | www.freshair.org

633 Third Avenue 14th Floor | New York NY | 10017

A COPY OF OUR ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE FRESH AIR FUND, 633 THIRD AVENUE, 14TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10017, (212) 897-8900, OR THE OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL, DEPARTMENT OF LAW CHARITIES BUREAU, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10271. © 2002 THE FRESH AIR FUND



ALL TOMORROW'S PART
Matt Bilinsky, Marc Pr
and Kelly Terry, in Beverl
on August 9, 2

THE BRAT PACK—THE SEQUEL

L.A. kids and the facts of life; crossed signals at the State Department; the Ripper files; the bitch is back; a soldier's wife's story; Porfirio and the pepper mill; is Seattle really that lame?; and more

I am a Beverly Hills brat—or so I learned while reading the article by Nancy Jo Sales ["Rich, Jaded, and Lost in L.A.," December] in which she wrote about me and my friends, mocking our lifestyles. The truth is, Nancy Jo paid the bill at every fancy restaurant and hot club we stepped into, and had it not been for her gratuity, we probably wouldn't have even been let in the front door. Had I known how lopsided an article she would produce, however, I would have disappeared from the dinner table as my street-smart girlfriend chose to do after Nancy Jo chastised her for being wise enough to keep her trap closed.

I give Nancy Jo credit, though—I couldn't believe how entertaining a story she was able to craft by convincing a few college students that she wasn't "going to write another smut piece," as she put it. The article is more fiction than fact. Marc Protzel, Matt Bilinsky, and I do not even live in Los Angeles, and we spend more time wrapped up in textbooks than we do going to clubs. Furthermore, most of our quotes were meant to be sarcastic and were taken out of context. The most interesting thing about the article is what Nancy Jo chose *not* to print—how we are not rich, we are far from jaded, and the only time we feel lost is when we are escorted through elite hot spots by fast-talking, manipulating dramatists posing as journalists.

JONATHAN CAREN
Poughkeepsie, New York

MY DAUGHTER GREW UP with Kelly Terry in Pacific Palisades, and our family has known the Terry family for more than 12 years. I was surprised to read Kelly's claims that she grew up in Beverly Hills and graduated from Crossroads School, that she was surrounded by extraordinary wealth, and that her first words were "Bullshit, Daddy." In reality, Kelly grew up in the sleepy and very conservative town of Pacific Palisades, where she attended the small local Catholic parish school from kindergarten through eighth grade. She went on to Brentwood High School, a private college-prep school. Kelly's mother is an emergency-room and delivery-room nurse at a Catholic hospital in Santa Monica, and her father is a salesman who grew up in a Mormon household in Salt Lake City. Her upbringing was anything but glamorous, and her home life was filled with peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, trips to the beach, simple birthday parties, and Sunday church. I am not sure why Kelly chose to depict her upbringing in such a fictional manner.

VIRGINIA P. FRENCH
Brentwood, California

NANCY JO SALES RESPONDS: I was never in a nightclub with Jonathan Caren, nor does he appear in one in my story. I had a couple of beers with him at a Beverly Hills bar several blocks from the house where he grew up. (My story makes it clear that Jonathan and his friends Matt and Marc are all in college now and were home for the summer when I did my reporting.)

What Jon and I talked about that night at the bar were his own feelings of disgust and dis


RALPH LAUREN ROMANCE
ROMANCE
ROMANC
STROM
BEAUTY
FRAGRANCES FOR MEN AND FOR WOMEN



Way back in the late nineteenth century, Jules Verne, that master of science fiction, envisioned many of the technological wonders that are commonplace today. Everything from the submarine, to the airplane, to rocket travel in outer space. He also predicted that we would have TV in another thousand years.

Yet, as far-reaching as Verne's imagination was, even he would be somewhat astonish at the many marvels there are to l found in the Lexus ES 30

One of these wou certainly have to be t available rain-sensi windshield wiper syste (Captain Nemo may wa to take note of this one.) A sens employs reflected and emitted light to dete the presence of raindrops on the windshie

RAIN-SENSING WINDSHIELD WIPERS. EVEN JULES VERNE DIDN'T SEE THIS ONE COMING.

*The Lexus DVD Navigation System is designed to assist in locating an address or point of interest. Discrepancies may be encountered between the system and your actual location. Changes i not available in every city. See the *Navigation Owner's Manual* and your Lexus dealer for further details. ©2002 Lexus, a Division of Toyota Motor Sal



Not only does the system switch the wipers
and off, but it will measure the degree of
ecipitation and increase the wiper speed
necessary. So no matter what the driving
nditions may be, from a light drizzle to a
avy downpour, you're able to give the road
ead your full, undivided attention.

He would also appreciate the available
xus DVD-based Navigation System. This
NAV system can verbally direct you to nearly any destination in the contiguous United States* via three different routes: the quickest, the shortest and an alternative.

These are two examples of the new world of luxury that awaits you in the ES 300. A car built on the idea that every journey, whether it be to the center of the Earth, or the center of town, ought to be an unforgettable one.

n an automobile delight, comfort, fascinate and energize you?
e lexus.com for a test drive. The Passionate Pursuit of Perfection.

LEXUS

ffic flow or other road system changes may affect the accuracy of the mapping software. Rely upon your common sense to decide whether or not to follow a specified route. Detailed coverage
u to wear seatbelts, secure children in rear seat, obey all speed laws and drive responsibly. For more information, call 800-USA-LEXUS (800-872-5398).



Above, from left to right: Fred President Dominique Watine-Arnault and actress Laura Harring.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

On October 16, Fred Paris, Fred president Dominique Watine-Arnault, and *Vanity Fair* hosted an elegant sit-down dinner at Rodeo Brighton Place in Beverly Hills. The event, preceded by a private Moët & Chandon champagne reception, celebrated Madame Arnault and Fred Paris jewelry. As D.J. Angelique supplied the music, guests viewed a collection of stunning images from *Vanity Fair*'s November Music Issue. The evening benefited the Neil Bogart Memorial Fund, a division of the T. J. Martell Foundation for Children's Cancer, Leukemia, and AIDS Research.



Above, from left to right: Jay Cooper of Greenberg Traurig, Alex Hodges of House of Blues Concerts, Fred Goldring of Goldring, Hertz, Lichtenstein & Haft, David Renzer of Universal Music Publishing Group, and Joyce Trabulus from the Neil Bogart Memorial Fund.

may at the excessive materialism of his upbringing. His coming to terms with a boyhood spent trying to get into nightclubs and live like a celebrity is the focus of his portrait in my piece.

In response to Virginia P. French, I would only say that Pacific Palisades is not as "sleepy" as she makes it out to be. It is one of the wealthiest communities in the country. Kelly did tell me that her mother was a midwife, and that her family money is three generations old.

Mrs. French is correct in saying that Kelly attended Brentwood, not Crossroads—both elite L.A. private schools—but the mistake was mine, not Kelly's. My apologies.

EVAN GLUCOFF and Daniella Segal, two kids whom Nancy Jo Sales wrote about, both attended Emory University with me last year. Yet, while I continue to make friends, flourish under a wonderful Greek system, and excel at one of the nation's most difficult schools, neither Evan nor Daniella is anywhere to be found. After constantly complaining about the Emory "scene," both transferred last year. They were unable to adjust to us common folk.

PETER SCHRAGER
Freehold, New Jersey

I HOPE THAT MS. SALES does every parent raising a child in Beverly Hills the ultimate favor and sends him or her a copy of her article. If just one of them realizes that money or a new Lexus is no substitute for love and attention, she will have done her part to make the world a better place.

SONIA A. MONTALBANO
Portland, Oregon

STORM WARNING

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE is deeply troubled by the false allegation from Sebastian Junger, which suggests that our ambassador in Argentina, James Walsh, was warned in advance about the events of September 11 ["Terrorism's New Geography," December]. Mario Aguilar Risi's claim that he sent a letter to the U.S. Embassy warning of the attacks is simply untrue. Your readers should know that neither Ambassador Walsh nor the U.S. Embassy in Buenos Aires ever received any such communication prior to the September 11 attacks. The article itself repeatedly questions Risi's credibility and suggests that his stories were concocted. Our press officer in Buenos Aires made this point to Mr. Junger when he approached the embassy for its assessment of his source.

The Department of State continues to receive strong counterterrorism cooperation from the governments of Argentina, Brazil, and Paraguay. While the vast majority of residents in the large Lebanese, Syrian, and Palestinian communities in this region have nothing to do with terrorism, we are aware of terrorist fund-raising and other logistical-support activities that have been organized by a number of pro-Hezbollah and Hamas activists. We are working successfully with the governments in the region to eliminate this activity.

RICHARD BOUCHER
State Department spokesman
Washington, D.C.

SEBASTIAN JUNGER RESPONDS: In my article, I made it clear that I could not check the credibility of Mario Aguilar Risi's assertions—including the one that he warned the U.S. Embassy in Buenos Aires about the 9/11 attacks. I simply presented the evidence and let the reader draw his own conclusion. When I tried to discuss this matter and related ones with the State Department, I was warned off the topic by a public-affairs officer, who demanded that his name not be mentioned in the article. When a researcher from this magazine tried to confirm that conversation, this same public-affairs officer lost his temper and refused to confirm or deny anything. To not answer a reporter's questions and then write a letter saying he didn't include your version of events seems rather hypocritical.

FRAMING THE PAINTER

IT'S A PITY that the first exposure many Americans will have to one of the greatest British painters of the 20th century, Walter Sickert, will be courtesy of Patricia Cornwell and her announcement that he was Jack the Ripper ["The Face of Jack the Ripper," December]. She has tailored her research to frame Sickert, giving us another lurid tale and what she clearly hopes will be a best-seller.

Her ideas are contradictory. In her book she states that his first wife divorced him because of his recurring infidelities—which is true—then suggests that he was incapable of an erection or, better still, that he had no penis at all. She claims he was a misogynist, while in truth he had many lifelong female friends. Sickert deserves better than this.

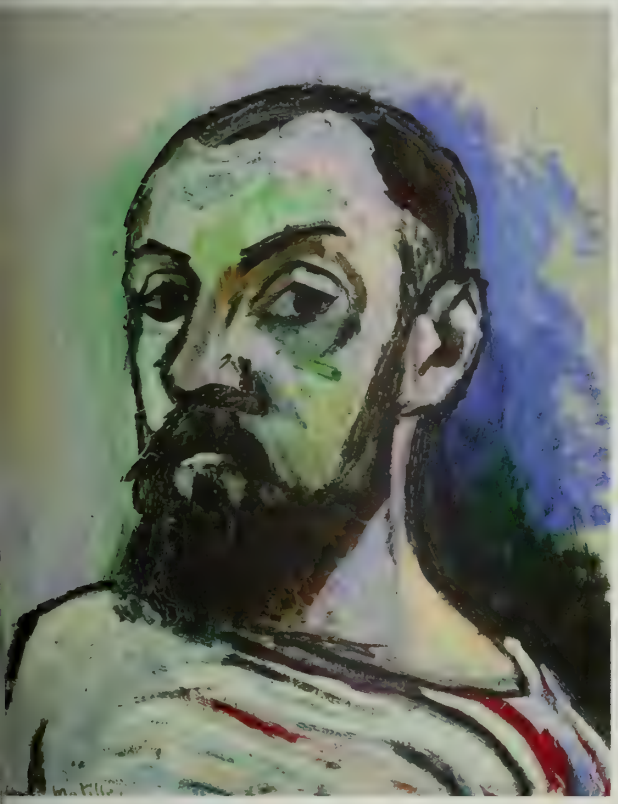
DUNCAN HANNAH
New York, New York

PATRICIA CORNWELL'S description of Jack the Ripper as "the gamesman of all gamesmen . . . [whose] greatest disillusionment must have come from realizing early on that his opponents were unskilled dolts" brings this depraved killer to his apotheosis as the greatest of all gothic-romance villains. She adds, with undisguised awe, that Sickert "got away with all of it for more than 114 years."

In 1988, a sense of celebration marked the centennial of these murders. In addi-

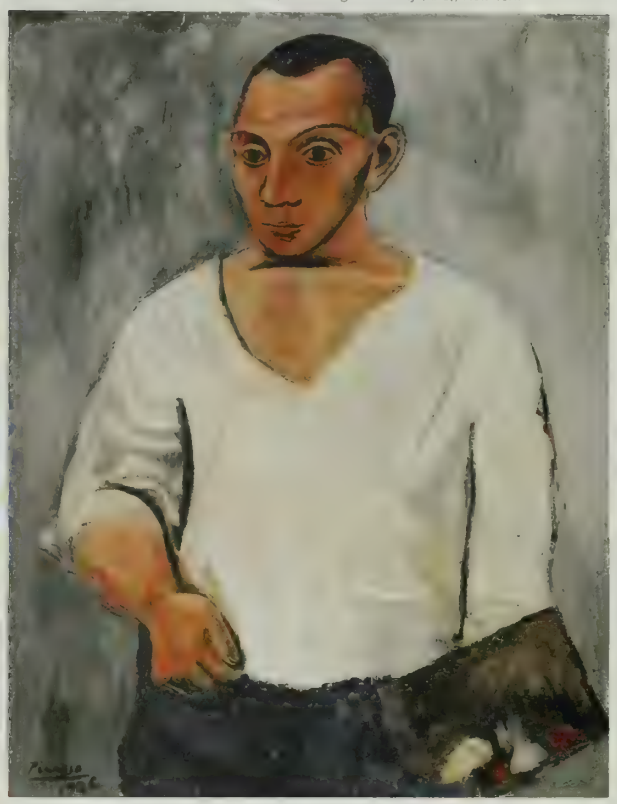
errill Lynch & Co., Inc.

Henri Matisse. Self-Portrait. 1906. Oil on canvas.
Statens Museum fur Kunst, Copenhagen. Johannes Rump Collection.
© 2002 Succession H. Matisse/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York



Henri Matisse. *Self-Portrait.* 1906.

Pablo Picasso. Self-Portrait with Palette. 1906. Oil on canvas.
Philadelphia Museum of Art: The A. E. Gallatin Collection.
© 2002 Estate of P. Picasso/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York



Pablo Picasso. *Self-Portrait with Palette.* 1906.

MATISSE AND PICASSO.
THEIR ART OPENED EYES, THEIR VISION OPENED MINDS.

Merrill Lynch is proud to sponsor a landmark exhibition featuring two of the 20th Century's most onary artists, side by side as never before.

Matisse and Picasso engaged in a lifelong dialogue that inspired masterworks of innovation and ativity. In a groundbreaking show at The Museum of Modern Art, a unique look at the interplay of se artistic giants will testify to the power of their achievements. And how their vision inspired us to the world anew.

In sponsoring a show of this importance, Merrill Lynch is privileged to reaffirm our support of ural excellence worldwide.

MATISSE PICASSO

SPONSORED BY MERRILL LYNCH

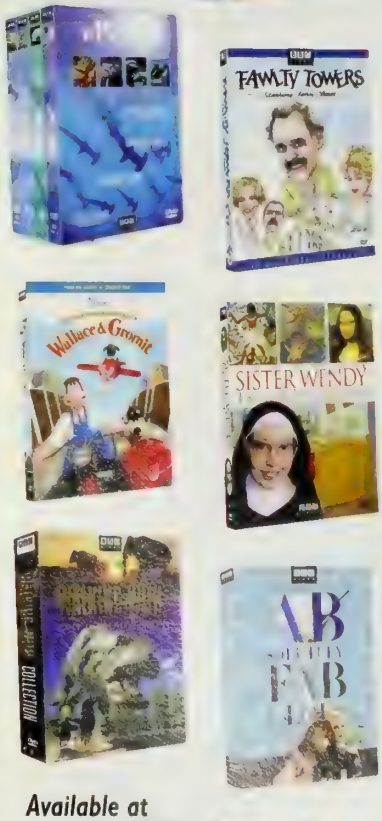
MoMA QNS

FEBRUARY 13–MAY 19, 2003

For more information on this exhibition, please visit moma.org or ml.com

Blow Your Mind with BBC VIDEO





Available at BORDERS BOOKS • MUSIC • MOVIES

or wherever DVD's are sold!

© 2003 Warner Home Video. All Rights Reserved. Design © 2003 BBC Worldwide Americas. BBC and BBC Video and their logos are trademarks of the British Broadcasting Corporation. All Rights Reserved

tion to the usual spate of books, articles, and television programs, guided tours were offered of the sites where the crimes occurred, as were souvenirs commemorating the killer. The excerpt from Cornwell's book reflects this same attitude. If she can identify Jack the Ripper, well and good. But I wish she and others would refrain from portraying him as some demented Heathcliff whose capacity for violence and ability to escape justice lifts him above the rest of us and makes him worthy of our fascinated admiration.

LARRY LANGFORD
Fresno, California

WHAT A FINE PIECE of writing and investigative journalism by Patricia Cornwell on Jack the Ripper. This kind of article is why I keep reading the magazine. It makes it worth shuffling through all the watch and jean ads.

J. J. MAUGHAN
Pocatello, Idaho

ROSIE RAGE

I WAS DELIGHTED to read Judith Newman's piece on Rosie O'Donnell ["Cracklin' Rosie," December]. When I first saw O'Donnell on television, her persona, more than that of any other celebrity in memory, struck me not as "nice" but as utterly fake. Disingenuous. Self-righteous. Intolerant. Even repulsive. Therefore, it amazed me how she was able to dupe the American soccer-mom contingent with her so-called brand.

Not surprisingly, her meltdown this year has alienated the public who once embraced the façade she sold them, along with Koosh Balls, Tickle-Me-Elmo, and a feigned Tom Cruise crush. I was gratified to find that Ms. Newman exposed what I had suspected all along about O'Donnell. And judging by that near-illiterate E-mail reprinted in the article, it's clear that this woman has no business running a magazine.

TY A. FORD
Lemoore, California

FROM DAY ONE of Rosie's talk show, it was clear that maintaining her "Queen of Nice" persona took all of the self-control she could muster. In one of the few shows I watched, however, the veneer washed away. She attacked guest Tom Selleck like a rabid wolf, berating him for his position on gun control.

CHRIS ORCUTT
Mount Vernon, New York

I GUESS HER TRUE COLORS finally came out. Rosie, you are *not* what gay America is about!

JOE GRIGSBY
Dallas, Texas

SHADES OF YOKO

THROUGH MY WORK in the visual arts, I too have encountered Yoko Ono at various art events over the years ["Widows and Witnesses," by Dominick Dunne, December]. Like Dunne, I found her to be standoffish but her demeanor is understandable. After all, imagine what it must be like to be the widow of John Lennon, particularly given his violent and untimely death. She cannot be faulted for going to some lengths to protect her privacy and mystique.

It also seems unfair to point the finger at her, as some have done, for having broken up John and Cynthia's marriage. The marriage was already showing cracks by the time Yoko Ono appeared on the scene. Similarly, the Beatles would likely have broken up even without her involvement with Lennon. And most would agree that all four Beatles, Lennon in particular, produced some of their best music after the band's breakup.

However, the one issue that has always given me pause about Mrs. Lennon's character is her treatment of John's other son, Julian, who has been dismissed. I think that if Mrs. Lennon were truly an enlightened individual, as she and her late husband professed to be, she would find it in her heart to accept John's other offspring and perhaps share more of the vast fortune she and Sean have benefited from.

KATHLEEN ROGERS
Ellsworth, Maine

THE WAR AT HOME

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that it took the deaths of three wives at Fort Bragg for the military to finally wise up to the problem of domestic abuse in military households ["Fort Bragg's Deadly Summer," by Maureen Orth, December]. As a former air-force wife, I can sympathize with what these women went through. But the military protects its own, and the soldier always comes first.

I am divorced now and am in the process of applying to law school. I want to get a law degree so one day I can do something to help military spouses. Thank you for bringing this issue to the public. I hope it will help at least one abused military wife get the help she needs before it is too late.

AMY WEINBERG
Phoenix, Arizona

FRIENDS FOR THE AGES

FULL MARKS for Annie Leibovitz's striking period portrait of the *Friends* cast in the Hall of Fame [December]. The setting, costum


bare-ly there®
stretch chiffon™

ing, composition, and sense of authenticity are absolutely arresting. A real work of art.

FRANK CARSON KNEBEL
San Diego, California

THE LAST PLAYBOY

IT'S ABOUT TIME! Finally someone has done justice to Rubirosa's name and to his nature ["The Legend of Rubirosa," by Gary Cohen, December]. Porfirio Rubirosa Ariza was my mother's first cousin in an era and class in which that was the equivalent of a brother. Correct, he was no saint, and was just as womanizing, misogynistic, and perverse as many Hollywood stars. However, as articulated by his friend Mildred Ricart in this article, he made every woman who was with him feel like a star—if only for an instant.

Two points in the article need clarification. First, when Flor de Oro went to her father, Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, to tell him of her decision to marry Porfirio, Trujillo rejected the idea and forced Porfirio to go into hiding. Flor de Oro went back to her father and gave him an ultimatum: if he did not allow her to marry Porfirio, she would commit suicide. According to family history, that was the only reason the tyrant allowed the marriage to happen.

The second clarification has to do with the size of Porfirio's member. To those who are not acquainted with Dominican natural endowment, his anatomy may have been worth mythologizing. By Dominican standards, however, he was not extraordinary. What *was* extraordinary was the combination of those inches and such gentlemanly charm.

JIMMY HERRERA ARIZA
Bronx, New York

YOU'VE SPOILED THE FUN! Parisians take an almost childish delight in telling a foreign guest, preferably an American, to ask the waiter for a "Rubirosa." After the giant pepper mill has been delivered to the table, everyone, including the waiter, has a good laugh at the embarrassed guest's expense as the name's physical derivation is explained with Gallic gestures. Ah, the wickedly naughty French.

JIM BAIRD
Woodstock, Georgia

DE PALMA AND THE PURIST

ALL POWER to James Wolcott for putting into print what a small, loyal cadre of admirers have known for decades: Brian De Palma is indeed a genius ["De Palma and the Women," December]!

First and foremost, De Palma is a satirist with a complex, uncompromising worldview. In his formalist "red phase" films he displays a puckish sensibility that is uniquely European in the way it navigates the pure, unalloyed pleasure principle at the base of all cinematic experience. That's why the French love him, while everybody else gets all feminist and indignant. Either that or they go blank when asked to think outside the box.

De Palma's greatest contribution to world cinema may be that he refined and added to Hitchcock's visual language. But to truly trace his evolution, we must look to French director Jean-Pierre Melville, one of the earliest exponents of "pure cinema," and then throw in a dash of bravura sadism via Italy's Dario Argento. But that may be too much to expect from cheap sentimentalists weaned on multiplex fodder. At the end of the day, it may be up to history to separate the wheat from the chaff.

DMETRI KAKMI
Melbourne, Australia



THE WINGS OF LOVE
Zsa Zsa Gabor and Porfirio Rubirosa at Orly Airport, in Paris, on their way to the Cannes Film Festival, May 2, 1955.

VENTI-VILLE

FINALLY SOMEONE HAS SAID what we native New Yorkers have all felt since the sad Disneyfication of Times Square began ["Seattle on the Hudson," by Graydon Carter, December]. You deem it Seattleization, but it's the same bloody thing! Don't bother to visit Seattle—especially at Christmas, when the height of revelry is singing carols while kayaking.

LUCIA ADAMS
Forest Hills, New York

WHEN YOU'RE a 45-minute drive from ski lifts or a day hike; when you have view of downtown, Puget Sound, and th Olympic mountain range from an apart ment for which you pay $750 a month when you tune in to a radio station tha hipsters nationwide access with envy vi the Internet; when you see the ballet an then catch Elliott Smith's last set withou having to change your outfit; when yo don't have to rely on Starbucks for a goo cup of coffee—then you'll know what it' like to live in Seattle.

I'll take a double Americano, hot, wit room. And can you bring a clean ashtray?

STEPHANIE PARR
Seattle, Washingto

CORRECTION: In the January 2003 issu Vanity Fair *ran a photograph of Dr. F. Sher wood Rowland and Dr. Mario Molina (wh with Dr. Paul Crutzen, won the Nobel Prize fo their work on ozone-related studies). We mis identified them as Dr. Joe Farman and Dr. Jo Shanklin (who helped prove the existence of th ozone hole in a breakthrough 1985 paper wit Dr. Brian Gardiner).*

Letters to the editor should be sent electron cally with the writer's name, address, and da time phone number to letters@vf.com. Letter to the editor will also be accepted via fax a 212-286-4324. All requests for back issue should be sent to FAIR@neodata.com. Al other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com The magazine reserves the right to edit sub missions, which may be published or other wise used in any medium. All submission become the property of *Vanity Fair.*

KATE HUDSON & MATTHEW McCONAUGHEY

HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN TEN DAYS

COMING TO THEATRES FEBRUARY 7, 2003

INSTANT ATTRACTION



'HAT HAPPENS WHEN REVLON GETS MIXED UP WITH PARAMOUNT PICTURES' NEW ROMANTIC
OMEDY "HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN TEN DAYS"? INSTANT ATTRACTION, OF COURSE.

REVLON®

KATE HUDSON & MATTHEW McCONAUGHEY

HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN TEN DAYS

COMING TO THEATRES FEBRUARY 7, 2003





HOW TO LOSE A GUY?



To get this look use Super Lustrous® Lipstick and Revlon® Nail Enamel in Love That Red.

VITH REVLON, IT'S HARDER THAN YOU THINK.

"How To Lose A Guy In Ten Days" Ben [Matthew McConaughey], a devout bachelor, can't resist Andie ate Hudson], an ambitious columnist who creates the universal don'ts of dating. As she tests her theory, she ts more than she bargained for. Is it her theory or was it their instant attraction? We say instant attraction.

eate your own with Revlon's gorgeous colors, from Love That Pink to Raven Red and, for a limited time, e sparkle of the new Instant Attraction Collection. With color and shine this gorgeous, he's guaranteed be yours forever, whether you want him or not.

REVLON®

KATE HUDSON & MATTHEW McCONAUGHEY

HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN TEN DAYS

COMING TO THEATRES FEBRUARY 7, 2003

SHE DID EVERYTHING WRONG—EXCEPT FOR THE MAKEUP. Sometimes, when you break all the rules, you get everything right. With Instant Attraction, pink's no longer innocent—and red just for evening? Not anymore.

To get this look use Super Lustrous Lipstick in Love That Pink.



ENE ONE.

RRESISTIBLE LIPS

EE'S LIPSTICK. AND THEN THERE'S SUPER LUSTROUS. ONLY FROM REVLON. 70 SHADES.
CI REDS, TO PLUMS, TO TAUPES, TO NUDES. GORGEOUS, SATINY, IRRESISTIBLE, YOU.

E'LON® SUPER LUSTROUS®. COME FIND YOUR MATCH.

REVLON®

KATE HUDSON & MATTHEW McCONAUGHEY

HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN TEN DAYS

COMING TO THEATRES FEBRUARY 7, 2003

TO GET RID OF HIM, SHE HAD TO FIGHT TOOTH AND NAIL—MOSTLY NAIL. Andie's a certified "man-killer," and can't seem to shake Ben no matter how hard she tries. Is it her winning personality, or that million-dollar smile? Nah, it's those drop-dead gorgeous nails. Hypnotize him with mesmerizing colors like Raven Red and Berry Bloom. Then blind him with non-stop shine.

To get this look use Revlon Nail Enamel in Cherries In The Snow.



SCENE TWO:
OUTSHINE THE OTHERS

REVLON NAIL ENAMEL. FROM DEEPEST TO SHEEREST, IT'S ALL ABOUT THE SHINE. A BEAUTIFUL SHINE.
WITH A SELF-SMOOTHING FORMULA AND A PATENTED GLOSSING AGENT. FOR EVEN MORE SHINE.
GLASS-LIKE SHINE. GORGEOUS. IN 56 SHADES.

REVLON® NAIL ENAMEL. "SHINY" IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

REVLON®

KATE HUDSON & MATTHEW McCONAU

HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN TEN DAYS

COMING TO THEATRES FEBRUARY 7, 2003



Don't miss Academy Award nominee Kate Hudson
Matthew McConaughey in Paramount Pictures' n
romantic comedy "How To Lose A Guy In Ten Day
In theatres February 2003. Don't forget to take a
Oh, and wear some red lipstick. Revlon, of cours

THE LOOK. THE DATE.
Save the date. Get the look. Don't miss the premi
"Movie & a Makeover." Get the Instant Attraction
Right there, right then. Saturday morning. Februa
Only on TBS Superstation.

THE SUPERSTATION Movie & a Makeov

INSTANT ATTRACTION

A SPECIAL OFFER
THAT YOU'RE SURE TO LOVE.

Receive a complimentary 3-month mini-subscription from select Condé Nast publications with your purchase of any 2 full-size Revlon color cosmetic products. Visit the Revlon Wall at your favorite retailer or www.revlon.com for details.

HOW TO LOSE A GUY?
WITH REVLON, YOU JUST WON'T.

So, you hypnotized him with Love That Pink and Cherries In The Snow. You mesmerized him with that Raven Red. Now, for a limited time, you can blind him with Silver Sparkle and Pink Twinkle from the special edition Instant Attraction Collection. It's sure to be love at first sight.



REVLON®

© 2002 Revlon Consumer Products Corporation



ROLEX

Worth a second glance, even when you know the time.

Oyster Perpetual Day-Date in 18kt. rose gold

FOR THE NAME AND LOCATION OF AN OFFICIAL ROLEX JEWELER NEAR YOU, PLEASE CALL 1-800-367-6539. WWW.ROLEX.COM

Rolex, Oyster Perpetual and Day-Date are trademarks.



ROLEX

Worth a second glance, even when you know the time.

Oyster Perpetual Lady Datejust in 18kt. gold with jubilee dial

FOR THE NAME AND LOCATION OF AN OFFICIAL ROLEX JEWELER NEAR YOU, PLEASE CALL 1-800-367-6539. WWW.ROLEX.

Oyster Perpetual and Datejust are trademarks

Poliform
closet: Senzafine
information. catalogs. locati...
tel. 1-888-POLIFORM
www.poliformusa.com
ref: 0304P

YVES SAINT LAURENT
rive gauche
NEW YORK SOUTH COAST PLAZA HOUSTON LAS VEGAS SAN FRANCISCO BAL HARBOUR HONOLULU WASHINGTON DC CHEVY CHASE
OPENING SOON: BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO MANHASSET AND 57TH STREET TEL 1.800.832.3485 www.ysl.com

FANFAIR

28 Days in the Life of the Culture



Geek Chic

Dutch fashion designers Viktor & Rolf (Rolf Snoeren, left, and Viktor Horsting) catch up on their latest press clips. Known for their avant-garde couture shows, the pair will be the subject of a major exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris this fall. They launch their first men's-wear collection this month, an eyewear collection later this year, and a fragrance with L'Oréal in 2005. Photographed in Amsterdam, November 2002.



Ready-to-Wear, Shoes, Leather Goods, Watches, Jewelry.
Sold exclusively at Louis Vuitton stores, www.vuitton.com, 866·VUITTON



LOUIS VUITTON



SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY

February

WHOOPI TAKES BROADWAY, HIS AIRNESS AT 40, AND A MANOLO MOMENT IN LONDON




John Singer Sargent's *Scuola di San Rocco.*



1 First-ever mu… exhibition … Manolo Blahni… works alone, … assistants or a… Diana Vreelan… aspiring theate… designer's sket… and suggested … design shoes instead), at London's Desig… Museum.

2
The West Coast's first comprehensive John Singer Sargent exhibition, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, is called "Sargent and Italy." (Born to expat American parents in Florence in 1856, Sargent would return to Italy each summer.)

3
One Joe—Joey Bishop, the last remaining member of the Rat Pack—turns 85. Another Joe—Joseph Brodsky, the Nobel-winning poet viewed as the last figure in the St. Petersburg artistic legacy—is remembered at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts.

4
PBS: *Nova* offers an exclusive look at a Department of Defense weapons competition (Boeing vs. Lockheed Martin, over the Joint Strike Fighter). Weapons manufacturer to heavily decorated armed-forces commander, "You bitch!"

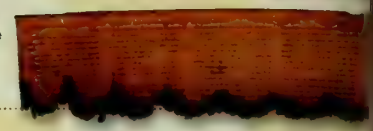
5
Out in paperback from Vintage: Valerie Martin's *The Great Divorce* and Andrew Vachss's *Getaway Man.* Divorce and getaway: a theme emerges.



6
Charles Dutton and Whoopi Goldberg star in a Broadway revival of August Wilson's *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom.* Twenties Chicago musicians' struggles with The Man.

7
The Los Angeles Opera performs *The Barber of Seville* at former Oscar roost, the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.

8
Just two days … N.Y.C.'s Metro… Opera celebr… the 200th birt… Berlioz with *L… Troyens.* Debo… Voigt soars, J… Levine conduc…



9
Fort Worth's Kimbell Art Museum pays homage to a certain Parisian neighborhood in "Modigliani and the Artists of Montparnasse," featuring onetime kids on the Montparnassian block Brancusi, Picasso, Matisse, and Soutine.


Amedeo Modigliani

11
Blair Brown stars as Prospera (not Prospero) in Emily Mann's production of *The Tempest,* at Princeton, New Jersey's McCarter Theater, and David Rensin signs *Mailroom: Hollywood History from the Bottom Up* at L.A.'s Book Soup.

12
Though more difficult to get to, N.Y.C.'s transplanted Museum of Modern Art (now in Queens) is as thematically accessible as ever: its new show, opening tomorrow, is "Matisse Picasso."

13
The artist who designed the *Love* icon in the 60s—Robert Indiana—gets a dose of love when C&M Arts in N.Y.C. opens an exhibition of his work today.

14
The 100th anniversary of the creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor. Champagne, champagne!



15
Tomorrow, two opportunities t… transported: L… Museum of Contemporary… puts on a show… Lucian Freud p… and Michigan's … Museum of Gra… Rapids exhibits … Dead Sea Scro…

Lucian Freud's *Frank Auerbach.*



16
The Berkshires get a dose of desert: Renoir's trips to Algeria come to life in the Clark Art Institute's "Renoir and Algeria," in Williamstown, Massachusetts.



17
Michael Jordan—God's living proof that "adorable" and six feet six inches are not mutually exclusive—turns 40.



18
Pianist Mitsuko Uchida plays her specialty—Schubert sonatas—at Carnegie Hall.

19
Gin Pissing Raw Meat Dual Carburetor V8 Son of a Bitch. That's a book being read today at L.A.'s Book Soup by its author, Dan Fante. Be afraid, very afraid. Similarly: N.Y.C.'s Guggenheim exhibits a tribute to Matthew Barney's eerie *Cremaster* films.

21
How to fit in at the Lyric Opera of Chicago's Wine Auction: become dewy-eyed and pre-orgasmic at the sight of a "buttery" Chardonnay. How to become a defender of free speech: watch Bill Maher's new show on HBO.

22
"Living Inside t… Grid," at N.Y.C… Museum: emer… artists use the … describe the "n… challenges of li… a world contro… institutions, tech… and media." Conspiracy the… converge.

23
The British equivalent of the Oscars—the BAFTAs—presented at London's Odeon Leicester Square. Gushy showbiz posturing, bad teeth, *Harry Potter*'s Rupert Grint.

24
"Van Gogh: Fields," at the Toledo Museum of Art—we're talking Ohio, not Spain. An exhibition of 20 paintings and a selection of works on paper depicting fields.

25
Polish Joke, a play by David Ives (*All in the Timing*), concerns a young Pole who sets out to avoid becoming a stereotype. John Rando (*Urinetown*) directs, at the Manhattan Theater Club.

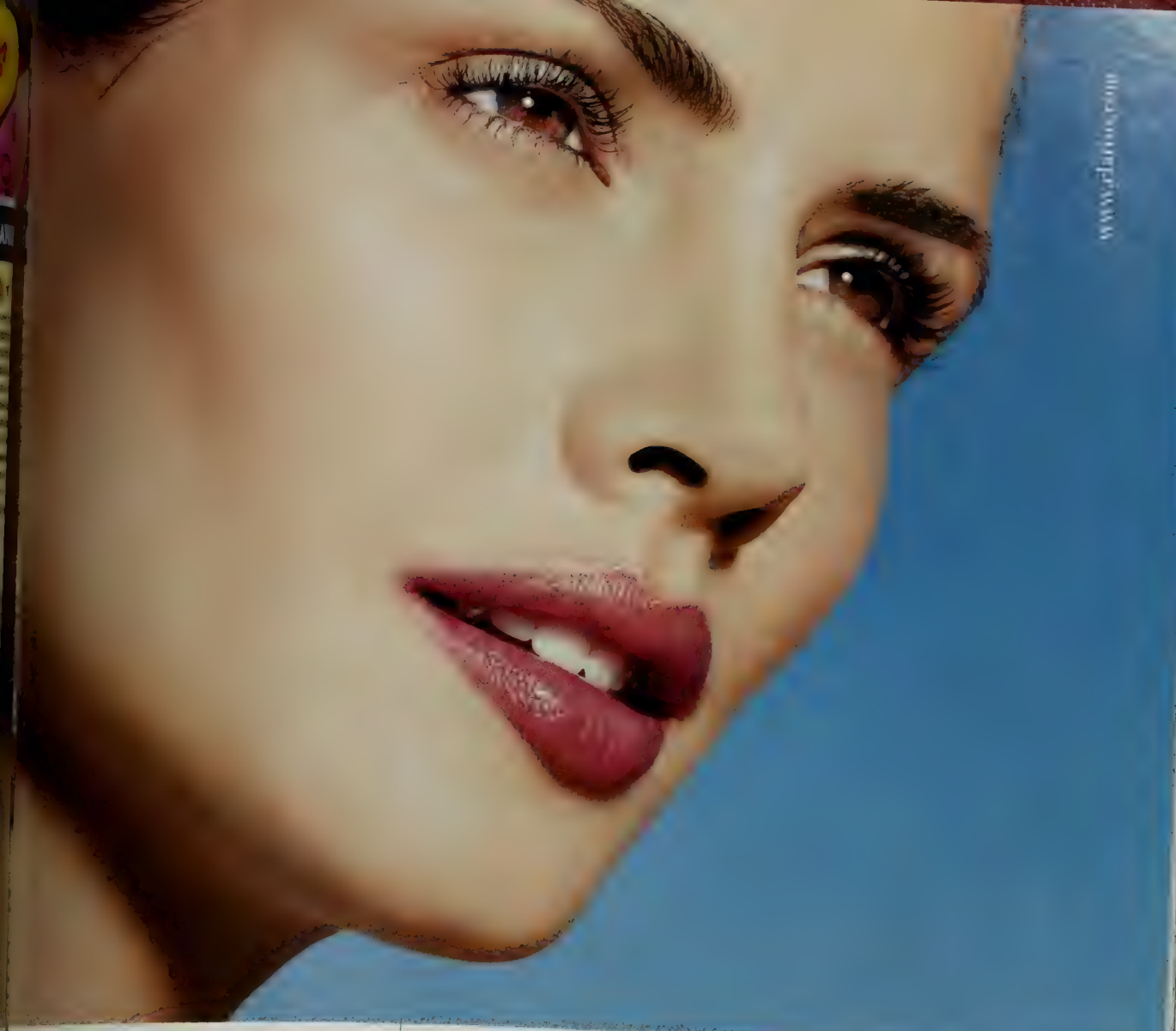
26
Michael Bolton turns 49. Fan base grows restless, slightly defensive.



27
The annual Vienna Opera Ball commences in the Vienna State Ballroom. Ruffles, mincing.

28
In stores: new editions of Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory* (with an introduction by John Updike) and Saul Bellow's *Herzog* (with an introduction by Philip Roth). The classics anew.





www.clarins.com

Wake Up Your Skin's Youth!

Key ingredients for the most effective anti-aging beauty treatment. Total Double Serum supplements your skin's 5 Natural Functions: Regeneration, Revitalization, Protection, Hydration and Oxygenation.

5 ingredients for the ultimate age-control beauty benefits. Fine lines are smoothed. Facial features are firmer. Your complexion looks radiant and youthful-looking.



Total Double Serum

Relax a little. Learn a lot. Experience a Complimentary One-to-One Facial Treatment at Nordstrom.

Did you know... Some key ingredients are water-soluble, while others are oil-soluble. Clarins' Exclusive double formulation, separated into 2 chambers, combines just the right amount of both phases when dispensed. Four natural plant extracts (Teasel, Black Cumin, Pequi and Apple Seeds) increase this treatment's performance.

It's a fact. With Clarins, life's more beautiful.

CLARINS
PARIS



BY A NECK
Johnny Depp and Terry Gilliam in *Lost in La Mancha*.

Gilliam's Wake

RELIVING A QUIXOTEAN NIGHTMARE WITH *LOST IN LA MANCHA*

Lost in La Mancha was supposed to be a "making documentary about *The Man Who Killed Don Quix* **Terry Gilliam's** stylized take on **Cervantes** with the Fre actor **Jean Rochefort** as Quixote and **Johnny Depp** as a ti traveling stand-in for Sancho Panza. Gilliam previously dire *Brazil* and *12 Monkeys;* if his new movie is unfamiliar, tl because it was aborted in September 2000 after only a v of shooting, thanks to the moviemaker's version of a pe storm, elements of which included a set-destroying f flood, a star's prostate infection (hard to get on a horse one of those), and, perhaps, the very attempt to shoo eccentric, unwieldy film on location in Spain with a p glot cast and crew and a budget of "only" $32 million. Gillia himself an obvious Quixote figure, and the directors of *Lost in La Man* **Keith Fulton** and **Louis Pepe,** treat him with both the wit and respect he deserves. If t picture isn't quite up to *Hearts of Darkness,* **Eleanor Coppola's** account of the making of *Apocalypse Now,* it is still funny, tragic, touching at times, and likely an easier sit than any "real" Don Quixote movie. **(Rating: ★★★)** —BRUCE HANDY

HO
REEI

A Horror Unbound

HBO'S POWERFUL SLAVE DOCUMENTARY, *UNCHAINED MEMORIES*



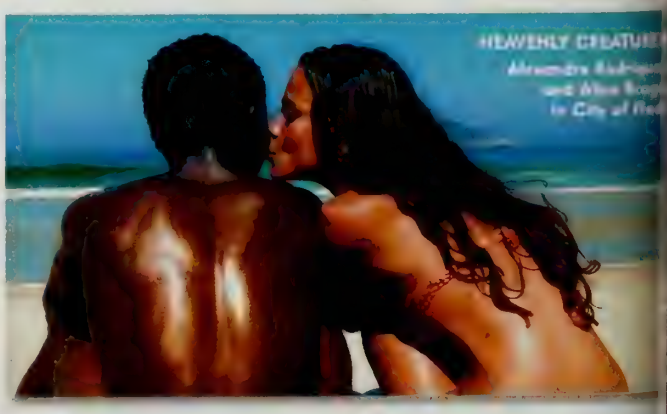
During the Great Depression, the Federal Writers Project, among the more precious New Deal enterprises, scored a major point for history by sending a group of interviewers to the Deep South to c more than 2,000 personal accounts of life in captivity from surviving forme slaves. This February, HBO will air *Unchained Memories: Readings from th Slave Narratives,* in which some of America's most renowned black actors dramatic readings of excerpts from these extraordinary archives. As the fil illustrated with archival photographs and mostly tolerable re-enactments, cy through issues of concern to slaves—rapes, whippings, auctions, escape att courting rituals, emancipation—the jarring effect of watching such impeccabl groomed stars as **Samuel L. Jackson, Vanessa Williams, Oprah Win** and **Don Cheadle** adopting dialects to describe slavery days in the first person soon fades, and the power of the material and, indeed, of many o performances accumulates. One is left freshly awed by the sheer volume calculated cruelties perpetrated by a slave-owning society, and by that society's utter failure, despite its relentless efforts, to diminish the humani of the people it had claimed as property. **(Rating: ★★★)** —MICHAEL HO

Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee recite from slave narratives.

Rio Grande

FERNANDO MEIRELLES'S GRITTY BRAZILIAN DRAMA, *CITY OF GOD*

City of God is almost too good to be true—a heart-pounding roller-coaster ride of a film against a gritty, funkified Brazilian backdrop that just gets more fascinating by the fram Yet it *is* true—all too true, in fact. The film is drawn from the best-selling novel by **Pau Lins,** based on real events in the Cidade de Deus favela, or ghetto, of Rio de Janeiro. The hellish C of God is itself one of the most bewitching characters: as we watch it grow, sprawl, and transform over the years—becoming ever more menacing (and devouring its young)—it morphs from a benign new development in the late 60s to a maze-like battleground in the cocaine-fueled 80s. The film's central characters are just as compelling: Lil Zé, the bloodthirsty drug lord of the hood; his more benevolent partner, Benny, who'd rather just samba at street parties; and Rocket, the film's narrator, who provides a special lens on this world through his photography. First-time director **Fernando Meirelles** has merged the shantytown dynamism of *The Harder They Come* with the inventiveness, say, of **Quentin Tarantino** or **Guy Ritchie.** The result is so vibrant and powerful, you'll be left reeling. **(Rating: ★★★★)** —ANDERSON TEPPER



COYOPA RUM

The World's Best Tasting Rum.

ntroducing Coyopa Rum, the best tasting rum in the world and the first interactive beverage ever.
ya Rum, a full-bodied rum from the island of Barbados, was awarded 97 points out of a possible 100
e Beverage Testing Institute, the highest rating of all rums entered. Made with island sugarcane and
ten years in oak casks, Coyopa has a buttery molasses aroma and a decadently rich taste. The state-
of-the-art bottle is as dynamic as the rum itself. With an animated label and its own soundtrack
Coyopa invites you to see the lights, hear the music, and taste the excitement

BEVERAGE TESTING INSTITUTE
Highest 97 OUT OF 100 Rating
WORLD'S BEST TASTING RUM



See... hear... taste... the Coyopa experience.

www.coyoparum.com

Coyopa® Rum 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof) Imported [illegible] Sidney [illegible] Co., Inc. New Rochelle, NY 10801

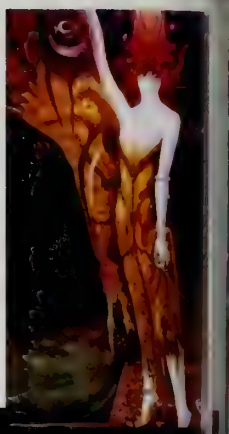



Drivers wanted.



Drama Queen

MARCHESA CASATI, A DIVA FOR THE AGES





In 1909 the immensely wealthy **Marchesa Luisa Casati** burst upon the world in a **Boldini** portrait that is a masterpiece. She is swathed in Belle Époque black by **Paul Poiret,** a dress that seems to pitch around her as if that satin is a rising storm and her pale face and steady gaze its eye. Casati was about to take over where **the Comtesse de Castiglione,** a beauty who had more than 400 photographs taken of herself, left off. Casati plunged into extravagant exhibitionism-aestheticism-narcissism—living a life of striking surrealism. She powdered her face lily white, kohled her eyes, walked a cheetah on a leash. She commissioned endless portraits from the eminences of her day—among them **Léon Bakst, Kees Van Dongen, Man Ray, Cecil Beaton, Drian.** It was her deep desire to be "a living work of art." Well, there's one in every era. This one, however, made a sudden comeback when **John Galliano** built his spring-1998 Dior collection around her. This month Éditions Assouline brings out a lavish, illustrated, French-language edition of *Infinite Variety: The Life and Legend of the Marchesa Casati,* a fascinating biography by **Scot D. Ryersson** and **Michael Orlando Yaccarino.** In the spring, Corbacc releases the Italian edition. And artist **Anne Bachelier** has illustrated *La Princes de Cire,* a dark tale based on the biography. With or without cheetahs, Casa circus of the self makes her a natural for the new millennium. —LAURA JACO

FACES OF BEAUTY

***Clockwise from left: La Marchesa Luisa Casati con un Levriero,* by Giova Boldini, 1908; *Nocturnal Butterfly,* by Alberto Martini, 1912; Surrealist port of Casati by Man Ray, 1922.**

Divine Inspiration

THE MAD GENIUS OF OUTSIDER ARTIST ADOLF WÖLFLI



His drawings are maps to an unknown world, labyrinths crafted from memory and imagination, a grand personal utopia filled with archetypal images, extremes of order and chaos. This spring New York's American F Art Museum will exhibit more than 100 of **Adolf Wölfli's** creations, many of whi have never been shown in the United States. "Wölfli's work is the invention of a mental world woven out of text, images, collages, and musical compositi each with its own distinct qualities," says **Daniel Baumann,** curator of th Adolf Wölfli Foundation. The artist's childhood reads like a dark fairy ta born in Bern, Switzerland, in 1864; abandoned by his alcoholic father at five; orphaned by the death of his washerwoman mother at eight. As young man Wölfli worked as a farmhand, fell in love with the farmer's daughter, but was denied her hand due to his social position. In 1895, h was sent to the asylum at Waldau, where he lived for more than 30 years There he began to draw, producing his life's work: volumes of illustrate books, including a set that begins with an imaginary autobiography of more successful life, continues with instructions on how to build a futu world order, and ends with a funeral march. "His wonderfully detailed compositions are tremendously complex and link to form a harmonio whole," says **Gerard Wertkin,** director of the Folk Art Museum. "A gre sense of surprise comes through." "It is about the hope for a better life the end," says Baumann. "Wölfli hoped to become a saint." —A. M. HO

OVER THE RAINBOW

***The Kander Valley in the Bernese Oberland,* 1926, by Adolf Wölfli.**



r current balance
uld have nothing to
with how much money
n your account.

There's too much
good stuff

out there to
spend your time
focusing on
dollars and cents.

That's why
we offer tools
like free financial
check-ups.

And My Citi,
which keeps
all your
online accounts,
from banking
to airline miles,
in one place.

Because time
shouldn't always be

just about money.

Visit us at citi.com.

citi®

Live richly.℠

k word: citi citi.com

King of Strain

ADAM ZICKERMAN'S *POWER OF 10* PRESCRIBES A FITNESS REVOLUTION

If vague but all-powerful forces are keeping you from getting to the gym, consider these six honeyed words: once a week, for 20 minutes. Super Slow, the slow strength-training system, outlines just such a time commitment and, in so doing, is a refreshing slap in the face to both running (running a mile expends only about 100 calories, or two Oreos) and aerobics (which often involves **Olivia Newton-John**–type headbands). In *Power of 10* (HarperCollins), **Adam Zickerman,** the owner and founder of InForm Fitness Studios in New York and co-author **Bill Schley** advocates 20-second-long weight-lifting reps of very heavy weights: 10 seconds lifting and 10 seconds lowering deprives you of momentum and induces muscle failure. The regimen's other dicta include lots of napping (**J.F.K.** and **Winston Churchill** were known for taking naps during world crises), no sugar and one pig-out day a week, on which you eat anything you want. Doable? Many think so. *60 Minutes* correspondent **Lesley Stahl** is a disciple, as are a host of Washington insiders such as **James Lake** and **Bob Shrum.** And while the workouts are said to be evocative of death, Super Slow is—for 10,060 minutes a week, at least—not dissimilar to weight loss's other well-kept secret, the relaxed waistband: it forgives. —HENRY ALFORD



SLOW MOTION
Super Slow guru and author Adam Zickerman in New York City.

WORLD BEAT

Bohemians and expats in **Manila** are hailing the return of the signless Penguin Cafe, even if its new name is 604 Café and Penguin Gallery (604 Remedios Circle, Malate).... Peter Michaels returns to his native **Antwerp** to open Lucy Chang (Marnixplaats 17), inspired by a Chinese workers' canteen.... Cherry Jam, the latest club in **London's** Notting Hill (58 Porchester Road), was opened by Ben Watt, from Everything but the Girl.

Mustang Rally

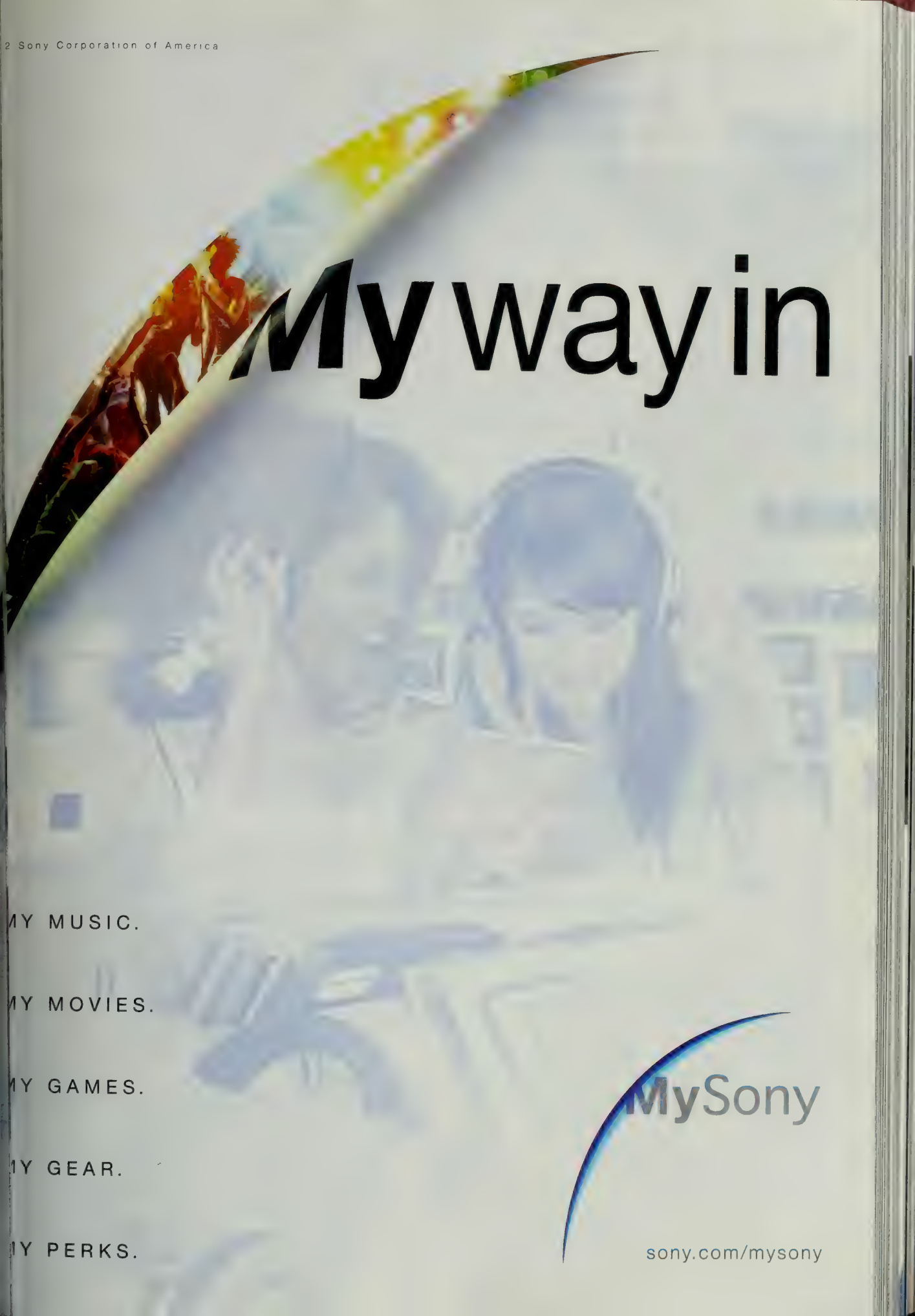
FORD RETOOLS ITS PERENNIAL CLASSIC

Ever since **Steve McQueen** raced a Ford Mustang through the streets of San Francisco in *Bullitt* in 1968, the man and the car have blurred into one national archetype: the car chase. But the car was a phenomenon well before the movie, and McQueen and the Mustang represented more a pairing of heartthrobs than savvy product placement. After unveiling the Mustang at the New York World's Fair in 1964, Ford sold more than 600,000 in the first nine months of production. Dealerships were stormed; cops had to be called; the national demand-supply ratio at one point was 15 to 1. The Mustang became an American icon almost immediately, and in 2004 it will turn 40 years old. To mark the occasion, Ford will debut two brand-new Mustang concept cars at the Detroit Auto Show this month—a coupe and a convertible. "We've gone back and looked at our favorite Mustangs—from 1967 and 1968," says **J Mays,** head of design at Ford. "It's a very modern-looking vehicle, but it could only be one kind of car, and it's a Mustang." —ANNE FULENWIDER





RED HOT
The 2004 Ford Mustang concept car, inside and out.


My way in
MY MUSIC.
MY MOVIES.
MY GAMES.
MY GEAR.
MY PERKS.
MySony
sony.com/mysony

Southern Light

SINGER DANA GLOVER DELIVERS HER *TESTIMONY*



A famous director, now deceased, once offered an aside to me at a Hollywood party bustling with starlets: "You know what I find sexy about a woman?" he asked. "Not her body, but her body of work. Nothing arouses me more than talent." When I first encountered singer **Dana Glover** I thought of that irascible gentleman's remark. Glover's talent is so miraculously invigorating I wouldn't be surprised if she could restart the old codger's now silent heart.

Glover grew up believing in just such miracles, being the granddaughter of a Southern Baptist preacher in North Carolina. As a child, she took naps next to her mother's rhythmic feet as she worked the piano pedals at their country church, the choir singing its rollicking music above her daughter's dreaming body. "It was a rowdy church," Glover says with an accent still displaying traces of that southern concoction of prurience and prayer. "It was a little extreme. I saw it all in church, except for snakes—I never handled snakes," she claims, laughing at the regret in her voice, for such knowledge would have been helpful when, at 16, she moved to New York and found success in the modeling business. A girl, she agrees, has two choices when she's tall in North Carolina: basketball or modeling. "I chose the latter because I was so restless," she says, "but I do have a mean hook shot."

At 18, Glover moved to Nashville to pursue her musical career, but soon headed out to Los Angeles, where she was signed to a deal at DreamWorks Records. Her first CD, the aptly titled *Testimony,* is a soulful collection of 11 songs for which she wrote the music as well as the lyrics. Asked about her musical influences, Glover quickly cites **the Winans,** the African-American gospel-singing family, and **George Michael.** Such an incongruous response seems fitting for such an incongruous talent. Listen to *Testimony* and you will swear that the gorgeous voice of a gargantuan black diva is emerging from the slender alabaster throat of this gorgeous creature. —KEVIN SESSUMS

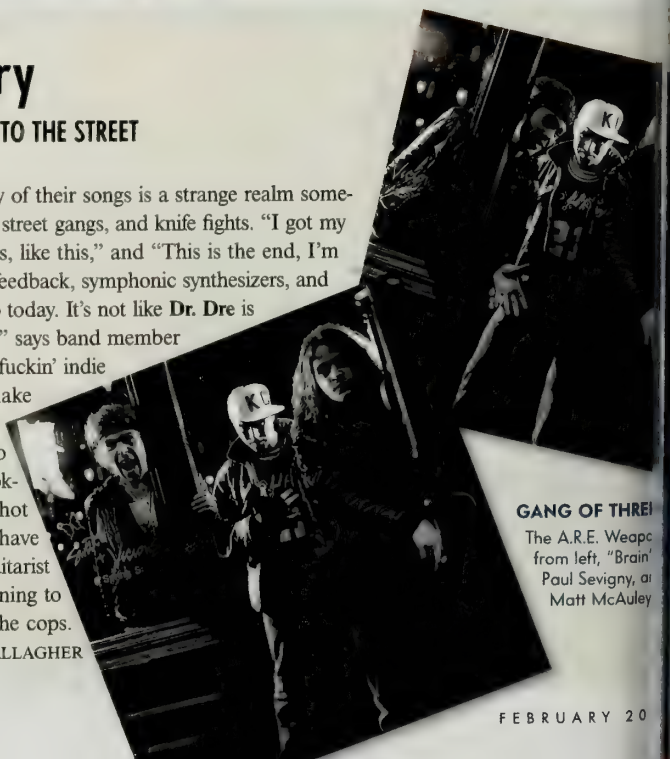
CAROLINA ON HER MIND

Singer-songwriter Dana Glover's debut CD, *Testimony,* is out on DreamWorks.

Heavy Artillery

NEW YORK'S A.R.E. WEAPONS TAKE IT TO THE STREET

The A.R.E. Weapons are a downtown band, but the New York City of their songs is a strange realm somewhere between *Grease* and *Blade Runner,* with teenage love, apocalyptic street gangs, and knife fights. "I got my blade. I got my lady, gonna touch her on the hand and give a little kiss, like this," and "This is the end, I'm gonna die in this Benz." The music (a mixture of electronic drumbeats, feedback, symphonic synthesizers, and rough-hewn vocals) is atmospheric, if somewhat bleak. "It's like hip-hop today. It's not like **Dr. Dre** is going around capping people, but if people want to sing along to it . . . " says band member **Paul Sevigny.** (Yes, he is Chloë's brother.) "I mean, do we need another fuckin' indie rock band crying about their miserable existence? We're trying to make people shake their ass." When the band's self-released demo, "New York Muscle," sold 10,000 copies in the first month, they knew they were onto something. With their N.Y.C. cred well established, the Weapons are looking to the rest of the country. "I already know what it feels like to be hot shit in New York," says front man **"Brain" McPeck.** "Hopefully, we have what it takes to be the new favorite band of some kid in Michigan." Guitarist **Matt McAuley** adds, "Some kid in L.A. flipped his car last week listening to our record, and on the gurney he was screaming one of our songs at the cops. That's what we're going for—to touch people all over."—BRIAN THOMAS GALLAGHER

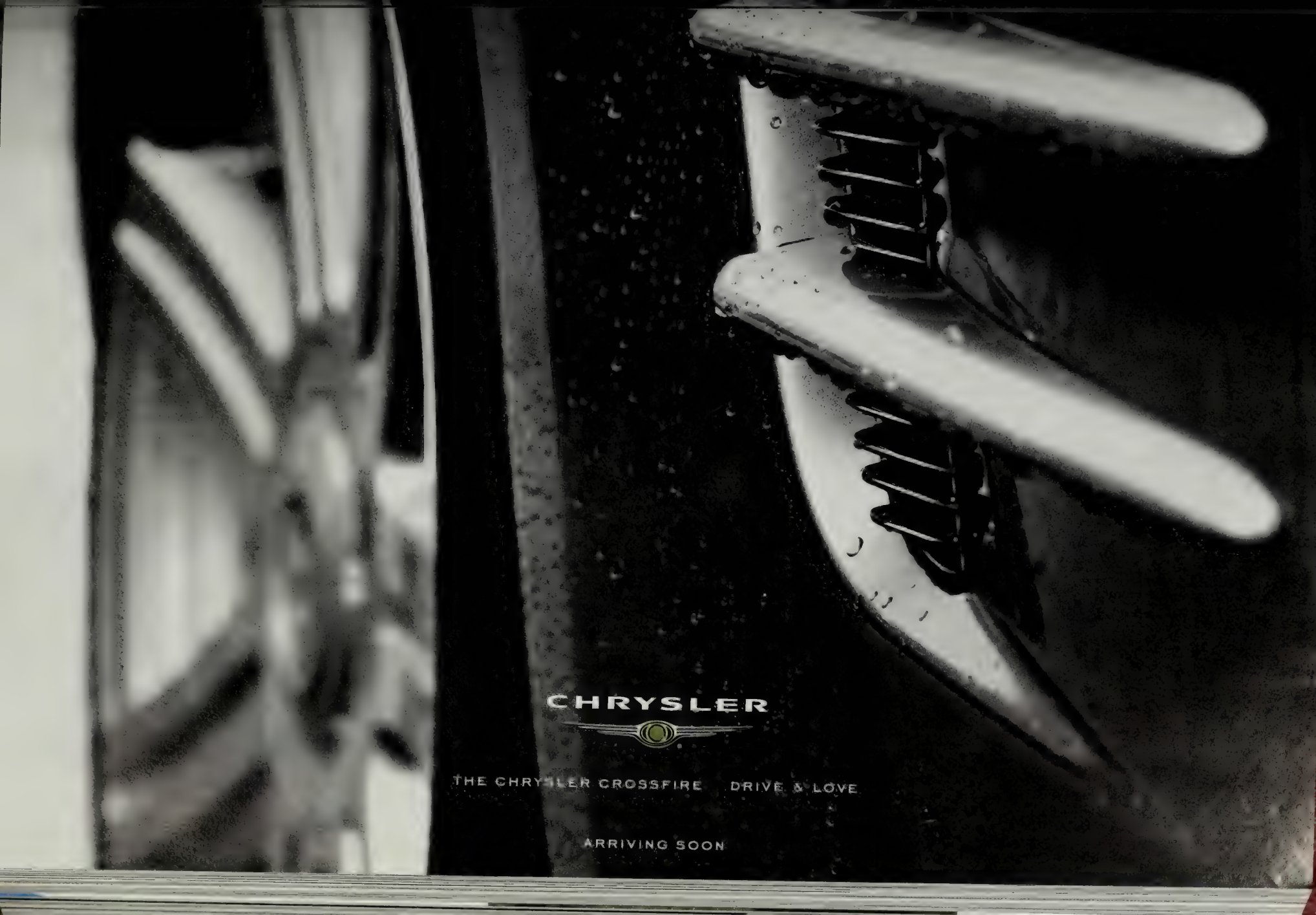


GANG OF THRE

The A.R.E. Weapo from left, "Brain' Paul Sevigny, a Matt McAuley



aspen - bal harbour - beverly hills - chicago - honolulu - las vegas - nassau - new york - orlando - palm beach
st. barthelemy - south coast plaza - san francisco


CHRYSLER
THE CHRYSLER CROSSFIRE DRIVE & LOVE
ARRIVING SOON

MY STUFF

AGNÈS B.

For devotees of Agnès B., her clothes are not just the perfect little black suit or tomboy tee—they are the embodiment of French cool. To step into one of her boutiques is to tap into one's inner Parisian gamine. This month, the queen of simple sophistication reveals to *V.F.* the contents of her closet, her refrigerator, and her vanity table.



CHEZ ELLE ➤
Agnès B. at her home in Louveciennes, France.

ELECTRONICS
Cell phone **SAMSUNG**
Telephone **ALCATEL**
Stereo **BANG & OLUFSEN**

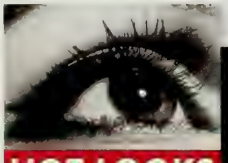
APPLIANCE
Hair dryer **CON**
Dishwasher **MIE**
Washer/dryer **MI**

BEVERAGES
Bottled water **EVIAN**
Coffee **LAVAZZA**
Vodka **ZUBROWKA**
Beer **HEINEKEN**

BEAUTY PRODUCTS
Lipstick **AGNÈS B.**
Mascara **AGNÈS B.**
Shampoo **NODÉ**
Moisturizer **OILATUM (BATH) LA PRAIRIE**
Perfume/cologne **FRACAS**
Toothpaste **REMBRANDT**
Soap **SAUGELLA OR SAVON DE MARSEILLE**

CLOTHES
Jeans **AGNÈS B.**
Underwear **SPORT B.**
Sneakers **AGNÈS B., EVERLAST, LE COQ SPORTIF**
Watch **FRANCK MULLER OR CARTIER**
T-shirt **HANES OR AGNÈS B.**

AND....
Car **CADILLAC**
Sheets **HABITAT**



HOT LOOKS

The 500 bottles of Calèche Cueillette Rose de Mai perfume, by **Hermès,** with essence of roses specially picked this May, come in ecru vellum cases numbered like lithographs.... The investment banker whispers in your ear. Are you blushing—or is it **Estée Lauder's** delicately rosy Pure Eden Blush Petals blush? ... Switzerland's **Laboratoires Valmont** products, like the collagen Eye Regenerating Mask, are available only at topflight spas.... The **Leaf and Rusher** skin-care line incorporates extracts of licorice and algae to have you look smashing for your next Tracey Ross field trip.... **Calvin Klein's** Eternity Purple Orchid perfume comes encased in a translucent violet lucite case.



Strip Poker

MAC'S NEW CHARITY VENTURE RESHUFFLES THE DECK

When the history of the 21st century is composed, it's a safe bet that card games will n figure too prominently therein. From solitaire to go fish, it would seem that the sun is setting on th Day of the Deck. Still, the happy hearts at MAC cosmetics are determined to pump a bit of life in the pack. They asked 52 members of the international hipster set, from **Alexander McQuee** and **André Balazs** to **Suzanne Bartsch** and **Vitamin C,** to contribute a design for a nake body—in the, er, great tradition of those naked-lady playing cards. And so, clad in nothing b MAC cosmetics and the occasional Swarovsky crystal, 52 models posed for a ver French, very artistic limited-edition deck of cards, to be published b Assouline, with proceeds benefiting the MAC AIDS Fund. McQuee covered his model with an all-over black floral design, **Missy Ellio** decked out a model's torso with a strategically placed coat of arm and flamboyant party planner **Colin Cowie** cooked up a simple—b scary—demon. Art director **Sam Shahid** made his design—one ha jet black, the other half a high-modernist color collage—as a tribute Bauhaus-era ballet. And in-crowd rug designer **Angela Adams** made **Keith Haring** statement with a pattern of white circles on black that wi one of her own rug designs. "It was really fun," said Adams. "It was like d signing a giant tattoo."

—DAVID COLMA



PLEASURE of giving graciously
wed by the pleasure of RECEIVING.



xedo: 1 oz. Godiva White Chocolate Liqueur, 1 oz. Godiva Liqueur. Combine over ice.

quality responsibly. Godiva.com/liqueur

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Fetal Distraction

Three decades after *Roe* v. *Wade*, abortion is still the hottest button in American society; scientific advances, from pre-natal testing to stem-cell research, have only raised the temperature. Cold logic, the author argues, requires us to accept the tragic conflict between potential humans and existing ones



VOICE FOR CHOICE
Protesters march for abortion rights at a rally in Washington, D.C., on November 20, 1971, a month before *Roe* v. *Wade* was first brought before the Supreme Court.

I claim an absolute right to be interested in the condition of the human fetus because . . . well, I used to be one myself. I was in my early teens when my mother told me that a predecessor fetus and a successor fetus had been surgically removed, thus making me an older brother rather than a forgotten whoosh. I hope the thought of this hasn't made me unusually self-centered, or more than usually so. And I've since become the father of several fetuses, three of which, or perhaps I had better say three of whom, became reasonably delightful children. There was a time, it seemed, when I couldn't sneeze on a woman without becoming a potential father. Then there were warped coils, tattered sheaths, missed pills, even moments of grim abandon. I could have been like P. G. Wodehouse's male codfish, which, suddenly discovering itself to be the parent of several million baby codfish, cheerfully resolves to love them all.

But nature and nurture were both lenient. Some of those start-up operati never made it to full term for mysteri reasons, and at least once I found mysel a clinic while "products of concepti were efficiently vacuumed away. I can tinctly remember thinking, on the last s occasion, that under no persuasion of kind would I ever allow myself to be pre at such a moment again. (Having once ten a mildly "pro-life" essay, I now find "christopherhitchens.com" links you inst ly to a Web site called abortionismurder. emblazoned with a ghastly photograph dead 21-week-old baby. I resent this cr uninvited annexation.)

The decision I took was mine and ta


Why is it so hard for a 30-year-old
think about retirement? When you're young, retirement planning
pretty far down on your list of concerns. Say, somewhere between the melting polar ice caps
dishpan hands. And that's completely understandable. But by planning early and sticking to
t plan, you can increase the money you'll have to enjoy retirement, and potentially decrease
years you'll spend working. We offer a range of different investment options, including
tual funds and IRAs, all with low expenses. Now that's something to fall in love with.
on for ideas, advice, and results. TIAA-CREF.org or call 800.842.1924
TIAA
CREF
Managing money for people
with other things to think about.SM
TIREMENT | INSURANCE | MUTUAL FUNDS | COLLEGE SAVINGS | TRUSTS | INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT
CREF Individual and Institutional Services, Inc., and Teachers Personal Investors Services, Inc., distribute securities products.
2 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association–College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF), New York, NY.

for myself alone. If it doesn't have a moral basis, it does at least have a very strong instinctual one. But can I or should I be able to make it for anyone else? Three decades ago this month, in the matter of *Roe* v. *Wade*, the United States Supreme Court ruled that this question was circumscribed by a privacy right which resolved the whole agony into a matter of personal choice. Ever since then, the abortion "issue" has been the most fervently debated social problem in America. And, as a mobilizing matter, it has gained rather than lost potency. (Most of the Democrats I know still cling to the wreck of their party for this reason above all, or in some cases for this reason alone.) And in no other country or culture has the struggle of "choice" versus "life" been fought so hard, or for so long. This isn't surprising when you reflect that:

- The United States is the birthplace of the modern feminist movement.
- The United States is the nation par excellence that decides its most grave matters in its courts rather than its legislature.
- The United States is the most religious as well as the most secular of societies.
- The United States is the country most wedded to the idea of individualism.
- The United States is the special site of medical and scientific innovation.
- The United States is the chief bastion of puritanism as regards the family.
- The United States is the great bridgehead and laboratory of hedonism as regards everything else.

The 1973 *Roe* v. *Wade* decision is therefore the perfect hinge for a full-dress cultural war. It was, in strict political time, a late triumph of the 60s ethos of "liberation" from social and sexual constraint. It was achieved by the courts rather than by the voters, George McGovern having been obliterated in the preceding year's presidential election amid jeers about his endorsement of "acid, amnesty, and abortion." But the trick was turned back on the conservatives by a shrewd tactical maneuver, which redefined the uterus as a location of private property and individual liberty. Ever since, and in a drama which becomes at times quite surreal, the "left" in this dispute has defended the right of the autonomous person to be let alone by the state, while the "right" has called for the deployment of "big government" intrusion into the most intimate of all conceivable spheres.

In the brisk paragraphs above, you will note that I have semiconsciously employed the terms "birthplace," "grave," and "conceivable." This idiom of this argument is basic and elemental. It's about the essentials. Thus, the justification proposed by the "right" for its intrusiveness is that the fetus is *also* an autonomous individual, and that society cannot decently permit one body (or soul) to be owned or disposed of by another. The echo of the slavery argument is often intentional here and has been used to justify violence against abortion clinics on the grounds that John Brown did the same to slaveholders. Fortunately for the slaves, I have often thought, their liberation became necessary in order to preserve the Union. The same cannot be said for the blissfully unaware occupants of American wombs. (And I can't help noticing that quite a few pro-life activists revere the fetus second only to the way in which they cherish the Confederate flag.)

There was a time when the feminist movement replied to this with militant indignation. What "individual"? What "person"? The most famous title of the period—*Our Bodies, Ourselves*—captures the tone to perfection. If we need to remove an appendix or a tumor from our own personal spaces, then it's nobody else's goddamn business. I used to cringe when I heard this, not so much because in the moral sense fetuses aren't to be compared to appendixes, let alone tumors, but because it is obvious nonsense from the biological and embryological points of view. Babies come from where they come from. The diagram of a vacuum-suction abortion in *Our Bodies, Ourselves* gave the female anatomy in some detail but showed only a void inside the uterus. This perhaps unintended concession to queasiness has since become more noticeable as a consequence of advances in embryology, and by the simple experience of the enhanced sonogram. Women who have gazed at the early heartbeat inside themselves now have some difficulty, shall we say, in ranking the experience with the planned excision of a polyp.

Even so, the case is most often stated at its extremes. Who, we are asked, dares claim the right to force a woman to give birth, perhaps to a child that is the product of rape or incest? And then, if it is mildly pointed out that contraception is widely available to forestall such nightmares, Holy Mother Church steps forward to forbid it, to describe an ectopic pregnancy as a fully human life, and to denounce the IUD as an abortifacient or, in effect, little better than a murder weapon. Ignorant armies clash by night. On receiving her Nobel Peace Prize in 1979 (never having done, or even claimed have done, anything for peace), Moth Teresa informed her stunned Scandin vian audience that the greatest threat world peace was abortion. On several oth occasions, she made contraception mora equivalent to the termination of pregnan Thus the condom is among the great threats to world peace ... It is quite wro to accuse only feminists of hysteria on t question (and here again the language loaded, since the ancient Greek word uterus is *hystera*).

As the evidence about early "viab ty" mounted, and as advances medicine made it ever easier even a distressingly premature fetus survive outside its mother, the argume showed a tendency to shift. Suddenly, were talking trimesters. And there w no longer much dispute about whet the unborn subject was alive. It certai couldn't be dead, since the whole bat consisted in how or whether to stop growing and developing (*not* metastas ing). Now and then there would be a t sle over whether it was a fully "huma life, but this was casuistry. What oth species of life could it be? Some sta even announced laws on fetal pers hood, conferring the moral equivalent citizenship on every fertilized egg, there presumably extending to it the warm e brace of the equal-protection clause a voting rights at age 17¼.

That the most partially formed hum embryo is both human and alive has n been confirmed, in an especially vi sense, by the new debate over stem-cell search and the bioethics of cloning. If ailing or elderly person can be grante new lease on life by a transfusion of cellular material, then it is obviously random organic matter. The original bryonic "blastocyst" may be a clump of to 200 cells that is only five days old. all of us began our important career that form, and every needful encoding life is already present in the apparently choate. We are the first generation to h to confront this as a certain knowledge.

For the theologically minded, this vides what they never much desired fore: a scientific confirmation of "life f conception" morality. But then, in the any of our cells could be used for clon The merest drop of blood or piece of is also pregnant with the great secre life. And, as I hinted when discuss Wodehouse's codfish factor, this life i credibly profuse. Men produce m

Can I or should I be able to make the decision for anyone else?

EVIN SPACEY KATE WINSLET LAURA LINNEY



AN ALAN PARKER FILM

THE LIFE OF DAVID GALE

The crime is clear. The truth is not.



URES AND INTERMEDIA FILMS PRESENT A SATURN FILMS/DIRTY HANDS PRODUCTION KEVIN SPACEY KATE WINSLET LAURA LINNEY "THE LIFE OF DAVID GALE" GABRIELE MANN
HOWARD FEUER CSA COSTUME DESIGNER RENÉE EHRLICH KALFUS MUSIC BY ALEX PARKER JAKE PARKER CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER NORM GOLIGHTLY LINE PRODUCER DAVID WIMBURY CO-PRODUCER LISA MORAN EDITOR CRAIG MCKAY A.C.E.
KIRKLAND DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MICHAEL SERESIN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MORITZ BORMAN GUY EAST NIGEL SINCLAIR PRODUCED BY ALAN PARKER NICOLAS CAGE WRITTEN BY CHARLES RANDOLPH DIRECTED BY ALAN PARKER

SATURN FILMS

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
VIOLENT IMAGES, NUDITY, LANGUAGE AND SEXUALITY
For rating reasons, go to www.filmratings.com

COMING SOON

SOUNDTRACK ON DECCA RECORDS/UMG SOUNDTRACKS
www.thelifeofdavidgale.com

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

more generative fluid than anyone can possibly require, and spend much of their lives trying to deal as gallantly as possible with this embarrassing surplus. And the resulting disposal problem does not end there. Either god or nature aborts an enormous quantity of unborn children at an early stage, either because of some early warning of unviability or—given the high number of birth defects that make it to full term—not. Miscarriage and stillbirth have made mourners of as many women as abortion has. If there truly is a divine or natural design, it is a ruthless and selective one.

In that case, humans are only acting rationally when they seek to achieve control over their reproduction. In poor countries, the ability of women to limit their childbearing is the absolute key to the escape from poverty and ill health. In the United States, it has become something more like a middle-class entitlement. In a penetrating essay, "The Conservative Case for Abortion," published in 1995, Jerry Muller of the Catholic University of America phrased it like this: "The prime obstacle to the right-to-life movement is not feminism. It is the millions of more or less conservative middle-class parents who know that, if their teenage daughter were to become pregnant, they would advise her to get an abortion rather than marry out of necessity or go through the trauma of giving birth and then placing the child up for adoption."

Muller went on to stress that it was family values as much as anything which mandated the abortion of fetuses with hereditary disorders such as Tay-Sachs disease, because many couples carrying the gene would not risk having children at all if they were deprived of a choice in the matter. Ronald Reagan may have spoken at "right to life" events and even endorsed anti-abortion horror videos such as *The Silent Scream,* but in the eight years of his presidency he didn't feel like really challenging the middle class on this point. Nor did Bush Sr., whose wife is pro-choice. Nor did Mrs. Thatcher, the views of whose husband on the subject wouldn't have counted. Nor, I predict, will Bush Jr., whose mother and wife are pro-choice.

And, just as refinements in medicine have made it apparent that a fetus acquires human characteristics earlier than we used to think, so competing refinements have blurred the distinction between abortion and birth control. The RU-486 abortion pill, initially developed in France, and more advanced emergency contraception induce an experience more akin to a heavy period than an abortion, and do not involve a surgical "procedure." It's a sure thing that such pharmaceutical solutions will become more advanced, and more available, which in turn will leach much of the pity and terror from the debate. It won't even be possible to find out how many abortions, as opposed to how many live births, there have been in a given year. Nor will there be so many clinics to blockade, or shoot up. It really will become a "privacy" question.

That will leave us with the extreme cases, where a fetus is apparently too human (as in the so-called partial-birth operation) or not human enough (the anencephalic fetus—one without a cerebral cortex). But these in a way are the problems of success: if it weren't for improvements in medicine, neither "god" nor "nature" would present us with such dilemmas. The unborn would simply die in the womb or, if born, expire shortly after delivery. So the issue is really this: are we coarsening ourselves, and eroding moral thresholds, by making life-and-death decisions at all? The fundamentalist pro-lifers earnestly maintain that by holding the line on abortion they are fending off euthanasia, reproductive cloning and other hellish assaults on human dignity and the human essence. And it is true that early "family planning" advocates such as Margaret Sanger (who wrote, "Birth control must lead ultimately to a cleaner race"), were keen eugenicists who wanted to stop the unfit and the inferior from reproducing themselves. (That is why a number of conservatives still secretly approve of the idea of Medicaid abortions. After all, look who's having them.) In contrast the Catholic Church, which seems uncon cerned by the number of impoverished women and children yoked to the wheel of uncontrolled childbearing, doesn't have that good a record on caring for children who are out of the womb and apparently fair game.



CASE CLOSED?
Norma McCorvey, the real Jane Roe, with attorney Gloria Allred in April 1989 outside the Supreme Court, where they observed arguments in a case which could have overturned *Roe v. Wade.*

Having for so long been the territor of this draining and exhausting a gument, America may well be th place of its resolution. The quest to e large the span and quality of life is itself struggle for mastery over nature, whic left to itself would have us dying toothle and smelly and malnourished after abo three decades. And the impulse to have say in how many children we have, an how, is an indissoluble part of that amb tion. In consequence, we have to should decisions that would once have been mad by fate. (Shall the terminally ill be take off the drip-feed? Shall we resuscitate th comatose? Shall we bring the hopeless f tus to full term? Shall we, or can we, pus back abortion techniques so that tha pre-empt any definition of viability?) doesn't seem to me that we have becon any less human by confronting the decisions and finally accepting our r sponsibility for them. In the same way, might have been better off as a young brother than an older one, and I alwa did wish for a big sister, as opposed the baby brother I did get, but if n

America may well be the place of the abortion argument's resoluti

mother had the heart and soul of a doub murderess, you couldn't prove it by m

By rightly expanding our definition what is alive and what is human, w have also accepted that there may be conflict of rights between a potential h man and an actual one. The only mot losers in this argument are those who s that there is no conflict, and nothing argue about. The irresoluble conflict right with right was Hegel's definition tragedy, and tragedy is inseparable fro human life, and no advance in science medicine is ever going to enable us evade that. □

hp best-in-class V8.* 3rd-row seating. And climate-controlled front seats.** The new Lincoln Aviator. Navigator, just smaller. Proof that magnificence comes in all sizes. Call 800 688-8898 or visit Lincoln.com. There are those who travel. And those who travel well.

LINCOLN
AVIATOR

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.
Especially when it's yourself you're imitating.



*Premium Utility Segment **Optional equipment

JAMES WOLCOTT

GEORGE LOIS'S POWER PUNCH

At the pulsing intersection of 60s iconography and iconoclasm stood George Lois, genius adman, who went on to sock it to the nation's eyeballs as *Esquire*'s cover designer. As he publishes a visual memoir, Lois says he has no heirs. He may be right

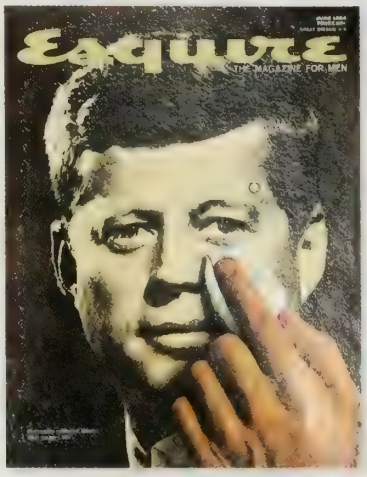
For much of the early postwar period, pictorial imagination seemed jammed in cold storage. Spontaneous impulses and loony intuitions were frozen rigid, strung with icicles. The political and erotic energies uncorked by the election of John F. Kennedy in 1960 opened the vaults, released the bats and butterflies from the collective unconscious, infused color into the country's fantasies. It was as if America had gone to bed in a Holiday Inn and woke up in a poppy field. It was a decade when the inner mystic eye, rinsed in Blake, Hesse, Alistair Crowley, Pre-Raphaelitism, and Jungian mandalas, uplinked to the slick packaging of Madison Avenue. An optical orgy, the 60s kaleidoscoped with iconography. J.F.K. and Jackie. Chairman Mao. Che. L.B.J. baring his gallbladder scar (shaped, in David Levine's famous drawing, like Vietnam). Andy Warhol's soup cans and Brillo boxes. Huey Newton on his wicker throne. Marilyn Monroe adrift on the set of *The Misfits*. Steve McQueen astride his motorcycle. The cover of *Sgt. Pepper*, with its magpie cemetery of modernism. The black slab of *2001*. The Woodstock logo. An American astronaut on the moon. And, vital to any montage of 60s iconography, the cavalcade of *Esquire* covers designed by George Lois in the gold-rush days of editor Harold T. P. Hayes. What those ballistic talents Stan Lee and Jack Kirby were to the rejuvenation of comic books at Marvel in the 60s, the playfully fearless Hayes and Lois were to the liberation of magazine journalism. (One account by an *Esquire* historian is titled *It Wasn't Pretty, Folks, but Didn't We Have Fun?*) Harold Hayes died in 1989, but George Lois is still active, making noise, and happy to rattle cages.

A Greek life force and don't you forget it, Lois, born in 1931, has released a greatest-hits package of his *Esquire* covers, ad campaigns, political spots, and public-service announcements called *Sellebrity* (Phaidon), which toots its horn as loud and proud as the photo of Muhammad Ali that shouts from the cover. An autobiographical slide show, it crackles with Lois's talkative nature, dishing personalities he's known who lived up to their billing (Joe Louis, Robert Kennedy, Robert Redford) and those who punked out. (His list of least-favorite celebrities ranges from true terrors—Lauren Bacall, Roseanne—to tacky counterfeits such as



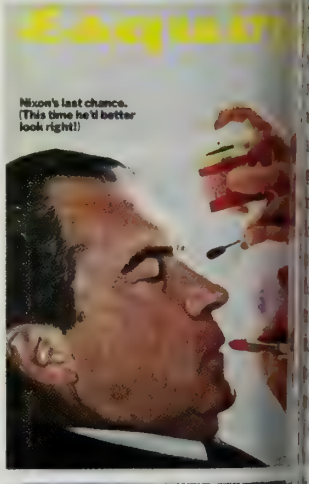


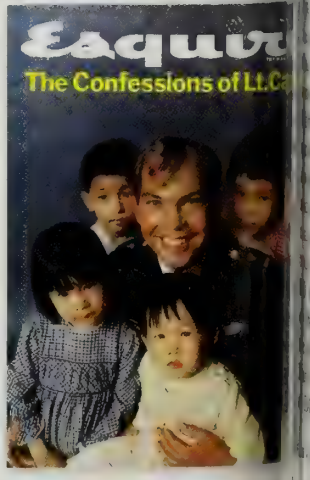












THE KING OF COVERS

George Lois's *Esquire* covers, featuring: *left, from top,* Roy Cohn (February 1968), Muhammad Ali (April 1968), Sonny Liston (December 1963), John F. Kennedy (June 1964); *right,* Andy Warhol (May 1969), "The Masculinization of the American Woman" (March 1965), Richard Nixon (May 1968), Lieutenant Calley with Vietnamese children (November 1970).

ana Trump and Lisa Ling, formerly of *ie View.*) He and his beautiful wife, Rose-ary, whom he met on his first day at e Pratt Institute (they've been married nce 1951), live in a Greenwich Village artment whose living room recalls Sig-und Freud's study at 19 Berggasse in Vi-na. An indoor forest of metal, stone, d wooden totems, masks, and pagan ols, the Loises' collection of African, ian, and Eskimo tribal art (its value has en tagged at $20 million) is an installa-n that could double as the clubhouse of fertility-virility cult or the set for a Val wton occult thriller. When the humidity es, some of the statues actually sweat—or Lois once told a *Forbes* reporter, "They mp, they ooze, they reek!" Padding ound the place in sandals, the tall, still-letic Lois (he had just had dental work ne after taking an elbow to the chops ying basketball) has something of Hen-Miller's old-reprobate, growly gusto.

A veteran of the Korean War, Lois entered advertising just as it was becoming a land of giants. For too many ades radio and TV commercials had ed on woodpecker reiteration, perforat-the airwaves with annoying jingles that nded as if they had been composed in children's wing of the laughing acade-. This toy-jackhammer approach was matized most disturbingly in the movie *Hucksters,* based upon Frederic Wake-n's best-selling inside novel of the ad published in 1946. Sydney Greenstreet, ing a fat-cat tycoon who dresses and sters like a plantation owner, propounds method of tattooing name-brand rec-ition by thumping his baby fist on the rdroom table. "Beautee Soap, Beautee p, Beautee Soap—repeat it until it nes out of their ears—repeat it until y say it in their sleep . . . irritate irri-irritate and they'll never forget it ir-e and *knock them dead.*" At which t he swings his hand and sends an ray flying.

rint ads were less percussive but equal-acuous. In her superb memoir, *A Big in Advertising,* which was excerpted in e pages, Mary Wells Lawrence writes research polls indicated that Ameri-longed for peace and happiness after d War II, so that's what advertisers ned down their beaks. "Children were ys clean and smiling. Dogs were clean smiling. Firemen, police, farmers and miners were clean and smiling. Every-waved to each other in the ads. . . . was right; advertising was the land e insane." Bill was Bill Bernbach, ounder and guiding light of Doyle e Bernbach. With the irresistible rise DB, advertising agencies put away the toy jackhammer and created witty campaigns that jazzed up picture and text to create a poster art of capitalism.

When Lois joined the firm, he found himself in a powerhouse lineup that was Madison Avenue's answer to the Yankees' Murderers' Row. "The four greatest advertising directors of all time (in my unashamed opinion)," he states in *$ellebrity,* "were Bob Gage, Bill Taubin, Helmut Krone and yours truly, and in the late '50s, the four of us worked in successive rooms at DDB." Ferociously competitive, they took one another's game up a notch. After a year at this alpha-male compound, Lois opened his own agency in 1960, dumbfounding Bernbach, who believed there was room at the top for only one creative outfit. Lois proved otherwise. His "When you got it—flaunt it!" campaign for Braniff Airways paired one-of-a-kind celebrities as odd-couple seatmates: Sonny Liston and Andy Warhol ("Silent spade meets honkie bullshitter," says Lois); the poet Marianne Moore and thud-and-blunder mystery writer Mickey Spillane; Salvador Dalí and Yankee southpaw Whitey Ford; publisher Bennett Cerf and Ethel Merman . . . it was like a mad tea party at 20,000 feet. The key to Lois's knack with well-knowns is that he always plays against type rather than plug a famous face into a familiar slot. A cat person himself, he defied the industry shibboleth that gentlemen preferred dogs by casting craggy sports legends Yogi Berra, Jack Dempsey, and Casey Stengel in cat-food ads. He enjoys stroking the inner softy in rugged guys, parking Joe Namath behind a typewriter as "an Olivetti girl" and promoting Maypo cereal by coaxing iron men of the gridiron Johnny Unitas and Ray Nitschke to bawl, "I want my Maypo!" Updating the Maypo *cri de coeur* in the early 80s, Lois pulled a fledgling cable network out of limbo when he enlisted Mick Jagger to proclaim, "I want my MTV!"—a sound bite that would echo across the globe and pave the runway for *Jackass, The Real World,* Tom Green pestering people, and Ozzy Osbourne getting lost on the way to the bathroom.

Like so many ad grads of Doyle Dane Bernbach, Lois believes that advertising today not only has lost its faith but has levitated up its own butt-chute. Ads have become art-schooly in their cool look and tone: dissonant, elliptical, postmodern, rendering a lack of affect as hip attitude, the product and sales pitch elided so pristinely that a 30- or 60-second spot creates an oasis of Antonioni-esque nothingness. Or ads are tailored strictly for entertainment value to grab a quick laugh from attention-deficit-disordered viewers, the product itself an excuse to press the joy buzzer. Lois argues



THE WOMEN OF HOLLYWOOD

On Thursday, October 10, 300 guests gathered at the Nautica Store in Rockefeller Center to celebrate the opening of the "Women of Hollywood" photo retrospective. Curated by *Vanity Fair*, "Women of Hollywood" featured a stunning collection of images from the pages of the magazine past and present. Guests enjoyed music, cocktails, and hors d'oeuvres as they shopped throughout the evening. A portion of the evening's proceeds benefited Love Heals, the Alison Gertz Foundation for AIDS Education.





Above left, from left to right: Don Witkowski and Harvey Sanders of Nautica; *Above, right*: the "Women of Hollywood" exhibit.



Above: Brad Cousens behind the bar at The Gramercy.

STAYING COOL IN THE WINDY CITY

The Gramercy, Chicago's coolest new hot spot, has a look and feel that is sure to please. While The Gramercy enjoys influences from New York, Los Angeles, and Miami, impresario Brad Cousens has created a down-to-earth, world-class supper club that is all about Chicago. For more information, visit www.thegramercychicago.com.



Above, from left to right: Beth Rudin DeWoody of t Whitney Museum, Tomas Maier of Bottega Veneta, artist Nancy Lorenz, and *Vanity Fair*'s Anne McNall

A CREATIVE COLLABORATIO

On October 29, *Vanity Fair* contributi editor Anne McNally hosted a spec event at the Bottega Veneta boutique Madison Avenue. The evening celebrat the partnership between Bottega Vene creative director, Tomas Maier, and ar Nancy Lorenz, and showcased the stunni results of their collaboration: 15 uniq lacquer-and-leather boxes, each sign and numbered. Approximately 400 gue of New York's art and society elite attend the event, which benefited the Whitn Museum's Independent Study Program.



LIFE IS SWELL

Fashion designer Cynthia Rowley a former *New York Times* style editor Ile Rosenzweig have taken their person credo, "Swell is the place where spirit a style meet," and brought it to life. Fro bedding to bath, tabletop to stationer Swell is a world of new products that m colorful wit with genius sophisticatio everything goes! Swell products can l found at Target stores and on-line target.com.

not only that the philosophy of advertising has changed, resulting in a cult of antidvertising, but also that the process of producing ads has led to an android deachment. His generation drew and cut and pasted and had a tactile connection to the reative process. "The hands connect to he eyes connect to the head," he says. "And here's some kind of holy bodily power hat produces thinking." This loss of handsn involvement impels designers and art irectors to think less and gaze more. "And say to them, 'What are you looking at?' here are no ideas in there."

"What most people are doing is they're uilding images and they're putting things n top of each other. 'Oh, that doesn't ork. I'll try this one. That doesn't work. ll try this one.' You know? So it's all a ishmash. People fiddlefucking around. ain't creativity."

Amid all this fiddling and diddling, Lois can spot the traces of his influence among "a lot of guys that came after me that I inspired, et cetera, et etera, and went on to become pretty terrific art directors." When he visits a newsand, however, he feels as if his legacy were ritten in vanishing ink. Although the audacious covers he designed for *Esquire* in e 60s and early 70s are lauded as one of e marathon achievements in magazine story, these testimonials are nothing but lk—magazines have never played it safer. irculation soared during the Hayes-Lois ars and dove when they left, yet no one ems to have picked up the baton, or the nt. "When it comes to magazines, I sit ere and say, I didn't inspire nobody. No, I iled down a culture, but I didn't change culture. There's nobody trying to do what lo or what I did."

There are practical hitches, as Lois himf concedes. No editor worth his personal ationery wants to forgo prerogative and ike the dream deal that Lois enjoyed th Hayes, who committed himself to run hatever cover Lois finally dropped on his sk, damn the primal screams of outged advertisers and cranky subscribers. Lois says, "The easiest thing in the orld is to do great, exciting work. The rdest thing in the world is to get somedy to run it." Which Hayes almost unflingly did. (Badgered into supplying a ristmassy cover, Lois submitted a deathre photo of Sonny Liston in a Santa cap t could have been captioned, "Ho, ho, honky mutha." *Esquire* lost $750,000 m pulled ads and canceled subs, but the uhaha established the magazine as a t book, with *Time* going so gaga as to l Sonny Santa as "one of the greatest soal statements in the plastic arts since Piso's *Guernica*." Even hyperbole was erudite back then.) Another difficulty, since the advent of *People* in 1974, is the torrid tango every mass-circ publication has to do with needy celebrities and their gorgon publicists with the 10-inch fingernails. Lois has proved his entire working life that celebrities, tickled behind the ears and taught a new trick, can provide the perfect snapshot of "the marriage of myth and marketplace," yet even he might have a hard time cajoling diamond-naveled divas and stretch-limo athletes to put down their cell phones and take the Nicorette gum out of their bored mouths. Every shoot today has the makings of an adventure in baby-sitting. Celebrity culture prevails only because it's invaded a vacuum—the battleground vacated by Norman Mailer's armies of the night.

The driving reason Lois has no contemporary heirs is that the magazine world has become drastically depoliticized since *Esquire*'s heyday, removed from battle. Politics has been ghettoized into the opinion journals, where liberals and conservatives sit in their chosen sandbox and pretend it's Iraq. "All of the designers were sort of lefties back then," Lois says, most of his colleagues having grown up in the aftermath of the Depression, experienced war, and witnessed a nation squirm under the greasy thumb of Joe McCarthy. These guys were eager to gun it once the cultural restrictions gave way. The most dynamic magazines of the 60s—*Ramparts* under its designer Dugald Stermer, the early *Rolling Stone, Evergreen Review, Avant-Garde*—were the playtools of provocateurs who used shock tactics to snap readers out of a trance and inflame entire villages of neurons. *Rolling Stone* aside, they could afford to take risks since they were targeting a hairy tribe of true believers. They cultivated sexual and political outrageousness, burning draft cards on the cover, shoving the Black Power salute into guilty white faces, and baring the fishy flesh of skinny-dipping hippies. A few even crossed the line into rooting for the enemy. *Ramparts* put a seven-year-old on the cover holding a Vietcong flag with the tag line "Alienation is when your country is at war, and you want the other side to win."

Esquire covers didn't stoop to agitprop. They were too sophisticated to double as protest signs. Lois packed subversive messages into the snowballs he tossed, but he wanted their dramatic contact to trigger debate rather than agreement. The 1968 cover showing Richard Nixon receiving a beauty makeover with hair spray, eye brush, pink powder puff, and girly lipstick had a Nixon operative fuming that *Esquire* had turned the candidate into a "flaming queen." (The cover also conveyed a death wish: eyes closed, his face expressionless,

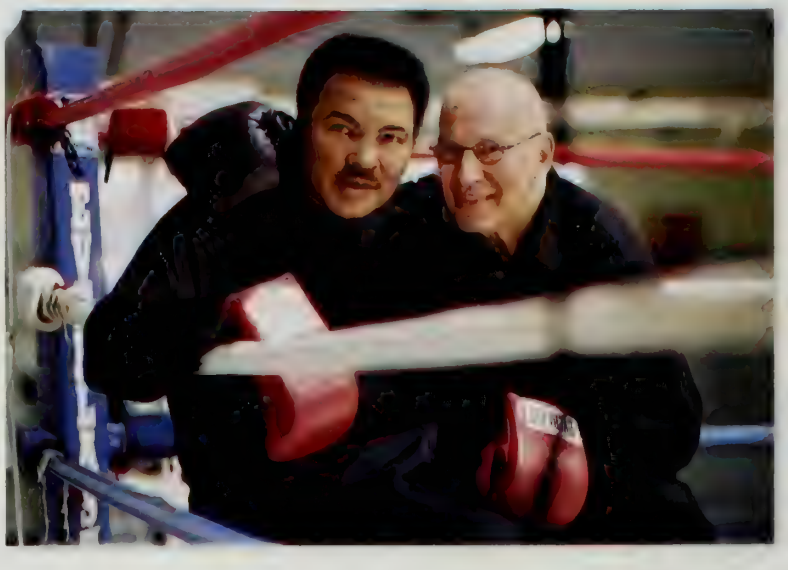


Nixon looks as if he were being prepared by a pit crew of morticians for open-casket viewing.) Even though an *Esquire* profile of Vice President Hubert Humphrey was largely favorable, he was rendered as a ventriloquist's dummy—the foldout cover placing him on the paternal lap of L.B.J. With a halo protruding out of his collar, Joe McCarthy henchman Roy Cohn looked more menacing than if he had been fitted with horns and forked tail.

Politically, *Esquire* showed the most guts and earned the most glory for its prescience regarding Vietnam. As the Establishment press was heralding certain victory (how could peasants in pajamas match the armed might of the United States?), Lois's covers sounded an early alarm about America's relentless march into the mud. Three years before news came of the My Lai massacre, he devised a funereal black cover with words in white letters taken from the mouth of an American soldier: "Oh my God—we hit a little girl." When My Lai itself became a cover topic in 1970, Lois gambled to produce the most audacious, ambiguously jarring *coup de théâtre* of his tenure at *Esquire:* a studio portrait of Lieutenant William Calley by Carl Fischer (who photographed many of the magazine's most memorable covers). On trial for the massacre of innocent villagers, a boyishly grinning Calley was posed with his arms around a pair of Vietnamese children and two others leaning on his shoulders—kids just like the ones his unit had been accused of leaving butchered in the ditch. Was Calley a baby-faced killer or apple-pie proof that American innocence was impervious to reckoning with the evil in its own veins? However the image was interpreted, it was certain to rouse fury—it had already caused turmoil in the office, with editors dashing off memos and Hayes's own secretary threatening to quit. "We'll lose advertisers and we'll lose subscribers, but I have no choice," he told Lois. "I'll never sleep again if I don't muster the courage to run it."

Perhaps Hayes's decision was meant to make unconscious amends for killing a spooky greeting from Vietnam years before. One of the few Lois ideas Hayes vetoed was a December 1962 cover bearing the season's greeting "Merry Christmas. I'm the 100th G.I. killed in Vietnam." (The Defense Department refused to supply the picture of an actual soldier, so Lois substituted a blown-up Korean War snapshot of himself.) Hayes's rejection didn't reflect a failure of nerve. He was concerned that a peace deal might be brokered before the issue hit the stands and didn't want to risk having the magazine going out on a shaky limb. It was a prudent editorial decision that lacked the gift of prophecy. The 100th fatality was a drop in the hospital bucket of the carnage to come: American dead would number more than 58,000 before the last chopper lifted off Saigon.

$ellebrity toots its horn as loud and proud as the photo of Muhammad Ali that shouts from the cover.



A MUSE YOU CAN USE
George Lois, right, and his favorite subject, Muhammad Ali (who appeared on three of Lois's *Esquire* covers), in Ali's boxing ring at his Michigan home, November 6, 2002.

Unlike *Ramparts* and many of the underground papers, *Esqu* didn't let its cynicism acidify into contempt. Some of Loi most beautiful covers were hallmarks of hero worship. The i age of a retired Joe DiMaggio (portrayed by Lois himself) taking swing at the plate in an empty Yankee Stadium—a tiny, lone figu in a hushed cathedral—suggests a man measuring himself agair the magnitude of his own fame. A foldout portrait of former *Tarz* stars Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Cheetah avoi camp and achieves a sweet, touching dignity by showcasing th buoyant spirits and strapping health with full, frontal affection. (Mi ing from the loincloth reunion was the actor who had played "Bo who was self-conscious about all the weight he had put on since g ing up the jungle vine.) The object of Lois's greatest devotion w and remains Muhammad Ali, the su ject of a number of *Esquire* covers, t most celebrated being the champ's enactment of the agony of Saint S bastian. Stripped of his boxing title ter declaring himself a conscientio objector, Ali ascribed to each fles piercing arrow an author, naming o after General Westmoreland, anoth after Defense Secretary Robert McN mara, another after President Joh son. Despite the toll of Parkinso Ali, the soul survivor 60s icons, was still at to recite the names of t tormentors nearly 35 ye later when he and Lo met in Berrien Spring Michigan, to be pho graphed for this artic whispering, "Westmo land, McNamara ... In conversation, Lo keeps circling back to A stringing anecdotes li Christmas-tree lights, h own considerable ego modest dot orbiting a bled presence whose trance into a room mak boys of aging men. Ev other superathletes, t Wilt Chamberlains of t world, "stand in shock" in the company of A Lois says. "In such incredible awe, beyond belie

The liberal 60s and not the conservative 8 were the true decade of creative destruction, t summit of both iconography and iconoclas We're still feasting on the iconography, but bei starved of genuine iconoclasm. Meeting Lo I realized that it's hale old lions like him who showing the most fight in the era of Republican repression and umphalism. Norman Mailer, Gore Vidal, Philip Roth, Senat Robert Byrd—these have been the voices raised in most eloqu warning and attack against the warmongering and curbs on ci liberties that have fevered the country since September 11 as youn political pundits step on each other's Guccis in the stampede leap on George Bush's bandwagon and/or pile on Al Gore. Lo whose inspirational ad spots helped elect Bobby Kennedy senat says he'd love to do Gore's if Team Gore had the nerve to hire h (a dashed hope now that Gore has withdrawn), and about Bu he says, Boy, "could you be irreverent with that motherfucke That seems a nice dulcet note on which to end. □

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID TURNLEY

ampagne Not From Champagne?



o way!

sure, some sparkling wines
ook and even taste the part,
it's not from Champagne,
mply not true Champagne.
s because Champagne isn't
ly a type of wine. It's a
fic region 90 miles east of
with a long history of
making expertise.

pine this unique northern
on with a one of a kind
te and chalky soil as well as
eds of years of experience
adition. The result? The
grapes that yield the
pagne of legend – a heavenly
hat can be imitated but never
ated. If the grapes aren't
his unique region where
making is a special art, then
ne really isn't authentic
pagne. It does matter where
come from. A Napa wine
n Napa, a Willamette wine
n Willamette and a Red
tain wine is from Red
tain, Washington.

f it 's not from Champagne,
mply not true Champagne.

Champagne &
is from Champagne



EARTH ANGEL
Environmental activist Severn Cullis-Suzuki, 23, photographed at a home in her garden in Vancouver, British Columbia, on November 8, 2002.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES SEVERN CULLIS-SUZUKI

BECAUSE at the ripe age of 9 this Vancouver-born kid founded ECO (the Environmental Children's Organization), then, at 12, attended the 1992 Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, an unprecedented U.N. conference addressing the fate of the world and its natural resources. BECAUSE her six-minute speech in Rio prompted a standing ovation, and even some tears, from the delegates. BECAUSE her devotion to making people aware of alternative energy sources recently led her and five friends to cycle across Canada (4,350 miles) in 10 weeks as her father, celebrated environmental broadcaster David Suzuki, followed them in a gas-electric-hybrid support car for one leg of the trip. BECAUSE at Yale, where she received a B.S. in evolutionary biology and ecology last May, she drafted her "Recognition of Responsibility," a pledge tha dividuals can make toward sustainable living, which she deb last August at the World Summit in Johannesburg as a mem of U.N. secretary-general Kofi Annan's advisory panel. BEC an episode of Canadian TV's *The Nature of Things*, documen her Johannesburg trip (and airing in several dozen countries winter), shows how she and fellow members of her environ tally responsible Skyfish Project left the summit (disillusione part, by the politicians' rhetoric: "I can't tell you how many ferences I've been to where they use Styrofoam cups!") to ticipate in local South African rallies. BECAUSE her zealous tion to change the world is a true inspiration. BECAUSE her is, quite simply, to improve the planet. —DAIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY ART STREIBER


THE NEW MEN'S FRAGRANCE
YSAINTLAURENT
M7


HELLS
MC
NEW YORK



BORN TO RIDE Hell's Angels roll into town for the annual Hollister Independence Rally in Hollister, California, July 4, 1997.

YAGER

UNEASY RIDERS

The Hell's Angels mystique has come roaring back, with memoirs by key members now in bookstores, and a big-budget movie in the works. But their roadhouse rule is threatened by the Mongols and other rival clubs looking to make a name for themselves. Have the Angels gotten too soft to win a bloody biker war?

BY STEVE GARBARINO

Throughout the 1960s and into the 70s, the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club ruled America's highways, alleys, and roadhouses. A black-sheep counterpoint to the hippie movement, the Hell's Angels instilled fear in anyone who crossed their path. The rumble of their custom-rigged Harley-Davidsons was considered a precursor to murder, rape, plunder, drugs, booze, perhaps even some baying at the moon. Lock up your daughters: the Hell's Angels are in town.

Like Forrest Gumps gone bad, they seemed to pop up wherever anything significant was happening, from the infamous concert at Altamont to Ken Kesey's ranch and the pages of Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test.* Then, like the Black Panthers, love-ins, and patchouli, they all but vanished, as if absorbed by the culture they had once terrorized. Harley-Davidson Café, anyone?

Up until very recently, the Hell's Angels seemed toothless, almost quaint. But all outlaws must have a final run, and the Hell's Angels seem to be having theirs now. In the past year, the fabled motorcycle club—which was formed in San Bernardino, California, in 1948 by a group of bored World War II air-squadron veterans—has been making a brutal comeback. Angels have been arrested for fatal shootings, stabbings, firebombings, beatings, riots, drug distribution and possession, rapes, and racketeering. Investigators have deemed nearly every arrest to be part of an escalating turf war between the Hell's Angels and rival outfits such as the Pagans, the Outlaws, the Bandidos, and the Los Angeles–based Mongols.

While flexing their muscle in the streets, the Hell's Angels are also reasserting themselves in the culture at large. Hollywood, always on the lookout for a good sequel, is all over them, as is the book-publishing world. Three Hell's Angels memoirs and a coffee-table book are now in bookstores. Director Tony Scott, of *Top Gun* fame, has signed on to make a big-budget outlaw-biker film, and many Hell's Angels have Screen Actors Guild cards. They're special guests at chic Hamptons parties and intimates of celebrities who provide blurbs for their book jackets.

In the years leading up to the recent outbreak of arrests and killings, many Hell's Angels members were finding time for gardening and golf while sending their kids to college. "Mellowing" is how several Angels describe what was happening. "Getting old" might be

another way of putting it. But as they were settling back, priding themselves on being, as one member puts it, "the top of the food chain" in the outlaw world, other bikers started gunning for them. And so, over the last year, the Hell's Angels have been re-emerging from their used-parts shops and tattoo parlors like grizzlies coming out of hibernation.

Are they still tough enough? Does a bear shit in the woods?

On the evening of the annual End of Summer Party, held at the clubhouse of the Hell's Angels' Oakland chapter—one of the oldest and most notorious of their strongholds—men in flannel shirts, denim jackets, and black leather vests are lugging beer kegs the size of their barrel-like chests. In the back courtyard several members are taking hits of nitrous oxide. The Angels enjoy the "helium high" they get from sucking on balloons filled with the gas—a given at every party.





IN THE BEGINNING
The motorcycle club grew out of the Hell's Angels air squadron. Their Flying Fortress plane is shown here after a 1944 bombing run. *Right,* a poster for the movie *Hell's Angels,* circa 1930.

The sky is a dreamy pink and blue, a contrast to this bleak stretch of Oakland macadam on Foothill Boulevard where, a few blocks from Angels headquarters, crack dealers do business. The clubhouse is dead center in a poor black neighborhood of housing projects.

A police car pulls up in front of the clubhouse, where roughly 80 flame-painted Harley-Davidson choppers and three-wheeled custom motorcycles are lined up. Cisco, the longtime president of the Oakland chapter, rises from a chair outside the entrance and walks over to the car.

Smiling, avoiding eye contact, the young police officer asks, "Expecting any trouble from the Mongols?"

Cisco leans into the passenger window. "Naw," he says in his rusted radiator of a voice. His shoulder-length black hair, parted in the middle, falls into his face.

"I heard a Mongol lives around here," says the policeman.

"I wouldn't know," says Cisco, taking out his new cellular phone. He asks the cop to help him figure it out; they start tinkering with it.

The Mongols are a mostly Hispanic L.A.-based motorcycle club that has lately been brawling with the Angels. The two factions clashed last April at a Harrah's casino in Nevada. When the dust cleared, three Mongols were dead. Shortly thereafter, one Angel was fatally shot off his Harley-Davidson in the California desert. There have been no arrests in either case. Numerous postings on the Hell's Angels Web site (www.hells-angels.com) have claimed a Mongol was responsible.

The young cop tries to ease Cisco back to the topic of the Mongols, saying, "Is it just hype created by the media?"

"I dunno," says Cisco.

The officer drives off. Cisco returns to his perch. The Doors' "Roadhouse Blues" plays inside. Nobody is drinking alcohol yet, despite the Angels' reputation for herculean partying. In fact, many of the club members don't drink at all, including Cisco, whose real name is Elliot Valderrama.

An East L.A.–raised Filipino with a Fu Manchu, Cisco is not as well known as the original Oakland-chapter president—convict turned memoirist Ralph "Sonny" Barger—and he seems to like it that w

Barger is something of a celebrity. I was the levelheaded antihero of Hunter Thompson's seminal 1966 book, *Hell's A gels: A Strange and Terrible Saga,* and a n jor character in David and Albert Mays *Gimme Shelter,* the documentary of t Rolling Stones' Altamont concert in 19 where the Angels provided security. (W its four deaths, Altamont was a grim re to the Woodstock concert earlier that yea At the time of Cisco's End of Summ Party, Barger is on a publicity tour, p moting his second book, *Ridin' High, Li Free* (Morrow), a collection of essays.

Cisco has no book plans, but he h acted in films, such as *Bram Stoker's Dr ula,* and counts himself a close friend motorcycle enthusiast and actor Mick Rourke's. He owns a movie-set-and-pr company, but his main occupation is t Angels. When Cisco is informed that t

"YOU HAVE AN ORGANIZATION THAT, BY ITS VERY ESSENCE AND CORE, AUTHORIZES KIDNAPPING, BEATINGS, EXTORTION, ROBBERY."

photographer accompanying me to t party is actress Lisa Marie, who play Vampira in Tim Burton's *Ed Wood,* takes a trip down memory lane: "Mar used to jack off to Vampira on her old show! She was so fucking hot."

By 11 P.M., the number of chopp parked outside the clubhouse has creased to roughly 500. Police cars cru by at regular intervals. Cisco is eve where—"politicizing," as he calls it. Me bers of the Devil Dolls, an all-girl bi club, show up on their choppers.

Inside, the liquor is flowing at la About 600 revelers move through rooms. Perhaps only 150 men in throng are wearing the Hell's Angels ors." The Angels never talk about nu bers. When asked how many their ra include, they like to say, "Enough." As member puts it, "It's for the police to f out and us to know. They get paid watch us have a good time." Police h placed the number at 10,000. The fig is likely closer to 20,000, not counting gels chapters in Argentina, Denmark, So Africa, Australia, Bohemia, Liechtenst Italy, and Greece, to name a few. Yo know it, though, if you're in the prese of Angels. They usually wear their patc

On the clubhouse's dance floor rhythm-and-blues band is playing "C donia," and couples are doing the H



OWN FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL on DVD



MGM MEANS GREAT MOVIES.™

Metro Goldwyn Mayer
TRADE MARK
MGM.COM

ED ENTERTAINMENT and CHANNEL FOUR FILMS Present A WORKING TITLE Production A MIKE NEWELL Film HUGH GRANT ANDIE MacDOWELL "FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL" KRISTIN SCOTT THOMAS SIMON CALLOW JAMES FLEET JOHN HANNAH CHARLOTTE COLEMAN DAVID BOWER CORIN REDGRAVE and ROWAN ATKINSON Casting Director MICHELLE GUISH U.S. Casting DAVID RUBIN, CSA Production Designer MAGGIE GRAY Costume Designer LINDY HEMMING Editor JON GREGORY
raphy MICHAEL COULTER, BSC Original Music by RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT Co-Executive Producer RICHARD CURTIS Executive Producers TIM BEVAN & ERIC FELLNER Written by RICHARD CURTIS Produced by DUNCAN KENWORTHY Directed by MIKE NEWELL

R

Soundtrack Album Available on London Records Soundtrack Album features music from Elton John, Sting, Wet Wet Wet, I to I, and many more.

FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL © PolyGram Filmproduktion GmbH 1993. All Rights Reserved. © 2002 MGM.

Angels shuffle, picked up from Grateful Dead concerts of yore. Most of the action is taking place in the adjoining standing-room-only Wall of Shame room, where mug shots of current and deceased members line the walls and two women, thin-lipped and unsmiling, in G-strings, writhe in a steel cage to AC/DC's "You Shook Me All Night Long." Revelers stick bills between the dancers' butt cheeks and cheer them on. No Hell's Angels members are participating in this, as if it would be somehow undignified. The middle-aged "mamas" seem to be into it more than anyone else in the crowd. Spurred on by boyfriends and husbands, two mamas climb into the cage and start to get very busy with the dancers, rousing the crowd. "Get it! Get it!" somebody yells. One stripper seems to feign orgasm.





GIMME SHELTER
Writer Ken Kesey talks to an Angel, San Francisco, circa 1966. *Right,* Mick Jagger and Mick Taylor during the Rolling Stones' Altamont concert, Livermore, California, December 6, 1969.

Later, two good-looking young women, Tina and Heather, stand near the nitrous-oxide tanks, holding balloons. Tina is wearing a white tank top that displays her tattoo "sleeves." She has a black Cleopatra haircut and eyeglasses. Heather, who looks like the actress Parker Posey except for the vinyl pants and biker boots, says, "These guys are our knights in shining armor." She explains that she comes from a "stereotypically snobbish East Coast family. I grew up as the princess, and I still have that lifestyle." I mention that some Angels have been known to "gang-bang" strangers and have gone to prison on rape and sexual-assault charges. "That was the 60s—that's in the past," Heather says. She turns out to be the girlfriend of a Hell's Angels chapter president. We move on.

There is an almost chivalrous level of respect shown by the Angels to any woman at the party. That is, until an incident breaks out in the courtyard later in the evening.

A short-haired, jolly-faced Angel in his early 40s, who has been manning the nitrous-oxide tanks, is showing wear, perhaps from sucking down one balloon too many. When a middle-aged mama pushes through the crowd to get to the tank, this jolly-faced Angel lashes out. His fist connects with her face—twice. The mama flies back into the crowd. "I said, *Get back, woman!*" he says.

A non-Angel who tries to intervene gets slammed in the face. It happens so quickly. And then it's over. When another Angel tells him of the incident, Cisco looks disappointed. "Man, that isn't cool," he says, shaking his head. "I'm going to have to talk to him." He heads toward the courtyard.

At 1:30 A.M., there's a raffle. Cisco is the M.C. I look around the room. A senior Angel is asleep by the wall, perhaps dreaming of roadkill on a spit. I see peg legs, prosthetic hands, ears with missing lobes, and fake eyeballs.

To get past the doors of a Hell's Angels clubhouse is an arduous task. You must have an in. For me, it was Mickey Rourke, who advised me not to even think about writing a story. He knows the Angels from various films. "It's a lose-lose situation," said Rourke. "If you write just one thing that disrespects the club, you will get a major-league ass-kicking."

The Angels gave me permission to visit the clubhouse and asked me to give my pitch in front of a dozen senior members. There were guacamole and chips on a coffee table. Not one Angel was drinking. A young prospect was handing out bottles of springwater.

Rules were laid down: HAMC (Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club) could not be referred to as a "gang." No Mongols or other "motorcycle club" members could be interviewed for the story. No tape recorders. Notepads occasionally. After a half dozen "observational" trips to Oakland I was permitted to take notes and bring a photographer.

From his Upper East Side apartment Tom Wolfe describes his first encounter with the outlaw club. "The Hell's Angels were giving the only public party that had ever sponsored," he says. "It was at the Haight-Ashbury at a Czech social club. There was a tremendous lineup of choppers and hogs outside. I went in and my hand was stamped with 'When We Do Right, No One Remembers. When We Do Wrong, No One Forgets.' Ken Kesey was supposed to be there with some of the Merry Pranksters. I went up to a guy from the Satan's Slaves and asked him, 'Have you seen Kesey?' And he said, 'You say I'm kind of greasy?' And I said, 'You misunderstand. I mean the writer.' And he said, 'You say you're kind of a fighter?' I kind of walked sideways away from the guy. I was wearing a suit, but no necktie—my one nod toward disrespectability. There was a kissing booth, holding the most big-ass, hairy Hell's Angel I've ever seen in my life."

> **"I WENT UP TO A GUY FROM THE SATAN'S SLAVES AND ASKED HIM, 'HAVE YOU SEEN KESEY?' AND HE SAID, 'YOU SAY I'M KIND OF GREASY?'"**

Wolfe's encounters with the tribe occurred in 1966. Lately, they have been working back their bad reputation.

It began in late February of 2002, at a motorcycle-and-tattoo exposition sponsored by the Hell's Angels and held in a Long Island catering hall. Ten vanloads of rival gangs rolled up. Pagans, who consider Long Island their turf, forced their way inside. One Pagan was fatally shot and 10 others were wounded as 1,000 people—including women and children—fled. Five bikers were shot, five were stabbed, and two suffered heart attacks during the attack. (The Hell's Angels' cholesterol levels must boggle the mind.) Seventy-five bikers were arrested—73 Pagans and two Hell's Angels, one of whom was a suspect in the shooting. The arresting officers had to link together three sets of handcuffs to restrain the hands of the beefier suspects.

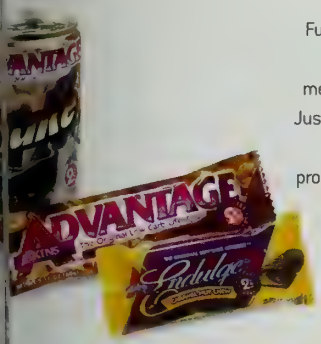
Less than a month later, a South F

Are Net Carbs?

carbohydrates have the same metabolic effect on our bodies. ıses ingredients such as fiber that have a minimal impact on ıgar levels compared to such ingredients as sugar and flour. All luct packages display a circled number, indicating the Net Carb Net Carbs are the carbs that significantly impact blood sugar ıd are the only carbs you need to count when you do Atkins.

ıs Is the Leader in Controlled Carb Foods

oods can help you successfully control your weight with no in taste or convenience. Instead of using sugar and white flour, roducts contain non-caloric sweeteners derived from sugar r sweeteners, and contain soy, fiber and other carbohydrates e a minimal impact on blood sugar. We maintain the highest s for quality, using nutritious ingredients and never adding nated or trans fats.



Full line of wholesome high protein snacks as well as meals and treats on-the-go. Just 1-3 grams Net Carbs vs. comparable mainstream products that can have up to 40 grams of sugar alone.



eakfast items to start right. Just 0-3 grams vs. comparable main- roducts that can have grams of sugar alone.



Your favorite breads and muffins without all the refined flour and sugar. Just 3-6 grams Net Carbs.

nore about doing Atkins, Atkins products, or Atkins retailers, v.atkinsonline.com or purchase the new book *Atkins for Life*.

ATKINS
FEEL THE ATKINS CHANGE™

THE FACTS ABOUT ATKINS™:
WHAT, WHY and HOW

FOLD HERE

ATKINS
FEEL THE ATKINS CHANGE™

The Atkins Nutritional Approach™ (ANA) is the #1 controlled carbohydrate program for lifetime weight management.

You have probably heard a lot about Atkins, some of it true, and some perhaps not. We want people who do Atkins to do it right and that's why we are providing the facts. Atkins has been around for 40 years, during which time hundreds of thousands of people have enjoyed success on the program. Perhaps Atkins is also right for you.

How Does Atkins Work?

- Both carbohydrates and fat provide fuel for your body.
- When carbs are available, your body transforms them into energy first. Any excess carbs are stored as body fat.
- When you reduce carbs to a certain level, your body primarily burns fat, including body fat, and you can lose weight — or maintain your goal weight. In fact, Atkins is more effective for weight loss than "low-fat" approaches, as shown by recent scientific studies conducted at four research institutions (each lasting six months or longer).* Research also shows that many people have seen improvements in both their cholesterol and triglyceride profiles.
- To access these and other recent scientific studies, visit www.atkinsonline.com.

Controlling Carbs With Atkins Means:

FACT: Finding your individual tolerance for carbs, both to lose weight and then to maintain your goal weight for life.

FACT: Cutting out processed foods full of sugar and white flour, as well as restricting other high carb foods.

FACT: Retaining "good" carbs full of nutrients, found in foods like green leafy vegetables (and many berries and fruits in later phases).

FACT: Eating a wide variety of foods, including protein, healthy fats and "good" carbs.

MYTH: It doesn't mean eating "zero carbs," eating only steak, bacon and eggs or eliminating all vegetables and fruit.

* Oct. '01 Philadelphia VA Hospital, government funded, Feb '02 U of Penn (tri-center study), government funded, July '02 Duke, Dr. Robert C. Atkins Foundation funded; Oct. '02, U of Cincinnati, American Heart Assoc. funded.

The Four Phases of Atkins:

The Atkins Nutritional Approach™ (ANA) is an easy-to-follow four-phase program. Initially, you cut back significantly on carb intake to lose weight; then you gradually add back a variety of "good" carbs as you get closer to your goal weight. Once you reach your goal weight, you will find your individual ACE (Atkins Carbohydrate Equilibrium), meaning the approximate number of Net Carbs you can continue to eat without gaining or losing weight (see chart at bottom right). Changes in your activity level, hormonal status or other factors may raise or lower your ACE. Here's how to do Atkins properly**:

PHASE 1 - INDUCTION

We recommend you do the first phase of Atkins for at least two weeks. You will be staying at or below 20 grams of Net Carbs per day. (Carbs such as fiber don't count in this tally.) Eat three meals a day or four or five smaller meals, if preferred. Don't skip meals. Eat until you're satisfied but not stuffed.

- A sample breakfast might consist of an avocado-tomato omelet and decaf coffee with cream. For lunch you could have a salad with grilled chicken breast. Dinner might include broiled salmon and spinach sautéed with garlic.
- Foods that combine protein and fat, such as poultry, fish, red meat and eggs, will be the foundation of your meals.
- Most of your carbs will come from nutrient-dense foods such as leafy green vegetables dressed in olive oil.
- Take the three Atkins supplements described in the opposite column, or other similar supplements.
- Drink at least eight 8-ounce glasses of water each day to hydrate your body and flush out any impurities.
- Exercise regularly, preferably combining an aerobic activity such as walking or running with an anaerobic activity such as weight training. *Always check with your physician before starting any exercise program.*

PHASE 2 - ONGOING WEIGHT LOSS (OWL)

Slow your weight loss by gradually increasing your carb intake in increments of 5 grams Net Carbs. (For example, 6 asparagus spears and half a tomato contain roughly 5 grams of Net Carbs.) Choose your additional carbs wisely, starting with non-starchy vegetables, berries (lower in carbs than other fruits) or Atkins controlled carb alternative foods. Never assume any food is low in carbs; instead, read labels and use a carb gram counter (visit www.atkinsonline.com).

- The first week, move up to 25 grams of Net Carbs per day.
- If you continue to lose weight, move to a daily intake of 30 grams of Net Carbs the next week, and so forth until weight loss stops for a few days in a row.
- Drop back 5 grams and you should continue losing weight slowly. Stay at this level of Net Carbs until you come within 5 to 10 pounds of your target weight.

**REMEMBER: The instructions and advice presented within are in no way intended as medical advice or as a substitute for medical counseling. Consult your physician before beginning this program as you would any weight loss program. Your physician should be aware of all medical conditions that you may have as well as the medications and supplements you are taking. Those of you on diuretics or diabetes medication should proceed only under a doctor's supervision. As with any plan, the weight loss phases of this nutritional plan should not be used by patients on dialysis or by pregnant or nursing women.

PHASE 3 - PRE-MAINTENANCE

When you get within 5 to 10 pounds of your goal weight, move to Pre-Maintenance. By losing those last few pounds very slowly, you'll ease yourself into a permanently changed way of eating.

- Each week, add more grams (as much as 10) of carbs to your daily allotment, going, for example, from 50 grams of Net Carbs a day to 60 the next week.
- As long as you continue to lose at an almost imperceptible rate, gradually introduce other fruits, such as grapefruit, kiwi or melon, whole grains and yams and other starchy vegetables.
- When you achieve and maintain your goal weight for at least a month, you have found the Net Carb level called your ACE and have effectively moved to the final phase of Atkins.

PHASE 4 - LIFETIME MAINTENANC

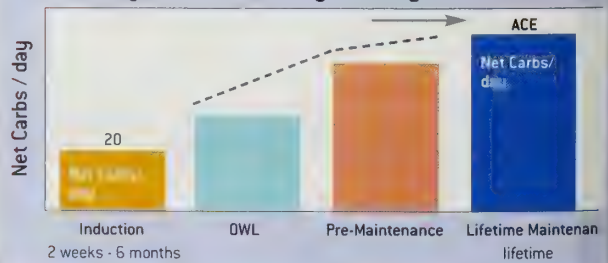
To maintain your goal weight, stay at your newly found ACE.

- Your ACE may range from as low as 40 to 120 or more grams of Net Carbs daily, depending on your metabolism, age, gender, activity level or other factors.
- Continue to follow this healthful and satisfying way of eating and engage ir regular exercise for effective weight control.
- Changes in your activity level, hormonal status or other factors may raise o lower your ACE.

Recommended Supplements to Enhance Weight Control and Health While Following the ANA***:

- Atkins Basic #3 Formula™ is a multivitamin that also sparks metabolism to promote burning of stored body fat, helps maintain existing blood sug levels already within the normal range and provides antioxidants to help neutralize free radicals.
- Atkins Dieters' Advantage™ makes it easier to manage appetite and utiliz fat efficiently — without stimulants. It also promotes healthy metabolic function.
- Atkins Essential Oils™ include omega 3 and omega 6 oils in the form of borage, flaxseed and fish oils, which help maintain good health.

Counting and Controlling Carbs with Atkins
Find your ACE level for long-term weight maintenance



*** These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. These products are not intended to diagnose, treat or prevent any disease

adelphia tattoo parlor owned by a Pagan leader was firebombed. No one was injured. Police believe it was destroyed in retaliation for the Long Island fracas.

In Toronto, a top Hell's Angels member was killed five days later in a shoot-out with police. He was part of the Nomads, an elite Hell's Angels unit whose members travel the country looking to open new chapters. Nine days later, in Montreal, a close associate of the Hell's Angels' was shot three times while dining in a sushi restaurant. It was a drive-by attack. Two men with ties to the rival Bandidos gang were arrested for that one.

Also in March, in Ventura County, California, national Hell's Angels leader George Christie Jr. agreed to a plea bargain on drug and false-tax-return charges. The remainder of the charges were dropped. The original charges alleged that, through his tattoo parlor, Christie had sold stolen prescription drugs. The investigation took five years and resulted in a 132-count indictment. With a grand-jury hearing that lasted eight months, the case cost taxpayers as much as $1.5 million. Christie faced seven years in prison and got off with three years' probation.

In Laughlin, Nevada, in April, three bikers were killed and a dozen were injured in a Hell's Angels–Mongols brawl at a Harrah's casino during an annual motorcycle rally called the River Ride. About 500 people were held for questioning. A videotape that the police now have shows a Hell's Angel shooting one of the Mongols to death.

About an hour after the brawl, a 28-year-old Hell's Angels member was shot from behind as he was riding near Ludlow, California. Police have made no arrests in the case.

In the ongoing nationwide mayhem, seven Hell's Angels were busted in raids on Long Island clubhouses and their homes in May, in conjunction with the beating and robbery of a former member. Investigators seized financial records, a machine gun, shotguns, $130,000 in cash, as well as other paraphernalia, including a massive steel "death's head." The victim was robbed of his jewelry, and had his tattoos inked over inside a Hell's Angels clubhouse.

That same month, Montreal Hell's Angels leader Maurice "Mom" Boucher was found guilty of first-degree murder in the 1997 deaths of two prison guards and of the attempted murder of a third.

On May 30, in Calvert County, Maryland, two Hell's Angels prospects and a bystander were injured outside a bar, the Oasis, in a drive-by shooting. Police believe the shots might have been meant to discourage the Angels from establishing a Maryland chapter. Police arrested a member of the Pagans who was found with a loaded .25-caliber handgun in his left boot.

On June 9, a Hell's Angels member was fatally shot in Cave Creek, Arizona, while sitting outside the Coyote Wild Bar & Grill. Police believe it might have been related to the Mongols-Angels turf battle.

On June 29, near Laconia, New Hampshire, two Hell's Angels prospects were shot from behind while on their bikes. Miraculously, both men drove themselves to the hospital, where they were treated for their wounds. No suspects were arrested.

And in Laconia, on June 30, police questioned several Hell's Angels after the beating of a man at Weirs Beach. The victim has not filed a complaint. Police believe the man had made remarks to the bikers.

The next day, in Minnesota, a Hell's Angel was charged with raping and kidnapping a 25-year-old woman. The woman alleged that she was raped twice at the Angels clubhouse after she was given a "special drink" that left her "partly paralyzed." The charges were later dropped.

Also in Minnesota, police charged the same man with laundering money from a drug-distribution ring. Court papers said the Angel and his wife conspired to distribute methamphetamine and cocaine.

On November 26, when George Christie Jr. filed a claim against the Ventura County Fair for its refusal to let club members on the grounds while wearing their colors last summer—a violation of the fair's dress code, which forbade "gang" attire—Christie argued that the Hell's Angels are not a gang but a motorcycle enthusiasts' group.

On September 19, Raymond Dwyer, the Angel on trial for killing a Pagan member at the catering-hall shoot-out on Long Island last February, was acquitted of murder and convicted on a lesser, third-degree weapon-possession charge. Dwyer had been facing up to 130 years in prison. The court ultimately decided he had killed the Pagan in self-defense.

"God bless the United States of America and God bless the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club," said Dwyer in a written statement.

The Hell's Angels like to compare themselves to other fraternal organizations such as the Elks and the Rotary Club. They say they're just a group of men who happen to share an interest in motorcycles. Some chapters raise money for underprivileged children and hold holiday toy drives. George Christie Jr., for one, runs a martial-arts class for delinquent kids; he even carried the torch for the Los Angeles



AGENDA

VANITY FAIR **AGENDA**

ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION · EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES



INSTANT ATTRACTION

Who says you can't bottle attraction? Capture the sizzle of that first spark with Instant Attraction, the hard-to-resist color collection from Revlon. And now for a limited time, buy any two full-size Revlon color cosmetic products and receive a truly irresistible gift—a three-month subscription to one of eight great magazines ... such as this one.

For details, visit the Revlon section at your favorite retailer or visit www.revlon.com.

REVLON

Olympics in 1984. In the process of reporting this story, I heard a dozen tales of good deeds from those who have been helped by the Angels. One thankful woman told of Angels' taking her to the hospital after a bicycle fall; a man spoke of Angels' repairing his broken-down car on a highway at night.

Law-enforcement officials certainly don't go along with this view. J. P. Wilson, a detective based in Phoenix, said the Angels are now involved in an "official war." "It's virtually everyone against the Hell's Angels," he said, "and they're feeling the pressure." He stated that the Vagos, the Bandidos, the Pagans, the Outlaws, and the Mongols have banded together to close the Angels' doors for good.

Tim McKinley, a recently retired F.B.I. agent based on the West Coast, investigated the Hell's Angels for 20 years. "Some would say that they are not all convicted felons—and that's true," he says. "And some would say that not all are involved in criminal activity—which I would say is nonsense. Let's remember that this is the Hell's Angels. Back in the mid- to latter 60s, there was a drug called angel dust. Back then it was called D.O.A., or Dust of the Angels. They created and manufactured it and sold it. The Rotary Club has never offered Rotary dust. It's still an organization that, when they expel someone, the very least the person gets is a severe beating and the removal of tattoos with wire brushes and electric drills. The Rotary Club does not do that, I'm sorry. You have an organization that, by its very essence and core, authorizes kidnapping, beatings, extortion, robbery."

He adds, however, that some chapters are "clean," or else have few members involved in crime. He blames most of the violent crimes on prospects—the gofers or pledges who want to be Angels. "Prospects operate like they're carrying their balls around in a wheelbarrow," he says. "They have to demonstrate they have what it takes. But most prospects don't get what it takes. What the Hell's Angels are looking for [in would-be members] is the ability to get it done without violence. But if it takes violence, then they need to be able to do it."

McKinley, who now practices family law in the Bay Area, concedes that the group's chapter presidents are "uniformly smart. Many are book-smart and people-smart." And he agrees with the Angels who say the press hasn't always done right by them. "They haven't had good experiences with the media," he says. "People focus on the negative points, rather than their significance to modern culture."

McKinley came away from his years among the Angels with some sympathy for them. "An unholy percentage of them were abused as children, their mothers abandoned them—which can be devastating to an individual," he says. "One guy was locked in a closet by his uncle and became deathly afraid of spiders due to it. It's a survival instinct. And now they're being experimented on by the media again. Unfortunately, it's like mixing gasoline with a match, which, as a common rule, isn't good."

HIS FIST CONNECTS WITH HER FACE—TWICE. THE MAMA FLIES BACK INTO THE CROWD. "I SAID, *GET BACK, WOMAN!*" HE SAYS.

In his dealings with the Angels, McKinley says, he found them to be a lot like the people who are trying to put them in jail. "I found it jarringly hard to acknowledge that listening to them at either their clubhouse or a party was like listening to a law-enforcement party, with the exception of the presence of drugs," he says. "And some of the Angels' taste in music is a lot better."

And the renewed presence of the Hell's Angels, he says, is a fact: "Like never before, this past year has been the worst in violent activity, and it's going to get worse still."

Chuck Zito was once the president of the Hell's Angels' Nomads chapter in New York. A onetime bodyguard for Charlie Sheen, Liza Minnelli, and Sylvester Stallone, and a cast member of *Oz*, the HBO prison drama, Zito has written a memoir, *Street Justice*. He takes offense at certain Hell's Angels stereotyping.

"I get mad [that] because I'm wearing a Hell's Angels jacket I'm stereotyped as this drug dealer," he says. "I've never put anything bad into my body. . . . If you sell drugs in our chapter [New Rochelle City], you're out of the club. That way we don't have to worry about one man bringing the whole club down. As far as the drug thing, it's nothing but a myth, something that sells papers, keeps the F.B.I. and these other agencies going.

"We have members who can't even pay their fucking $15-a-week dues. So if we had all this drug money, we'd have nothing to worry about, man. We have families to support." Zito concedes, however, that there's often one "Joe Schmo" in any given chapter who "sells his drugs and keeps his money and spends it on himself. And then we all suffer from it. We get that stigma that we're all into it. The reality is, we don't make money for the club, and the club doesn't make money for us. I'm not going to deny that there have been people in the club who have sold drugs. But when they get caught, it's the Hell's Angels, not Joe Schmo, who are blamed."

But if one Angel gets in trouble with the law—or if an Angel is attacked by an outsider—it is the duty of his fellow Angels to bail him out or take revenge. That's their code. "Wouldn't you do that for your brother," asks Cisco, "even if he was at fault?"

Other misconceptions: As for the old days in which the saying "Let's go make a mama" was uttered without a thought, the Angels claim that many women who have charged them with rape were consenting in their actions. Members claim they attract women, who get drunk, agree to have sex, often with multiple partners, and then regret it. In his memoir, *Hell's Angel*, Barger writes, "Women. Old ladies. Babes. Chicks. Can't live without them, can't use their bones for soup." Feminists will never appreciate the Angels. To earn your "red wings" means that you have "eaten a girl on her period." To earn your "black wings" is to have been with "a black girl."

"The main thing is, you don't wanna fuckin' touch somebody else's girlfriend or wife," says Zito. "You break that rule and you're going out. You're down the road and in bad standing. And you're gonna get beaten besides. We don't lie and we don't fuckin' steal from each other. And that's why we're better than everybody else."

Sustaining a marriage is another matter. "It puts a strain on your relationship," says Zito. "A year after I became a Hell's Angel, my wife and I divorced. It was, to her: Either them or me."

Do they beat their "old ladies"? That topic is what allegedly caused the Angels to stomp Hunter S. Thompson on Labor Day 1966, according to Sonny Barger. After witnessing an Angel named Junkie George slap his "old lady" and then kick his dog, Thompson, according to Barger, protested, saying, "Only punks slap their old ladies and kick dogs." That led to, as Barger puts it, "a couple of us kicking him around." He writes, "He was bleeding, broken up, and sobbing."

Thompson recalls the incident differently. From his Woody Creek, Colorado, home, he says the beating had to do with the Angels' feeling "used and abandoned" by him. "[When the book was coming out,



Prius was engineered with just one thing in mind: the planet. It was the first mass-produced vehicle in the world to combine a super-efficient gasoline engine with an electric motor that never needs to be plugged in. And the benefits speak for themselves. More than twice the average mileage of conventional vehicles. And up to 90% fewer smog-forming emissions.[2] The purpose-built gasoline/electric Prius. The sky's the limit.



Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

I showed them the jacket, and they didn't like it. I didn't like it, either. The cover showed a model dressed as a Hell's Angel. Then they saw the price on the book, which was $4.95, and they wanted half of the earnings. I had become a sort of press spokesperson for them . . . I introduced them to reporters and to cops. I was one of them, in a way. When I told them that I couldn't join, I guess they felt that I had rejected them, and it changed our relationship. . . . I couldn't join them because then I would be bound to their rules, and I wouldn't be able to write a straight book."

Thompson sustained a broken rib and facial bruises in the 1966 stomping. Today he partially blames himself: "I was never afraid of them, but I was always very, very wary. Toward the end, though, I got a little too relaxed. I got too casual."

Barger, in his memoir, asserts that, as a fight was brewing with the cops in California, a frightened Thompson "jumped into the trunk of his car." Writes Barger, "I never had too much more to say to him after that."

Thompson laughs off the hiding-in-the-trunk allegation. "That's ridiculous," he says. "I may have locked myself in my car to sleep at times. Who's going to hang around a bonfire for 12 hours?" He says he still admires the Angels: "I've rarely been around any group with such intense loyalty. It was almost insane."

Women I met who enjoy the company of Angels suffer from an obvious case of thrill addiction. And yet to spend any time with the Angels can be as dull as sitting in a barbershop in Duluth. With their oversize TV screens and p[inball] machines, Angels clubhouses are [not] ferent from your local tavern. In the daytime, several prospects loiter outside the Oakland clubhouse, smoking cigarettes. A member or two who might have had problems with their old ladies may be found sleeping upstairs. But the Loft, a second home to Cisco and Angels members, has the feeling of a royal court. Here, prospects run to light Cisco's cigarettes. Two young women—both wearing schoolgirl skirts—also rush to serve his every need; one wears pigtails. Enclosed by chain-link and barbed-wire fences, the Loft houses a collection of 2,000 or so vintage records. Downstairs is a modern kitchen equipped with cooking islands. Cisco leads me to a garage next door. "I'm going to make it into a kind of dungeon, with chains hanging from the ceiling," he says. "I'm not really into S&M, but it'll look kind of cool."

This is Cisco's domain. After he makes a joke, I say, laughingly, "You're *insane!*" Perhaps, like Thompson, I am getting too casual. "No, man!" an Angel tells me pointedly. "You don't say that to *Cisco!* Cisco, he ain't insane, *man.* Not Cisco. No way is Cisco insane."





MEMBERS ONLY
Cisco, president of the Oakland chapter of the Hell's Angels, in the clubhouse. *Right,* Hell's Angels and Pagans in handcuffs after a Long Island shoot-out last February.

I SAY, LAUGHINGLY, "YOU'RE *INSANE!*" "NO, MAN!" AN ANGEL TELLS ME POINTEDLY. "YOU DON'T SAY THAT TO *CISCO!* . . . HE AIN'T INSANE."

One summer night, a week before he is set to go to Westchester County jail—for violating an order of protection by calling his ex-wife and childhood sweetheart on September 11—Chuck Zito invites me to an Aerosmith concert. Zito, estranged from his wife of 25 years and ousted from the house that he built (he had taken a masonry course during a six-year prison term), is living at the chapter's clubhouse.

At the concert, you can spot Zito's "brothers" in the crowd of roughly 11,000—backstage, in the V.I.P. box, front and center, mere inches from Steven Tyler's bare feet, their skull insignia stitched to their denim-jacketed backs. They stand out like pirates in the suburban Long Island crowd: the Hell's Angels, "New Roc City" chapter. On this night it is Altamont lite; the Angels are guests, not bouncers, and nobody dies.

There is Shorty, an anvil of a man who runs a tattoo parlor upstate and may have been a blacksmith in another life. And Lobo, with his grin and braid. And, most important, there is Zito. Zito, a 49-year-old former boxer and martial-arts expert, stands, arms crossed, directly in front of the stage as his pals in Aerosmith are joined by Kid Rock and a still-active Run-DMC (before the murder of its D.J., Jam Master Jay) to duke it out on their 1986 hit collaboration, "Walk This Way."

After the show, Zito is swarmed at the cookout by fans, mostly young women who might have walked out of *The Sopranos.* Big hair, bomber jackets, and tight Guess jeans. Zito's admirers outnumber those of Kid Rock, who has joined the Angels for a few beers. "Bob," as the Angels call him—it's his real first name—appears comfortable allowing Zito the spotlight.

"What I like most about the Hell's Angels," Kid Rock says, "is they police themselves. Yeah, they police themselves."

Shorty approaches me, smiling. "This is for the record: I got a blow job from Tiger Woods last week. You can print that. He really did blow me." (Yes, Shorty is joking.)

A tarted-up young woman gives Zito a kiss good-bye and saunters away. "Can I have a burger with that shake?" he says.

Soon the Angels are revving up their Harleys. Destination: Scores, the Manhattan men's club where, in 1998, Zito famously slugged Jean-Claude Van Damme, knocking him out of his chair. Just past midnight, they're seated in a private area of this Midtown strip club, feasting on *steak au poivre* and chicken Marsala, finishing up the meal with espressos. Girls in neon-hued spandex micromini dresses pass the table, but the Angels seem oblivious to them. They're talking about



In Estonia we say:

Ilust juba suppi ei keeda, viinaga on hoopis teine lugu.

In America you say:

One cannot make soup out of beauty, but vodka is another story.



WE PROUDLY INTRODUCE OUR FINE ESTONIAN VODKA.

EMBRACE LIFE DRINK RESPONSIBLY TURIVODKA.COM TURI AND THE T DEVICE ARE TRADEMARKS ©2002 IMPORTED BY CASDON IMPORTING COMPANY, MIAMI, FL VODKA - 40% ALC BY VOL


The $29.95 SKYAR floor lamp, helping prove that a beautifully lit room costs an arm and a leg.
IKEA
unboring

LOOK UP YOUR OLD FLAME.

The Better Business Bureau.

We're shedding light on issues that affect you now, such as Internet fraud, home improvement, travel, and privacy. To check on businesses and charities, call your local BBB. Or just click on this web site for helpful information:

www.newyork.bbb.org

BBB

The Better Business Bureau

Helping you find solutions.

the outlaw bikers' greatest enemy. Not Mongols. Nor Pagans. Nor Bandidos. Not the F.B.I.

But deer.

"I ride the yellow line up the Taconic State Parkway," says Lobo, describing his route home to Peekskill, New York.

"You don't see a deer until they're literally through you," adds Shorty, who takes the same route.

Zito isn't listening. "I single-handedly made this place," he says. The bill is comped; Zito leaves a hefty tip.

I ask the Angels about the "runs" chronicled in Thompson's book. The drinking and drugging. The girls. The run-ins with the cops. The Mexican standoffs. The campouts. Only Shorty seems part of that anymore. "I went on a run to Laconia and got bit up [by mosquitoes] like a motherfucker!"

"LIKE NEVER BEFORE, THIS PAST YEAR HAS BEEN THE WORST IN VIOLENT ACTIVITY, AND IT'S GOING TO GET WORSE STILL."

Zito is laughing. "Camping in the fucking woods? We stay at fucking A-list hotels. We eat at the finest of restaurants." When he's pulled over for speeding in his Corvette, he says, cops ask for his autograph. "This is the Hell's Angels two thousand motherfucking two!" Zito says.

The question lingers: How has the most feared motorcycle club seemingly become an underdog in a world of nearly anonymous Mongols, Pagans, Bandidos, Outlaws, Grim Reapers, Henchmen, Boozefighters, Kinsmen, Satan's Slaves, Warlocks, Iron Horsemen, Gypsy Jokers, and Wheels of Soul?

Zito says it's cyclical. "It's just history repeating itself. Whether it's 1971 or 2001, every 5 or 10 years there's a problem. It cools down, and in another 10 years there'll be a problem."

The larger theory I come away with is that for the past couple of decades the Hell's Angels have been riding on their mystique, which has endured despite their dwindling numbers. Their legend rankles the less well-known clubs, some of which have been steadily building their memberships in an attempt to hold the world title.

Following all the recent violence, the Angels are making efforts to rebuild as their members retire or die off. If the Oakland chapter is any gauge, the average Angel's age must be 50. But they are as slow in handing out "patches" as they have always been. It's not for lack of a few good men. The number of those who want to join the Angels would seem to be at an all-time high. That said, Angels laugh off the notion that you have to kill someone to become a member.

"There's no initiation," says Zito. "You gotta be 21 and have a Harley-Davidson. That's how you start. It's a hang-out process. You get to know us, we get to know you, however long it takes. You don't have to prove anything to us." Most important, he says, you have to be strong-willed, even more so than physically strong. "You gotta be a man first before you're anything in life. You gotta be somebody who sticks up for what you believe in.... If you don't know how to fight when you come into the club, by the time you become a Hell's Angel, you will."





THE WILD ONES
Hell's Angels patriarch Sonny Barger (seated, center) holds court in London, 2000. *Left,* Chuck Zito, an Angel who is a regular on the HBO prison drama, *Oz,* astride his Harley-Davidson chopper in Manhattan, 1998.

Some senior Hell's Angels members, however, seem weary of living up to the hype. For the annual July 4 rally at Hollister, California—the small town that inspired *The Wild One,* the classic 1954 biker movie—Cisco arrives in a car. He says he doesn't really like two-wheeling these days. He stays at a hotel in an outlying town, going to the annual event only to make "a showing." When I ask Cisco after the four-day weekend if he had fun, he says, "Same old, same old." Police in Hollister had beefed up their security and dressed their force in SWAT-team outfits. There were concerns that the Mongols were going to be there and that all hell would break loose. Aside from 64 arrests on relatively minor charges during the four-day rally, it went without a hitch. Ice-cream carts jingled in sync with revving motorcycles. No pillaging, no rumbling.

And not all the Hell's Angels welcome the kind of press attention and celebrity hobnobbing that members such as Zito are attracting of late. Not that anyone complains out loud. "They know they'd get a punch in the face," says Zito.

On the night of Zito's book-release party, held at the China Club in Manhattan, at least 200 members show up from all over the country, lining their bikes up near Times Square, creating traffic jams and photo opportunities for the gawking tourists outside. Doormen wave the bikers into the club ahead of the black-suited hipsters and cocktail-dress cuties. The club has roped off two V.I.P. areas for high-ranking Angels and celebrity drop-ins.

Shorty sits on a banquette, nursing a drink and talking golf. Disco balls spin monotonously. Trays of shrimp on a stick pass by, lowered to tables by jaded waiters. By the time the hired Elvis impersonator gyrates his way through his last number, no celebrities have shown up—no Liza, no Charlie, no Sean, no Cher.

Zito scans the room, appearing more pissed by the minute. But look! The seas part as a familiar face is led through the crowd. It's a secondary cast member from *The Sopranos:* Federico Castelluccio, "the ponytail guy," as one onlooker puts it. A scene has been avoided yet again. All is calm with the Hell's Angels.

But not quite. As this story closes, a news flash: A Hell's Angel was shot in the lower abdomen outside a bar in El Cajon, California, near a Hell's Angels clubhouse. Another man on the scene was stabbed to death. The incident was reportedly related to the ongoing Mongols-Angels feud. And so the Hell's Angels roll on, with some of its members enjoying their status and others paying the price for riding with the baddest motorcycle club on earth. □

The baby monitor doesn't reach that far.





NEW

VANITIES



Keira Knightley

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 17, actor. **PROVENANCE:** London. **YOU'LL GET A KICK OUT OF HER:** Knightley co-stars in *Bend It Like Beckham*—titled for the way soccer star David Beckham can kick a ball and curve it around a wall of defenders or a goalkeeper—which hits America next month after attaining blockbuster status in England. "There were tons of girls, and we just had such a lovely summer playing soccer." **IS THERE A WOOKIEE WORD FOR DOPPELGÄNGER?** One of her first film roles was in *Star Wars: The Phantom Menace*. Her character, as we learned from a dorky Web site, was "the top handmaiden to Queen Amidala [Natalie Portman]. Because of her physical similarity to the queen, when there is any sign of danger, she acts as a decoy." Of Portman, she says, "We don't look alike anymore, but we did when I was 12. Our moms couldn't tell us apart when we had the makeup on." **NOW IN A GALAXY EVEN FARTHER AWAY:** Knightley is currently in L.A. filming *The Pirates of the Caribbean*—based on the Disney amusement-park ride—alongside Johnny Depp, Geoffrey Rush, and Orlando Bloom. "My mom's with me here, which is great fun—I have to say that because she's sitting in front of me." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WHITE

Nan Darien

Mad about those resolutions! There's a new chairman of change and her name is Nan



A friend of mine, whom I shall call Almondine Barkingprong (although her name is actually **Ann Slater**), once told me that every month embodies a word, and February's is "après-ski." Isn't that adorable? I so wholeheartedly agree, too. February is achy legs and a fug of melted Gruyère in the air.

This year, to counteract the après-ski blahs, I've decided to rededicate myself to Service. More specifically, I've decided that, while New Year's is the time to make resolutions for ourselves, February 1 is the time to make resolutions for *others.*

Now, of course, there are some individuals who are so absolutely divine, so dead-on in their orientation, that I would never presume to try to alter their course. **David Rockefeller,** for one. Unimpeachable. And a dreamboat. You know, for all my husband-hunting socialite friends of a certain age, reciting passages from Mr. Rockefeller's recently published memoirs has become a *very* important love lure: literature's Wonderbra. Also unimpeachable: **Spongebob Squarepants.** (That's *my* next relationship.)

Other individuals present buds that require nipping. Resolved:

—In the coming year, *New York Times* columnist **William Safire** shall desist from comparing people to volcanoes. In December he wrote of **Henry Kissinger**'s appointment to the 9/11 commission, "He is neither an extinct volcano nor an erupting one; rather, he *oozes a lava of foreign policy judgment*" (italics mine). Judgment that oozes like lava? Alert the villagers down below—this prose is gonna blow! Singer **Mary J. Blige** is famously celebrating No More Drama in her life; I recommend that Mr. Safire celebrate No More Lava in his.

—Movie-studio executives shall be more careful this year about scheduling **Adam Sandler** movies. In 2002 there were three playing on top of one another; my teenage nephew took me to all three, and I am happy to report that I am *finally* back on solids. My dear! A cinematic pageant of aggression-tinged infantilism! I'm sure Mr. Sandler is a lovely, lovely man in person, but as for his career, he needs a fully licensed professional to sit him down and tell him all about lithium.

—**Puff Daddy** shall refrain from hosing down throngs outside Saint-Tropez nightclubs with Cristal, and instead shall offer healthful snacks and herbal diuretics.

—Pugs abandoned by visiting jet-setters on the Caribbean islands of Turks and Caicos will turn feral and devour **Howard Stern's** scrotum.

As far as your own resolutions go, let's acknowledge that change does not come overnight. I am reminded of a news story from this past October. During a Virgin Atlantic flight from London to Los Angeles, a small, 63-year-old passenger named **Barbara Hewson** was bodily crushed by the obese passenger seated next to her, who sat with her armrests up. Hewson asked to be moved, but the flight was full. Upon arrival in L.A., Hewson was admitted to a hospital (blood clot, sciatica, torn leg muscles) and was then bedridden for almost a month. At first Virgin didn't take Hewson's plight all that seriously, responding by sending a "small basket of goods" worth about $20. But later the airline was forced to cough up some $20,000.

I relay this story because it is an apt metaphor for life. To wit: the oversize person sitting next to you is crushing you. Your protestations go unheeded. You wait for recompense. At first this takes the form of a mere basket of fruit. How should you respond to this seeming slight? Eat the fruit. Something more nourishing is in the mail.



Nan's Tip of the Month: I adore Diptyque scented candles and miss no opportunity to slowly scraaaaape their delicious bottoms across kindling and firewood in the chimney into a place of *pure ambrosia.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

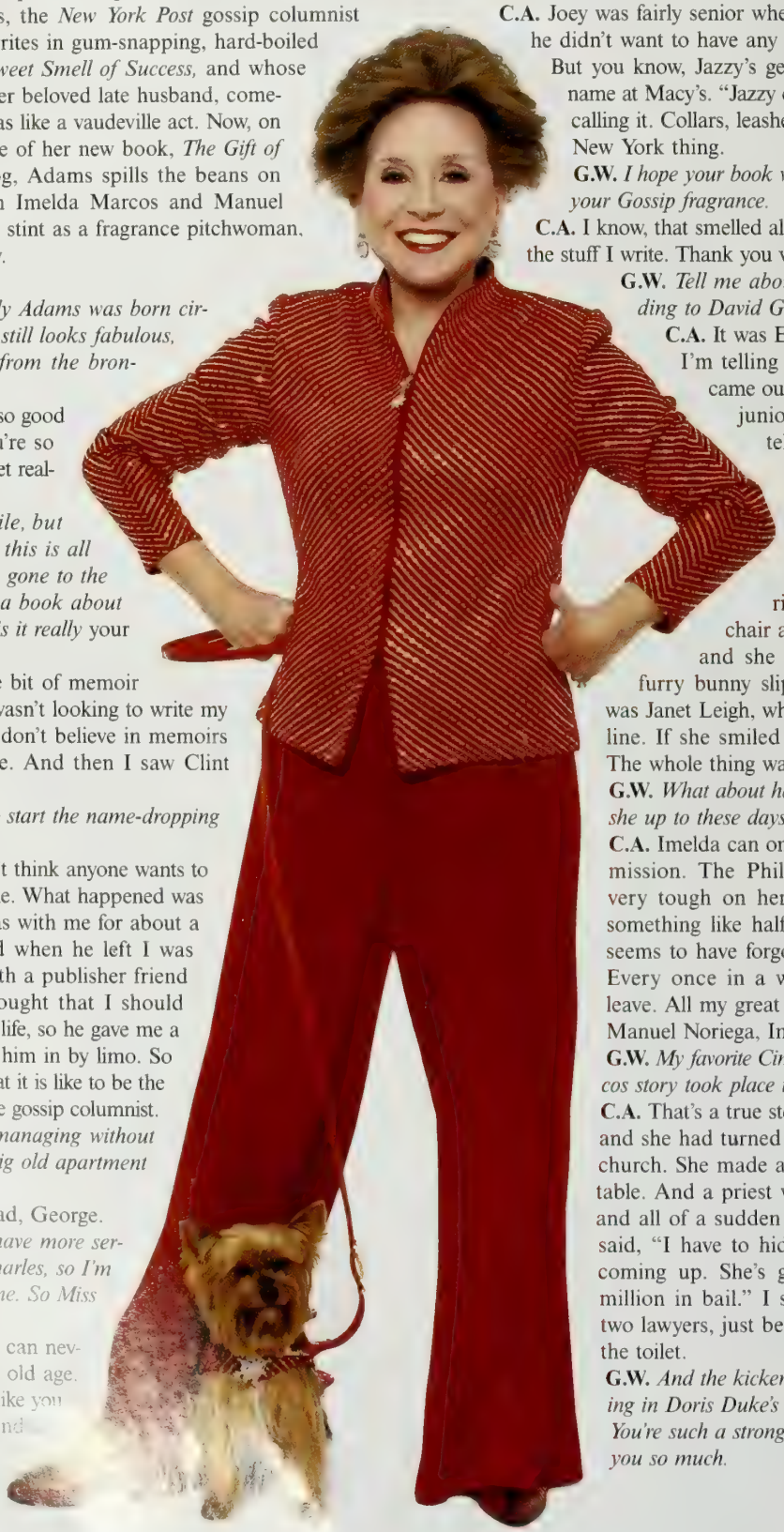


©2003 Home Box Office, a ... Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. ® Service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. Tape Delayed on the West Coast.

GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Cindy Adams puts on the dog

No one captures the pulse of New York like Cindy Adams, the *New York Post* gossip columnist who writes in gum-snapping, hard-boiled prose redolent of *Sweet Smell of Success,* and whose give-and-take with her beloved late husband, comedian Joey Adams, was like a vaudeville act. Now, on the eve of the release of her new book, *The Gift of Jazzy,* about her dog, Adams spills the beans on foreign intrigue with Imelda Marcos and Manuel Noriega, her ill-fated stint as a fragrance pitchwoman, and life without Joey.



George Wayne: *Cindy Adams was born circa what, 1900? She still looks fabulous, even though she is from the brontosaurus era.*

Cindy Adams: You're so good at what you do. You're so good. Does anyone get really ticked?

G.W. *Once in a while, but my audience knows this is all in jest. Cindy, you've gone to the dogs. You've written a book about your dog, Jazzy. Or is it really* your *memoirs?*

C.A. There is a little bit of memoir in it, George, but I wasn't looking to write my memoirs, because I don't believe in memoirs from people like me. And then I saw Clint Eastwood–

G.W. *Do you have to start the name-dropping already, Cindy?*

C.A. Well, I just don't think anyone wants to read a book about me. What happened was very simple: Joey was with me for about a thousand years, and when he left I was talking one night with a publisher friend of mine, and he thought that I should have someone in my life, so he gave me a Yorkie. And he sent him in by limo. So the story is about what it is like to be the dog who lives with the gossip columnist.

G.W. *How are you managing without Joey–living in this big old apartment by yourself?*

C.A. He was all I had, George.

G.W. *You probably have more servants than Prince Charles, so I'm sure you're never alone. So Miss Bagel is doing fine.*

C.A. You bitch. You can never get classy in your old age. no way, with people like you I'm O.K. I've surround myself with friends.

G.W. *How is it that you and Joey never had any children?*

C.A. Joey was fairly senior when we got married, and he didn't want to have any kids. It would be nice. But you know, Jazzy's getting a boutique in his name at Macy's. "Jazzy of Park Avenue," they're calling it. Collars, leashes, bowls, mugs–a very New York thing.

G.W. *I hope your book will sell much better than your Gossip fragrance.*

C.A. I know, that smelled almost as bad as some of the stuff I write. Thank you very much, you bastard.

G.W. *Tell me about Liza Minnelli's wedding to David Gest.*

C.A. It was Eighteenth Century Fox, I'm telling you. The bridesmaids came out of the crypt. I was the junior member–what can I tell you? Marisa Berenson looked gorgeous. Liz Taylor didn't seem to know where she was, and she forgot her shoes. They carried her in on this sedan chair and plopped her down, and she had her feet in these furry bunny slippers. And then there was Janet Leigh, who kept asking for Vaseline. If she smiled her lips would crack. The whole thing was so bizarre.

G.W. *What about hagarella Imelda? What's she up to these days?*

C.A. Imelda can only come here with permission. The Philippine government is very tough on her because she mislaid something like half a billion dollars. She seems to have forgotten where she put it. Every once in a while she's allowed to leave. All my great friends are in the can: Manuel Noriega, Imelda . . .

G.W. *My favorite Cindy Adams–Imelda Marcos story took place in the Waldorf Towers.*

C.A. That's a true story. I was with Imelda, and she had turned her living room into a church. She made an altar out of a coffee table. And a priest was ready to do Mass, and all of a sudden she turned to me and said, "I have to hide you. Doris Duke is coming up. She's going to bring me $5 million in bail." I saw her come in with two lawyers, just before they locked me in the toilet.

G.W. *And the kicker is that you are now living in Doris Duke's apartment. How funny. You're such a strong woman, Cindy. Thank you so much.*



Out with the old

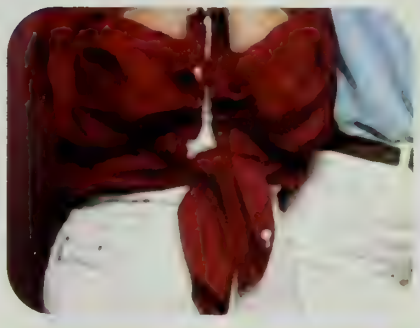












and in with the



uh-oh



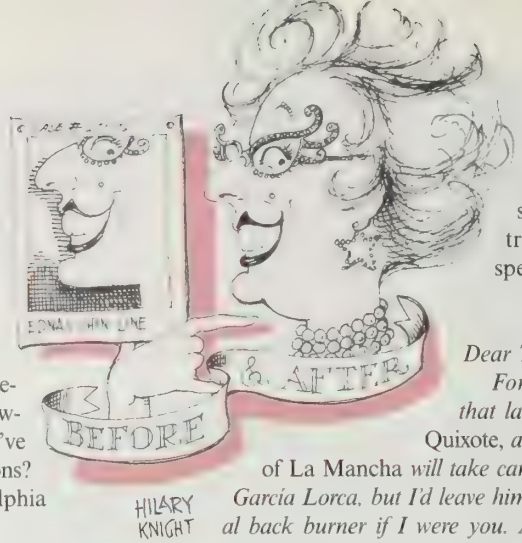
GROUND FORCE 7:00 et
CHANGING ROOMS 7:30 et
Weeknights

BBC AMERICA

BBC America is available on digital cable and satellite. Call your local provider today.

Want the Ground Force team to give you a backyard makeover? For details, go to bbcamerica.com or healinggarden.com. Sponsored in part by *the healing garden*

Ask Dame Edna



HILARY KNIGHT

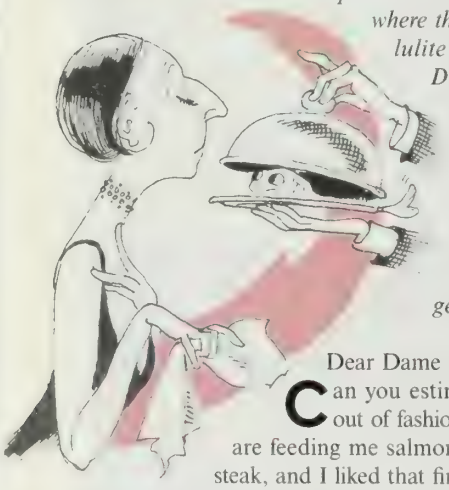
Dear Dame Edna,

I had my face laser-resurfaced seven weeks ago, and the redness hasn't faded at all. I really wanted to do this without anyone knowing, but I can't keep telling my friends that I've just returned from the Bahamas. Any suggestions?

Scarlet Woman, Philadelphia

Dear Scarlet Woman,

You'll probably look like a beetroot for the rest of your life, and the small print on your cosmetic surgeon's disclaimer is unlikely to cheer you up. There is no form of laser peeling or resurfacing that doesn't make your face flash across a crowded room like the red light on an ambulance. I don't know a single woman who has emerged from the clutches of a plastic surgeon who doesn't look spooky. Why do you think I still look such a marvel for my age? The only assistance I've ever had has been to have a little double chin actually added to my neck because I looked too well preserved! No prizes for guessing where that chubby little strip of cellulite came from, either, when Dr. Schadenfreude fished it out of his Rio de Janeiro Deepfreeze. It was once Liz Taylor's left love handle, and if you look closely you will still find the faint indentations of poor old Richard Burton's fingernails.



Dear Dame Edna,

Can you estimate when salmon will go out of fashion? Everywhere I go, people are feeding me salmon. It used to be chicken or steak, and I liked that fine. Then when beef started taking the hit, it became chicken or fish. Now chicken's the big loser, and it's salmon this and salmon that. I hate salmon.

Swimming Upstream, Jackson Hole, Wyoming

Dear Swimming Upstream,

Join the club, Possum! I can't stand salmon, either. It's no coincidence that one of the yuckiest tummy upsets on the planet, salmonella, is named after this overrated entrée. Salmon mousse has to be the most tasteless spread ever invented, but the reek of an open container can taint your refrigerator in perpetuity. Those bland chunks of pink fish flesh, tarted up with sprigs of dill and drizzled with balsamic foam and "finished" with a wasabi-and-raspberry mush, are a foolproof indication that you're at the wrong dinner party. Switch to lamb chops. Well done!

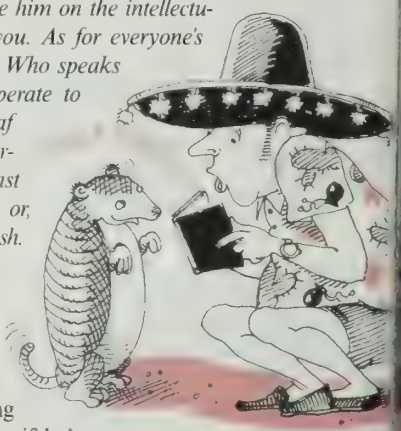
Dear Dame Edna,

I would very much like to learn a foreign language, preferably French or Italian, but every time I mention this, people tell me to learn Spanish instead. They say, "Everyone is going to be speaking Spanish in 10 years. George W. Bush speaks Spanish." Could this be true? Are we all going to have to speak Spanish?

Torn Romantic, Palm Beach

Dear Torn,

Forget Spanish. There's nothing in that language worth reading except Don Quixote, *and a quick listen to the CD of* Man of La Mancha *will take care of that. There was a poet named García Lorca, but I'd leave him on the intellectual back burner if I were you. As for everyone's speaking it, what twaddle! Who speaks it that you are really desperate to talk to? The help? Your leaf blower? Study French or German, where there are at least a few books worth reading, or, if you're American, try English.*



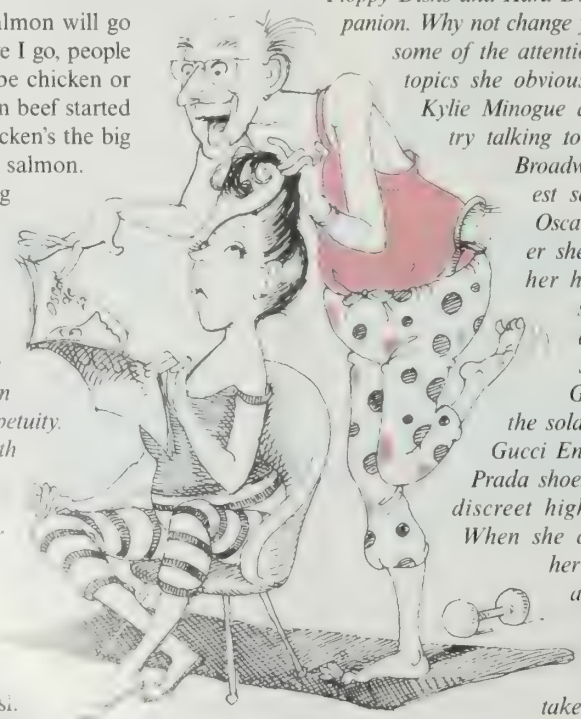
Dear Dame Edna,

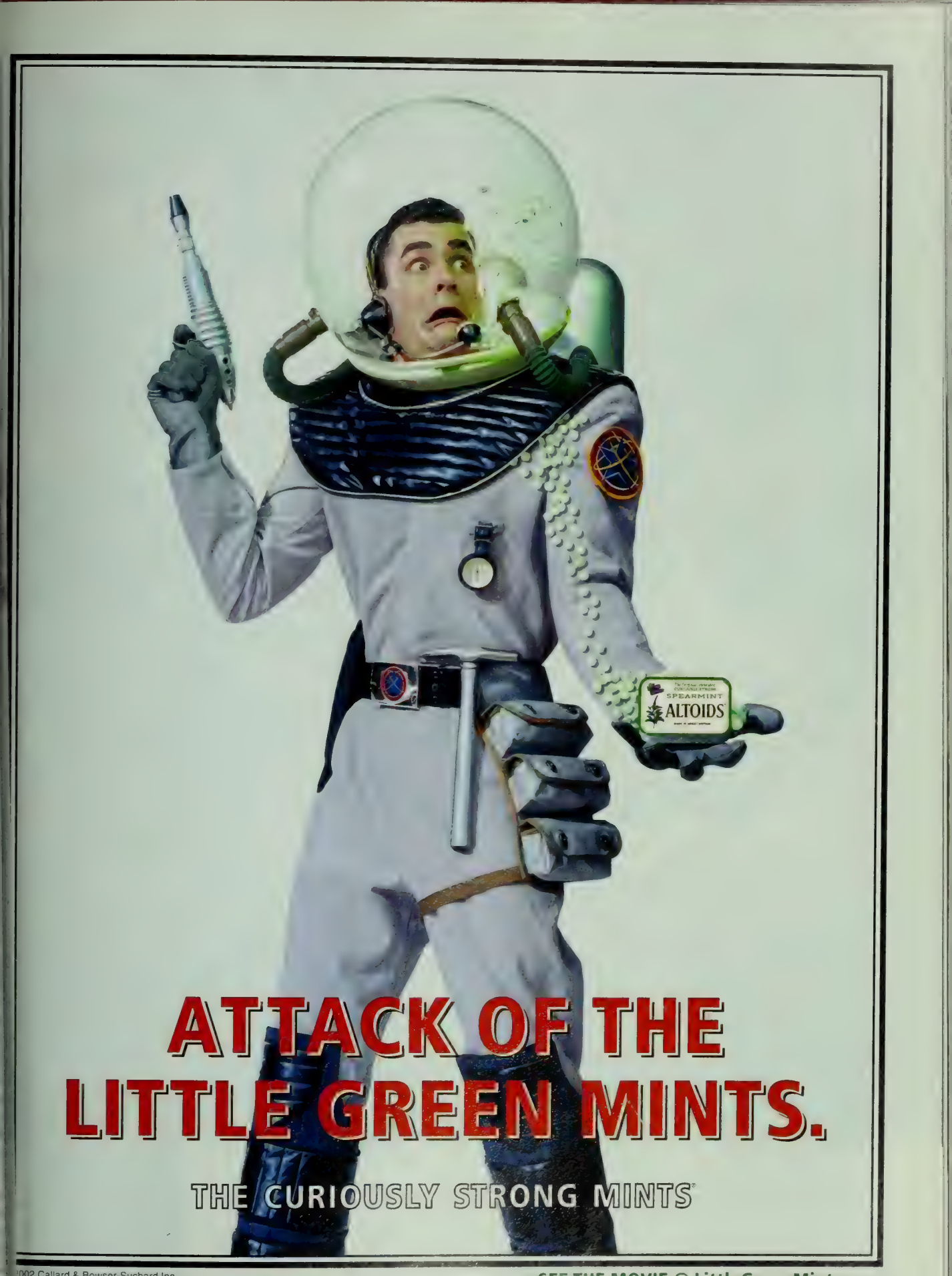
My wife has a new gay friend. They're always giggling, hugging, talking on the phone, going shopping. How do I know if he's one of these straight guys pretending to be queer so he can move in on women? Or maybe she's pulling the wool over my eyes? What do you think?

Jealous of Nellie, Nashville

Dear Jealous of Nellie,

Your wife is obviously seeking something outside the marriage that you have failed to provide. Don't jump to the conclusion that she is playing Doctors and Nurses, Cars and Garages, or even Floppy Disks and Hard Drives with her gay companion. Why not change your ways and offer her some of the attentions and conversational topics she obviously craves? Buy her a Kylie Minogue album and at bedtime try talking to her about underrated Broadway musicals or the latest season's collection from Oscar de la Renta. Whenever she sits down, play with her hair and tell her that she looks fabulous, and that her new eye shadow really "pops"! Get into the gym and the solarium. Wear a dash of Gucci Envy, invest in a pair of Prada shoes, even consider a few discreet highlights in your hair. When she comes home, surprise her by putting on a trance album and rave around the room waving a pair of glow sticks. Your marriage could take on a new meaning!





2002 Callard & Bowser-Suchard Inc.

SEE THE MOVIE @ LittleGreenMints.com

Common Grounds

The world as a series of sets and subsets

BY HENRY ALFORD



[C.E.O.'s] Fig. 1

[Accountants] Fig. 2



[Anna Nicole Smith] Fig. 3



[Julie Taymor] Fig. 4



[E-mail] Fig. 5



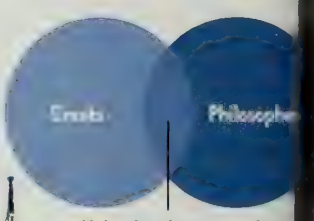
["Under the Sea"] Fig. 6



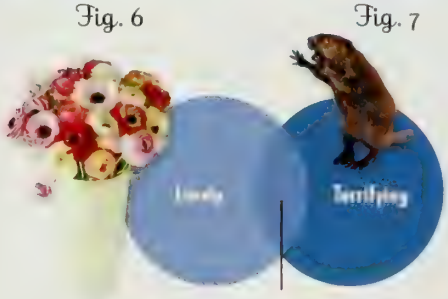
[Teligent] [Genuity] Fig. 7 Fig. 8



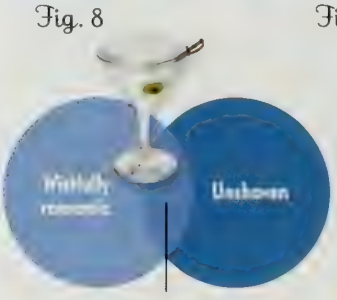
[Mr. Sassy Baskets] Fig. 9



[Movie characters] Fig. 10



[Bed-and-breakfasts] Fig. 11



[Alcoholic] Fig. 12



[Scottish] Fig. 13

NIGHT TABLE READING



SHERIDAN MORLEY
author, Asking for Trouble

Brewer's Rogues, Villains & Eccentrics



ROY LIEBENTHAL
restaurateur

Portrait of Picasso as a Young Man, by Norman Mailer (Atlantic Monthly Press). "One big ego taking on another, bigger ego—the game of New York."

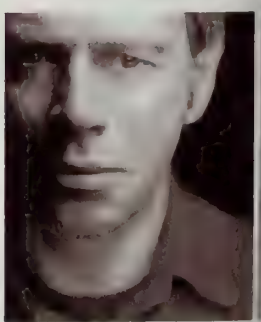


MAURA MOYNIHAN
author, Yoga Hotel

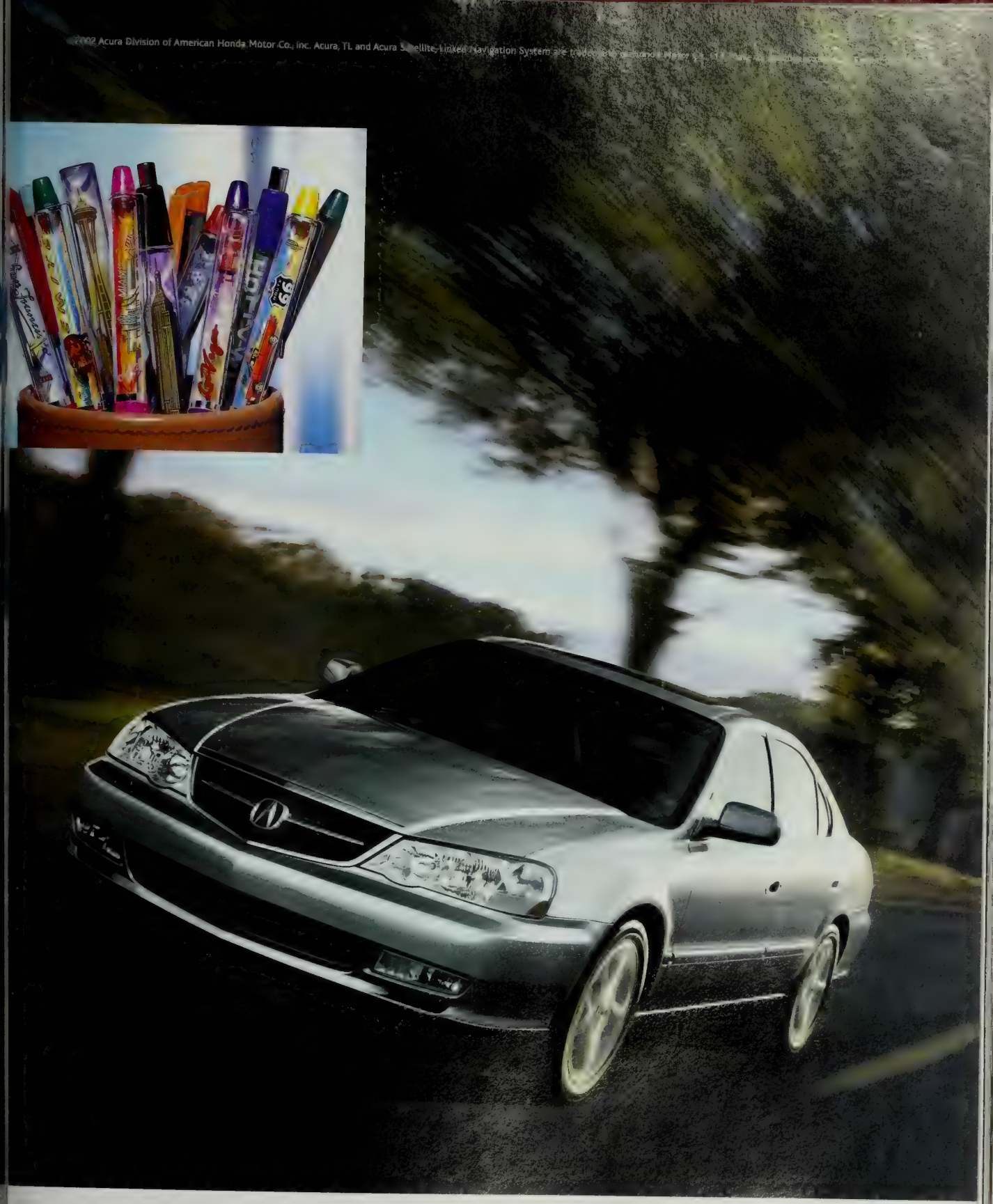
The Search for Modern China, by Jonathan Spence (Norton). "I lived in India and Nepal, but China always seemed remote and unfathomable. This explains the transformation from medieval dynasty into industrial superpower."

DAVID COLLINS
architect

Saki: The Complete Saki, by H. H. Munro (Penguin). "A short, sharp dip into the cruel, sardonic wit of a writer who in a couple of pages never fails to entertain us with humanity and its vanity."



©2002 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura, TL and Acura Satellite-Linked Navigation System are trademarks of American Honda Motor Co., Inc.



e 260-hp Acura TL Type-S. Who doesn't like to bring home a souvenir or two? The TL Type-S sports taut handling,

ther-trimmed interior and an available Acura Satellite-Linked Navigation System.™ All of which are quite handy when

sscrossing the land in search of your next must-have. Call 1-800-TO-Acura or visit acura.com. ACURA

VANITY FAIR
FEBRUARY 2003





AN RRESISTIBLE -ORCE

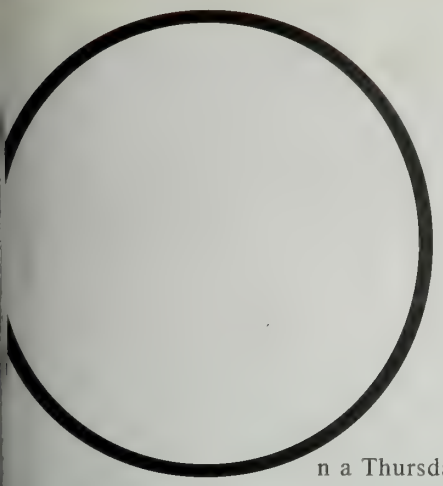
ven as she fought Hollywood ereotypes, Salma Hayek rew on her heritage to produce nd star in *Frida*, the hit biopic bout Mexico's iconic artist rida Kahlo. How did she pull ff a movie project that had ymied Madonna and Jennifer opez? Talking to Hayek, oyfriend Edward Norton, nd director Julie Taymor, RISTA SMITH uncovers r generosity, spirit, and ssion behind a one-oman crusade

LOVELY BONES

For years, Hayek experienced ethnic typecasting. "You could have been the biggest star in America," she says studio heads told her, "but you were born in the wrong country."



"IF SALMA WERE WHITE AND MALE, SHE'D BE BIGGER THAN HARVEY WEINSTEIN," SAYS FRED MOLINA.



n a Thursday night in Los Angeles, interior designer Tim Clarke's small, elegant boutique just off Sunset Boulevard is packed for the debut of Sami Hayek's furniture line—yes, furniture line. Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston absentmindedly lock fingers as they carry on separate conversations, and Edward Norton mingles with a Who's Who of Hollywood designers and industry types. It's an impressive crowd for an opening, and Sami owes it all to his big sister, Salma, who helped organize the event. Looking smart in a brown knit top and brown leather pants with her hair pulled back, Salma Hayek is a natural hostess, charming her guests in Spanish and English, making everyone feel important, and showing off her brother's pieces with gestures right out of *The Price Is Right.* Sami, with his warm brown eyes and sweet smile, looks like a masculine version of his sister and is just as well dressed.

"Ca-a-a-ri, you're going to *kill* me!," Salma suddenly shouts to her publicist, Cari Ross, after discovering a rip in her new Michael Kors pants. "I'm too fat, see?" Ross tells her not to worry. A photographer from *InStyle* is taking pictures of Sami's furniture, and it's obvious that talent runs in the family. The ultramodern chairs, tables, and benches, made from wood and leather, are refined and luxurious, and Brad Pitt places a big order. The opening is a great success, and the supper party that follows stretches out into the wee hours.

Nevertheless, Hayek is at Sunset/Gower Studios in Hollywood by eight the next morning. By the time I get there, at noon, she is well into postproduction sound work for *The Maldonado Miracle,* the film she has directed for Showtime, about a young Mexican boy and his transformative effect on a small, impoverished southwestern town. (The movie will be shown this month at the Sundance Film Festival.) "I was interested in the little miracles we do every day that we take for granted," Hayek says, "and how in the worst situation, if you have a little bit of hope, you can really do wonders in your life. That is essentially what the story is about." Hayek is wearing overalls and no makeup, and she hasn't had much sleep, but she looks stunning. Living in Los Angeles, you get used to seeing gorgeous women, but Salma Hayek's beauty is of a special order. Her perfect curves are all God-given and her bone structure seems to defy time. At 36, she is one of those rare women who get better with age.

Her movie has a tight schedule and an even tighter budget, and today she is working with the "loop group"—actors hired to provide background dialogue. Frustrated with their unconvincing shouts, she marches into the sound booth and starts conducting them like a maestro, using her whole body—all five feet two inches of it—to convey exactly what she wants.

Luis Colina, the film editor, leans over and tells me, "You should have seen her on the set. So much energy it's contagious." *The Maldonado Miracle* is Hayek's directorial debut, and she is determined to make everything work. "I'm a control-freak director," she admits. "When it's time to let go, I let go, but if you can keep doing things and improving, why get lazy? In the last film I make before I die, I will be the same."

The sound supervisor, Ian Morgan, comes out of the booth with Hayek to discuss the loop group's shortcomings. "Salma," he says, "I want to work on what you are most worried about."

"I am worried about *all* of it," she replies.

Morgan looks at me and smiles. "What can I say to that?" he asks.

For nearly a decade Salma Hayek has been popular in the United States, and she was famous in Mexico before that. But her Golden Globe–nominated performance in *Frida,* which was released in November, moved her forward a giant step. As the film's producer and leading lady, Hayek conducted a seven-year, one-woman crusade to get the movie made when no one thought it could be done. Madonna and Jennifer Lopez had both tried and failed to dramatize the extraordinary life and career of the monobrowed, Communist, bisexual Mexican painter Frida Kahlo, and conventional wisdom held that the project was a nonstarter.

"Every person who was involved in it, from the studio to the director to every member of the cast, is involved because she went out, personally grabbed them by the hand, and hauled them into it," says Edward Norton, Hayek's famously private boyfriend, who rewrote the screenplay and appears in several scenes as Nelson Rockefeller. (Hayek's friends Ashley Judd, Antonio Banderas, and Geoffrey Rush, who plays Leon Trotsky, also trekked to Mexico to do supporting roles.) "When Miramax was only willing to go to a certain price on it, she went out and got the rest of the money," Norton continues. "I remember being at a dinner party at someone's house where she pinned [Jerry] Perenchio into a corner, and a week later he was [an investor]. If there was a problem, she figured out what the solution was. It was a triumph of will and perseverance over many seemingly insurmountable obstacles."

Director Julie Taymor, best known for the Tony Award–winning Broadway musical *The Lion King,* had made only one feature film, the controversial *Titus,* in 1999, based on Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* and starring Anthony Hopkins and Jessica Lange, when Hayek persuaded her to direct *Frida.* "When she first came to me, she sat on my couch and was this torrent of passion," Taymor recalls. "It didn't take more than two hours with her to know that she had the intelligence, the humor, and the bawdiness to play Frida. This humongous film that covers three decades and three countries was $13 million; we were working 16 to 20 hours a day, six days a week. Salma was on the set 20 hours a day. The woman is tireless."

In 1998, Hayek took a draft of the script backstage at the Royale Theater on Broadway, where Alfred Molina was starring in *Art,* by the French playwright Yasmina Reza, and implored him to play Frida's husband and fellow artist, Diego Rivera. "If Salma were white and male, she'd be bigger than Harvey Weinstein," Molina says. "She has that kind of power, that kind of energy, knowledge, taste, and capacity to work."

"Salma held her own against everybody," says Weinstein, whose company, Miramax, backed the film. "Her and Julie, I call them the

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 181. PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUED OVER LEAF

LATIN CLASS

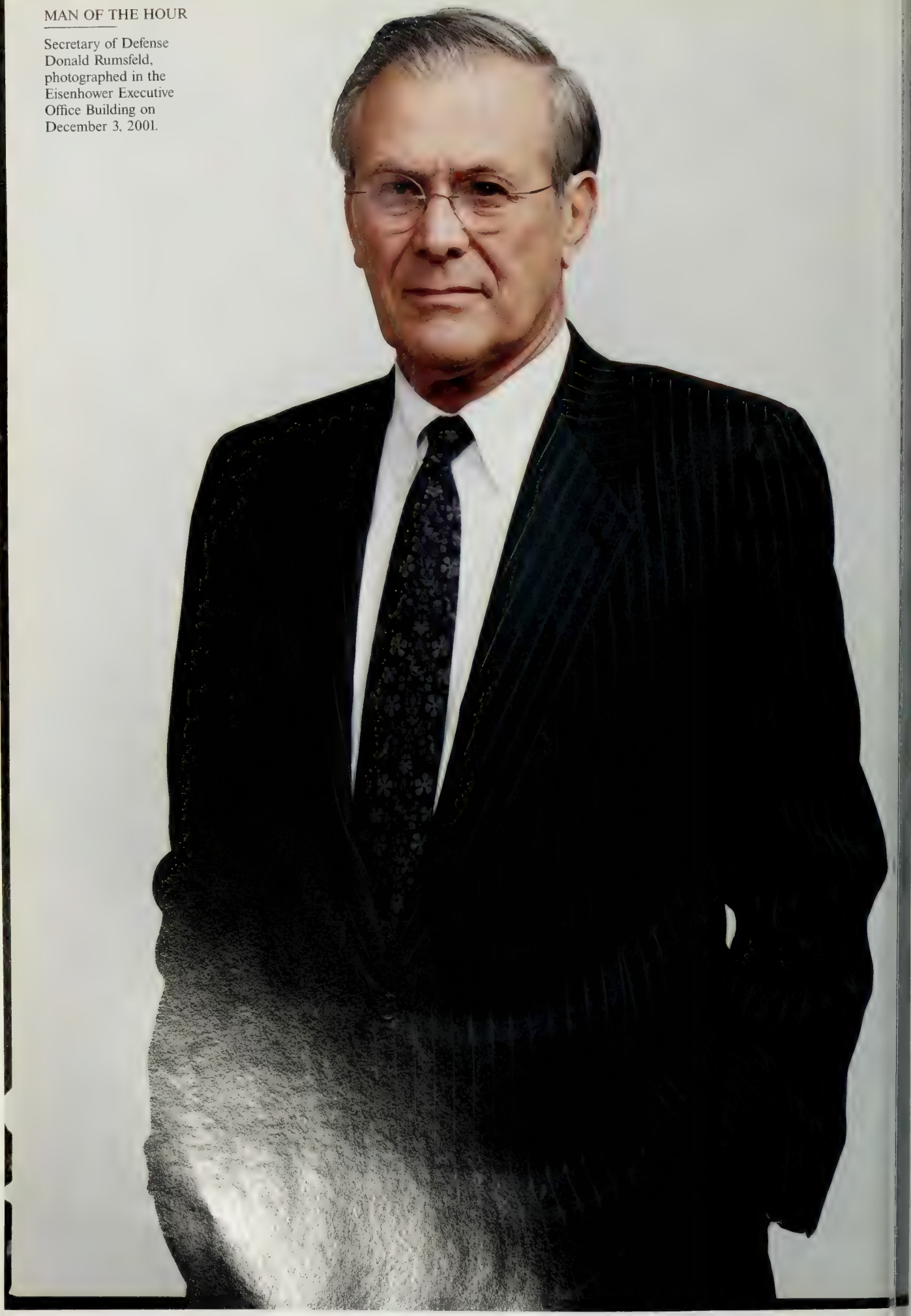
Far from attention-starved, Hayek quietly dates actor Edward Norton and shares friendships, rather than photo ops, with some of the most beautiful women in Hollywood.




"AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED,
I'M NORMAL. I'M NOT PRETTY,
I'M NORMAL."

MAN OF THE HOUR

Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, photographed in the Eisenhower Executive Office Building on December 3, 2001.



THE RADICAL AT THE PENTAGON

Donald Rumsfeld has an idea of what the 21st-century Pentagon should look like: very different from the way it does now. With a Princeton grad's sense of duty, a C.E.O.'s ruthlessness, and a navy pilot's daring, the secretary of defense is fighting for a whole new strategy against America's enemies, at a time when war is no longer "the continuation of politics by other means." To assess Rumsfeld's character and mission, the world's most esteemed military historian, SIR JOHN KEEGAN, meets with the world's most powerful military man

Rumsfeld is a Princeton man. That may help to explain why he is the man of the hour as secretary of defense. Princeton is the most military of the great Ivy League colleges. It was, before 1861, the school to which rich southerners sent their sons—only to take them back to fight in the Civil War. It was, before 1917, the school from which young Americans went as volunteers to fight in the Great War.

When war came officially, their numbers increased. On the window frames of the older Princeton dormitory buildings, bronze stars are affixed. They mark the rooms of Princetonians who served in the American Expeditionary Force. There are a great number of them. Princeton seems never to have had any trouble with the military idea. Woodrow Wilson, its pre-1914 president, may have been "too proud to fight." Princetonians, by and large, are not too proud to fight at all. They do their duty as if it comes naturally.

That is Donald Rumsfeld's style. Duty seems to come to him

PORTRAIT BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

quite naturally, and he bears its burdens lightly. He is the sort of American whom Europeans of my age—at 69, I am one year his junior—recognize and understand. Rummy, as he is called, might have been one of the Rhodes scholars I knew so well at Oxford in the 1950s. He is unmistakably American, in both appearance and manner. But he is also internationalist, in the way that Eisenhower was, and the Americans of the Eisenhower generation so often were. English-speaking Oxonians of my generation had a lot in common. Those only a little older than we are had fought and won the Second World War. We were embroiled in the Cold War. Toward that war, most of us—Americans, Europeans, and those from the Commonwealth alike—had the same attitude. We were anti-Communist, proud of our countries, but fond of one another. As a result, we all got on like blood brothers. American friends I made then remain friends to this day.

Rummy wasn't one of us. But he could have been. I know the type. When I met him in his office in the Pentagon, he was dressed undergraduate-style ("Don't photograph my old cords," he begged our photographer)—it was a Saturday—and he fell automatically into the American-European-Commonwealth mode so familiar to me from my youth. He took it for granted that the U.S. secretary of defense and this collection of Brits from a London newspaper were on the same side. He didn't bother to flatter us with compliments about the S.A.S. or the Royal Marine commandos, well though both units had done against the Taliban. His approach was "What do you want to know? Ask me some straight questions and I'll give you straight answers—unless I don't think the world ought to know."

It was an extraordinarily refreshing experience to meet a senior officer of government—as it happens, the most powerful government in the world—who behaves like a human being, and an immediately likable and open one. Rummy has been many things: politician, businessman, government official, naval officer. But, at least at first acquaintance on his Pentagon territory, he comes across as none of those beings. In his Saturday tweeds and trademark rimless spectacles, he most resembles an unusually sharp and realistic college professor. He conducts an interview with probing journalists not like a confrontation, where the object is to disclose as little as decently possible, but like a seminar, the point of which is to establish a version of the truth both teacher and students can accept. "What do you mean by that? ... Is that meant to help us or them? ... Do you think I should tell you that? ... Let's agree to let that question lie.... I've read what you've written [to me, a prolific author], but I don't think it applies in the present context.... Look, there's a war going on. You don't expect me to say anything that would help the other side to win, do you?"

I paraphrase. Rummy, by the written record of the interview, was less abrupt. The mood I attempt to catch is nevertheless authentic. The secretary of defense is a most unusual politician. He does not seek the emollient phrase or those words that obscure meaning rather than clarify it. On the contrary, he seems positively to want to get to the point. But then, Donald Rumsfeld, though a political appointee and a former congressman, perhaps isn't a politician at all. He is much more in the mold of the public servant of the New Deal era or the war years: a technocrat serving at a substantial pay cut to get a difficult job done, as presidential adviser Harry Hopkins was to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Like Hopkins, Rumsfeld has a close personal relationship with the president, though there the resemblance stops. Hopkins was physically frail and in character quite diffident. Rumsfeld, even at 70, is physically very strong—he was a wrestling champion at Princeton—and almost visibly trembles with barely suppressed energy.

It is Rumsfeld's energy that has led him into conflict with the Pentagon's professional staff, a conflict that is the continuing story of his secretaryship. It began before September 11, but it persists. Rumsfeld came to the Pentagon after a successful career in business, where he made several fortunes, first in pharmaceuticals, then in a communications company. As a chief executive and chairman, he learned how to make large corporations move and adapt, matters of crucial importance in the high-technology and science-based sector of business.

Returning to the Pentagon with the incoming George W. Bush administration—he had briefly been defense secretary during the Ford presidency—Rumsfeld did not like what he found. Although the Cold War was over, the nation's military leaders were still committed to maintaining the vast tank fleets of the U.S. Army in Germany that had confronted the nations of the Warsaw Pact, and the brass expected the funding to pay for them. Rumsfeld believed that, with the disappearance of the Soviet Army and the emergence of the United States as the world's only superpower, more of the defense budget should be allocated to lig er, more flexible forces, better adapted combat in the post–Cold War environme of terrorist danger and imprecise threats.

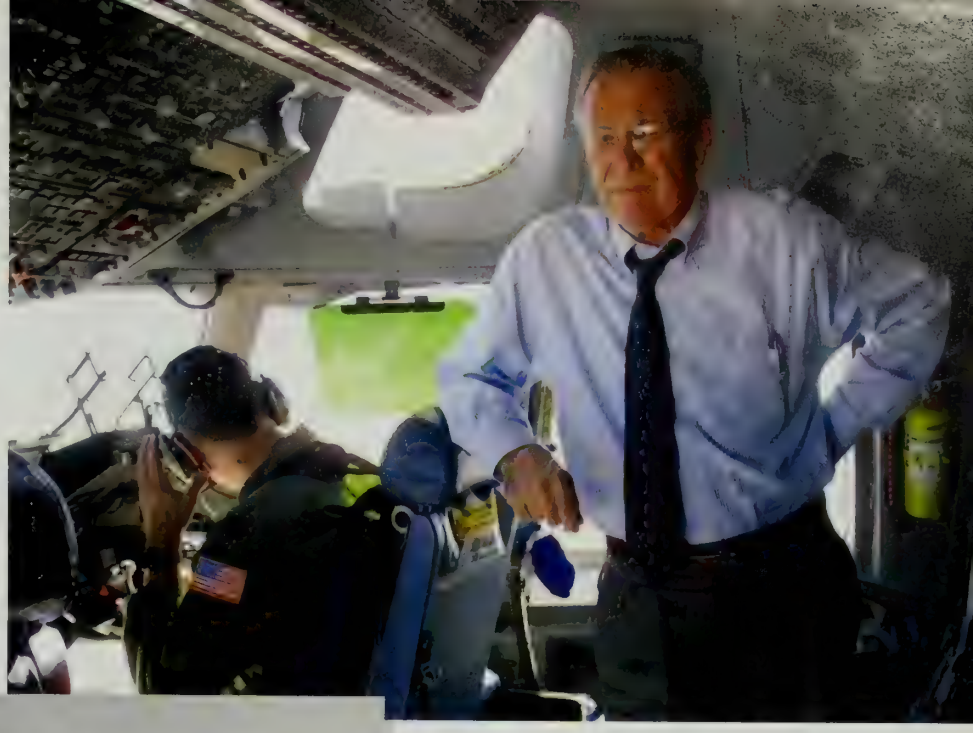
Rumsfeld's chief point of difference wi the uniformed establishment was over t issue of risktaking. The generals and adn rals of the Vietnam era had stumbled in war and had been forced to design a stra gy as they went along. Their successors d not want to repeat the experience. Havi grown cautious and politically sensitiv they showed themselves anxious to secu congressional support for any operatio undertaken and, if possible, the support allies, the United Nations, and other int national organizations as well. They we particularly concerned about arranging "exit strategy" from any war.

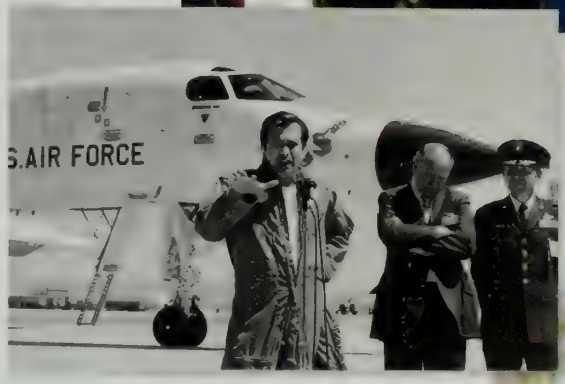
The military outlook had also been tered by the rise of the human-rights poli Originally adopted as a means of limiti the Soviet Union's freedom to use for against its minorities or weaker neighbo the policy proved double-edged. Becau human rights had deliberately been giver legal basis, U.S. military actions had incre ingly come under the scrutiny of the fe eral government's own lawyers. Wh American involvement in the Balkans b gan in the 1990s, commanders found the selves restricted by "rules of engagemer which threatened the lives of their troo The problem was compounded by the po Vietnam imperative to avoid casualties.

Although Rumsfeld has been reticent the issue, it seems that this legalism a risk aversion were not at all to his tas The new Pentagon he joined was a mo lith, dedicated to the winning of large-sc wars, against two enemies at the same ti if that was the threat presented. What doubted was that such a threat was lik to present itself. He had lost belief in t likelihood of conventional wars agai enemies with a strength and capabil equivalent to those of the United States. stead, he expected more varied dang which required not an automatic and p grammed response but a variety of fense capabilities.

As he explained in a recent article *Foreign Affairs,* "We must transform only our armed forces but also the Defe Department that serves them—by enco aging a culture of creativity and intellig risktaking. We must promote a more trepreneurial approach: one that encoura people to be proactive, not reactive, a to behave less like bureaucrats and m like venture capitalists; one that does wait for threats to emerge and be 'valu ed' but rather anticipates them before t appear and develops new capabilities

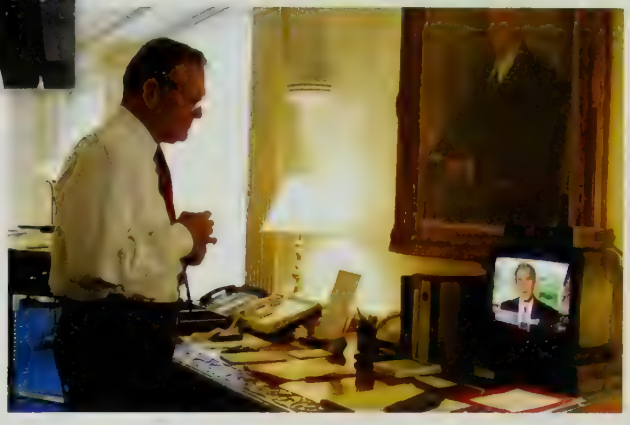
Like Lincoln . . . he is forever on the lookout for fresh talent, and ready to discard those found wanting. Like Churchill, he fizzes with ideas.





D.C. WARHORSE

Clockwise from above: Rumsfeld paused to reflect aboard an air-force C-17 flight from Cairo on October 4, 2001; three days later, he stood by as George W. Bush announced that allied attacks had commenced against Afghan positions; as the youngest-ever defense secretary, under Gerald Ford, the ex-pilot, 43, took a spin in a B-1 bomber in 1976.



dissuade and deter them."

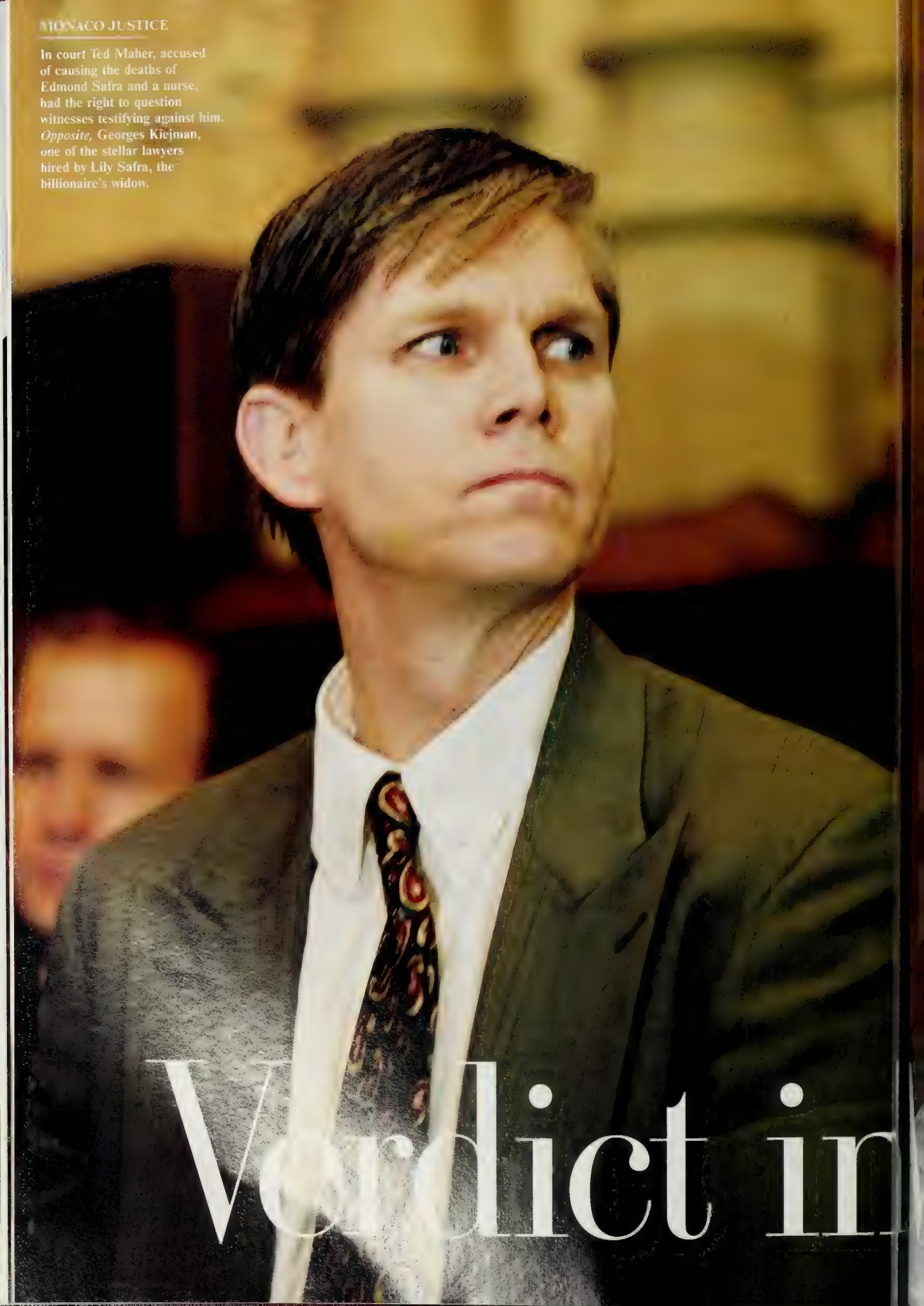
That is a counsel of perfection. No defense establishment in history has ever developed the capability to anticipate and respond to all the threats with which an enemy, or collection of enemies, can challenge it. Nevertheless, Rumsfeld is moving along the right lines. He has perceived that the certainties of the Cold War, terrifying though they were, are a thing of the past and that the future strategic world threatens a multitude of smaller dangers rather than one overwhelmingly large one. Taken together, smaller dangers can be as destructive as a massive blow; the need is to respond flexibly rather than in monolithic fashion.

It is significant that Rumsfeld was a navy pilot. The old ethos of naval aviation was quite distinct from that of conventional air forces during the century past. Air-force pilots flew by the rules, which, over the years, had become strict, procedural, and bureaucratic. Naval pilots, perhaps because they depart from and return to platforms which are mobile, erratic, and unpredictable, were much more flexible in performance. It was a byword in operations that ground troops always preferred to be supported by naval pilots. They generally took risks air-force pilots did not.

Rumsfeld the naval aviator has embarked on a reordering of the Pentagon that promises to break many of the rules evolved over the years. The breach with the past is necessary. The war against terror demands a remaking of strategy more radical than anything envisaged before September 11. The question is not whether the Rumsfeld reforms can be carried through against the entrenched bureaucracy of the post–Cold War Pentagon but whether they go far enough.

Traditional strategy, strongly endorsed by the American military establishment, from the Pentagon downward, saw the use of force as a political process, designed to achieve the aims of state policy by military act. Suddenly, after September 11, the Western world, the United States foremost, has been confronted by a new philosophy of the use of force. It has no rational political purpose, in that it is not designed to achieve a political aim, but is simply intended to inflict hurt on the hated non-Islamic world. How to combat this virulent brand of terrorism is now the principal issue confronting the Pentagon and the secretary of defense.

Counterterrorism demands an entirely new way of thinking. Donald Rumsfeld seems to have the right cast of mind. He is a fighter and understands that the terrorist must be fought because he deals exclusively in violence. He does not bargain, he does not negotiate, and his mental processes are devoted entirely to calculating how he can successfully inflict violence on those he hates. The professional soldier does not think in that way. His business is war, of which the use of violence is only one feature. Professional soldiers think in terms of the application of force, which can take many forms—pressure, threat, even firm persuasion, all as preliminaries or alternatives to the unleashing of firepower. The schools in which the American military is trained lay heavy emphasis on the alternatives to violence. Strategy and tactics are important elements of the syllabus, but so are political science and the theory of foreign relations. The syllabus CONTINUED ON PAGE 188



In court Ted Maher, accused of causing the deaths of Edmond Safra and a nurse, had the right to question witnesses testifying against him. *Opposite,* Georges Kiejman, one of the stellar lawyers hired by Lily Safra, the billionaire's widow.

Verdict in



Monaco

As Monaco celebrated La Fête Nationale in honor of an ailing Prince Rainier, Ted Maher finally stood trial for setting the 1999 fire that killed his employer, billionaire banker Edmond Safra, and one of Maher's fellow nurses, Vivian Torrente. Between encounters with Maher's grief-stricken wife and Safra's brother Joseph, DOMINICK DUNNE fills the pages of this month's diary with Maher's family history of schizophrenia, a surprise $100 million lawsuit against Lily Safra, and other wounds laid bare by the judgment

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HELMUT NEWTON

Two weeks in another town is sometimes not all it's cracked up to be. In my enthusiasm to get out of Monte Carlo, which is a strange place, I missed the one moment of high drama so lacking in general in the trial of Ted Maher, the American nurse accused by the Principality of Monaco of setting the fire that led to the death of two people, one of them the renowned and respected billionaire banker Edmond Safra. Maher was found guilty and sentenced to 10 years, which he will serve in France, where the prisons are tougher by far than the country-club jail of Monaco, which looks out over the Mediterranean Sea on one side and a beautiful public garden on the other. The drama, which occurred in the elegant lobby of the Hôtel de Paris, a hotbed of intrigue among rival groups during the trial, came from the most unexpected source, two people no one had heard of before then, from New Jersey, a world far removed from the world of the slain banker's widow, Lily Safra, the undisputed star of the trial, with her beautifully understated clothes, her movie-star sense of mystery, and her startling new face. She is known to the European press as the Gilded Lily because of her remarkable, novelistic rise from her humble beginnings as Lily Watkins through four marriages, two of them extremely profitable for her, to become one of the world's most famous society figures. Her friendships with the rich and mighty—including Prince Charles, the heir to the throne of England, with whom she was photographed at dinner in Buckingham Palace for this magazine in 2001, and the fascinating longtime mistress of the Prince, Camilla Parker Bowles—are mentioned in the British newspapers whenever she is written about, which is often. Other friends in her starry echelon include Elton John, whose Academy Awards party in Hollywood she attended this past year, and Lord Jacob Rothschild, of the great banking family the Safras always emulated, for whose charitable pursuits she has become a major benefactress. She now lives in London, in one of the city's grandest houses, and has just bought a smaller house adjacent to it, which she will use for staff, guards, and offices. I doubt if she will ever again live in her Monte Carlo penthouse, even after it is completely restored.

The drama came on the day after the verdict, several hours after I had fled the principality for Nice and New York. Bailiffs acting for the lawyer Pompeyo Roa Realuyo, a late-appearing figure in the Monaco proceedings—he was representing the two children of Vivian Torrente, the Filipina-American nurse from New Jersey who had died with Edmond Safra of asphyxiation in his bunkerlike bathroom—arrived to serve papers on Lily Safra. The children, Jason, 30, and Genevieve, 23, claiming that Edmond Safra was responsible for their mother's death and that they had been "fraudulently deceived and misled" into signing a settlement for damages following the tragedy, were suing Madame Safra, along with her insurance companies and the company that employed Vivian Torrente, for $100 million. Lily Saf was just then preparing to leave the hotel for New York on h private plane to attend the opening of the new Edmond J. Saf Synagogue at 11 East 63rd Street, a handsome structure c signed by the architect Thierry Despont in the Beaux Arts st with magnificent bronze doors, and a dinner afterward for 3 at the University Club on Fifth Avenue, a matter of great co cern to her all during the trial for fear that the proceedin might run over and prevent her from attending.

As I understand it from people who were present in the lo by and witnessed the event, her lawyer Marc Bonnant of Ge va, an altogether dashing figure who smokes cigarettes in a lo holder, has long silver hair slicked back, and gave one of t most theatrical and mesmerizing closing arguments I have ev heard—it was like watching Laurence Olivier at his greates came down to the lobby and was served the papers in Mrs. Safr stead. According to one source, Monsieur Bonnant "went cra screaming and yelling at the process server," for all to see. H I regret missing that moment. Vivian Torrente's children m have been rooked in the initial settlement, but I firmly belie after sitting through the trial, that the likelihood of Edmo Safra's having inflicted any harm on their mother is both i probable and implausible. The unexplained marks found on l neck and body will simply remain one of the many unanswer questions in this story, along with the bumbling work of t Monaco police and fire departments, which had ample time rescue the two victims.

The day after I arrived in Monaco, November 19, principality celebrated a holiday known as La F Nationale, in honor of Prince Rainier. The red-a white flag of Monaco was flying everywhere, a the beautiful public gardens in the square outs the Hôtel de Paris and the Casino were freshly pla ed with red and white cyclamens. Prince Rainier, however, v unable to attend the festivities. He was in Princess Grace Ho tal. Prince Albert, Princess Caroline and her husband, Prin Ernst of Hanover, and Princess Stephanie waved to the crov from the balcony of the palace. There was a Mass in the Mo co Cathedral, attended by dignitaries in white tie and tailc and their wives in elaborate hats, many of whom lunched l at the Hôtel de Paris. That evening there was a performance Jacques Offenbach's opera *La Périchole,* but the gala that wa follow was canceled. The audience, in evening clothes, lined afterward as Prince Albert, who is enormously popular, stopp to speak to people on the way out. Princess Caroline sta straight ahead as she left, and Princess Stephanie did not atte Although Prince Rainier, who is 79, was released from the h pital a day or two later, he made no public appearances d ing the two weeks I was there, and there were no photogra of him in the newspapers. The prince has been in frail he for several years. There was buzz among the residents t an announcement of Prince Albert's engagement to a bea ful American named Alicia Warlick, who attended both H vard and Stanford, would soon be made. "It will make Pri Rainier so happy," people said.

From day one the trial didn't live up to its advance hype as other O. J. Simpson case which could spell the ruination of M co as a tourist attraction for Americans. The courtroom was ra full, and although journalists were certainly in evidence outside Palais de Justice—next to the Monaco Cathedral, where Prin



STAR WITNESS

Lily Safra was clearly the center of attention at the trial, but Joseph and Moise Safra, her husband's brothers, declined an invitation made by her lawyer to sit in her row.

COURTROOM DRAMA

Lily Safra said at the end of the trial, "Let us thank God for this moment when justice has been done." *Opposite,* a charred door from the burned Safra penthouse is introduced as evidence.



"The [illegible] of that dreadful night three years ago have been laid bare for all to see



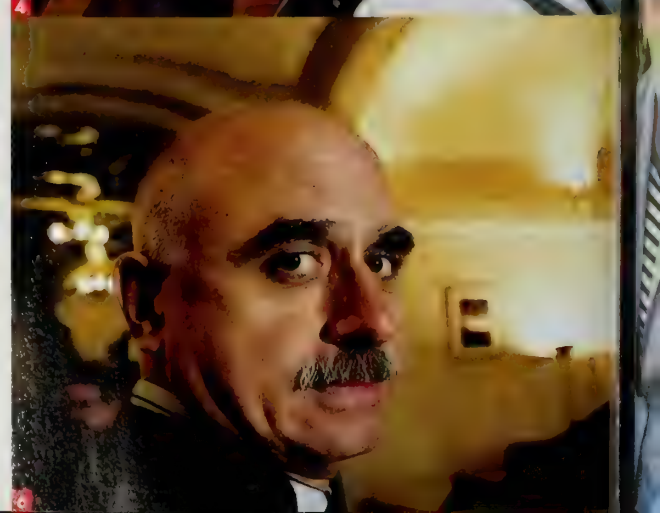
Grace is entombed by the main altar—they were fewer in number than at Michael Skakel's trial, which took place in a small Connecticut town. The courthouse is impressive, with curving exterior stairs and a second-floor balcony. In the courtroom, which holds no more than 90 people, beautiful stained-glass windows are decorated with the scales of justice. The sessions were long, scheduled from nine A.M. to eight P.M. but usually running over; one night it was past nine when we got out. There was a two-hour lunch break. The judge, always addressed as Monsieur le Président, wore a red robe with white rabbit fur on the sleeves. He sat beneath a large crucifix, and the near-life-size dying Christ must make any defendant in the dock a little uneasy. The jury, composed of three Monegasques and three magistrates, with one alternate juror, sit on both sides of the judge. Sometimes, during moments of strong emotion, five or six lawyers would be talking or yelling at the same time, in French, while translators would also be performing their duties quite audibly. There is no witness-box; witnesses stand with their back to the courtroom and address the judge directly, which I found very disconcerting, because you can learn so much by watching the facial expressions and gestures of a person on the stand. In this very different system, the defendant has the right to cross-examine each witness against him. Ted Maher's questions were disastrous, and Michael Griffith, his American lawyer, kept holding up signs telling him to shut up, or motioning him to sit down and let the lawyers ask the questions. Soon Maher was primed to say "*Non, Monsieur le Président*" every time he was asked if he had any questions for the witness.

I was a longtime supporter of Ted Maher's, fearing he had been railroaded into culpability by the forces of Monaco, eager to quell the circulating rumors. I was appalled that he had been pressured into signing a confession in French, a language he does not speak, and his story was so wildly implausible—prompting a pat conclusion arrived at in great haste by the chief prosecutor of Monaco, Daniel Serdet—that I simply disbelieved it, as did so many people with whom I talked after his arrest, including former Safra staff employees, nurses, and medical advisers. In the first article I wrote about the case, I quoted a Monegasque citizen as saying, "It wouldn't be the first time a poor soul was used in the service of a grand criminal scheme." However, I was forced to withdraw my support the first day I was in the courtroom and heard Ted Maher tell the story of his life and give his version of the events of the night Edmond Safra and Vivian Torrente died. I realized that I was listening to a deeply troubled man, and I ceased to believe him.

He stuck to his story right up to the end. Michael Griffith, one of his four-person defense team, visited him in prison the day before he was found guilty, and Maher was still swearing that two intruders had attacked him that night, but I do not think there were any intruders. It had been my impression that the surveillance cameras at the penthouse had been tampered with by unknown persons. If the cameras were tampered with, however, it is not impossible that Maher did the tampering, by removing the videotapes. It came out in the trial that there had been an earlier incident in Las Vegas when Maher removed tapes from a surveillance camera monitoring slot machines in a casino where he was employed, resulting in his resigning from the job, a well-paid one, and going into construction work. He claimed to Griffith that day that the intruders had stabbed him in his leg and side, but masked terrorists—which the police believed them to be—don't as a rule use knives, especially the kind belonging to CONTINUED ON PAGE 18











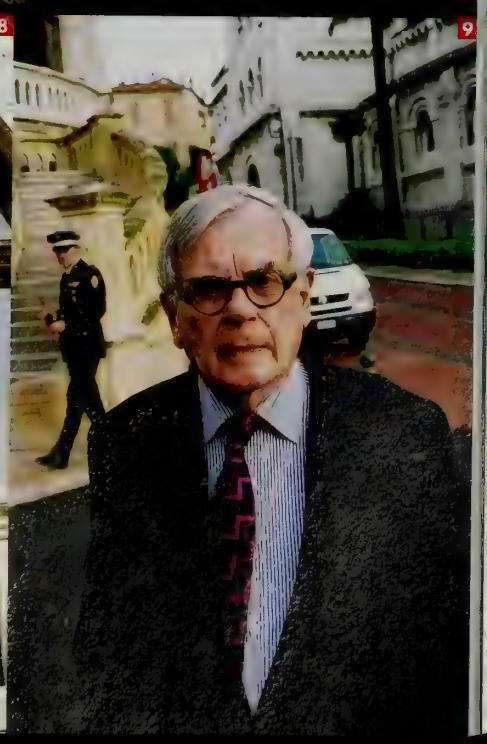


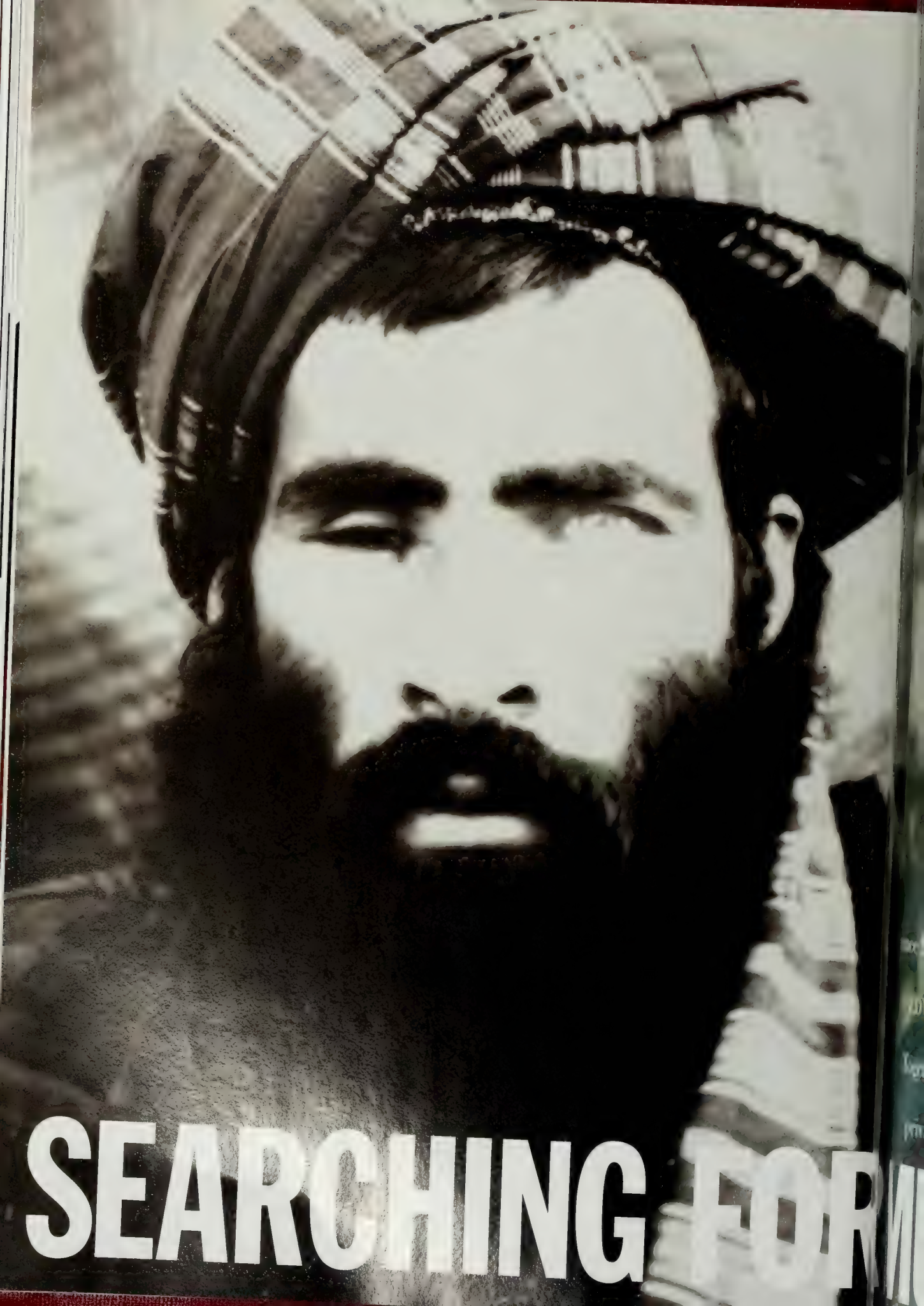
KEY FIGURES

(1) Samuel Cohen, the Safras' chief of security. (2) Michael Griffith with his client Ted Maher. (3) Heidi Maher, wife of the accused. (4) Lily Safra in the courthouse. (5) The courtroom. (6) Donald Manasse, Maher's Monaco lawyer. (7) Elaine Maher, Ted's mother. (8) Marc Bonnant and Étienne Leandri, attorneys for Lily Safra. (9) Dominick Dunne in front of the courthouse.








SEARCHING FOR



Opposite, the reclusive one-eyed Mullah Omar, spiritual leader of the Taliban, photographed in 1993 by Khalid Hadi. *This page,* an exclusive snapshot believed to show Omar in hiding in late 2001.

Though Mullah Omar has been among America's "most wanted" since September 11, the Taliban chief has eluded capture. His pursuers haven't even been sure what the camera-phobic Omar looks like. Last year, EDWARD GRAZDA went to Afghanistan, accompanied by a young Afghan named Khalid Hadi, a former photographer for the Taliban. Together, they made an extraordinary find: new images, published here for the first time, purportedly showing the fugitive mullah, plus a private letter to his family—evidence that he is still alive and on the run

MULLAH OMAR

He was a total stranger, a 20-year-old kid with almond eyes and an engaging smile. He approached me at an Afghan festival in Flushing, New York, three weeks before 9/11. He told me he had lived something of a charmed life in Afghanistan before moving to America the year before. But now, down on his luck, he was working as a deliveryman for a place called Tasty Fried Chicken in Newark. I hadn't a clue that in the months to follow Khalid Hadi would change the very tenor of my life.

I'm a photojournalist addicted to Afghanistan. I've traveled to that war-ravaged country 20 times in 20 years. But ever since 1997—when the Taliban's shadowy leader, Mullah Muhammad Omar, decreed it a sacrilege, and a crime, to record a human face on film—I'd stuck closer to home, preferring to satisfy my Afghan urge by focusing on New York's immigrant community. As a result, I found myself on Afghan Independence Day taking pictures in a public park in Flushing.

That first encounter was peculiar. Amid the swirl of Afghan music and the scent of kabobs, up walked a lanky figure with a wisp of a beard and a toothy grin. "Are you a journalist?" he asked.

"I'm just a photographer," I said.

"I'm a photographer, too," he remarked, smiling ear to ear. "In Kandahar, I was an official Taliban photographer."

I eyed him suspiciously. "Taliban photographer" seemed a contradiction in terms. He opened his wallet and produced a passport-size photo and a laminated card, each bearing the same picture. "This is Mullah Omar," he said. "This is his ID." Next, he took out a folded piece of paper. "This is a permit. To photograph anywhere in Afghanistan."

Afghans love to tell tales. I have heard many over the years. But when I saw the face in the photo—that of a bearded man in a striped turban, with thick lips, high cheekbones, and a missing right eye (supposedly lost to shrapnel during a battle with the Soviets in the 80s)—I felt at once that I was looking at the spiritual leader of the Taliban, the host and ally of terror chief Osama bin Laden.

Khalid Hadi explained that he had worked in Kandahar in the early 1990s two state-run magazines. He loved photograph people, he said. But after Taliban took over, he was consigned shooting gardens, hospitals, and highwa Over time, he chafed under the oppr sive drift of Omar's edicts. He felt thre ened by fundamentalist outsiders who be joining the Taliban fold. A couple of tin his camera equipment was smashed the religious police. Then the Talib short on cash, refused to pay him his sal for several months. He decided, with a n ture of relief and regret, to come to Am ca. Now he was living with his sister Jersey, hustling poultry for a living.

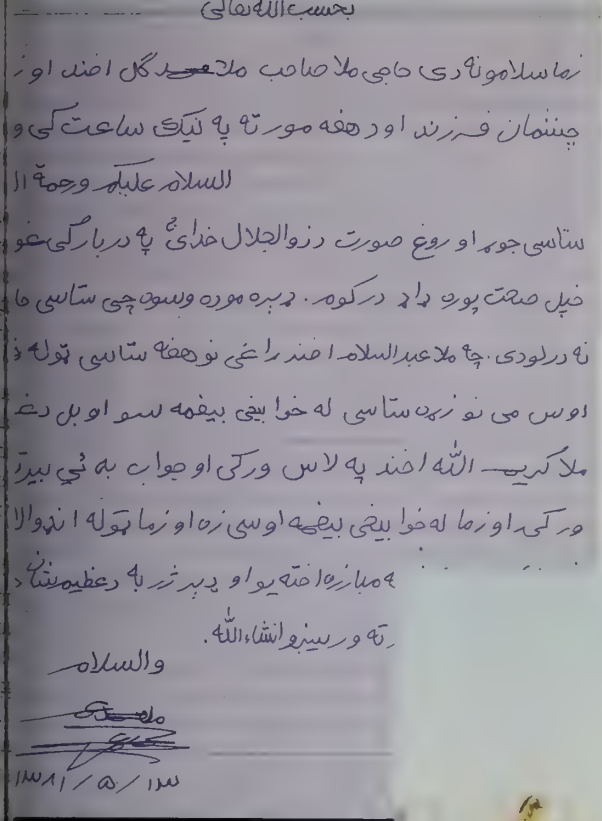
Khalid told me that he had taken Omar photo eight years before. I knew t there were no recent pictures of the m surely there was value in a photo of mystery man who had banned photog phy and provided a haven to al-Qaeda

I was intrigued. Although Omar a bin Laden were non-stories for most the world in August 2001, they were *stories* for a journalist covering the Afgl beat. I invited Khalid to my New Y photo studio the following week.

Khalid arrived right on time—unhea of behavior for most Afghans I had r He brought along his Omar picture, sc portraits, and a stack of color snapsh most showing Taliban fighters in makes operating rooms. The images depic



It was rumored that Omar had stopped by the cemetery—hidden in the backseat of a car among some nomadic women.





EVIDENCE OF OMAR?

From above: an August letter bearing a signature that matches Omar's; a man thought to be Omar, supposedly photographed in a village west of Kandahar in late 2001; a pair on a bicycle near an Afghan tomb that Omar had built for his eventual interment. *Opposite,* one of Omar's mentors, Haji Habibullah Akhund, in his Kandahar courtyard last summer with protégé Khalid Hadi.



en with arms or legs blown off, while edics, lacking surgical instruments, op- ated on them with forks and kitchen ives. "When I was a small boy," he said, he war came to Kandahar. Russian air ds and mujahideen attacks. First I was ared of the bombs and blood. But it be- me natural. I would hold a [severed] leg arm and not care.

"I started taking pictures when I was a y," Khalid went on. "A Hindu guy in ndahar taught me how to operate a cam- era." There was no proper schooling, he said, and few challenging jobs. But because of his photographic skills, and his ability to read and write (a rarity in a largely illiterate society), Khalid was hired, at 13, by Haji Habibullah Akhund, a mullah his father knew. The mullah ran a foundation aiding combatants injured in either the anti-Soviet campaign or the ongoing civil war. Before funds could go to wounded vets, photographic proof of injury was required. Khalid provided that service, shooting portraits of men missing arms or legs or eyes—including Omar.

"Did you actually take this picture?" I pressed him.

"Yes," he said. "Omar [had been] wounded fighting the Russians. He was just a fighter at the time. I have thousands more [like this] in Kandahar."

Khalid told me he came from one of Kandahar's sayyid families, who trace their ancestry to the prophet Muhammad. His father had been a general in the Afghan Army and had been close to president Mohammad Daud, who was assassinated in 1978 by pro-Soviet Afghans who then seized power. Khalid's father was arrested and sent to prison in Russia. He then gained his freedom, fought with the mujahideen, and immigrated to the U.S. in 1992. Khalid stayed on in Kandahar, living with his mother.

Over the last 10 years, Khalid had kept in frequent touch with his father. Repeatedly, he expressed disapproval of his son's contact with the Taliban. "Why are you working for those guys?" he would ask. "You're hanging out with a bad crowd." But Khalid defended his affiliation. The



STOIC AFGHANS

In the 90s, Hadi took thousands of paper-negative pictures of wounded war vets and land-mine victims; the shots established proof of injury, a prerequisite for reparations. The subjects' native dress, the stark backdrop and the old-world texture and tone of many of the photos give them a 19th-century feel.

nly way for him to earn a living and to ursue his love of photography and Afhan history was to work through governent channels, no matter who was in power.

Khalid seemed to know a lot about the an who had been his nominal employer or five years. "He is not a very smart uy," said Khalid, who had paid dozens of isits to Omar's office. "He has very little ducation. He can only read things from ie Koran. A lot of the decrees he issued ere thought up by his advisers, and he nly signed them. He had no knowledge f the outside world and little role in [the ay-to-day] running [of] the government. ther mullahs, educated in madrasahs in akistan, really made the decisions."

Khalid also noted that Omar maintained elaborate security regimen. When he trav-ed, he was known to dispatch a convoy of and Cruisers with blackened windows. To oid detection, he would sometimes send ie convoy ahead and then ride in an old pick-p truck driven by one of his commanders.

I asked Khalid if he had ever seen sama bin Laden, who had taken refuge in fghanistan in 1996. He said he had had personal contact with him ("I was only ith the Taliban, not [bin Laden's] Arabs"), ut he would later tell me that, in the days efore the 1998 bombings of U.S. Em-assies in Tanzania and Kenya, bin Laden uld often be spotted in Kandahar, with-ut bodyguards, walking to Friday prayers a mosque in the city center.

Khalid's stories were fascinating, and I elieved him. He was soft-spoken, amiable, nd shrewd, his manner matter-of-fact. hotography had given him an opportunity brush shoulders with men of power. Sev-al times, he said, he was asked by Omar spy on one of his political opponents—a an who in turn, Khalid claimed, asked m to spy on Omar. (He said he refused th overtures.) Khalid contended he had en on hand when President Najibullah as hanged in Kabul in 1996. He also owed me photos he had taken in 1999 a hijacked Indian Airlines jet on the tar-ac in Kandahar. As Khalid regaled me, unding like some Pashtun Zelig, I was minded of Kipling's *Kim,* the tale of a ild spy entwined in intrigue in the shad-w of the fabled Hindu Kush.

I looked again at his haunting shot of mar. Why, I asked, didn't he try to publish and make some money? If he did that, he id, Omar might imprison him—or worse—he ever set foot in his country again. oing home, in fact, was his goal. Though halid was getting accustomed to life in merica, he wanted to return to Afghanistan on for a visit, to re-establish old ties.

Two weeks later came September 11, 2001.

I was reminded of Rudyard Kipling's *Kim,* the tale of a child spy entwined in intrigue in the shadow of the fabled Hindu Kush.



BAZAAR DAYS

Khalid Hadi, 22, in a hat shop in Kandahar's old market. The shop owner, fearing the Taliban, hid in his house for seven years.

I called Khalid after the World Trade Center attacks. He stopped by my studio a few days before the U.S.-led bombing began. Now, he said, he was interested in selling the picture of Omar, who would surely be out of power soon.

I offered to help him place his shot in Western magazines—by now, everyone had seen bin Laden, but Omar was the missing man. Editors confirmed, through sources in Pakistan, that the likeness was indeed that of the Taliban leader, and the image began to run in publications around the world.

Omar, who is in his early 40s, was, and remains, a murky figure. As recently as last September, President Karzai told U.S. reporters, "Nobody recognizes him. This is a man nobody has seen." His identity seems to have puzzled American authorities as well. In late 2001, U.S. planes were dropping Omar "wanted" flyers over Kandahar, announcing a $10 million bounty on his head. Yet the photos on many of the flyers did not show Omar, but Mulvi Hafizullah, a onetime Taliban protocol officer. "I'm afraid to leave my house," Hafizullah complained in *Newsweek* last fall. "If I do, soldiers or villagers will tear me to pieces."

The more we spoke, the more Khalid himself came into clearer focus. He was a budding artist: he showed me a diary he had filled with reflections, poems, and colored-pencil drawings—portraits of past kings, AK-47s, cars. He was also a survivor, a crafty kid who had thrown in his lot with a fanatical cabal. His Taliban-era activities, indeed, nearly cost him his life. In 1997 he accompanied troops to Mazar-e-Sharif to photograph scenes at the front. During the campaign the Taliban were overrun. Hundreds were killed, and many more were captured, Khalid CONTINUED ON PAGE 186



Henri Matisse and Pablo Picasso were already at loggerheads when Gertrude Stein introduced them in 1906, and their challenge of opposites—played out at Stein's combustible soirées, in studio visits, and through an intriguing exchange of paintings—would continue even beyond Matisse's death. With a blockbuster show about the Matisse-Picasso relationship opening at New York's MoMA, JOHN RICHARDSON explores how each man's genius lit the other's work, in a rivalry that was also a secret partnership

Between Picasso

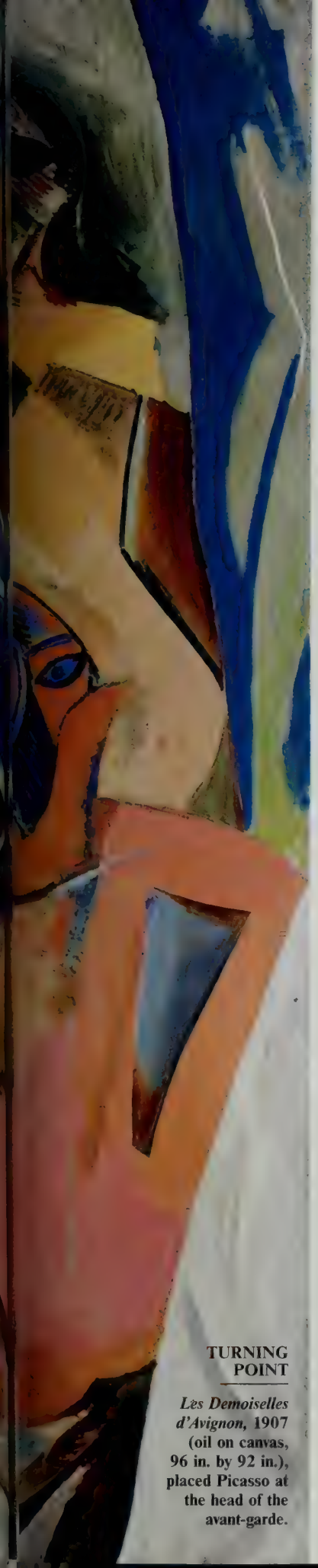


SEPARATE DETAILS:

Matisse decorating a ceramic vase by Picasso, photographed by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Cap-Ferrat, June 1954. *Opposite*, a 1956 photo of Picasso, early 1960s.

and Matisse


Picasso's breakthrough masterpiece is deeply
indebted to Matisse's shockingly naked Blue Nude.



TURNING POINT

***Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, 1907 (oil on canvas, 96 in. by 92 in.), placed Picasso at the head of the avant-garde.**

After mounting definitive retrospectives of Pablo Picasso in 1980 and Henri Matisse in 1992, New York's Museum of Modern Art, in collaboration with London's Tate Modern and Paris's Musée Picasso and Centre Pompidou, is now devoting another blockbuster exhibition to the relationship between the two artists—a relationship that crackles with I-can-do-anything-better-than-you rivalry and flashes of contagious genius. It enables us to see the extent to which the two greatest painters and sculptors of the 20th century bounced off each other, outdid each other, honored each other, and occasionally ignored each other, in ways that were sometimes calculated, sometimes instinctive, and sometimes fortuitous.

After taking London and Paris by storm, the show opens at MoMA's temporary quarters in Long Island City on February 13. It started life as the brainchild of British art historians John Golding and Elizabeth Cowling, who rightly claim that it "tells one of the most compelling and rewarding stories in the entire history of art." On this side of the Atlantic, John Elderfield and Kirk Varnedoe have taken over. With the treasures of MoMA, including Picasso's *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon,* at hand, their version of the exhibition is sure to be the richest.

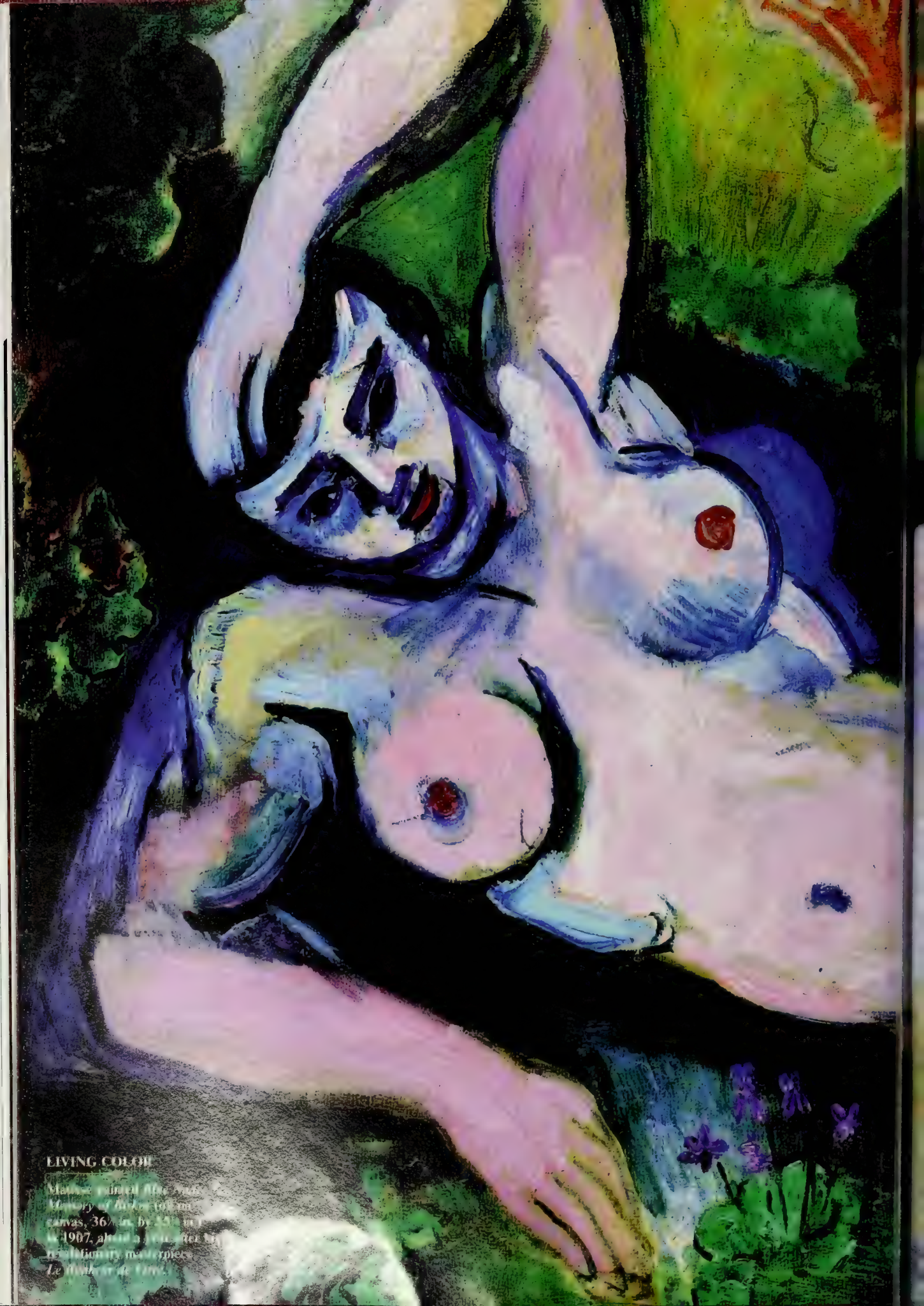
"As different as the north pole is from the south pole" is how Matisse described Picasso and himself to Gertrude Stein. He hit on a particularly dodgy paradox, for although the North and South Poles are antitheses, the icescapes surrounding them are indistinguishable. Matisse apparently wanted to emphasize that, while he was very much a man of northern France, Picasso was very much a man of southern Spain. Indeed, there seems to have been a magnetic pull between them, a yin-yang polarity that allowed for a constant shift in the roles of giver and taker, leader and follower, hero and antihero. After seeing this show in London, I think of them rather as opposing deities: Matisse as Apollo and Picasso as Dionysus. As Picasso once said, "God is really another painter . . . like me."

The story this exhibition tells starts in March 1906, when Gertrude Stein and a posse of family members—in leather thong sandals and a great deal of corduroy—took Matisse to visit Picasso in Montmartre, where he and his mistress Fernande Olivier lived in a ramshackle studio building called the Bateau-Lavoir. "Matisse had never heard of Picasso and Picasso had never met Matisse," Gertrude Stein later declared in the autobiography she wrote for her girlfriend, Alice B. (for Babette) Toklas. Rubbish! Matisse and Picasso may not have met, but they were already so aware of each other's progress that they were both accelerating their creative pace and jockeying for position. The meeting coincided with the Salon des Indépendants, where Matisse exhibited his breakthrough masterpiece, *Le Bonheur de Vivre,* a painting the Steins would buy and Picasso would pounce on as a challenge to his own emergent powers.

Despite perceiving themselves as rivals, Picasso and Matisse began to meet regularly and subject each other's work to intense scrutiny. Whether they approved or disapproved of what the other was up to, they understood each other as only two titans could. As Picasso told one of his biographers, Pierre Daix, "You have got to be able to picture side by side everything Matisse and I were doing at that time. No one has ever looked at Matisse's painting more carefully than I; and no one has looked at mine more carefully than he."

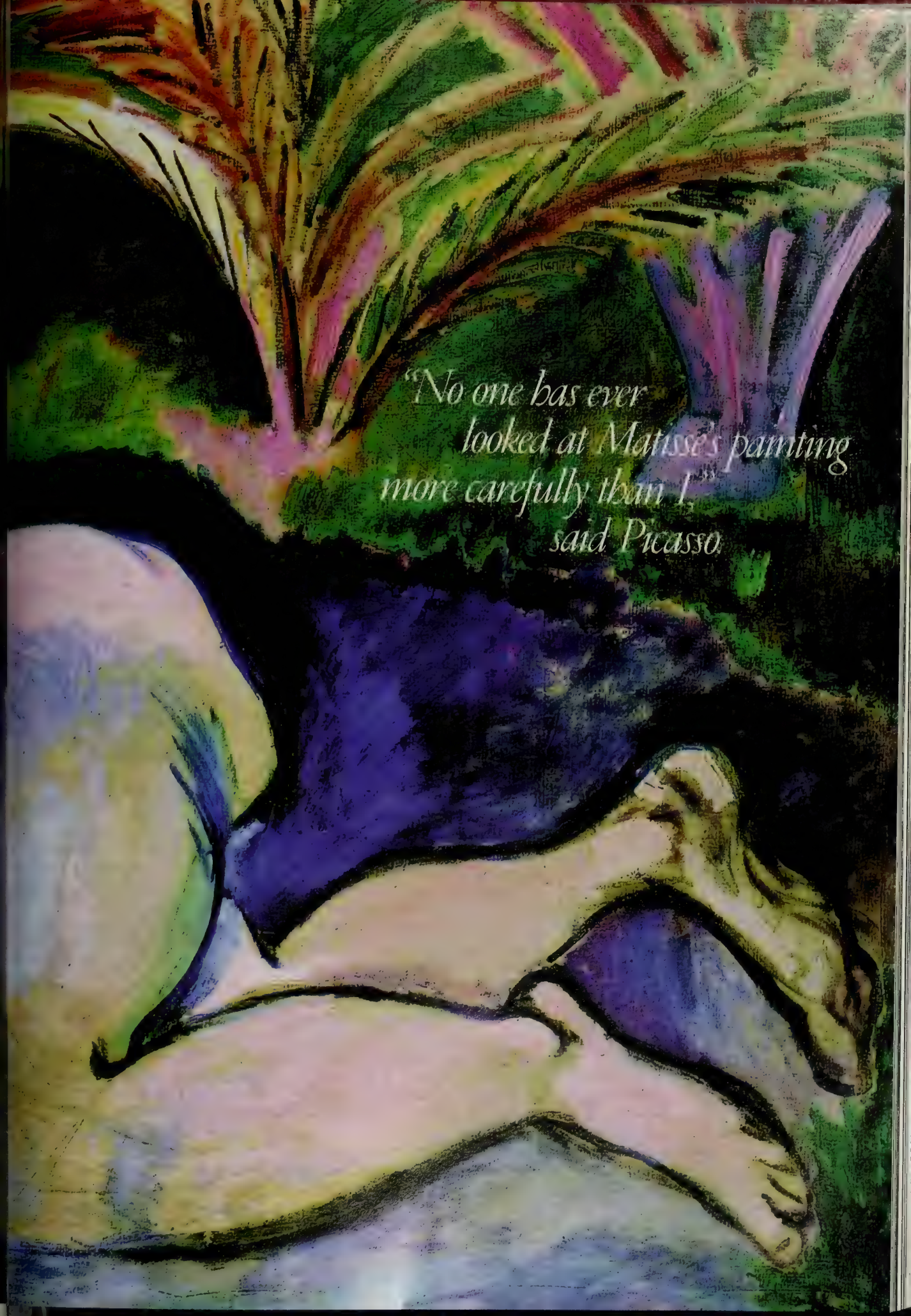
As well as visiting each other's studios, Matisse and Picasso came together often at the ghastly gladiatorial soirées where Gertrude Stein and her brother Leo, consciously or not, would project their family feuds onto their guests—artists in particular. It was there that the differences between the man of the north and the man of the south were most apparent. Picasso loathed these evenings. He was very conscious of his lack of fluency in French and therefore kept quiet. According to Fernande, Picasso would be "sullen and inhibited. . . . He was easily irritated by people who tried to question him about his work; tried to make him explain what he was unable to explain." Matisse, by comparison, displayed "an astonishing lucidity of mind, was precise, concise and intelligent and impressed people."

There were also striking sartorial differences. Picasso, who was 12 years younger than Matisse, had adopted the proletarian air of an overall-clad mechanic, except in winter, when he is said to have looked as if he were wearing an acrobat's costume

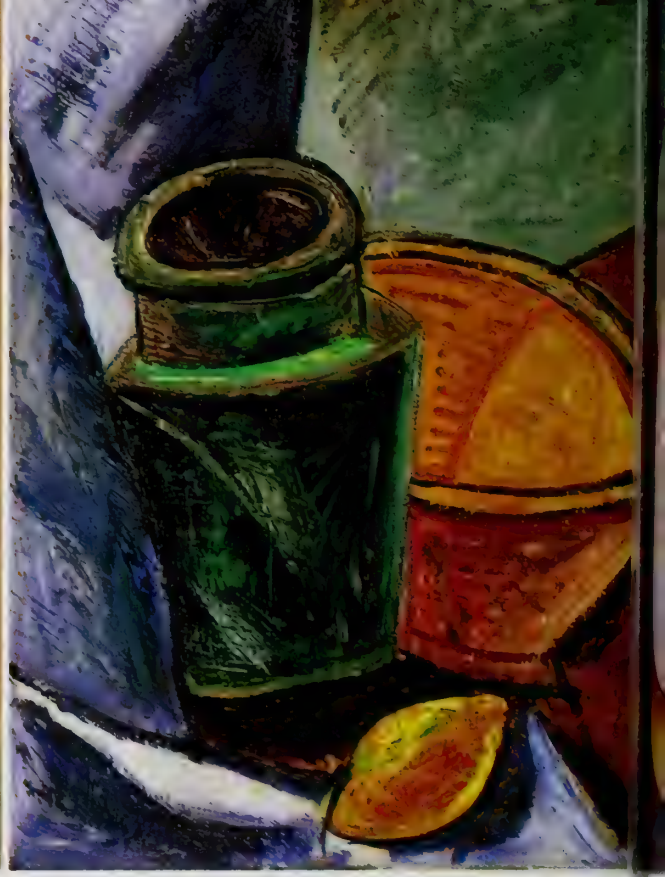


LIVING COLOR

Matisse painted *Blue Nude, Memory of Biskra* (*Nu bleu, souvenir de Biskra*) on canvas, 36¼ in. by 55⅛ in., in 1907, ahead of the creation of his revolutionary masterpiece *Le Bonheur de vivre*.


"No one has ever
looked at Matisse's painting
more carefully than I,"
said Picasso





Picasso said Matisse's children's drawings had enabled their fat

under his overcoat. Matisse, on the other hand, took to dressing conservatively in well-cut tweeds, in keeping with the name he was making for himself: a *chef d'école,* with followers who included Georges Braque and André Derain, as well as an academy of his own run by Sarah Stein, who was married to Gertrude's brother Michael. Picasso did not have a school; he had a gang of bohemian poets and painters ("*la bande à Picasso*"), and he was elated when Braque and Derain abandoned Matisse and came over to his side.

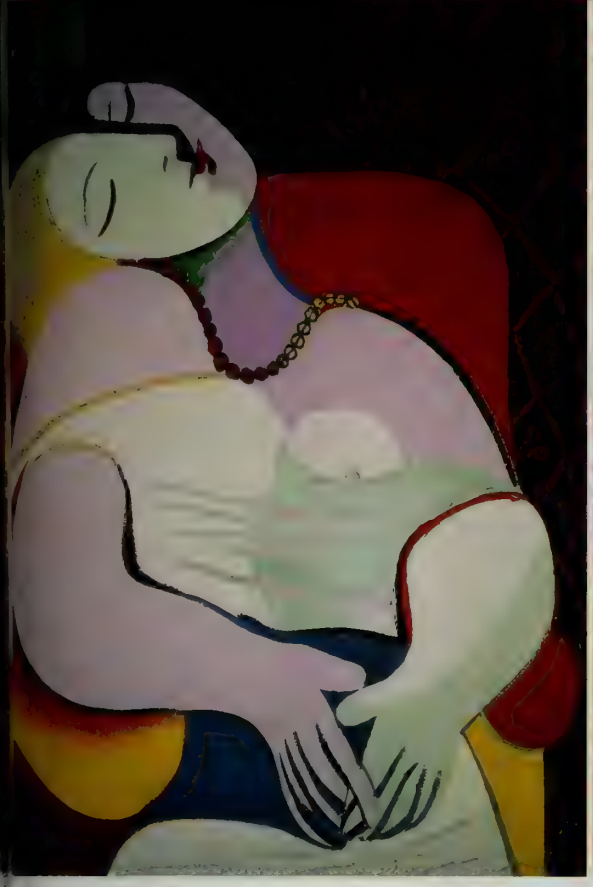
Within a year of their momentous meeting, the two artists exchanged paintings, both of which are included in the current show. Gertrude Stein did her best to put this exchange in the worst possible light. Both artists, she mischievously said, had chosen "the picture that was undoubtedly the least interesting either of them had done. Later each one used it as an example ... of the weaknesses of the other one.... The strong qualities of each painter were not much in evidence." If, as Stein went on to say, "the feeling between the Picasso-ites and the Matisse-ites became bitter," she can take some of the credit. She likened [illegible] rule. The two artists were mies," she decreed in her bossy, simplistic way. And that, for her, was that.

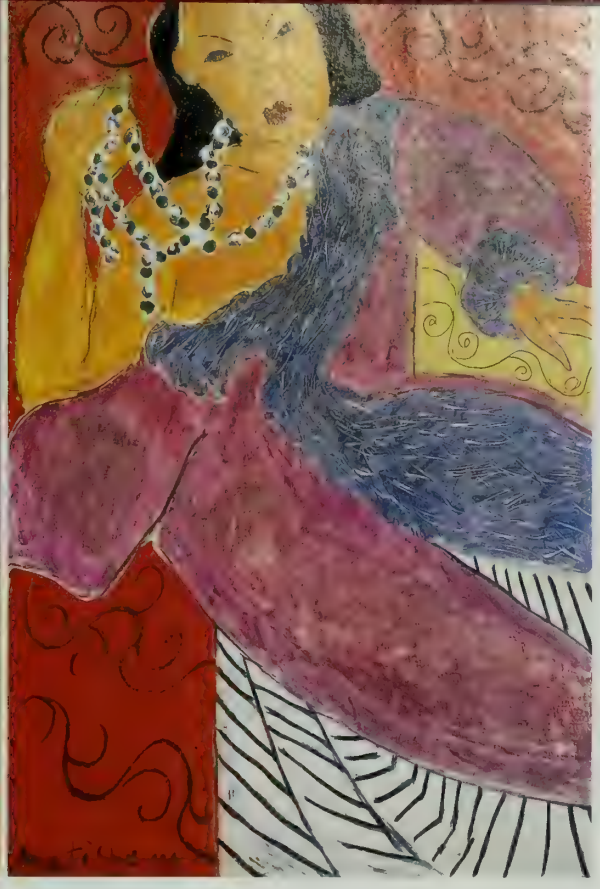
In fact, both Picasso and Matisse had been at pains to choose paintings from which they could *learn*—paintings which in each case addressed issues that were foreign to the other's vision. Matisse chose a Picasso still life, a tight, tough, awkward little painting of a lemon and some ugly nondescript objects which tease the beholder's eye with their convexities and concavities. The effect is as dark and discordant as Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring.* Picasso was evidently out to go much further than Cézanne and revolutionize the genre of still life—something Matisse was also on the brink of doing. Picasso's *Pitcher, Bowl and Lemon* would challenge Matisse to take risks that had not yet occurred to him.

Picasso's choice was every bit as canny. When I asked him about it in the late 1950s, he told me that Gertrude had gotten everything wrong. He had picked Matisse's wonderfully bold portrait of his daughter, Marguerite—a painting as straightforward and literal as an inn sign—for a very precise reason. Matisse's young sons had just begun to draw, and the instinctive simplifications of their childish imagery had opened their father's eyes to a hitherto untapped form of primitivism—one that was mercifully free of the witch doctor's baggage associated with the t[illegible] al and Oceanic sculpture that both art[illegible] collected. Picasso said he had been [illegible] cinated to see how Matisse's childr[illegible] drawings had enabled their father to [illegible] ten, simplify, and above all moderr[illegible] not only this portrait but also a num[illegible] of other major works at this crucial p[illegible] od of change.

Unfortunately, troublemakers told [illegible] tisse that the Picasso gang were not [illegible] mocking his painting but also using it [illegible] target for *flèches à ventouses* (arrows [illegible] rubber suction cups on the end which [illegible] here but do not pierce). "Got her in [illegible] eye" (or the cheek or the nose), Picas[illegible] groupies would gleefully shout. Later [illegible] casso claimed to have been mortifie[illegible] their behavior, mortified, too, that he [illegible] done nothing to stop it.

Matisse was outraged. He talke[illegible] getting even with Picasso, and for [illegible] reason the two artists watched each o[illegible] even more warily than before. Ironic[illegible] Picasso's breakthrough masterpiece, *Demoiselles d'Avignon* (1907)—his re[illegible] tionary response to *Le Bonheur de Vi*[illegible] is deeply indebted to Matisse's shock[illegible] naked *Blue Nude* of a few months ea[illegible] Matisse had unwittingly helped Pic[illegible] take his (Matisse's) place at the hea[illegible] the avant-garde. Picasso would cert[illegible] have agreed with T. S. Eliot's observ[illegible]





SQUARING OFF

From far left: Portrait of Marguerite, by Matisse, 1906 (oil on canvas, 25½ in. by 21¼ in.); *Pitcher, Bowl and Lemon,* by Picasso, 1907 (oil on wood, 25 in. by 19½ in.); *The Dream,* by Picasso, 1932 (oil on canvas, 51⅛ in. by 38¼ in.); *Asia,* by Matisse, 1946 (oil on canvas, 45¼ in. by 32 in.).

flatten, simplify, and above all modernize Marguerite's portrait.

at "immature poets imitate; mature po- steal; bad poets deface what they take, d good poets make it into something tter, or at least something different."

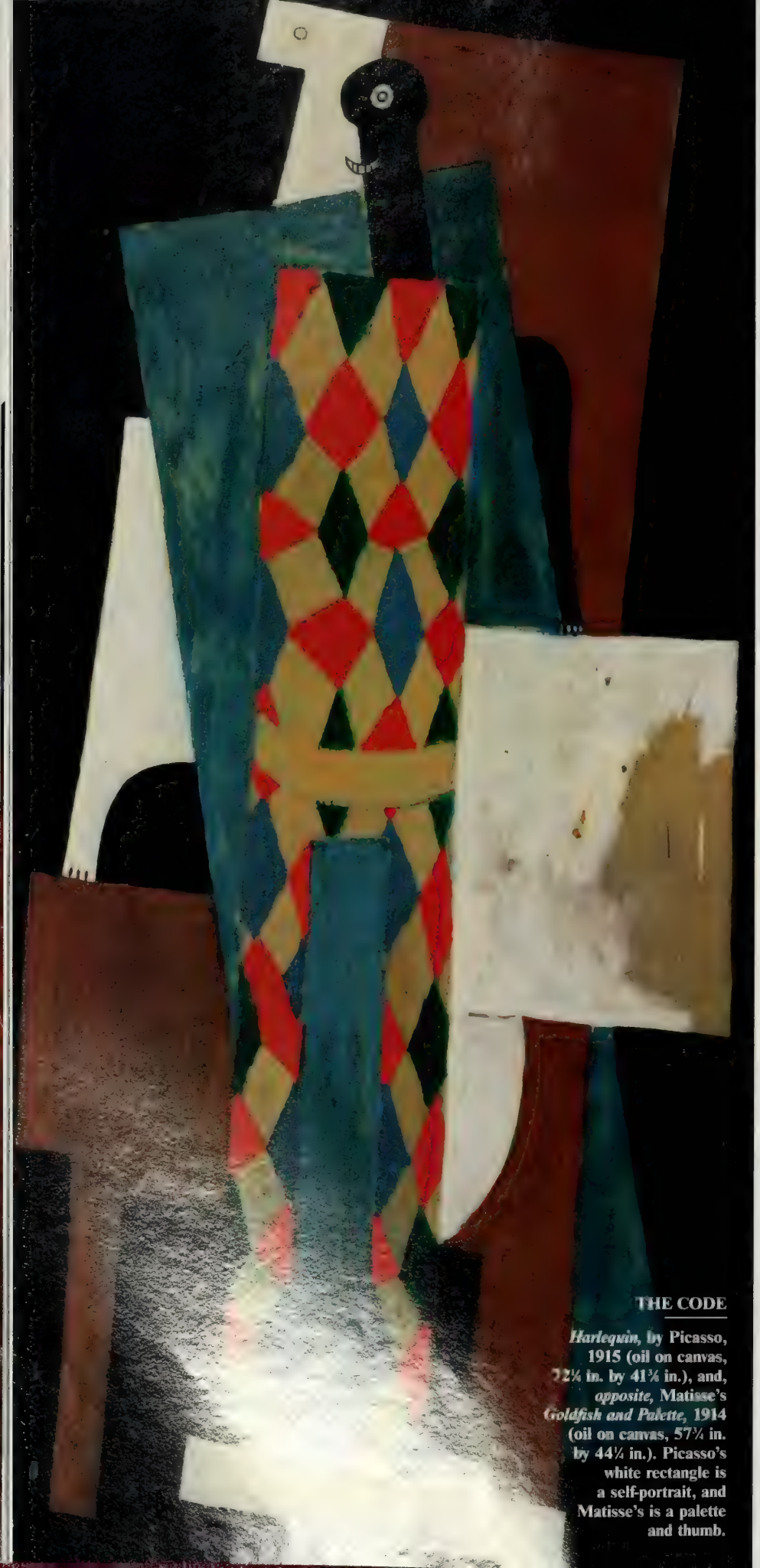
Years later I passed on to Matisse's n Pierre what Picasso had told me out the impact of his and his brother's awings on their father's development. erre was most indignant, as if Picasso d once again been out to mock his fa- er. I tried and failed to reassure him at that was not the case. Pierre, it emed, could not accept that his infantile awings could conceivably have changed e face of his father's work. And yet he ust have known that Matisse, in the ar of his death, had written an essay titled "Looking at Life with the Eyes a Child."

One of the most intriguing confrontations in the new exhibition is that between Picasso's 1915 *Harlequin* and Matisse's 1914 *Goldfish and Palette*—intriguing above all to me, because I was first to decode the link between these paintings. Picasso painted this large, gic, self-referential *Harlequin* while his oved mistress Eva Gouel was dying of cer and World War I had bogged down horrendous carnage. Picasso's Harle- n is anything but a commedia dell'arte scamp. He is an eerie, pinheaded cutout with tiny birdlike eyes, a tiny mirthless grin, and tiny pawlike hands, one of which clutches a white rectangle. This rectangle is a key to the painting's meaning. It is scumbled over with random brushstrokes that turn out to be a self-portrait, a concealed one such as we find again and again in Picasso's later work. When Matisse saw this *Harlequin* shortly after it was painted, he told the dealer who had bought it that it was the best thing Picasso had ever done. He explained this by claiming, mysteriously, that his *Goldfish and Palette* of the previous year "had led to [Picasso's] *Harlequin.*"

White rectangles provide the most obvious link between them, but what was their significance? For my ongoing Picasso biography, I needed to know what Matisse had meant, and the late Judith Cousins, MoMA's invaluable researcher, was the first person I questioned. She said that, although both paintings belonged to MoMA, no one, as far as she knew, had come up with an answer. Indeed, far from spotting the concealed portrait in the Picasso, a former curator had blindly denied its existence, and in consequence had failed to realize that the white rectangles identify the two men as what else but painters indebted to Cézanne: Picasso, by virtue of the square canvas with the ghost of a self-portrait on it; Matisse, by virtue of the square palette with a thumb stuck through it—all that remains of a self-portrait which originally took up the right-hand side of his *Goldfish.* To me the devices that enable these two great masters to communicate in code with each other—what is more, in relation to a Cézanne self-portrait to which both make reference—are extraordinarily moving. These devices are also revealing of the dynamics of their secret game of one-upmanship.

John Golding and Elizabeth Cowling, no less than the French and U.S. teams involved in the show, have been very careful to avoid superficial look-alikes—similarities in design or style or concept. Whenever possible, they have focused on less obvious manifestations of their chosen theme. Even the confrontation between Picasso's famous *The Dream* of 1932 (now in the Steve Wynn collection in Las Vegas) and Matisse's no less famous *Asia* of 1946, which struck me at first as being too self-evident to be of much interest, turns out to be a revelation. It enables one to see these two icons afresh in the light of each other's brilliance.

With its ornamental background and colorful arabesques, *The Dream* comes across as far more Matissean than I, for



THE CODE

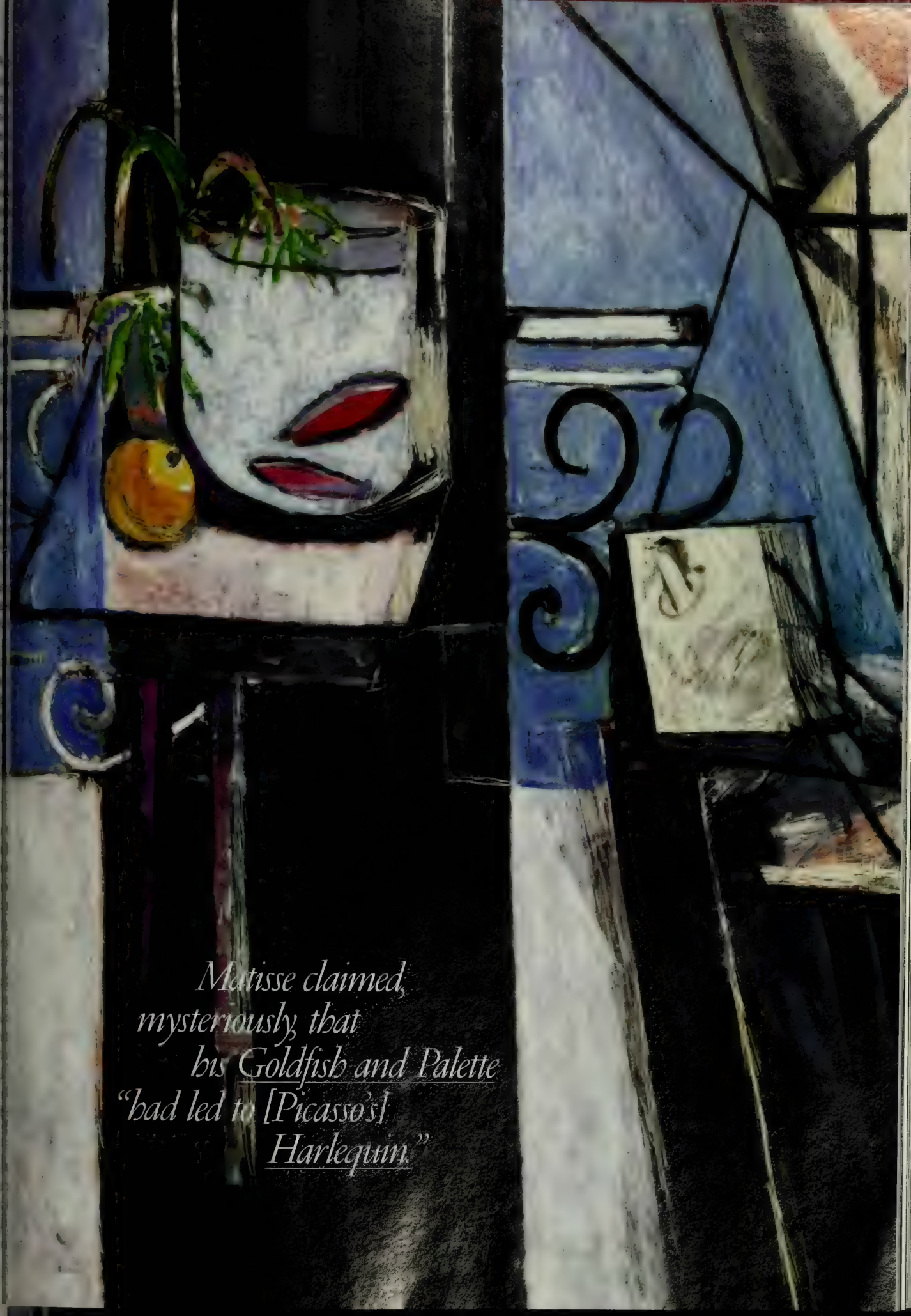
***Harlequin,* by Picasso, 1915 (oil on canvas, 72¼ in. by 41¾ in.), and, *opposite,* Matisse's *Goldfish and Palette,* 1914 (oil on canvas, 57¾ in. by 44¼ in.). Picasso's white rectangle is a self-portrait, and Matisse's is a palette and thumb.**

one, could possibly have imagined. A by comparison with Matisse's golden oc lisque, Picasso's Nordic dreamer (his m tress Marie-Thérèse Walter) looks mc vulnerable—and to that extent more des able—than ever before. As if to enhan this perception, Picasso has cleft his m tress's heart-shaped face in two and twi ed the left half upward into a phall Sex, it seems, is literally on her mind a in her dreams. Although that is not t sort of thing with which the show is cc cerned, this confrontation tells us a about the two artists' very different a proaches to their beautiful models. Mar Thérèse is all too evidently Picass girl—his very private property—as oppos to Matisse's woman, who is all too e dently a professional model impersonat an odalisque.

After Matisse's death in 1954, Pica told his friend Roland Penrose that rival had "left me his odalisques a legacy, and this is my idea of the Orie though I have never been there." T months later Picasso got down to expl ing Matisse's legacy in a series of 15 v ations on Delacroix's *Women of Algie* a painting in the Louvre greatly reve by both artists. "Yes, he is dead," Pica said, in acknowledgment of Matiss presence in these works. "And I, I continuing his paintings." Three of finest *Women of Algiers, After Delacro* are in the current show, and, accordin John Elderfield, they constitute "a sor imagined collaboration with Matisse j as much as with Delacroix; or, rather, imagined collaboration with Matisse the subject of Delacroix."

In London, the show came t wonderfully appropriate fin a gallery devoted to a confro tion between Matisse's swan sc his *papiers découpés,* and Pi so's cut-metal sculptures. As Matisse it, he was "drawing with scissors" din ly into color. "When I am doing the outs, you cannot imagine to what deg the sensation of flight which comes to helps me better to adjust my hand a guides the path of my scissors." In Ma 1946 he wrote to his son Pierre that Pi so had visited him and had promise come back. "He hasn't come back. saw what he wanted to see, my work cut paper.... That's all he wanted. will put it all to good use in time."

And, sure enough, by 1954 Picasso started cutting heads out of bits of c board, which his friend the ironwo Lionel Prejger executed in sheet metal his beautiful 1961 CONTINUED ON PAG



Matisse claimed, mysteriously, that his Goldfish and Palette "had led to [Picasso's] Harlequin."



LONG SHELF LIFE

Sonny Mehta, photographed in his New York City apartment on December 13, 2002, surrounded by seven of Knopf's award-winning, best-selling authors. From left: Robert Caro, Joan Didion, [illegible], Richard Russo, Richard Ford, [illegible], Toni Morrison, and [illegible].



PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

Spotlight

HEAVY MEHTA

When Sonny Mehta took over the house of Knopf from Robert Gottlieb 15 years ago, he moved early to reinstate the office cocktail cabinet, the ashtrays, and the tradition of the bohemian lunch. One afternoon he went back to his desk to find all the glasses cleaned, all the ashtrays emptied, and a note in a fair hand that read, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." It was from Katharine Hepburn, whose autobiography, Me, Sonny steered to success. But if you start your publishing life by getting Germaine Greer to write *The Female Eunuch* for pennies, you *can* hope to live to see Katharine Hepburn become your cleaner. Many of Sonny's authorial stars have been women—Donna Tartt, Toni Morrison, Joan Didion—and his exquisite wife, Gita, is herself an artist in fiction. Yet he also rescued *American Psycho* from obloquy, partly with the intention of pissing people—especially feminists—off. Perhaps the Mephistophelian good looks have something to do with it.

With a background in the London trade-paperback business (he inaugurated the highly successful Picador imprint), he was thought by some to be too brash for Knopf. Well, 291 best-sellers in 15 years *is* a bit brash, but the names Kazuo Ishiguro, John Updike, Peter Carey, Michael Ondaatje, Ha Jin, and V. S. Naipaul do lend a certain tone, you have to admit. Three of his authors have won the Nobel; the number of Pulitzers is 21, and of National Book Awards, 9. But he says that he's proudest of keeping authors' backlists in print, via the Everyman's Library, and I'm willing to believe him.

—CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



NORTHERN COMFORT
Erika Johnson (Sweden's "Miss Tropicana") lounges in Miu Miu panties and a vintage Swedish jacket, while Niklas Damm holds on to the matching bra, in Stockholm's 17th-century Bogesund Castle.

SWEDE SURRENDER

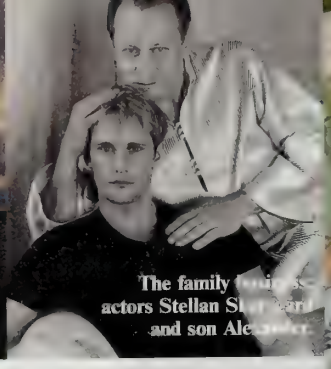
Bruce Weber's Scandinavian Journal



Some ask, "Why?"
The Swedes ask, "Why not?"
Indulging a longtime fascination with Sweden,
BRUCE WEBER took his caravan of helpers to
a land of beautiful bodies and lovely northern light.
Once he started taking pictures, the mysterious
"underwear assignment" actually made sense



A tugboat cruises outside Stockholm Harbor.



The family [illegible] actors Stellan Sk[illegible]gård and son Ale[illegible]der.

Anne Tiihonen



Sandra Andersson [illegible] with Mats Christers.



An impish Mimi Anden in a pimpish cap.

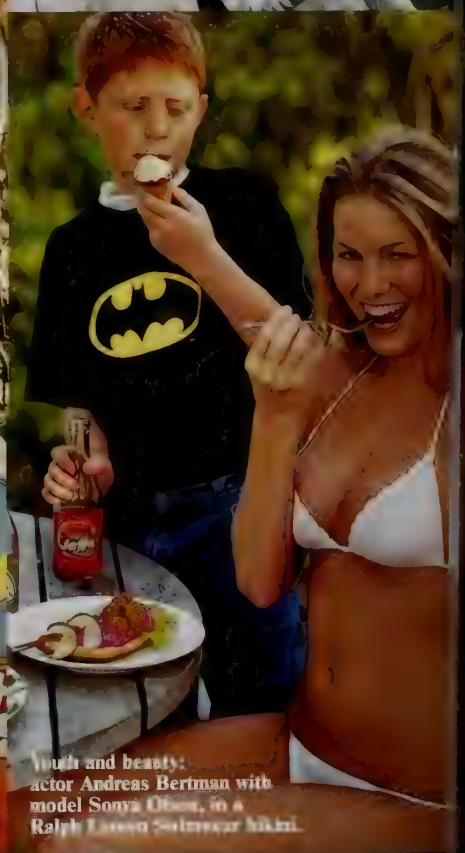




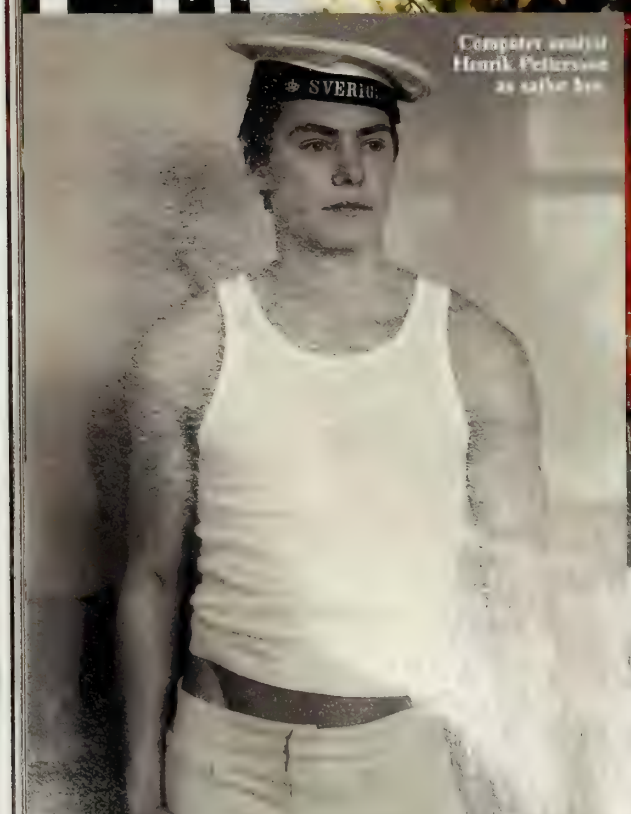
Photographer Mikael Jansson with daughters Billie (left) and Kim and his girlfriend, Lotta.



The Millesgården sculpture garden.



Youth and beauty: actor Andreas Bertman with model Sonya Olsen, in a Ralph Lauren Swimwear bikini.



Computer analyst Henrik Pettersson as sailor boy.



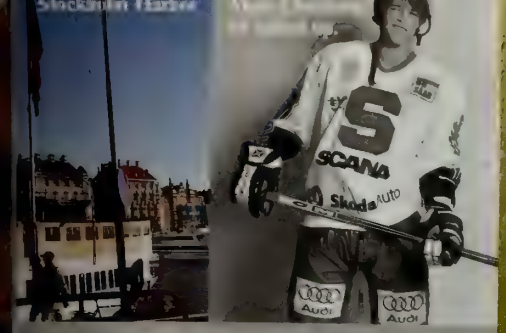
Swedish Olympic poster from 1912.



[illegible] Sweden's [illegible] team.

Erika Johnson, a real head turner.

Per [illegible] his [illegible] Nikla[illegible]





Photographer Andreas Ohland and his girlfriend, Fia Hjelte, a model, engage in Sweden's national pastime.



Wilhelmina Bonde and Joaquin Windholm, two Swedes in love.



Two girls gone wild in Stockholm.



A portrait bought at a Stockholm antiques shop.



Sabina Javorski

Somerowina Queen



Stockholm hipsters.



Professional boxer Frida Wallberg in a Wonderbra.

Ah, Sweden.

Bleak films about the misery of the human condition, 20 minutes of sunlight a day, and the planet's most luscious young people, happily stripping down to their skivvies. For Bruce Weber, whose collection of dewy international young things is now legend, *Vanity Fair*'s "underwear" idea (yes, many of us were skeptical, too) turned into far more than just an assignment. "You have to call it a strange expedition," Weber says. It was one that answered a personal lifelong mystery.

Sweden's grip on Weber began when he was a kid in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, devouring the twisted tales of Pär Lagerkvist, traveling to Pittsburgh on Sundays to take in Ingmar Bergman films, and hearing rumors about something called *I Am Curious (Yellow)*—a movie that detailed the life of a really hot girl named Lena. "So there was always this mysterious attraction—what is there for me there?" says Weber. With that question in mind, he set off for Stockholm in September with his merry band of assistants, makeup artists, and hairdressers—along with costume designer William Ivey Long (*Hairspray*)—to find out, in classic Weber-caravan fashion, what would happen next. Over the course of five days, they met roughly one hundred young Swedes—actors from the Stockholm theater scene, athletes, students with part-time jobs as grocery clerks—who showed Weber and the gang that in Sweden life is a lovefest. Kissing, fondling, parading around in jockstraps—it's just their version of hanging out at the local strip mall. "[In the U.S.] you can walk out on the street and say, 'Hey, can I take your picture?' And people say, 'Oh no, what's it going to be for?'" says Weber. "[In Sweden] they say to you, 'Why not?' If I had to think of one phrase that really epitomizes the Swedish people I met, it would be 'Why not?' . . . It reminded me of a simple time," he adds, "when photographers could go for a walk and take a picture." It may be one of the reasons travelers keep Sweden hush-hush, Weber thinks. "People have been there, but they can't talk about it very much—probably because they don't want people to spoil it." —EVGENIA PERETZ





RIDE, SHE SAID Sonya Olsen in a Missoni bikini, on a mo-ped Weber's crew discovered in a field outside Bogesund Castle. *Opposite*, a Stockholm couple.



WHITE HEAT
Despite appearances, 14-year-old Sabina Jastrzebska is something of a tomboy—she showed up for the shoot in combat boots. *Opposite,* Krister Dicksson, right, who works as a physical therapist, in a top by Nautica Underwear and boxer briefs by Diesel, with Niklas Damm, a surfer, in Calvin Klein Underwear.





TREASURE CHESTS

Mats Christeen—a student, part-time grocery clerk, and hockey player who has earned the attention of a number of U.S. teams—was one of Weber's favorite subjects, epitomizing the "Why not?" attitude of young Swedes. *Opposite,* actress Josephine Bornebusch in a D&G cardigan sweater.





THE YOUNG RID
Stockholm students Ost
Lange, David Norberg, Ri
Olsson, and Gustaf Linnell
in a hippie van.





DANCER IN THE DARK. Erika Johnson shines in the spotlight. *Opposite,* Sabina Jasinski, in a robe designed by William Ivey Long, with Petter Egnell.





AU NATUREL
Alexander Skarsgård is now starring in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* at the Södra Theater. *Opposite,* Erika Johnson plays Eve in a garden of Sweden.





Stage and screen actresses Maria Bonnevie and Julia Dufvenius.



Actor Alexander Skarsgård goes under a flowered William Ivey Long hoopskirt worn by Dufvenius.





Krister Dicksson and Frida Hallquist play a Swedish game on a divan.



A Stockholm woman, out and about.





Andreas Bertman with a Labrador that wandered into the shot.

An artist's studio in Stockholm.



Smiles for Bruce



A Swedish country home.



Karl Lindman and Josephine Bornebusch



Dufvenius, Skarsgard, and Bonnevie with young Andreas



Sabina Jasinski



Dufvenius as Mother Nature



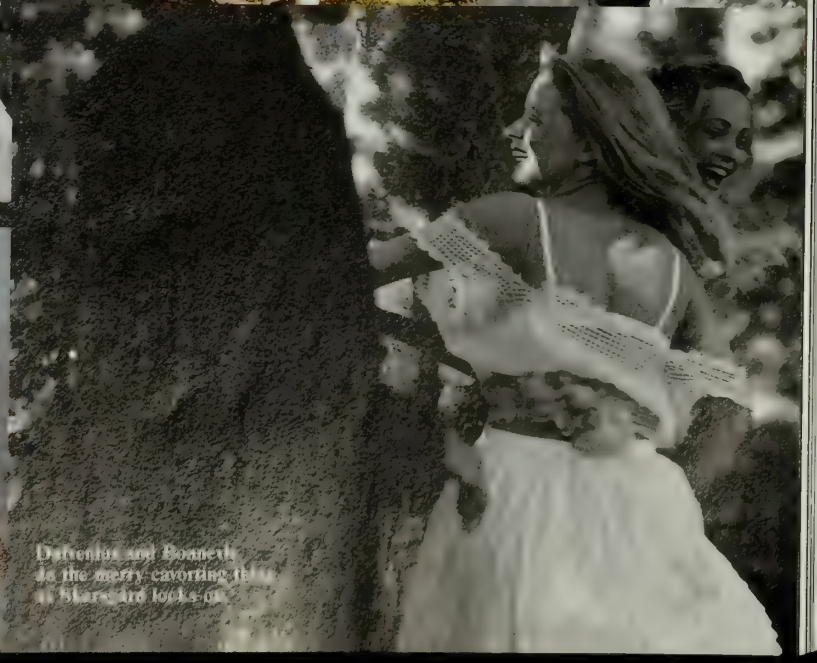
Dufvenius and Bonnevie



man, leaning ngine room.



Kathleen Ohlsson as vamp.



Dufvenius and Bonnevie in the merry cavorting finale of Stars and Lucks-on.





RISE AND SHINE
Erika Stromqvist, in a
William Ivey Long original,
and Karl Lindman.





SWEDEN AHOY
abina Jasinski in
vintage men's costume.
pposite, flat-bellied
edrik Rumenius lifts
gauze blouse
Bogesund Castle.




DOLCE & GABBANA


NYC 107770DGUSA
GABBANA

latisse and Picasso

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 152 sculpture of a
iair, which is in the MoMA show, Picasso
id, "It's an explanation of Cubism. If you
iagine a chair that's been under a steam-
ller it would look like that." Golding, as
ual, sums up the situa-
on to perfection, say-
g that Matisse's *papiers*
coupés are painting as-
ring to be sculpture and
casso's cut-metal pieces
e sculpture aspiring to be
inting. In this particular
ction of the show, there
a feeling of celestial seren-
in both artists' work.

n London and also, I
am told, in Paris, a lot
people approached the
hibition as if it were a
ntest, a big fight between
orld champions, and as
heir tickets entitled them
declare one artist or
other the winner. Each
ne I visited the show at
e Tate, which had been
ignificently installed by
olding and Cowling, ac-
aintances would come
and ask me whether I
ought Matisse or Picas-
was the winner. "You
ot–you are missing the
int," I told one of them.
he show is not a box-
match." According to
st of the contributors
the catalogue, it is more of a dialogue, although, considering the number of sparks these two artists strike off of each other—sparks that illuminate so much in the work of both—the word "dialogue" seems too tame. For me this show is about sharing. It deserves to be subtitled—apologies to Joseph Conrad!—"The Secret Sharers."

Blockbuster exhibitions such as this usually commemorate a single artist or a group of artists—Cubists, Futurists, Abstract Expressionists. Hence the slightly déjà vu feel of even the most dazzling one-man shows, especially ones devoted to artists as celebrated as Picasso and Matisse, whose works have appeared predictably grouped again and again in heaven knows how many previous exhibitions and publications.

None of that with this show. The experience of seeing so many great works in a new context should open the eyes and the minds of even the most jaded museumgoers.

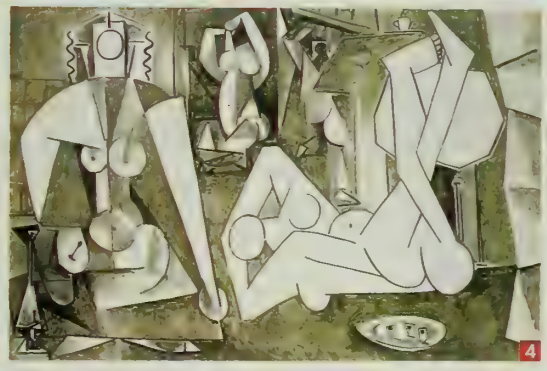
One has the impression that many of the Matisses and Picassos are getting together for the first time, and while the majority of the paintings emerge from this encounter greatly enhanced, one or two of the works, no less interestingly, seem diminished. As in life, it all depends on the pairing.

A word of warning: Matisse and Picasso may have been very important to each other, but we should not lose sight of the fact that they were infinitely more important to themselves. As Matisse told Picasso's mistress Françoise Gilot, "We must talk to each other as much as we can. When one of us dies, there will be some things that the other will never be able to talk of with anyone else." □









TITANIC GESTURES

(1) *Le Bonheur de Vivre,* 1905–6 (oil on canvas, 68½ in. by 93¾ in.), Matisse's earliest masterpiece. (2) Matisse, in front of *La Danse* in his studio, circa 1910, when he was about 40. (3) A photo self-portrait of Picasso in his studio with *Man Leaning on a Table,* circa 1915, when he was about 34. (4) *Women of Algiers, After Delacroix,* by Picasso, 1955 (oil on canvas, 51¼ in. by 76¾ in.), one of a series of 15.

alma Hayek

NTINUED FROM PAGE 123 Ballbreaker
ins. I should be the one getting sympa-
, having to deal with women that strong.
tween the two of them, I didn't know
ich way my ass was getting kicked—to
left or to the right."

"She knew it was going to be an uphill
ile for her, being an actress—being a beauti-
Latin actress—trying to convince someone
give her a job as a producer and fund a
vie," says Robert Rodriguez, who has di-
ted Hayek in five films, including *Once*
on a Time in Mexico, with Antonio Ban-
as and Johnny Depp, which Columbia
tures will release later this year, and who
de her godmother to his three sons. "She
nt as far up the hill as you can go, and pulled it off. Now she has the confidence that you need to know that you can do anything."

Salma's obsession with the project was rooted in her longtime fascination with Frida Kahlo, who inspired her as a woman—a powerful Mexican woman—who lived a full, honest, joyful life and channeled the pain of a physical disability and a tumultuous marriage into her art. "Nietzsche said that joy is deeper than sorrow because joy seeks eternity, and Frida was constantly seeking the joy," Hayek says. "She was very graceful and feminine. We have the same bone structure, and she was my size. I put on her clothes—maybe I am a half-inch taller." In Mexico, Kahlo is a cultural icon along the lines of Elvis Presley. "We'd be down in Mexico City," Norton recalls, "and these women would see her in the dresses and come up to her on the street, weeping and talking about how much it meant to them that a Mexican woman was going to represent Frida." At the premiere there, Hayek says, it took more than an hour to walk the red carpet, where thousands of people had been standing in the rain all afternoon waiting for her. "It was something I'll never forget for the rest of my life." After the screening, Frida Kahlo's niece approached Hayek and hugged her, saying, "You brought my aunt back to life for me."

American audiences were introduced to Salma Hayek in *Desperado,* in 1995, when she crossed a street and caused two cars to crash. Robert Rodriguez, who orchestrated that tribute to Hayek's traffic-stopping assets, realized that he had discovered the only actress in Hollywood who

Salma Hayek

could distract an audience's attention from Antonio Banderas. "She's beautiful, but she's just really strong," Rodriguez says. "So headstrong and determined. It was everything I wanted the character to be."

Hayek had been struggling for four years to make it in Hollywood, and *Desperado* was supposed to be her big break. Instead, there followed a disillusioning dry spell that almost drove her to return to Mexico. "It was the worst time in my life," she says. "I'd spent all my money within 10 days, because I thought, O.K., now I'm going to work nonstop. But no one would hire me. If it hadn't been for Elizabeth [Avellan, Rodriguez's wife and producer], I would have left. She sent me a check with a letter that said, 'I know you are going to want to give it back, but it's a present for myself, because I think you are so talented that I would hate to deprive myself of watching your wonderful work on-screen.'"

Hayek decided to stick it out, taking roles that, like her three-year engagement as a face of Revlon, played on her looks and sex appeal but never challenged or defined her as an actress. She was cast opposite an unknown Russell Crowe in *Breaking Up,* in *Fled* with Stephen Baldwin, in *Fools Rush In* with Matthew Perry, in *Dogma* with Matt Damon and Ben Affleck, and in *Wild Wild West* with Will Smith. Rodriguez asked her back for *Four Rooms, The Faculty,* and *From Dusk till Dawn,* in which she danced half naked with a snake in the most memorable five minutes of the film. "I had studio heads say to me, 'You could have been the biggest star in America, but you were born in the wrong country,'" Hayek says. "People would say, 'It doesn't matter how good you are as an actress or how pretty you are. You can never be a leading lady, because we can't take the risk of you opening your mouth and people thinking of their maids—because that's what you sound like.'"

Then she met the English director Mike Figgis, who saw at once that she was not just another pretty ingenue. "I met Salma at this dinner party, and she was very funny and charming and witty. I interviewed her for the book *Projections 10: Hollywood Filmmakers on Film-making.* She was fascinating, talking about being a Mexican working in Hollywood. She told me about going up for a part in a science-fiction film, and one of the executives said, 'We can't put Salma Hayek in the movie. Whoever heard of a Mexican in space?'" Figgis cast Hayek in two of his experimental films, as a duplicitous lesbian in *Timecode* and as a pushy entertainment reporter in *Hotel.* "What impressed me the most is that she knows exactly who she is and has a very wide, global view of the economics of studio filmmaking," he says. "She doesn't delude herself or anybody else in terms of how she sees herself. She is my kind of actress. She just gets on with it. There is no bullshit."

Hayek's can-do attitude was put to the test most recently on the set of *Once upon a Time in Mexico.* "I had just finished *Frida,*" she says, "and the next day I go to the set. Robert [Rodriguez] had all these extremely difficult stunts he wanted me to do. And of course Antonio is doing his. I'm scared to death and exhausted, and they're pushing me, teasing me. Robert said, 'I made her, I get to destroy her.' And I'm like, 'I'm not going to do it. You're crazy. You're going to kill me.' But I'm more crazy, because I did them all." Rodriguez admits to egging her on. "Antonio and I just picked on her like our little sister. She's part of the family, and Latin families are always together forever."

Salma and Sami Hayek had a privileged upbringing in a large extended Catholic family in Coatzacoalcos, a small town in east-central Mexico. Their father, a first-generation Lebanese-Mexican, is a successful businessman, and their mother is a trained opera singer. "My mom is an amazing cook," Sami says, "and a lot of my father's business deals were closed in my mother's kitchen. I think food was almost stronger than religion in my house. Every Sunday we would gather at my grandmother's house, and it was almost like a competition to see who could bring the most delicious dish. You cannot believe how much Salma eats. Just sit down with her once and watch—it's phenomenal.

"Our house was full of people," he continues. "My father liked to play squash, so he built a squash court, and people we didn't even know came to the house to play. That was the environment we grew up in." The Hayeks, who had two deer for pets, would fly their children to San Antonio for the opera and to Colorado for ski vacations. Salma went to Catholic boarding school in Louisiana for two years and attended college in Mexico City, where she decided to become an actress, although, according to her brother, she had been performing all her life. "Any holiday where people would gather," Sami recalls, "she would immediately come up with an event to entertain. She would organize all the cousins, saying, 'Come on, you're gonna do this and then I'm gonna do that. Come on, let's go!' Then she would shout, 'Pay attention, the show is going to start!'"

Her father, however, was extremely wary of letting her go into acting professionally. "I told him that it was my destiny to be an actress," she says. "Now, you can imagine how strange that sounded. He's like, 'What? Where did you get this? Why do you think this is your destiny? Your destiny is to finish college, get married, and have ki

Nevertheless, Salma dropped out of sc and devoted herself to acting full-time. nearly two years later she landed the title in a popular Mexican soap opera called *sa.* She became a star overnight, but soon realized that if she wanted to bec a serious actress she would have to tak something more challenging than a *te vela.* So in 1991 she moved to Los Ang though she spoke little English and struggled with dyslexia all her life. "E thing that you grow up with you hav fight against—whether you grow up or you grow up privileged—because you to keep moving so that you keep learnin ferent things," she says. "Otherwise, do you discover life? You've got to get there and discover who you are.

"My parents are very proud of me, they let me know it. They are not just p of me because of my career, but becau my life as a whole. It's balanced. I wor ally hard and I try new things. I don for the obvious. It's not all about the m It's not necessarily the career, the fan try things that are difficult, and I throw self at them. But at the same time I ha peaceful home and good relationships.'

Hayek's confidence and sense of se low her to maintain friendships with s of the most beautiful women in Hollyw including Ashley Judd, Penélope Cruz, Mia Maestro. In a town where professi jealousy has its own 401(k) plan, this is markable achievement. "As far as I'm cerned, I'm normal," Hayek tells me. not pretty, I'm normal. And if some ple don't find me beautiful, I will still me normal. I like who I am, but I keep perspective."

Penélope Cruz, who would seem to be natural rival for roles, experienced Ha goodwill before they'd even met. "One put the TV on in Spain and there was ma," Cruz says, "and she was talking a me, saying amazing things. I really want thank her, because we didn't know each er and I thought that was really generou I called her, and from that conversatio the phone we had a very strong connect I ask Hayek how she finds time to spend all these friends when she's got a se boyfriend and a red-hot career to atten "I don't see them too much," she ad "but when I'm with you, I am with you percent. And I try to carve out space."

Talking to Hayek, it's easy to see how was able to win over so many Hollyw heavyweights and persuade them to hel realize her vision for *Frida.* She has a q ty often attributed to Warren Beatty: v she focuses her attention on you, you fe if you are the only person in the room. she's smart. She's more interested in tal to me about my scientist father and the

ortance of quantum physics than about fash-
n or gossip. "I would love to talk to him,"
ıe says. "I would really like to have lunch
ith him when he's next in Los Angeles."

Now that Salma Hayek has proved herself with *Frida,* which has earned more an $18 million so far in limited release and eated considerable Oscar buzz, she has put e experience behind her and embraced a w challenge with the same gusto.

"You do something, you give it your best, d then when it's done you let it go, and en you have to dream a new dream," she ys. In 2001, after Hayek's company, Venta-rosa Productions, co-produced *In the Time the Butterflies,* which she also starred in, r Showtime, the cable company's presi-nt of programming, Jerry Offsay, asked r to direct a film for the network. "You're azy," she says she replied. "I don't know w to do that." But then she found a ript she liked. "When I started directing, seemed so easy and enjoyable that I was ssed off that I didn't come up with this on my own," she says. "And I think working with Julie Taymor was really inspiring. Then I realized how much attention I had been paying all these years subconsciously. But I'd never accepted it in myself. Can you imagine if I had said, 'I want to be a director now'? I don't think anyone would have taken me seriously."

The Maldonado Miracle stars Peter Fonda, Rubén Blades, and Mare Winningham. "It's pretty fascinating how bossy she is," Winningham says. "She just says, 'This is the way it's going to be done and this is why. Because this is going to be the result that you're going to give me, and it's going to be marvelous.' It's really effective. I just thought we were all doing ourselves a favor by letting her hold the reins. We've all worked with people who have that single-mindedness, but it's not often paired with the talent. Yesterday I sat with her, recording the song for the end, and—forget it—she could produce records. I don't know that she's not the most creative person I have ever met."

If *The Maldonado Miracle* turns out well, Hayek could have a real future as a director. As Harvey Weinstein says, "We love Salma. I would work with her as a producer again, but, more importantly, I would work with Salma as a director."

Back at Sunset/Gower Studios, where Hayek has been ordering take after take, the loop group's screams actually do sound better. Unfortunately, Hayek is still not satisfied with their Mexican accents. Someone suggests rounding up a few Latino valet parkers and having them do the vocals, which would be a good idea if it didn't constitute a flagrant violation of actors' union rules. Hayek lets out a big sigh. "See? Everything I want to do for this film is either too expensive or *illegal!*"

Anyway, Hayek protests, if she can't get professionals to sound perfect, how could she hope to get perfection from a group of men off the street?

Ian Morgan laughs. "Just give them that smile," he says, "and they'll be putty in your hands." □

Dominick Dunne

NTINUED FROM PAGE 136 Maher. Such ruders would more likely have slit Ma-r's throat from behind than administer sh wounds and allow him to escape. I o learned, from a letter sent to me by a ncerned person in a legal firm, that Maher d cut himself once before, when he didn't nt to appear at a child-custody hearing ncerning his son from his first marriage. azy as it sounds—and it is crazy—Ted Ma-r did what he did in a failed attempt to be-me a hero in order to win favor with Ed-nd Safra, for whom he felt great respect d gratitude. He hated and feared a senior rse named Sonia Casiano—called by her rried name, Sonia Herkrath, during the al—on whose authority many nurses had en fired in the past. It didn't help matters en he learned that other nurses called him rrest Gump behind his back. Listening to nia Casiano Herkrath testify several times, ı could easily see why she was so disliked the defendant, for she let no moment go in which she had the chance to disparage n. Nevertheless, Maher never came off as ympathetic figure during the trial. He ap-ured to think of himself more as the victim a terrible accident than as the perpetrator the accident. When court adjourned the t day of the trial, it was late and raining. ere were no taxis to get back to the hotel, d the buses had stopped. I was offered a e by Joseph Safra, Edmond's brother, a tinguished man of 64, whom I had never t. In the only statement he ever made directly to me about the case, he said in the car, "I now know who killed my brother."

Quite honestly, I would have liked to watch Lily Safra's face rather than the back of her beautifully coiffed head as certain questions were asked of her. For example, it was never explained satisfactorily why she had taken the keys to the apartment away from all the employees shortly before the tragedy. The greatest unexplained question will always be why there was no guard on duty that night, since the Safras maintained a private cadre of 11 guards trained by the Mossad in Israel. When the judge asked if the nurses had known there were no guards, she replied, "They would have known. It was nearly two months since there were no guards." The penthouse had bulletproof windows, bulletproof doors, and a panic room, and Edmond Safra was known to be one of the world's richest men—sick, feeble, and heavily medicated—with powerful Russian and Palestinian enemies, yet there was not a single guard on duty, except for an unarmed night watchman who was smaller than I am. All the Safra guards were at La Leopolda, the Safras' other residence, in Beaulieu, which is considered to be one of the grandest houses on the Riviera.

Samuel Cohen, the chief of the guards, known to the Safras as Shmulik, was the first to arrive that night, after he heard that the penthouse was on fire. Looking to be in his late 30s, in perfect physical condition, a tough, no-nonsense guy trained in the art of protection, he said he would have died for Safra, and I believed him. He knew the layout of the 20-room apartment on two floors and the location of the panic room, where Safra and Torrente were frantically calling for help to Sonia Casiano at the Balmoral Hotel, where the nurses were lodged. But first Cohen had to get the key to the penthouse from Mrs. Safra, and then he was restrained and briefly handcuffed by the Monte Carlo police, who thereby prevented him from possibly rescuing the doomed pair. They wouldn't let him go up even though he was holding the necessary key in his hand. There can be no question that the police bumbled terribly, embarrassingly, possibly because they believed Maher's story that there were intruders—whom they took to be terrorists—in the penthouse. They searched the many floors used for parking beneath the building before they went up to where the fire was. All the while that Maher, wounded, was describing how he had been attacked by aggressors, he failed to say that he had lit a fire in a Lucite wastebasket in the nurses' station with one of the scented candles manufactured by Lily Safra's decorator Howard Slatkin, thereby becoming responsible for the two deaths that were shortly to occur. Cohen's last words to Monsieur le Président were "If only *one* guard was on duty that night, Ted Maher would *never* have had the nerve to do what he did." With that, he gave Maher a scathing look and returned to his seat in the courtroom. Unlike many of the participants in this case, he refused to be interviewed by anyone. Although it had been deemed unnecessary to have guards at the Monte Carlo penthouse, there were guards wearing earphones on the fourth floor of

the Hôtel de Paris all during Lily Safra's stay there with her entourage during the trial.

Ted Maher is an enigma. One of the French newspapers covering the trial described him perfectly with the headline DOCTEUR TED ET MISTER MAHER, a play on Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It did seem as if he were two different people in one. While he was in the Monaco prison, his biological father, whom he had not seen since his mother remarried when he was three years old and changed his last name from Emory to Maher, died in the mental ward of a veterans' hospital, where he had been for 30 years, since the Korean War, diagnosed as a schizophrenic, as his mother had been before him. The facts about his father's illness had not been known to Maher, who said in court that he was upset that this information had been kept from him. Had he known, he said, he might have spotted the signs in his own behavior. The half-sister of his biological father showed up in court, although she did not know Ted. "He's crazy," she said to anyone within hearing distance. "I've been around people like that all my life—my brother and my mother."

When Ted's mother arrived with his wife, Heidi, she and her former sister-in-law had little to say to each other, even though at times they were seated side by side. I knew none of Maher's psychological background when I arrived at the trial, but I could tell almost immediately that he was a disturbed individual. He was wearing a double-breasted light-brown suit. Although I would not have known it, never having seen him before, two of his lawyers told me that he had dyed his hair before the trial so that no gray would show. At times during his employment by Edmond Safra, he had said things that alarmed the other nurses. He explained his long walk to San Remo, Italy, to purchase one of his knives by saying that Monaco was as dangerous as New York. Monaco may be many things, but one thing it is not is dangerous. There are surveillance cameras everywhere, and the police presence, in uniform and plain clothes, is evident. The principality is so safe that one policeman in court who had responded to the emergency at La Belle Epoque, the building that housed both Edmond Safra's bank and his penthouse, said that in 22 years on the force he had never seen a gunshot wound. The only violence he could recall was an incident in which an antiques dealer attacked another person with a broken champagne bottle. Maher had also said to someone, after the terrace of the penthouse had been glassed in, "If there was ever a fire in this apartment [illegible] would all be dead." That, probably, [illegible] nothing at the time, but his [illegible] ominous meaning after the event.

Maher had evidently been a great pediatric nurse when he worked at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in Manhattan. One father, a journalist named Giorgio Morelli, who is the New York correspondent for the Italian newspaper *Il Giornale,* flew to Monaco to testify to the extraordinary loving care Ted Maher had given to his premature son over a period of six months. I have heard that same thing over and over. Maher seemed to have some healing power to will these infants to live. I talked with Morelli after he testified. "He's changed," he said. "He's different since he came to Monaco." He wouldn't say more than that.

There is something almost unbelievable in the journey that took Maher from tending preemies in the pediatric ward of Columbia Presbyterian to joining the inner sanctum of one of the richest men in the world. Any editor would reject it for the plot of a novel. Maher once found an expensive camera that had been left behind by a patient. There were six exposures left on the film, and he used them up taking pictures of his children. When he had the film developed, he realized who the owner of the camera was from the hospital pictures of a mother, father, and baby twins. After finding the address of Harry and Laura Slatkin in hospital records, he returned the camera to them. They were enchanted with this wonderful man who worked with premature infants and had returned an expensive camera. It so happened that the Slatkins were great friends with Adriana Elia, the daughter of Lily Safra, and that Harry's brother, the decorator Howard Slatkin, had recently worked on Lily Safra's bedroom at La Leopolda. So, in his own strange way, Ted had credentials. Lily Safra wanted to hire him as a nurse for Edmond, who had Parkinson's disease and was getting worse.

All prospective employees were required to meet with an assistant to Mr. Safra who decided on who should and who shouldn't be hired. Not impressed with Ted Maher, he used the word "inappropriate" to block Maher's hiring, but the assistant's negative report was overruled. A second meeting with the assistant was arranged, and that time Maher brought along his wife, Heidi, who is also a nurse as well as the mother of their two children and the adoptive mother of Ted's 13-year-old son by his first marriage. Again the assistant did not recommend Maher for the job.

A meeting was then arranged with Dr. Bruce Sutton, a Toronto psychiatrist who had been treating Edmond Safra for some time and had become a sort of family favorite. The doctor happened to be visiting at La Leopolda. Maher was flown to Beaulieu, where he met for 45 minutes with Dr. Sutton [illegible] and got his approval for the job. He started [illegible] immediately, and Heidi and the children remained in the house Ted had helped b[illegible] for the family in Stormville, New York. [illegible] earned $600 a day, working five days a [illegible] and being paid for six. He had no exper[illegible] since food and lodging were provided [illegible] the nursing staff at the Balmoral Hotel, [illegible] its view of the sea and its advantage[illegible] proximity to La Belle Epoque. As nur[illegible] gigs go, it was as good as it gets.

Maher was known to make the occasi[illegible] visit to the Casino for a little gambling, [illegible] when he won he sent the money to H[illegible] Sometimes, however, he lost, as he did th[illegible] ternoon before Edmond Safra and Vivian [illegible] rente died. Maher had been with the Sa[illegible] only four months when the tragedy occu[illegible] In retrospect, a rigorous security check w[illegible] have revealed Maher's complicated psy[illegible] logical background and certainly his p[illegible] ous work problems—including an arres[illegible] well as two earlier marriages that had tu[illegible] out badly—before he went to work at Co[illegible] bia Presbyterian Medical Center. Dr. Su[illegible] attended the trial and was part of the g[illegible] around Lily Safra in the courtroom an[illegible] the Hôtel de Paris, as was her best fr[illegible] from Geneva, Anita Smaga, whose daug[illegible] is married to Jackie Nasser, the son of[illegible] mond Safra's late sister—a curious state c[illegible] fairs, since the bitterness between Lily [illegible] her late husband's brothers is well known[illegible] was obvious to everyone in the courtroo[illegible]

From a person allied formerly with [illegible] mond Safra and subsequently with[illegible] other part of the family, I learned that [illegible] had hoped the Safras would present a [illegible] ed front at the trial despite their pers[illegible] feelings and sit together, but Joseph [illegible] Moise Safra, Edmond's brothers, decl[illegible] the invitation made by one of her lawye[illegible] sit in her row. One day Joseph Safra [illegible] as far as to sit in a row in front of the[illegible] fense lawyers. His beautiful wife, Vicky[illegible] ways sat at the back of the courtroom, [illegible] derfully dressed and greatly admired. [illegible] and Lily never once looked at each o[illegible] Another day, Joseph sat one row be[illegible] Lily, but he always kept his back to her[illegible]

Moise Safra attended the trial for [illegible] two days, when Joseph had to fly hom[illegible] Brazil on his private plane, and he too[illegible] his distance. At one moment his son, I[illegible] who accompanied him along with Mc[illegible] lawyer Alan Isaacson, was refused entry [illegible] a row occupied by certain members of [illegible] Safra's group. Neither of the brothers s[illegible] to their nephew Jackie Nasser, who w[illegible] constant presence around Lily. The t[illegible] brothers, once deeply close, had gr[illegible] apart during the last year and a half o[illegible] mond's life. Joseph and Moise are [illegible] strongly resentful, feeling that they were [illegible] away from their brother and that t[illegible] calls were not put through to him. At [illegible] rate, the humiliation they underwent a[illegible]

e of Edmond's funeral—which was trans-
ed at the last minute from Israel to Gene-
-to which they were not invited and where
re was an unsuccessful attempt to keep
n out of the synagogue, is the sort of fam-
wound that can never be healed.

lthough there were few dramatic high-
lights during the trial, it was never un-
resting. In addition to Marc Bonnant,
Safra was represented by Georges Kiej-
n, who was also the lawyer for Mohamed
Fayed during the legal proceedings re-
ding the death of Princess Diana and
ed's son, Dodi. Kiejman is said to be
most expensive lawyer in
nce, and he was worth every
he was paid. Like Bonnant,
jman was an imposing pres-
e who commanded silence ev-
time he rose to speak. Equally
ed in the art of oratory, these
formidable lawyers—some-
s snide, sometimes sarcastic,
netimes funny, always bril-
t—clearly outranked and out-
sed their counterparts on the
nse team.

here were problems in the
nse between Maher's Mon-
team of lawyers, the highly
ected Georges Blot, a Mon-
que, and Donald Manasse, an
erican who lives in Monaco,
his American lawyer, Mi-
el Griffith. Griffith, who does
speak French, had to ask his
stions through the third mem-
of the Monaco defense, San-
e Setton, a bright young French
yer. Griffith was convinced
Safra had harmed Torrente,
the Monaco defense lawyers
not believe that would help
r client's case, so they refused
sk some of his questions.
eover, they did everything they
ld to dissuade Griffith from
ing on as an expert witness
hael Baden, the acclaimed New York
lical examiner, who was prepared to
ort the theory that Safra was responsi-
or Torrente's death, which in the end he
not do.

n Monaco courtrooms, the lawyers do
sit at a defense table and a prosecution
e, as they do in America and England.
ead, they sit in the first rows of the court-
n, which have shelves for their papers.
ing the first few days of the trial, I found
elf sharing my translator with Michael
fith, who did not have one of his own.
sat in the same row, behind the row
re Maher's Monaco lawyers sat, with the
slator between us. When it came out in
itish magazine that I was sitting with the
defense team, I quickly moved back a row,
taking my translator with me.

One episode will always stand out. The door from the witness room to the courtroom opened, and in came the chief rabbi of France, Joseph Sitruk, who had been flown from Paris to Nice on a private plane chartered by Lily Safra, whose car and driver met him in Nice and drove him the 40 minutes to Monte Carlo to make his appearance as a witness for the prosecution. A biblical-looking figure with white hair and beard, Rabbi Sitruk faced the judge, behind whom hung the enormous crucifix. The rabbi wore a black hat with a wide brim, which the judge asked him to remove. A rabbinical aide who accompanied him replaced the hat with a yarmulke. Then the trial turned temporarily into what amounted to a memorial service for Edmond Safra as Rabbi Sitruk told of Safra's goodness and his prodigious charitable works. Monsieur le Président then asked Ted Maher if he had any questions for the rabbi, and Maher's lawyers froze as he rose to speak. In a moment of total and unexpected classiness, Maher told the judge that he was not Jewish but, with the permission of Mrs. Safra, he would like to ask the rabbi to say a prayer for Edmond Safra, whom he called a great man. It was an astonishing moment. The rabbi prayed in Hebrew, and the jurors, witnesses, lawyers, journalists, and visitors all rose and bowed their heads. Male Jews covered their heads with their hands as substitutes for yarmulkes. Behind me, Joseph Safra's lovely daughter-in-law, Michelle, whose wedding for 1,500 guests in November 2001 was the biggest social event of the year in Brazil, reached up to cover the head of her very tall husband, Jacob Safra, with her hand. Looking around, I saw that many people had tears in their eyes. Afterward, Lily Safra, who had wept during the prayer, followed Rabbi Sitruk out of the courtroom and spoke with him in the witness room. Downstairs, in the marble hall, Joseph and Moise Safra waited to greet him. Joseph, who had just returned from his quick trip to Brazil, offered Rabbi Sitruk his private plane for the return trip to Paris.



KEYSTONE
The uniformed concierge on duty at the trial of Ted Maher stands outside the courtroom.

Probably the person who touched people in the courtroom most was Heidi Maher. Her love for her husband and belief in him have never wavered during the three difficult years since his incarceration. When money stopped coming in from Monaco, she lost the house in Stormville and moved with her children into her mother's house in the same town, working as a nurse to support them. She had been treated badly by the Monaco police on her first visit after the "accident," as Ted Maher referred to the deadly incident throughout the trial, when she arrived thinking her husband had been a hero in trying to save Edmond Safra and found instead that he had been arrested and was under guard at Princess Grace Hospital, where he was being treated for self-inflicted knife wounds. Heidi Maher is 36, pretty, kind, and devastated by the turn of events in her life. From the time I met her, a few years ago, I have been her champion. Goodness radiates from her.

I have rarely looked into sadder eyes than hers when she appeared at the trial as one of the final witnesses for the defense. She sat in the row in front of me, never taking her eyes from her husband in the dock. He, in turn, would look back at her, sometimes winking in a husbandly manner. When she stood before the judge and expressed her belief in her husband, she won respect from both sides. Even Marc Bonnant paid tribute to her in his closing argument. The day before the verdict, a Sunday, I ran into her in the garden outside the prison, where she was waiting to visit Ted. We hugged. "I'm sorry you've gone

Dominick Dunne

out on a limb like this, Dominick," she said.

When the jury came in the next day to render its verdict of guilty and its sentence of 10 years, Heidi Maher looked dumbstruck, although the verdict could not have come as a total surprise. She said to me, "Could I borrow your cell phone? I have to call my mom and kids." I dialed the international codes and handed her the phone when I heard it start to ring on the other end. The conversation with her mother lasted a matter of seconds. "Guilty. Ten years. Tell the kids," she said, and as she handed back my phone, she was crying.

In December, Heidi Maher E-mailed me to say, "I left Ted telling him I need to step back a bit and see where he fits in my life when he comes home. People change when they haven't been together in three and a half years—I see a difference in Ted's mannerisms/demeanor. When [in] Ted's final speech he apologized for what he did to the Safra and the Torrente families I felt like standing up and saying what about me and our children?"

After sentencing, prisoners are sent from Monaco to a prison in France. The very idea of going to a tough prison in France has been a dread of Ted Maher's for some time, and now it has come to pass. As I see it, it's a fair sentence for someone who did what he did. Certainly he didn't intend for his actions to cause the deaths of two people for whom he felt affection, but he created a mad story, and the consequences of that story have been red-hot news for three years. Two people died horrible deaths, and the lives of dozens of other people have been devastated by his ludicrous scheme for being accepted as someone special by one of the richest men in the world. He deserves 10 years. The chief prosecutor, Daniel Serdet, asked for 12. As I understand it, the sentence will be automatically cut in half, to five years. He has already served three, which will be subtracted from the five. Then there is a week off for every month of good behavior. Georges Blot, in the immediate aftermath of the verdict and sentence, said that Maher could possibly come up for parole in three months, sometime in March 2003. That won't happen, he said, but it could. I predict he'll be out in two years.

As I said at the beginning, Monaco is a strange place. There are only 32,000 Monegasques, and they all seem to know one another. One day I got into a taxi being vacated by Joseph Safra's lawyer Jean-Charles Gardetto, a Monegasque, who introduced the taxi driver to me as an old friend from school days. Gardetto provided one of the most interesting moments in the trial when he asked Maher, "Did anyone ask you to do this?," which could suggest the possibility of a conspiracy. There was a long pause before Maher replied. Then he said simply, "No."

Most of the occupants of Monte Carlo are residents, people from other countries who have established residence for tax reasons and must spend a certain amount of time in the principality. The requirements for becoming a citizen of Monaco are very demanding, unless you are personally invited to be a citizen by Prince Rainier. The Safras, whose citizenship papers arrived almost concurrently with Edmond's death, became citizens at the invitation of the prince. Certainly, Monaco is the safest place imaginable, at least from street crime. "We feel we can go to the theater or opera at night and walk home safely," said Martine Martell, my translator, who happens to be an acquaintance of Prince Albert's. She me about an older woman she knows had taken an elevator leaving the Grim Forum, where she had attended a con The woman felt frightened when a stepped into the elevator with her. Th voice came over the speaker in the ele saying in effect, "Ma'am, you are perf safe. We are watching you."

The lobby of the Hôtel de Paris is the place in Monte Carlo for people watchin man who seemed to be an almost per nent fixture there was more than happ point out the Russian hookers, the mo launderers, the serious gamblers going the famous casino. He said to me se times, "Be careful what you say on the ph Use your cell phone, not the hotel phon

Even though Ted Maher is in pri there will always be questions ra about "that night" at Edmond Safra's p house. People still talk years later al the deaths of certain individuals—Prin Grace, Princess Diana, Marilyn Monr because they feel they never got the w story. The disunity of the Safra family never more apparent than on the nigh the verdict, when public-relations pe for both sides released statements to press. In Lily Safra's, she said, "Let us th God for this moment when justice has done: the guilty man has been puni and the full facts of that dreadful nigh actly three years ago, which claimed the of my dear husband and his devoted n have been laid bare for all to see." The ment from the brothers and sisters of mond Safra read in part, "Those who there at the scene on that fateful mor each know what they did and did no They must now live the rest of their with this knowledge." □

Mullah Omar

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186 among them. He was imprisoned, then released.

As I got to know Khalid, however, I realized that he was no Talib. He had grown to resent his bosses and had actually left Afghanistan in 2000 to avoid government harassment. Like so many other Afghans in this tribal society, Khalid, to survive, had maintained relations with members of rival clans. (The U.S. government, to some extent, seemed to see the virtue in such a stance: up through the summer of 2001, American officials had co both the Taliban and the No

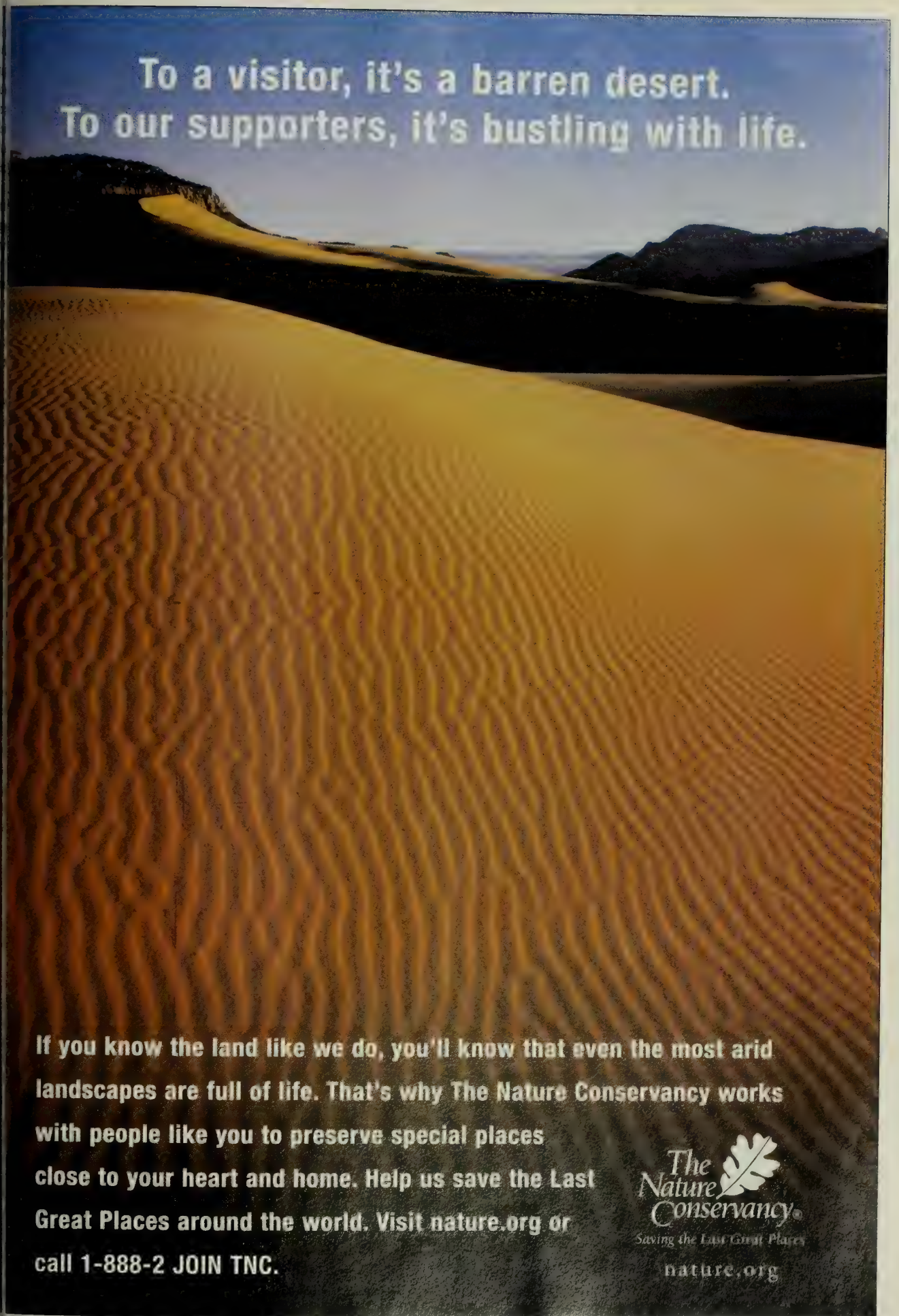
By December of 2001, the had subsided, and Khalid dec safe to return home. Now he had sion. His contacts maintained back channels to Omar; he would try to persuade them to give him a new photo of the mullah—or of bin Laden. Even though Omar had become the living symbol of Afghanistan's chaos, in Khalid's eyes he continued to hold some dark allure. Oddly enough, I too had become transfixed. And I was determined that if Khalid went back I would go with him.

In June, and then again in October, I traveled to Kandahar on behalf of *Vanity Fair*. Khalid accompanied me.

We went to his family house in the old part of the city, and his used Toyota barely made it through the narrow alley. His bullet-scarred home, with its incongruous satellite dish, was hidden on a tiny street attached covered bazaar. "During the So- te said, pointing out the pock-marks, "every Thursday night the mu deen would attack the Russian posts. were in the crossfire."

We went down to the basement. The were thick, the ceilings arched. "Durin Taliban years, this is where we wat videos," he said. "It was very dangero have and watch TV then. Down here n could hear it." They would screen *Ti* and Indian films, the viewing of which punishable by a beating with metal ca six months in jail, and loss of electrici one's home—for life. Khalid told m would smuggle in videos from Pakistan would then circulate among family friends. It was reassuring to me that here, in the Taliban's stronghold, people found ways to circumvent the autho and pursue simple, private pleasures.

One night, Khalid threw a party for


To a visitor, it's a barren desert.
To our supporters, it's bustling with life.
If you know the land like we do, you'll know that even the most arid landscapes are full of life. That's why The Nature Conservancy works with people like you to preserve special places close to your heart and home. Help us save the Last Great Places around the world. Visit nature.org or call 1-888-2 JOIN TNC.
The Nature Conservancy
Saving the Last Great Places
nature.org

SFRN/L/1

Don't worry if you're not into taking pictures. The things you see up here will stick with you for a long, long time.



Gorgeous vineyards one day, a beautiful river the next, a stunning coastline and redwoods the day after that. The scenery is pretty hard to beat.







Up here, you don't have to look very hard to find something worth seeing. Breathtaking landscapes, interesting people. It's not hard to understand why so many artists make the trip home.



Award-winning photograp
Doug Menuez has shot a
over the world, but cla
that one of his favori
locations is just up t
road from his Bay Area ho
Sonoma County. After
recent four-day trip, D
explained why Sonoma Cou
makes for such good pho
and such great memorie

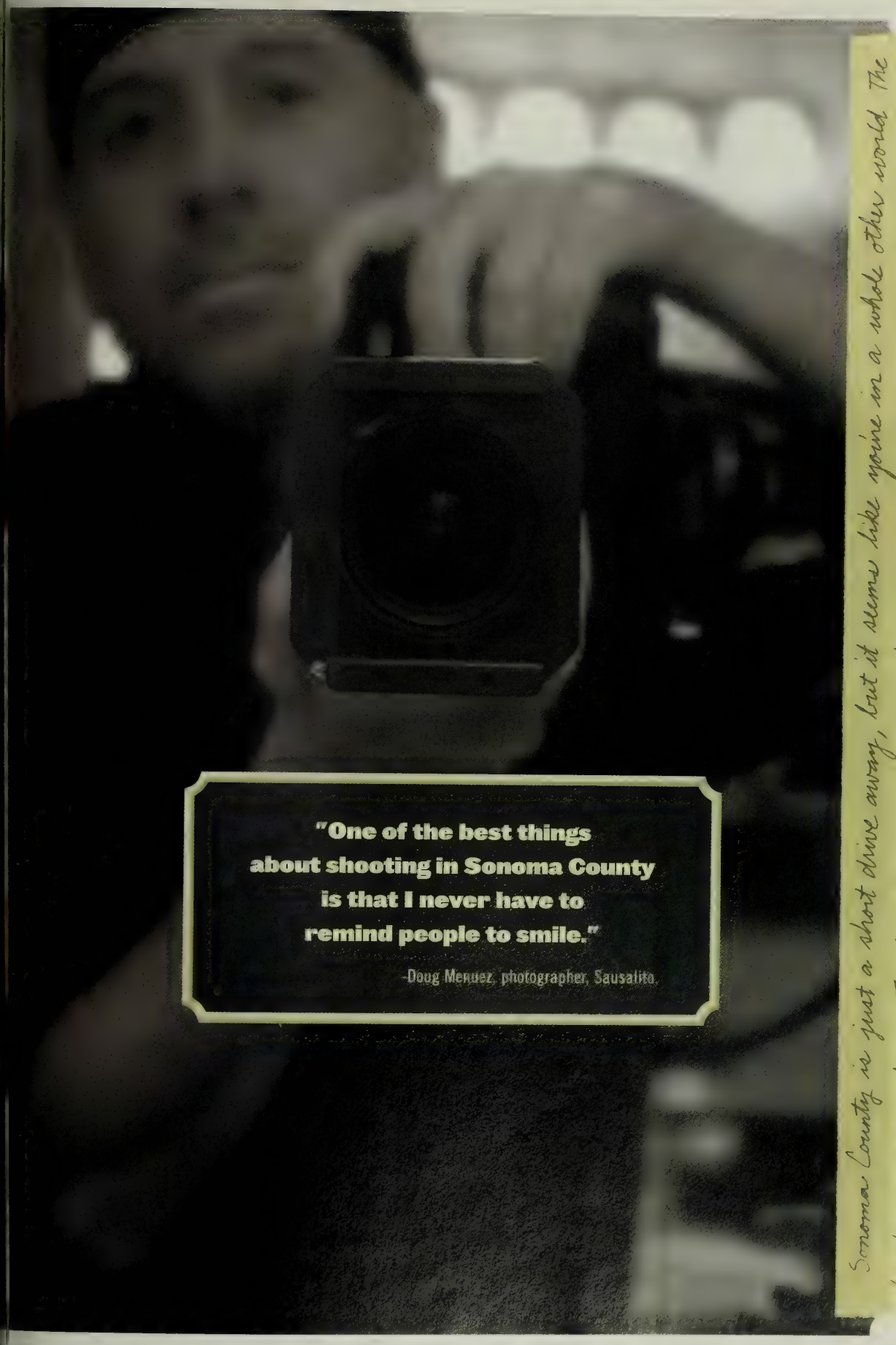




SONOMA
COUNT

Good wine, good food, good natu

For a free visitor's g
has to offer, visit sonomacounty.com or call 1-800-576-6662



Sonoma County is just a short drive away, but it seems like you're in a whole other world. The people are more relaxed. The food tastes fresher... The kids are cozier. The alarm clocks keep to themselves.



One of the best investments you can make won't make you a dime.

TAKE ESTEFA NIÑA DE ZARATE. A few years ago, she could barely feed her family. Now, thanks to loans as small as $100 from ACCION, she's expanded her tiny business and is saving for her kids' education. In our book, that's a great ROI. In the last 25 years, ACCION has loaned over $3.7 billion to the poor, and changed millions of lives forever. But we can't do it alone. Please help us give the working poo

ACCION

More than hope, success.

ACCION Internatio 00, Boston, MA 02129 USA • 617-625-7080 • www.accion.org

SFRN/L/4

d dozens of men and boys, aged 8 to 65, ammed into his cellar. Smoke clouds hov-ed as men puffed cigarettes nonstop, a v occasionally ascending to a courtyard to nple helpings of hashish. A black bird with ellow bill sat perched in a cage. Singers rformed hypnotic Afghan love songs and g dirges honoring fallen warriors—from ht at night until dawn—accompanied men on tablas, a harmonium, and two inged instruments. Instead of applaud-, people would toss money to the mu-ians, which they would then stuff into a k. For 10 hours, the smoke curled, the d chirped, and the music and money wed freely.

The daylight hours seemed just as myste-us. In his quest for images of Omar—and the occasional job assisting teams from N—Khalid would dis-ppear for hours, pursu-leads. But little seemed pan out. Contacts were ry. Trafficking in pic-es like these would be e to draw prying eyes: se of the Karzai gov-ment; neighbors be-den to the Taliban; stern journalists; even U.S. authorities.

One day, as a diver-sion, we went to the liban graveyard to see e of Omar's prized struction projects: his n tomb. (It was ru-red that Omar had oped by recently, hid-in the backseat of an old car among ne nomadic women.) Another day we ted Haji Habibullah Akhund, Khalid's te-bearded ex-boss, who had established agency that dispensed funds to wound-vets. He showed me stacks of Khalid's otos and talked of how he had advised young Omar to join up and fight the iets. Later, as leader of the Taliban, Omar d to spend hour after hour in the very m where we sipped our tea, seeking the lic's counsel. "Omar was a great fighter," the old man, who claimed he later broke with the Taliban chief, disapproving of his sh policies.

It was clear that Khalid had contacts who kept tabs on Omar. His sources insisted that he was, in fact, alive, having survived the bombing of Kandahar—an assessment echoed by U.S. officials. Some speculated that he may have even acquired a glass eye to alter his appearance. Khalid was certain that he was now hiding no more than a half-day's drive away. "He would not go to another province," Khalid insisted. "The people would sell him out. They would sell their own mothers in some provinces, but he is safe in Kandahar." Omar, like some potent spell, still held Kandahar in his thrall.

As the weeks passed, our sorry saga seemed to have amounted to little more than two guys chasing smoke. But one evening Khalid received a message: he was to come, alone, to an outlying village to check out some snapshots that had been taken the previous fall, after Omar had gone underground.

Three days later, Khalid arrived at my small guesthouse room with a big smile on his face. He handed me three color snapshots. One revealed two men in dark shawls and turbans, standing in front of three box-like buildings. In another, a bearded man



ON THE LAM
Two figures—one of whom may be Omar—are shown in an image purportedly shot west of Kandahar in November or December of 2001.

crouched in a field of yellow flowers. The third was a close-up of the man in profile near a mud wall or boulder. He had the same chiseled features and pointed nose as the man in the old ID photo. I felt a chill run through me. Though the beard appeared trimmed and only one eye was visible, it seemed to me that this indeed was the face of Mullah Omar.

Khalid said that the man who had taken the shots was a confidant of Omar's, a "businessman" who supposedly helped haul shipments of opium to the Iranian border. He told Khalid he had photographed Omar in late 2001 in a village west of Kandahar. (Western intelligence experts later examined the photos and said that the man depicted was "probably him.")

If the man in the snapshots was indeed Mullah Omar—long resistant to posing for pictures—why, I wondered, had he allowed himself to be photographed? In the images, the subject is clearly conscious of the camera. Perhaps, like bin Laden (who seemed compelled to release his likeness or voice on occasion), he wanted the outside world to know that he was, in fact, alive. Indeed, the Arab network Al Jazeera has released occasional statements attributed to Omar.

Next, Khalid handed me a letter, still in its envelope. It was addressed: "To my dear children and to their mother." The letter, written in Pashto on purple notebook paper, was dated relatively recently: August 3, 2002. "I've been feeling better," it read. "Don't worry about me. My friends and I are all alive and in good shape and we are all busy with our struggle and *inshallah* [Arabic for God willing] ... we will succeed in reaching our aim soon." The letter even named the couriers designated for carrying messages: "I had no news from you for a long time until Mullah Abdul Salaam Akhund came back. He told me the whole story and since then I've been feeling better and I know you are all doing fine. I send this letter through Mullah Karimullah Akhund and send me back your letters through him."

The note certainly seemed genuine. The signature matched the one on other documents Omar had signed, and a U.S.-based Pashto-speaking journalist verified its authenticity. What's more, Khalid had obtained it from the brother-in-law of Omar's fourth wife. (Later, Afghan insiders who read the letter surmised that, given Omar's rudimentary writing skills, it was likely the message had been dictated and then signed in his own hand.)

Here, then, was tangible evidence that Omar was still alive and on the run. In addition, Khalid's contacts said they believed Omar was ensconced on the western outskirts of Kandahar and still in contact with some 500 supporters. Like the snapshots, the letter had been given to Khalid under cover of night. Khalid had paid $1,000 for the negatives (the money did not go to the Taliban) and the rights to the photos. The letter, in contrast, was a gift: a journalistic trophy offered by one Afghan to another.

On my last day in Kandahar, I saw bombed buildings on my way out of town, reminders of a nation under siege. How far we had come from that chance meeting in a New York park, that summer before the world woke up. □

Donald Rumsfeld

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129 is deeply rooted in the thought of General Carl von Clausewitz, the 19th-century Prussian military theorist, who taught that "war is the continuation of politics [and policy] by other means" and that strategy must jointly serve three constituencies: army, people, and state.

Clausewitz has always had his opponents. They have argued, in their different ways, that his analysis was too rigid, that the violence of war was so intense that it spilled out of categories as neat as his. Wars, like the First and Second World Wars, grew to overwhelm armies and states and people and left politics behind. "Doctrine" denied those objections. Its hold on military thinking survived even Vietnam, which almost destroyed the United States Army and distorted American domestic politics for two generations.

The emergence of fundamentalist terrorism promises to undermine Clausewitz for good. The terrorists are not an army, nor a people, nor a state. They present none of the targets which a traditional military establishment is trained to place under attack. They have no apparent geographical base (though al-Qaeda means "the base" in Arabic), they are not an arm of any government, they do not belong to any identifiable ethnic group. Most baffling of all, they do not fear death, indeed seem to welcome it. Conventional armed forces exert their power by threatening to kill those who oppose them and by carrying out the threat if necessary. These new terrorists, who have introduced the world to the concept of martyrdom, have thereby achieved an important military advantage. How do you defeat an enemy who does not mind dying?

Yet there is no such thing as an enemy without a weakness. The difficulty, in current circumstances, is to find it. The threatened war against Iraq is a simple problem. Saddam is not a potential Islamic martyr. On the contrary, he is an Arab secularist who [illegible] to hang on to power, as he has [illegible] fully for over 20 years. He is extre[illegible] nerable and can be toppled without dif[illegible] ty, if an invading U.S. force pushes its offensive to the limit, as was not done in 1991.

The parallel war on terror is an altogether more troubling challenge. It is not one that the United States military establishment is organized to overcome. Although America is the only remaining superpower, and invincible on superpower terms, much of its military force is superfluous to the terror war. The carrier groups supplied aerial firepower during the campaign in Afghanistan, but nuclear carriers are of no use against suicide bombers. Nor are the army's heavy armored divisions or the air force's stealth fighters.

How do you deter a suicide bomber? How do you hurt him—or her? That is the question the modern Pentagon—scarred by the attack of suicide bombers—must face. Terrorists are not invincible, nor immune to fear. The problem is to find their weak points. Donald Rumsfeld is committed to the search. [illegible]d certainly not he, suggests that [illegible]ay. Those in the Pentagon who resist his campaign to liberate [illegible] ventional military thinking must, neverthe[illegible] expect his hostility. Terrorism in the n[illegible] of Islam is, fundamentally, an idea. On[illegible] cleverer and more flexible idea will defe[illegible]

To run this shadow war will require [illegible] adaptable strategist, someone accustome[illegible] seat-of-the-pants decision-making and s[illegible] action. Rumsfeld, by constitution, se[illegible] suited to the role. He retains the stealt[illegible] his days on the wrestling mat. He is a p[illegible] uct of the no-nonsense, can-do, plain[illegible] ken Midwest, preferring to do it *his* way[illegible] his own terms. He has [illegible] known to ride motorcy[illegible] play a vicious squash g[illegible] and jump out of pl[illegible] for sport. But Rumsf[illegible] bearing in this war, c[illegible] ously, will require m[illegible] than gamesmanship. [illegible] a man of mettle (his F[illegible] administration peer [illegible] ry Kissinger is reporte[illegible] have remarked, "Of al[illegible] despots that I've ha[illegible] deal with, none was n[illegible] ruthless than Donald R[illegible] feld"). He's a Washin[illegible] veteran who knows ho[illegible] keep "on point": as a [illegible] term representative in [illegible] gress, he posted a vo[illegible] record that was abou[illegible] hard right as has ever [illegible] measured. Yet he se[illegible] to have a knack for f[illegible] thinking, nimble execu[illegible] and tailoring men and[illegible] chines for the missio[illegible] hand. In this regard [illegible] resembles some of his [illegible] rior predecessors in [illegible] flicts past. Like Linco[illegible] war leader in Amer[illegible] greatest conflict, he is[illegible] ever on the lookout[illegible] fresh talent, and reac[illegible] discard those found v[illegible] ing. Like Churchill[illegible] fizzes with ideas—some bad, some ind[illegible] ent, but some very good—and demands [illegible] tion This Day."

And then there's resolve. No one sh[illegible] question Donald Rumsfeld's fortitude[illegible] seems a man completely dedicated to wi[illegible] this war, whatever it takes. Indeed, he'[illegible] only leading member of the Bush team [illegible] was actually *in* one of the 9/11 target[illegible] moment it was attacked. Being forced [illegible] the front line, even while wearing pinstr[illegible] has a tendency to re-double one's resol[illegible]

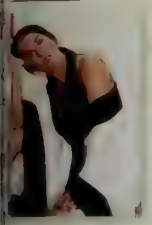
In the battle against al-Qaeda—anc[illegible] campaign against Saddam—Donald R[illegible] feld seems the right man at the right [illegible] for the messy, thankless job. □



SKY KING

In late 2001, on a flight from Egypt to Uzbekistan, Rumsfeld (on right, second from bottom) read documents in a military-cargo-plane-cum-airborne-office.

SHION



Cover: Salma Hayek's Calvin Klein swimwear from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C., and from Great Shapes, Roslyn, N.Y., 516-484-4555; **Adrienne Landau** shawl from Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; ijane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.

e 36: Donna Karan New York kimono and ysuit from Donna Karan New York stores nwide, or call 866-240-4700.

e 76: Adam Zickerman styled by Shannon Whitt.

e 78: Dana Glover styled by Deda Coben; oy **Imitation of Christ**, from Pearl, L.A.; jeans **for All Mankind**, from Barneys New York, **"Brain" McPeck, Paul Sevigny,** and **Matt Auley** styled by Shannon Whitt.

e 96: Severn Cullis-Suzuki's erdenim&cloth jeans from Neiman Marcus s nationwide; Amy Lu for Demaisoneuve.

e 111: Keira Knightley's Nicola Del Verme s from Pearl, Santa Monica, Calif.; Charlie na for Luxe.

e 114: Cindy Adams styled by Christine Hahn.

es 120–21: See credits for cover.

e 122: Salma Hayek's kimono jacket by **Paco anne,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

es 124–25: Calvin Klein dress from Calvin , N.Y.C.; **Ted Muehling** earrings from Bergdorf dman and Ted Muehling, N.Y.C.; for **M&J itt** bracelet, call 800-3SAVITT.

es 156–57: Erika Johnson's Miu Miu bra and es from Miu Miu, or call 888-977-1900; **undo Castillo** shoes from Edmundo Castillo,

s 158–59: Andreas Ohlund's shirt by **Tom for Gucci. Fia Hjerlte's**



es by **GapBody** from ted Gap stores, or go to gap.com, or call -GAPSTYLE. **Frida berg's Wonderbra** from wonderbra.com. **Henrik Pettersson's** tank by **Tommy Hilfiger,** go ww.tommy.com, or call 800-TOMMY4U. **Tiihonen's** T-shirt by **Gap** from selected stores, or go to www.gap.com, or call -GAPSTYLE. **Sonya Olson's Ralph Lauren wear** bikini from selected Ralph Lauren stores.

e 161: Sonya Olson's **Missoni** bikini from the oni boutique, N.Y.C.

e 162: Sabina Jasinski's John Galliano sole and panties from selected Neiman Marcus , or call 011-33-1-55-25-11-11.



Page 163: Krister Dicksson's tank top by **Nautica Underwear,** from selected Lord & Taylor and Macy's stores; for underwear by **Diesel,** go to www.diesel.com, or call 877-433-4373. **Niklas Damm's** tank top and briefs by **Calvin Klein Underwear,** from ed Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores.

e 165: Mats Christeen's Calvin Klein rwear briefs from selected Macy's and ngdale's stores.

Page 169: Petter Egnell's Sulka tank top from Sulka, N.Y.C.; **Calvin Klein Underwear** boxers from selected Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores.

Pages 172–73: Maria Bonnevie's skirt worn as a dress by **Chloé** from Chloé Boutique, N.Y.C. Sabina



Jasinski's bra by **John Galliano** from selected Neiman Marcus stores, or call 011-33-1-55-25-11-11. For **Karl Lindman's** shirt by **Hugo Hugo Boss,** call 800-HUGOBOSS.

Pages 174–75: Karl Lindman's **Calvin Klein Underwear** briefs from selected Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores.

Page 176: Fredrik Rumenius's Club Monaco briefs from Club Monaco, N.Y.C., or go to www.clubmonaco.com, or call 888-580-5084.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: Salma Hayek's hair styled with **Kiehl's** Shine 'N Lite Groom and High-Gloss Conditioning and Styling Oil for the Hair; Kiehl's products from selected department stores, or go to www.kiehls.com; Ray Allington for Magnet. All makeup by **Clinique,** from Sephora and department stores nationwide; on her face, Total Turnaround Visible Skin Renewer and Dewy Smooth Anti-Aging Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Soft Gold; on her brows, Brow Keeper in Almost Black; on her eyes, High Impact Eye Shadow in Shameless, Malibu, and Sunkissed, with Quickliner for Eyes in Black/Brown and Full Potential Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Sheer Powder Blusher in Silk Bronze; on her lips, Different Lipstick in Guava Stain; Paul Starr for Magnet. On her nails, **Deborah Lippmann** nail enamel in 'Round Midnight, from www.deborahlippmann.com; Terry Hunter for Art Mix (the Agency).



Page 36: Salma Hayek's hair treated with **Kérastase** Lait Vital Protéiné and Sérum Nutri-Instantané; Kérastase hair products from selected hair salons, or go to www.kerastase.com; Chris McMillan for Art Mix (the Agency). All makeup by **Clinique,** from Sephora and department stores nationwide; on her face, Dramatically Different Moisturizing Lotion and Almost Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Deep 2, with Blended Face Powder in Transparency Neutral; on her brows, Brow Keeper in Almost Black; on her eyes, Touch Tint for Eyes in Plum Glisten and Sable Shimmer, Quickliner for Eyes in Dark Chocolate, and Lash Doubling Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Blushwear in Bronze Blush; on her lips, Almost Lipstick in Black Honey.

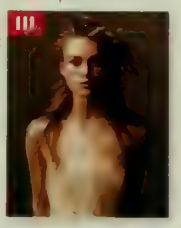
Page 43: David Fenner's grooming by Deborah Altizio for Art Mix (the Agency).

Page 65: Viktor Horsting's and **Rolf Snoeren's** hair styled with **L'Oréal** Alt. Studio Remix Paste from drugstores nationwide; Jerry Ornek and Gerlof Hansma for Headline.

Page 76: Adam Zickerman's grooming by John Ottavino.

Page 78: Dana Glover's hair styled by Rob Talty for Luxe; makeup by Karen Kawahara for Cloutieragency.com. **"Brain" McPeck's, Paul Sevigny's,** and **Matt McAuley's** grooming by Jenn Streicher for Artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 82: Agnès B.'s hair and makeup by Nicole Lamblot. Center: **Estée Lauder** products from department stores nationwide; **Valmont** products exclusively from Takashimaya New York, N.Y.C., Skin Care Lab, N.Y.C., and upscale spas worldwide; **Leaf & Rusher** products exclusively from Solutions Skin Care, Beverly Hills; **Calvin Klein** products from Calvin Klein stores and department stores nationwide; **Hermès** products from Hermès boutiques worldwide.



Page 111: Keira Knightley's hair styled with **Hamadi** Shea Hair Cream from Hamadibeauty.com; Jamal Hammadi for Artistsbytimothypriano.com/Hamadibeauty.com. On her face, **Elizabeth Arden** Let There Be Light Radiant Skin Lotion S.P.F. 15 and **Chanel** Sunlit Powder; on her lips, Elizabeth Arden Lip Definer in Naturel; Elizabeth Arden makeup from Elizabeth Arden counters nationwide; Chanel makeup from Chanel boutiques and from department stores nationwide; Darrell Redleaf for Art Mix (the Agency)/Cargo.

Page 114: Cindy Adams's hair and makeup by Lisa Forster for Judy Casey Inc. Makeup products by **Bobbi Brown,** from department stores nationwide; on her face, Moisture Rich Foundation S.P.F. 15; on her eyes, Long-Wear Gel Eyeliner in Granite Ink; on her lips, Shimmer Gloss Stick in Copper Red.

Pages 120–21: See credits for cover.

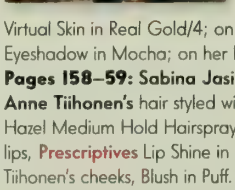
Page 122: See credits for page 36.

Pages 124–25: On Salma Hayek's cheeks, **Clinique** Sheer Powder Blusher in Silk Bronze; on her lips, Moisture Sheer Lipstick S.P.F. 15 in Tender Mauve.

Pages 154–55: Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price Inc.; Helene Macaulay for Artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Pages 156–77: All hair styled with **Aveda** products from Aveda stores nationwide, or go to www.aveda.com; Howard Fugler for the Agency. All moisturizers and makeup products by **Prescriptives,** from selected department stores, or go to www.prescriptives.com; Regine Thorre for 3 Arts.

Pages 156–57: Niklas Damm's hair styled with **Aveda** Confixor Conditioning Fixative. On his eyes, **Prescriptives** Camouflage Kit in Level No. 2. **Erika**



Johnson's hair styled with Volumizing Tonic. Her body moisturized with Vibrant Instant Body Brightener; on her face, Exact Makeup Virtual Skin in Real Gold/4; on her eyes, Pick 2 Eyeshadow in Mocha; on her lips, Sunsheen Gloss.

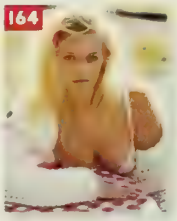
Pages 158–59: Sabina Jasinski's and **Anne Tiihonen's** hair styled with **Aveda** Witch Hazel Medium Hold Hairspray. On Jasinski's lips, **Prescriptives** Lip Shine in Majorette. On Tiihonen's cheeks, Blush in Puff. **Andreas Ohlund's** hair styled with Control Paste. **Fia Hjerlte's** hair styled with Sap Moss Styling Spray. On her face, Sunsheen Bronzing Gel; on her eyes, Eyeshadow in Solace. **Sandra Andersson's** hair styled with Be Curly Curl Enhancing Lotion. On her eyebrows, Brow Shaping Kit in Dark Brown; on her cheeks, Bronzing Powder in So Cool.

Page 161: Sonya Olson's hair styled with **Aveda** Brilliant Spray On Shine. On her face, **Prescriptives** All You Need Broad Spectrum Moisture Lotion S.P.F. 15; on her cheeks, Mystic Swivel in Woman; on her lips, Lippity Split in Pink Fizz.

Page 162: Sabina Jasinski's hair styled with **Aveda** Witch Hazel Medium Hold Hair Spray. On her face, **Prescriptives** Traceless Skin Responsive Tint in Level No. 2; on her eyes, False Eyelashes Plush Mascara in Mulberry; on her lips, Incredible Lip Color in Pansy.

Page 163: Krister Dicksson's and Niklas Damm's hair styled with **Aveda** Custom Control Styling/Finishing Emulsion. On their faces and bodies, **Prescriptives** Bronzing Powder in So Cool.

Page 164: Josephine Bornebusch's hair styled with **Aveda** Volumizing Tonic with Brilliant Emollient Finishing Gloss. On her face, **Prescriptives** Super Line Preventor; on her eyes, Eyeshadow in Fallen; on her cheeks, Mystic Swivel in Swift; on her lips, Incredible Lip Color in Mauve.



Page 165: Mats Christeen's hair styled with **Aveda** Brilliant Universal Styling Creme. On his face, **Prescriptives** Camouflage Kit in Level No. 1 with Immediate Matte Skin Conditioning Tonic.

Page 168: Erika Johnson's hair styled with **Aveda** Confixor Conditioning Fixative with Witch Hazel Medium Hold Hairspray. Her body moisturized with **Prescriptives** Vibrant Instant Body Brightener.

Page 169: Sabina Jasinski's and **Petter Egnell's** hair styled with **Aveda** Brilliant Retexturizing Gel. On her cheeks, **Prescriptives** Blush in Mum; on her lips, Incredible Lip Color in Champagne. On his face, Camouflage Cream Yellow/Orange in Medium.

Page 170: Alexander Skarsgård's hair styled with **Aveda** Control Paste. On his face, **Prescriptives** Virtual Skin Pressed Powder in Level No. 2.

Page 171: Erika Johnson's hair styled with **Aveda** Sap Moss Styling Spray. On her body, **Prescriptives** Calyx Shimmering Mist Incredible.

Pages 172–73: Maria Bonnevie's and **Julia Dufvenius's** hair styled with **Aveda** Custom Control Styling/Finishing Emulsion. On their cheeks, **Prescriptives** Swivel Stick in Racy; on their lips, Incredible Lip Color in Pansy. On Alexander Skarsgård's face, Virtual Skin Pressed Powder in Level No. 2. **Kathleen Ohlsson's** and Sabina Jasinski's hair styled with Volumizing Tonic with Firmata Firm Hold Hairspray. Ohlsson's face moisturized with All You Need Broad Spectrum Moisture Lotion; on her eyes, Eyelights Shadow Tint in Plain Truth. Krister Dicksson's hair styled with Self Control Hair Styling Stick; on his body, Flight Mist Refresher for Dehydrated Skin. On **Frida Hallquist's** eyes, Eyelights Shadow Tint in Bubble; on her lips, Lip Polish in Plain Truth.

Pages 174–75: Erika Stromqvist's hair styled with **Aveda** Witch Hazel Medium Hold Hairspray. On her cheeks, **Prescriptives** Mystic Swivel Blush in Swift; on her lips, Lippity Split in Taffy. **Karl Lindman's** hair styled with All Sensitive Styling Gel. On his face, Traceless Skin Responsive Tint in Level No. 3; on his lips, Lip Specialist Triple Action Therapy.

Pages 176–77: Sabina Jasinski's hair styled with **Aveda** Brilliant Retexturizing Gel and Brilliant Hair Spray. On her face, **Prescriptives** Virtual Youth Lifting Moisture Makeup in Smooth Ecru; on her eyes, Eyelights Shadow Tint in Flounce with False Plush Eye Lashes in Black; on her cheeks, Cream Sheen in Twinkle; on her lips, Lippity Split in Snowcone.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

Cover: Production by Dave Radin for SoCal Productions.

Page 28: © 2003 by the Estate of Pablo Picasso/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.

Page 36: Production by Dave Radin for SoCal Productions; Marla Weinhoff for the Marla Weinhoff Studio.

Page 38: Center, from Harvard University.

Page 52: From Photofest.

Page 68: © by Manolo Blahnik (February 1, both); courtesy of Lockheed Martin 2001 (4); by Paul Smith/Featureflash/Retna (6); courtesy of the Kimbell Art Museum (9); from C Squared Studios/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (14); by Tsila Sagib/Israel Antiquities Authority (15, top); from a private collection/courtesy of Ivor Braka Ltd. (15, bottom); from C Squared Studios/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (17); from Reuters New Media Inc./Corbis (26); from Corbis Images/PictureQuest (candy hearts); from a private collection, London (Sargent painting); from the Neal Peters Collection (woman with heart).

Page 70: Center, courtesy of HBO; bottom, courtesy of Miramax. Hot Reels logo by Robert DiScalfani/Photonica.

Page 74: Clockwise from top left: courtesy of Christie's Images and Andrew Lloyd Webber; courtesy of Ryersson & Yaccarino/The Casati Archives; © 1999 by the Man Ray Trust/ARS, N.Y./ADAGP, Paris; from Dover Books; courtesy of the American Folk Art Museum, Blanchard-Hill Collection, gift of M. Anne Hill and Edward V. Blanchard Hill Jr.

Page 76: Bottom, both courtesy of GM.

Page 82: Top, props styled by Annabelle Schachmes; center, by Edward Holub/Corbis.

Page 84: From Stockphoto.com.

Page 88: From A.P. Wide World Photos.

Pages 98–99: From Sipa Press.

Page 100: Top, from the Hulton-Deutsch Collection/Corbis; bottom, from CinemaPhoto/Corbis.

Page 102: Top, from Corbis; bottom, from A.P. Wide World Photos.

Page 106: Bottom, from Gamma.

Page 108: Top, from Corbis Sygma; bottom, from Corbis.

Page 111: Becket Cook for Celestineagency.com.

Page 118: Top: from Burke/Triolo/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest (Fig. 4; Fig. 11, left), from C Squared Studios/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (Fig. 8; Fig. 13, right), by Jules Frazier/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (Fig. 9, Fig. 12), Stephen Frink/Index Stock Imagery/PictureQuest (Fig. 6), from Image Source/ElektraVision/PictureQuest (Fig. 1), from PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (Fig. 5), from PictureQuest (Fig. 2; Fig. 7; Fig. 11, right), by John A. Rizzo/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (Fig. 13, left), Kevin Winter/NewsCom (Fig. 3). Bottom: from BBC Worldwide (Morley)

Pages 120–25: See credits for page 36.

Page 129: Top and bottom, from Kennerly.com; center, from Bettman/Corbis.

Page 138: Distributed by Magnum Photos.

Page 139: Distributed by Magnum Photos.

Page 141: Top and center, distributed by Magnum Photos.

Page 142: All distributed by Magnum Photos.

Page 144: From Globe Photos.

Page 145: From Magnum Photos.

Pages 146–47: © 2003 by the Estate of Pabl Picasso/ARS, New York/Art Resource, N.Y.; from th Museum of Modern Art, New York; acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest.

Pages 148–49: © 2002 by Succession H. Matisse/ARS, New York; from the Baltimore Mus of Art/The Cone Collection, formed by Dr. Clar Cone and Miss Etta Cone of Baltimore, Maryla

Page 150: Left, © 2003 by Succession H. Matisse/ARS, New York; Musée Picasso, Paris; cc photo by R. G. Ojeda/Réunion des Musées Nationaux/Art Resource, N.Y. Right, © 2003 by t Estate of Pablo Picasso/ARS, New York; private collection; courtesy of the Beyeler Foundation, Richen/Basel, Switzerland.

Page 151: Left, © 2003 by the Estate of Pablo Picasso/ARS, New York; private collection/Art Resource, N.Y. Right, © 2003 by Succession H. Matisse/ARS, New York; Kimbell Art Museum, Fo Worth, Tex.

Page 152: © 2003 by the Estate of Pablo Picasso/ARS, New York; from the Museum of Modern Art, New York; acquired through the Lil Bliss Bequest.

Page 153: © 2003 by Succession H. Matisse/A New York; from the Museum of Modern Art, Ne York; gift and bequest of Florene M. Schoenbor and Samuel A. Marx.

Pages 156–77: Casting by Olga Liriano; production by Lawrie Bird; Swedish production b Link Details. Special thanks to: Anders Björck and Birgitta Timko from SAS; additional stylists J King, Heather Watts, and Richard Villani; tailor Lars Nord; hair assistant Catherine Dichy; make assistant Cathy Åkerman; props assistant Cecilic Ahrén; Lawrie Bird's production assistant, Nick Gallery; caterer Karin Shiller; AIF Boxing Gym; Sophie's Bar; Bogesund Castle, managed by th National Property Board; the Grand Hotel; and Cattis Barnard, Pierre Bjork, Maria Bonnevie, N Bush, Bryan Firestone, Joel Griffith, Sussie Lidbe Kalle Lindgren, Peter Målqvist, Michael Murphy, Shane Sigler, Caroline Stridfeldt, Erika Stromqvis Johan Sundblom, Christian Svorono, Alexander Thorstrand, and Emily Wanger.

Page 181: © 2003 by Succession H. Matisse/A New York; from the Barnes Foundation, Merion, Pa.; the Granger Collection (1). From the Pierre Matisse Gallery Archives, the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York; MA 5020/Art Resource, N.Y. © by the Réunion des Musées Nationaux, from private collection (3). © 2003 by the Estate of Pablo Picasso/ARS, New York/Lakenbleker BV (4

Page 187: Distributed by Magnum Photos.

Page 188: From Kennerly.com.

Page 192: Clockwise from top left: from Lond Features, by Evan Agostini/NewsCom, from Hulton Archive/Getty Images, by Jon Kopaloff/NewsCom, from London Features, by Dennis Van Tine/London Features, from BIG Pictures/NewsCom, from Hulton Archive/Getty Images, Jesse D. Garrabrant/NewsCom, Caroline Torem Craig/London Features, Isaac Menashe/NewsC from Getty Images.

Page 194: From Visages.

CORRECTION:

On page 304 of the November issue, the photogr of Dave Eggers was incorrectly credited; it was tak Andy Freeberg.

LEGAL NOTICE

IF YOU PURCHASED A SUBSCRIPTION TO THIS OR ANOTHER MAGAZINE, THE FOLLOWING PROPOSED CLASS ACTION SETTLEMENT MAY AFFECT YOUR RIGHTS

This notice describes a proposed nationwide settlement of class action lawsuits relating to magazine subscriptions that has been reached in In Re Magazine Antitrust Litigation, 00 Civ. 4889 (S.D.N.Y.) (the "Action"), and preliminarily approved by the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York (the "Court").

PLEASE NOTE THAT THE PROPOSED SETTLEMENT DOES NOT PROVIDE FOR THE PAYMENT OF MONEY OR OTHER COMPENSATION TO THE CLASS MEMBERS BUT INSTEAD SOLELY ADDRESSES CERTAIN INDUSTRY RULES AND PRACTICES THAT WERE DIRECTLY CHALLENGED IN THE ACTION AS BEING UNLAWFUL (SEE "THE CLAIMS IN THE LAWSUIT" SECTION BELOW).

This announcement is intended to give class members notice under Rule 23 of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure and the Order of the Court dated September 20, 2002, as modified on September 30, 2002, that a hearing will be held before the Hon. Richard Conway Casey on May 27, 2003 at 11:00 A.M. to determine whether: (a) to certify the proposed settlement class under Rule 23; (b) the proposed settlement of the Action is fair, reasonable and adequate; (c) a final judgment should be entered dismissing the Action with prejudice to the class members; and (d) to approve counsels' application for attorneys' fees and expenses. The rest of this notice summarizes the terms of the proposed settlement. You can obtain a copy of the settlement agreement, the Consolidated Amended Class Action Complaint (the "Complaint"), and a list of the magazine subscriptions at issue in the Action, at www.magazine.org or by writing to The Garden City Group, Inc., the Administrator of the Notice Program, at Magazine Antitrust Litigation, P.O. Box #6041, Merrick, NY 11566-9000 (the "Administrator"). **ANY QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS REGARDING THIS NOTICE OR THE SETTLEMENT SHOULD BE DIRECTED TO THE ADMINISTRATOR AT THE ADDRESS LISTED ABOVE OR BY CALLING 1-888-210-0118. PLEASE DO NOT CONTACT THE ADMINISTRATOR WITH QUESTIONS REGARDING YOUR CURRENT SUBSCRIPTIONS UNLESS THOSE QUESTIONS RELATE TO THE CLASS ACTION SETTLEMENT.**

DO NOT CONTACT THE COURT, COUNSEL TO THE PARTIES, VANITY FAIR OR ANY PUBLISHER REGARDING THIS NOTICE. THE ADMINISTRATOR, WHERE APPROPRIATE, WILL REFER ANY QUESTIONS TO THE APPROPRIATE PERSON.

The Claims in the Lawsuit

The Complaint was filed in this Action in or about October 2000, against the Magazine Publishers of America ("MPA"), a consumer magazine trade association, and fourteen magazine publishing companies (the "Publisher Defendants"). The Complaint alleged an agreement among the Publisher Defendants and the MPA to set the minimum price of or maximum discount on magazine subscriptions through the enactment of MPA Guideline 4(a) and/or the collective action among publishers to adhere to the ABC's 50% Rule (as referred to in ¶45 of the Complaint) or the similar Rule of the BPA International pertaining to its definition of "paid circulation." The Complaint asked this Court to eliminate or modify Guideline 4(a) and to award damages that allegedly were suffered by consumers who purchased subscriptions to the Publisher Defendants' magazines.

The defendants have denied the material allegations of the Complaint. The parties have now agreed to settle the Action in its entirety. On September 20, 2002, the Court preliminarily approved the settlement.

The Terms of the Proposed Settlement

In the proposed settlement, the defendants have agreed to do two things: (i) the MPA shall delete in its entirety MPA Guideline 4(a); and (ii) the defendants shall defray the costs incurred in connection with the Action, including the costs of the Notice program involving notifying class members of the terms and conditions of the proposed settlement and the Plaintiffs' actual attorneys' fees and expenses awarded by the Court up to $1.1 million.

In exchange, the Plaintiffs have agreed that, if the settlement is approved, the Court will enter a judgment dismissing the Action with prejudice, and the named Plaintiffs and all class members who have not duly opted-out of the class will be deemed to be subject to the release of this case, which provides as follows: "As of the date on which the Agreement is Finally Approved, the Publisher Defendants and the MPA . . . shall be completely released, acquitted, and forever discharged, from any and all claims, demands, actions, suits, causes of action, injuries or damages, whether class, individual or otherwise in nature, that Plaintiffs, the Class Members or each of them, in his or her capacity as a subscriber to a magazine, ever had or now has, in law or equity, under federal or state law, relating to an agreement to set the minimum price of or maximum discount on magazine subscriptions through the enactment of MPA Guideline 4(a) and/or the collective action among publishers to adhere to the ABC's 50% Rule (as referred to in ¶45 of the Amended Complaint) or the similar Rule of the BPA International pertaining to its definition of 'paid circulation.'"

The release also releases class action claims that were previously brought (but subsequently dismissed without prejudice) by a plaintiff in the State Court in San Diego, California, who asserted similar allegations against the defendants albeit based on violations of California state laws. The California action was styled *Coossan v. Hearst Corp., et. al.*, No. GIC 752985. A copy of the Coossan Complaint can be obtained at www.magazine.org.

Who are the Publisher Defendants?

The Publisher Defendants are: Condé Nast Publications, Inc.; Gruner + Jahr Printing and Publishing Company; Hachette Filipacchi Media U.S., Inc. (f/k/a Hachette Filipacchi Magazines, Inc.); The Hearst Corporation; International Data Group, Inc.; Meredith Corporation; Newsweek, Inc.; Primedia, Inc.; Reader's Digest Association, Inc.; Rodale, Inc.; Time, Inc.; Time4 Media, Inc. (f/k/a Times Mirror Magazines, Inc.); TV Guide, Inc.; and Ziff-Davis Publishing, Inc.

Who is in the Class?

Class Members are those persons who purchased a subscription to this publication or to other publications that were published by any of the Publisher Defendants during the period from and including July 1, 1996 up to and including April 15, 2002 (the "Class"). For purposes of determining inclusion in the Class, it does not matter whether you purchased your subscription from one of the Publisher Defendants, or through agents, subagents or other third party marketers. You are not, however, a member of the Class if you did not purchase a magazine subscription within the time period stated above, or if you purchased your magazines at newsstands.

Your Right to Object to the Proposed Settlement

You have the right to appear, in person or by counsel, at the hearing on the proposed settlement in order to comment on, or object to, the terms of the proposed settlement, its adequacy or reasonableness and/or the award of attorneys' fees and expenses to class counsel. However, you will only be heard at that time if you first, on or about May 5, 2003, (a) file with the Court a notice of your intention to appear, which includes a basis for your objection, a statement identifying the magazines to which you subscribed, and the approximate time period for each subscription; and (b) serve copies of the notice (and all other papers you intend to rely upon) by hand or first class mail on Plaintiffs' co-lead counsel, Bruce E. Gerstein, Esq., Garwin, Bonzaft, Gerstein, & Fisher, LLP, 1501 Broadway, Suite 1416, New York, NY 10036 and H. Laddie Montague, Jr., Esq., Berger & Montague, 1622 Locust Street, Philadelphia, PA 19103, and on Defendants' coordinating counsel, Lawrence I. Fox, Esq., at McDermott, Will & Emery, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, 11th Floor, New York, New York 10020.

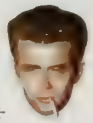
Your Right to Opt-Out of the Settlement

ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO APPEAR AT THE HEARING, YOU HAVE NO OBLIGATION TO DO SO. If you do not wish to participate in or be bound by the proposed settlement, you can exclude yourself (i.e., "opt-out"). To opt-out, you MUST send a request for exclusion in an envelope POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN May 5, 2003, to the Administrator of the Notice Program Magazine Antitrust Litigation, P.O. Box 9000 #6041, Merrick, NY 11566-9000. The request for exclusion must state your full name, the magazine(s) to which you subscribed and the approximate time period of each subscription, and the address to which your magazines were sent. IF YOU DO NOT EXCLUDE YOURSELF, you will be barred from prosecuting any legal action against the MPA or its members and the Publisher Defendants to the full extent of the release set forth in the "Terms of the Proposed Settlement" section above.

Examination of Papers and Inquiries

For a more detailed statement of the matters involved in the Action, including the Complaint, the settlement agreement, motion papers and certain orders of the Court, you may visit the office of the Clerk of the United States District Court, 500 Pearl Street, New York, New York, during business hours. Copies of the papers relating to the settlement are also available at www.magazine.org.

Michael Lutin tells Aquarians their screws are looser than ever



AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

James Dean

As if staying mentally steady and physically strong while Uranus wobbles around at the end of Aquarius weren't enough of a struggle, you are facing an even greater challenge these days from Chiron's transit through your solar 12th house. While the powerful presence of Mars in your midheaven can assist by getting you out of bed and into the office, your most daunting task will be to maintain your spiritual sanity so that you don't end up sliding into failure mode and thinking that you're a washed-up loser. To give in to *that* illusion really would be mad.



Edna St. Vincent Millay

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Once again you are being asked to set aside your hurt feelings and be the bigger person with friends who have been sorely wounded and cannot or will not open up and talk freely with you about it. You have to remember that—unlike yourself—some people simply shut down and withdraw in a crisis. At the moment, a transit in your solar 11th house is requiring you to think cosmically, stretch your understanding, and not take anyone's alienating behavior personally. On another note: do you ever wonder whether achieving a sense of belonging is worth the bother?



Nancy Pelosi

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

We all know that, as an Aries, you are perfect and infallible and never make a blunder. In addition to being inevitable in every person's life, however, bloopers teach you lessons that humanize you and deepen your commitment to becoming a better professional. Even though you loathe criticism and are revolted at the thought of being subjected to the humiliation of public scrutiny or mob justice, this month's lunation contains the promise of a more fulfilling career in the long run. Until that happens, though, take your lumps with a big, wide smile.



John Waters

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

When your solar 9th house is highlighted, as it is this month, you get a rare chance to expand your horizons and think beyond the borders of your own little world. Since financial anxieties and cultural conditioning can cloud your judgment, it is not always easy to gain enough perspective to see your situation clearly or to overcome your personal prejudices and be objective. It behooves you, however, to play the philosopher now and make an attempt to put truth above dogma, and wisdom above blind rhetoric and hypocrisy. Think you can handle that?



Kerry Kittles

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Like the noble little caterpillar, who, without ever knowing why, finds himself compelled to spin a cocoon and then sit silently inside waiting for God knows what, you probably don't have the slightest idea why you've been stuck in emotional purgatory all these months. Sometimes 8th-house lunations such as the ones occurring in your solar chart can hold you in suspended animation, caught between the past and the future. No wonder you've been feeling impatient, frustrated, and anxious as hell. Buck up. There is life—even a sex life—after this transit.



Josephine Bonaparte

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Since deep relationships are probably loaded as much with disappointment as with joy and ecstasy, often it's only under the most complex and difficult [illegible] that we ever come to understand—sometimes to [illegible] really love and need as a soul mate and life partner [illegible] have been enduring a transit of Chiron through her [illegible] when Rhett Butler stood in the doorway, look[illegible]nkly, my dear, I don't give a damn."



Sandra Bullock

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Many Leos get their jollies by proving their superhuman strength to anyone who'll pay attention, and an asteroid currently transiting your solar 6th house can give you the perfect opportunity to do just that. For starters, you can use your powers on yourself this m and heal any physical ailments or infirmities that have threatened your fect self-image. Next, dedicate yourself to performing egoless services to mastering your craft (or keeping your job). No, these vibrations are glamorous, but, at the moment, neither are you.



Man Ray

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT.

Chiron's passage through your solar 5th house indicates that are finally ready for a deep and sincere commitment, maybe the first time. Whether you're just mad for the kids or staggering st eyed through the garden (read minefield) of romance, you need to be s hearted and emotionally constant, because your celebrated Virgo r won't do you a damned bit of good in this endeavor. You are travelin the road to true love, so make sure your seat belt is securely fastened your crash helmet is tightly strapped to your head.



Sharon Osbourne

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Have you noticed the enormous amount of progress you've made toward rising above the childhood garbage that has held you back for so long? It's certainly an achievement to be proud of. T early experiences probably still haunt you once in a while, however, c ing up on you and affecting your behavior, even when you are trying tc ate your own little nest. As it turns out, parent-child relationships are more complicated than many people think, and you probably can't fo your parents until you've gone ahead and messed up your own kids.



Calvin Klein

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV

If people would simply talk to one another and not cut off munication when problems arise, it would save this world a l aggravation. But instead, especially when your pride and your ego g the way, on goes the answering machine and off goes the relationship slow transit of Chiron through your solar 3rd house can be maddeni its insistence that you speak to people you don't want to speak to or don't want to speak to you, but it's only directing you away from wa toward peace and love. That *is* what you want, isn't it? Or is it?



Joel Coen

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Despite your fierce resolve not to knuckle under to anybody's control and surrender your precious autonomy, there's a little thing called money that you have to deal with now. With the new mo luminating the long, slow transit of Chiron through your 2nd house, t nancial thing is an itch that must be scratched. You shouldn't feel tha are lowering your standards, selling out, or prostituting yourself, hov just because you are being coerced into abandoning for practical re some of your more grandiose fantasies. You have to eat, you know.



Annie Lennox

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN

Because of your recent personal suffering, you may not find ribly comforting to hear that, with each passing day, you a coming tougher and that your hard knocks are beginning to pay off a Granted, you have swallowed a major dose of rejection, and that d tickle. The irony of it all, however, is that the beatings you have taken added dimension to your character and expertise to your craft. Try member that wisdom is knowledge fused with the pain of experience. if you're still smarting and pissed.



PALPITATIONS.



SOMEBODY CALL THE PARAMEDICS.

EXCITING IN ANY SIZE. DANGEROUS IN A 1/2 CARAT OR MORE. MAKE A BIGGER STATEMENT.

VISIT THE DESIGN GALLERY AT ADIAMONDISFOREVER.COM

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER



RAY CHARLES

In the fall of 2001, Ray Charles's 1972 recording of "America the Beautiful" seemed to be everywhere, encapsulating all the emotions the country was feeling. Here the 12-time Grammy winner and Kennedy Center honoree reflect on his friendship with Quincy Jones, winning the admiration and the state

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
A great performance when everything comes together: the music, the audience—the whole thing. It's what makes me want to keep touring and recording.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Martin Luther King Jr. He was a man who made a difference and stood for something in life. He had guts, and a lot of people have benefited from his courage.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My inability to slow down.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Talent. People with very little of it are packaged and marketed like crazy these days, especially in music. The true talents are few and far between. Original talent is especially lacking. Everything and everyone sounds the same.

Which talent would you most like to have?
That's a tough one. Maybe be the world chess champion. I love that game. The pros tell me I'm pretty good!

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
That's a wild question. I'd probably come back as an instrument—that's how much I love music.

What is your most treasured possession?
My hands. They guide everywhere I go, and they allow me to play the piano and other instruments, which has been my lifeline since an early age.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Racism and poverty. Two scourges that I have known since early in my life. Sadly, while things are better for many, there are those who still suffer the indignities of both. Until we find a way to fix these problems, there will always be unrest in our society and our world.

What do you most value in your friends?
Loyalty. Many of them date back many years. Quincy Jones and I met at the beginning of our careers, never knowing they would be so full and long-lasting. Over the years, we've helped each other out.

Who are your heroes in real life?
The everyday people who get up and go to work, feed their kids, and try to do the right thing. They're my real heroes. They're the people who come and see my shows, spend their hard-earned money, and I appreciate their loyalty and support.

How would you like to die?
Peacefully, when the good Lord is ready to call my number.

What is your motto?
"God helps those who help themselves."

HERB RITTS


ION JONES NIKE DRI-FIT BODYMAP TOP
MADE TO MOVE



Bombay Sapphire Mar
by Marcel Wanders

SAPPHIRE INSPIR

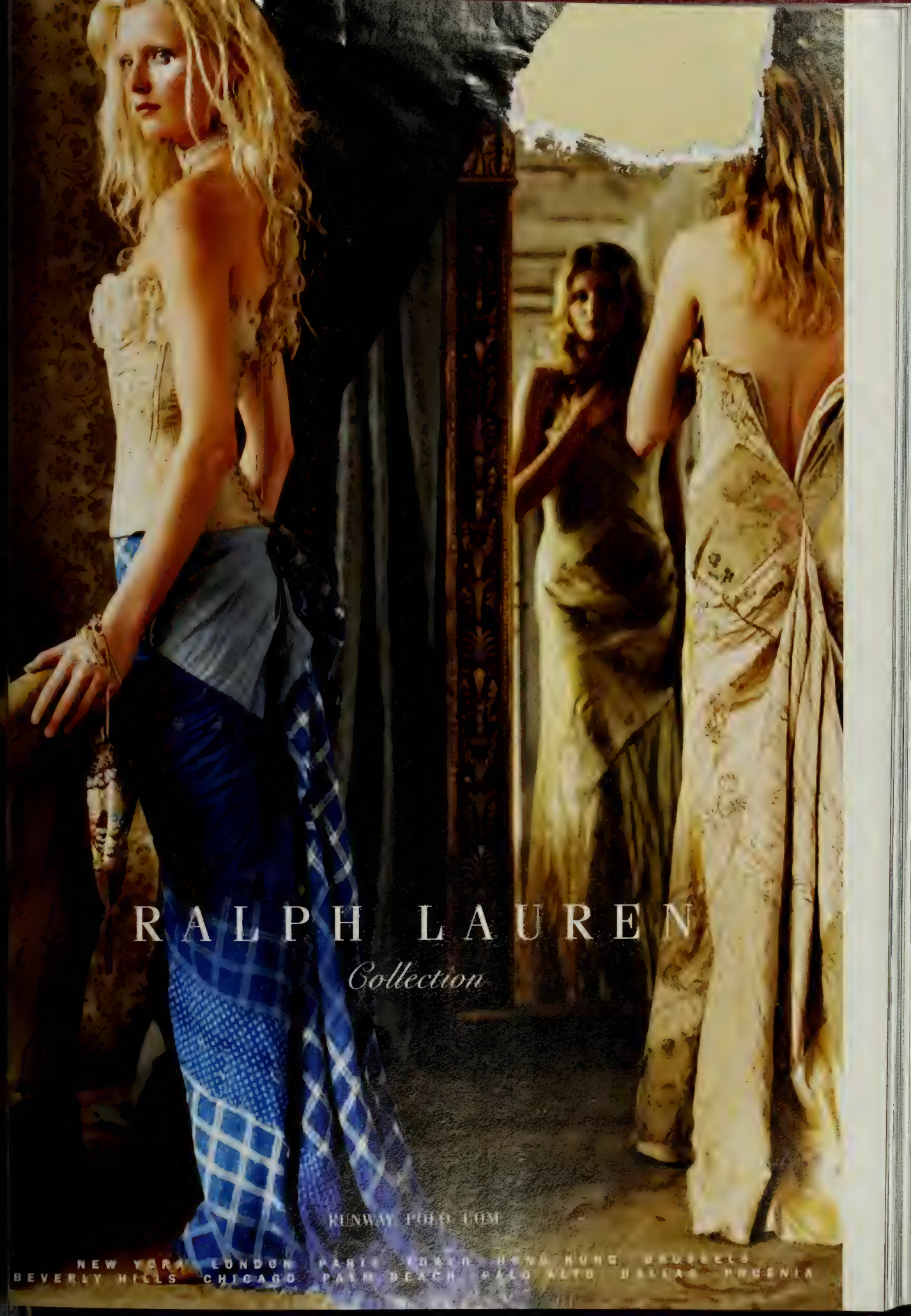


BURLINGAME
FEB 10 2003
STON BRANCH








RALPH LAUREN
Collection
RUNWAY POLO.COM
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS TOKYO HONG KONG BRUSSELS
BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO PALM BEACH PALO ALTO DALLAS PHOENIX



The nature of man



INTRODUCING LAUDER

INTUITION

FOR MEN

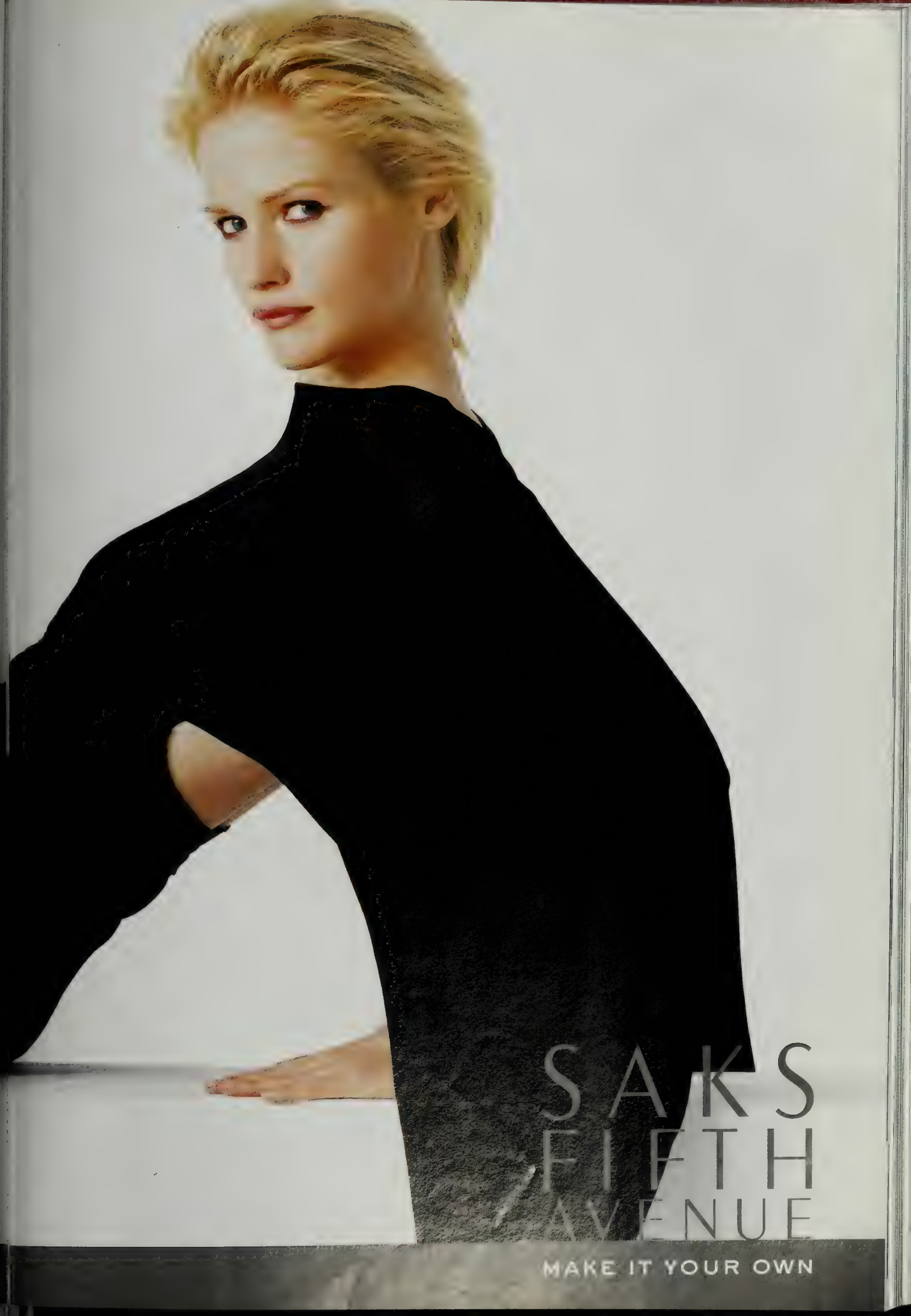
www.gucci.com florence milan new york beverly hills london paris tokyo hong kong
GUCCI



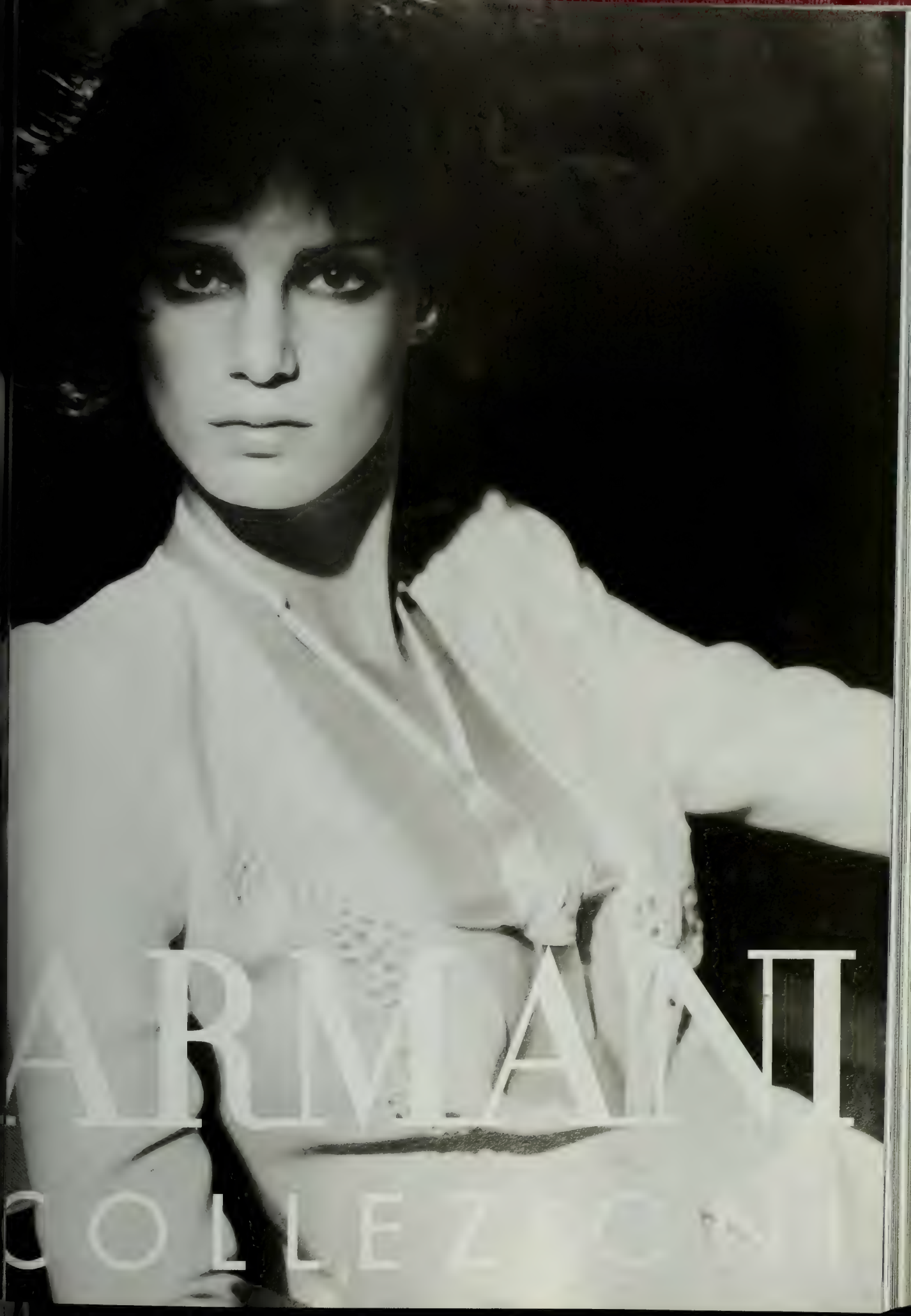

WWW.DIOR.COM
NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, SOUTH COAST
TAMPA, DALLAS, BOSTON, ASPEN, HONOLULU,
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, NEIMAN MARCUS AND HOLT
AT eluxury.com.


Dior


TAKE MINIMAL TO THE MAX.
CALL 1.800.429.0996 SAKS.COM
GET MORE AT SAK
LATINUM LABEL, EXCLUSIVELY OURS.


SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE
MAKE IT YOUR OWN




ARMANI
COLLEZIONI


ST. JOHN
BY MARIE GRAY

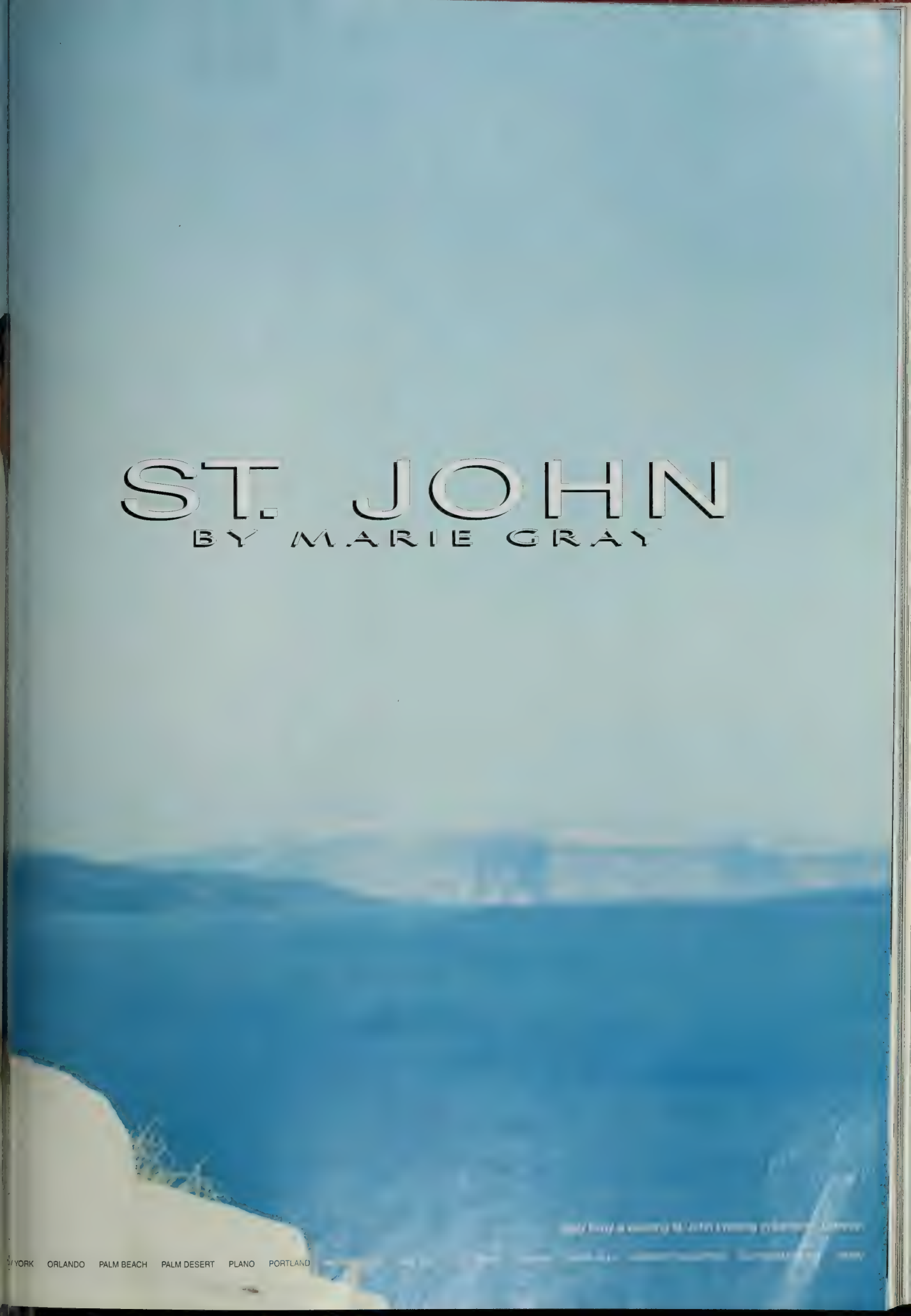


MERICANA MANHASSET ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS BOSTON CHARLESTON CHARLOTTE [illegible] DENVER HONOLULU HOUSTON KANSAS CITY LAS VEGAS MAUI



ST. JOHN

BY MARIE GRAY






DONNAKARAN
NEW YORK
MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK




YVES SAINT LAURENT
rive gauche
NEW YORK MADISON AVENUE SOUTH COAST PLAZA HOUSTON LAS VEGAS SAN FRANCISCO BAL HARBOUR HONOLULU WASH NEIGH
CHEVY CHASE OPENING SOON: BEVERLY HILLS AMERICANA MANHASSET NEW YORK 57TH STREET TEL 1 800 8


LANC
PA

LANCÔME
PARIS

Balance combination skin.

Flawlessly. All day.

NEW

ADAPTÎVE
ALL DAY SKIN-BALANCING MAKEUP SPF 10

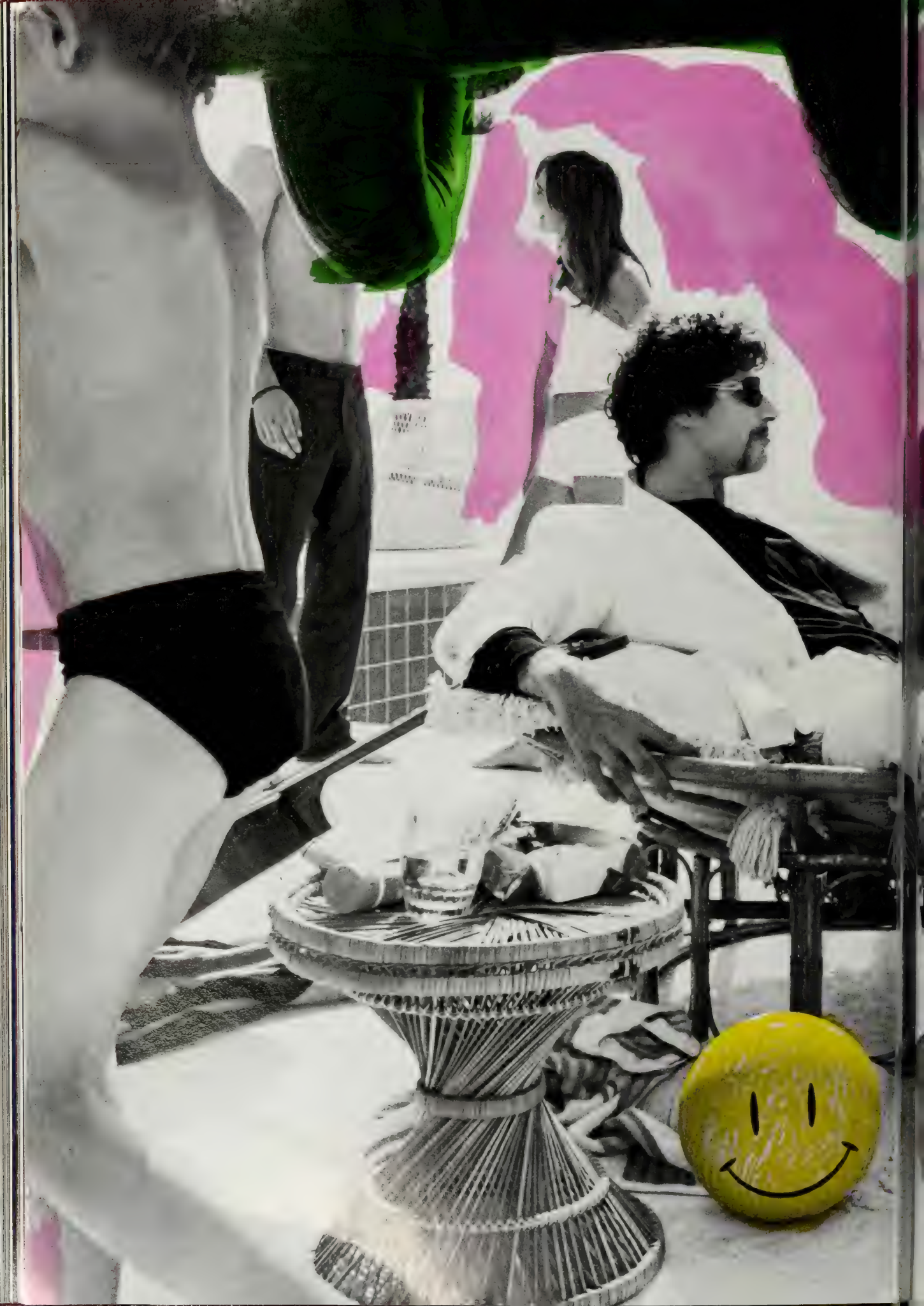
Adaptîve matifies the T-zone all day and keeps dry zones smooth and comfortable – with the ADAPTI-LAST™ complex. Pores virtually disappear. The ultra-lightweight formula glides on silky smooth to deliver flawless, natural-looking coverage.

RESULT : Impeccably even-toned, beautifully balanced skin. All day.

BELIEVE IN BEAUTY®

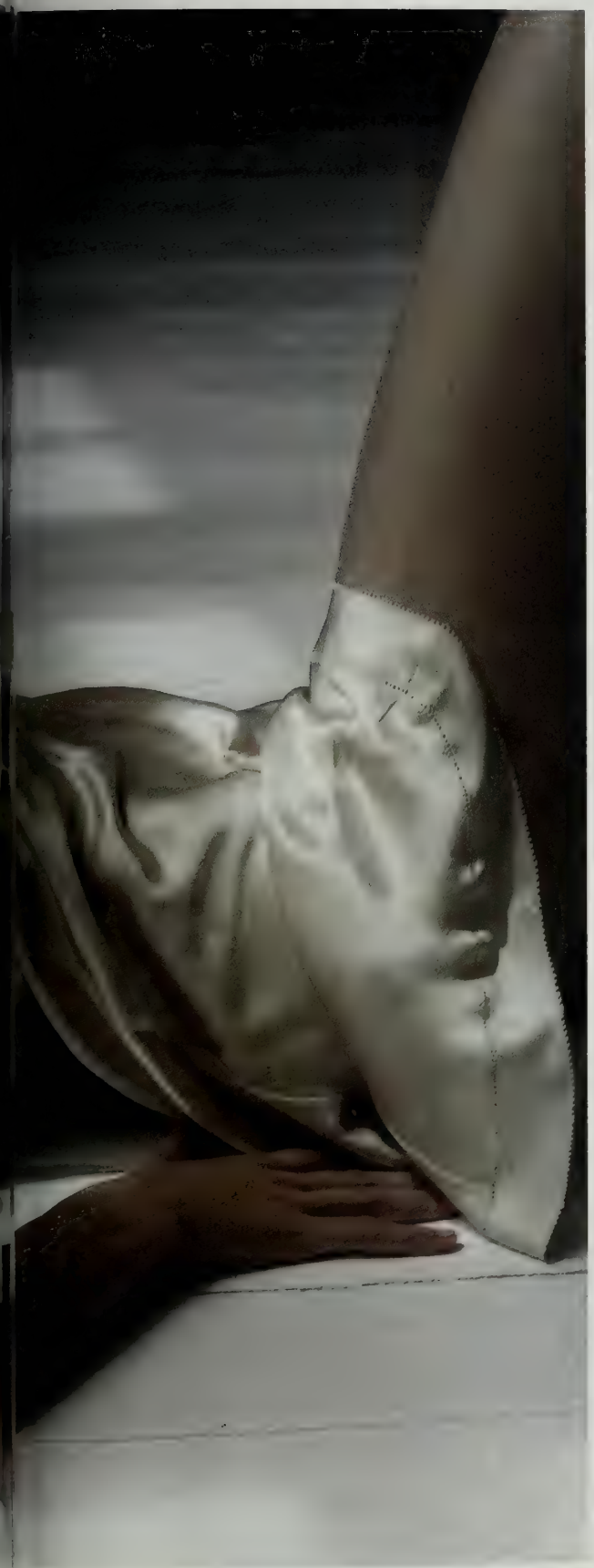


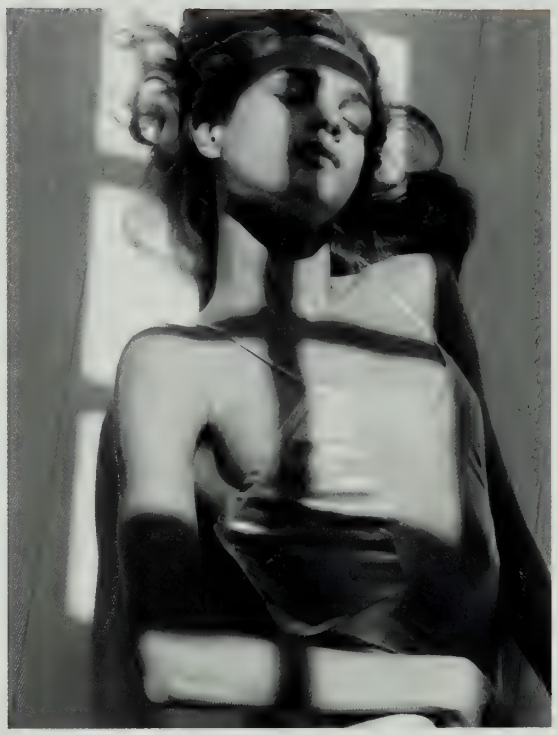
Saks Fifth Avenue




BURBERRY







Calvin Klein



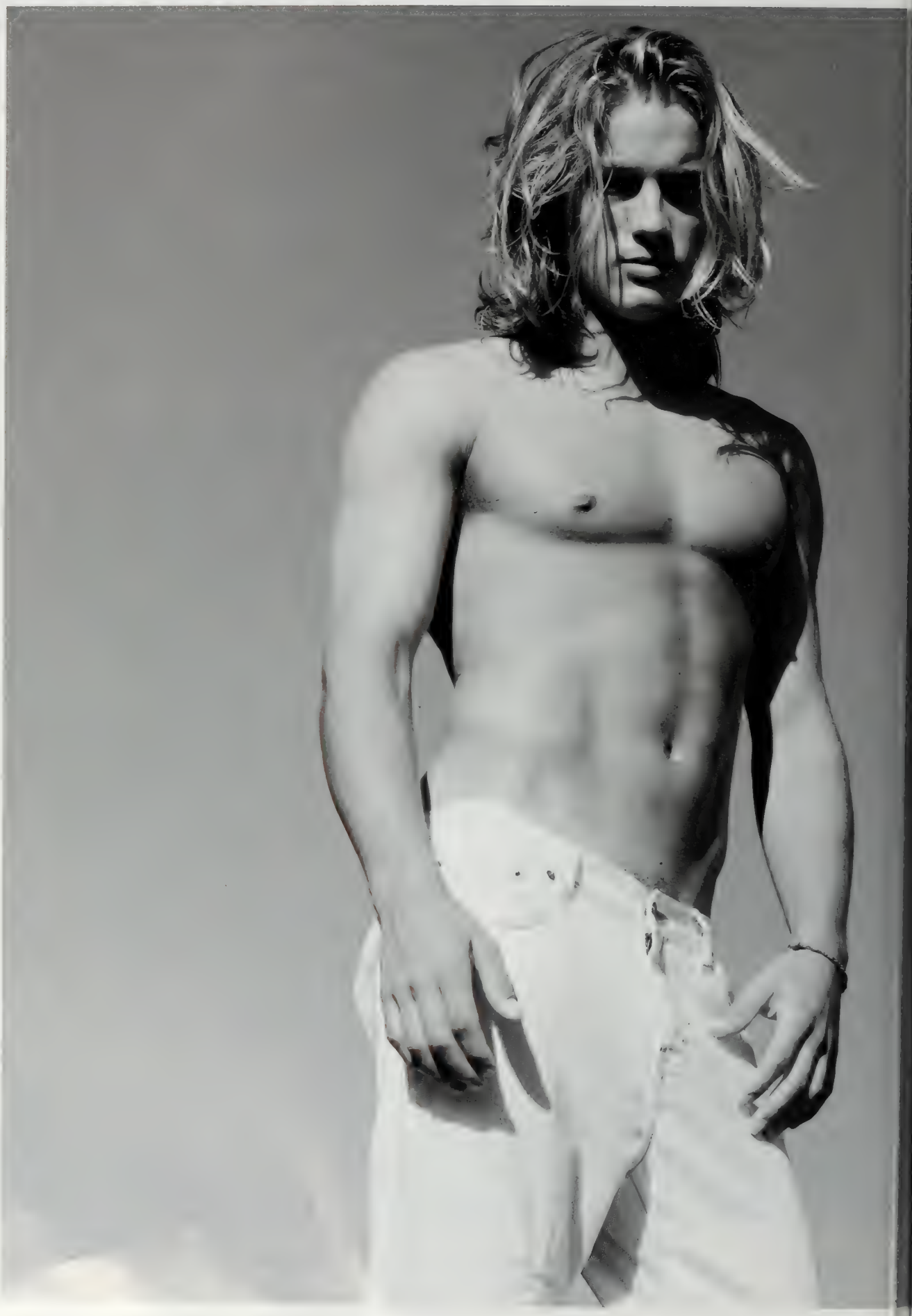


Calvin Klein





Calvin Klein



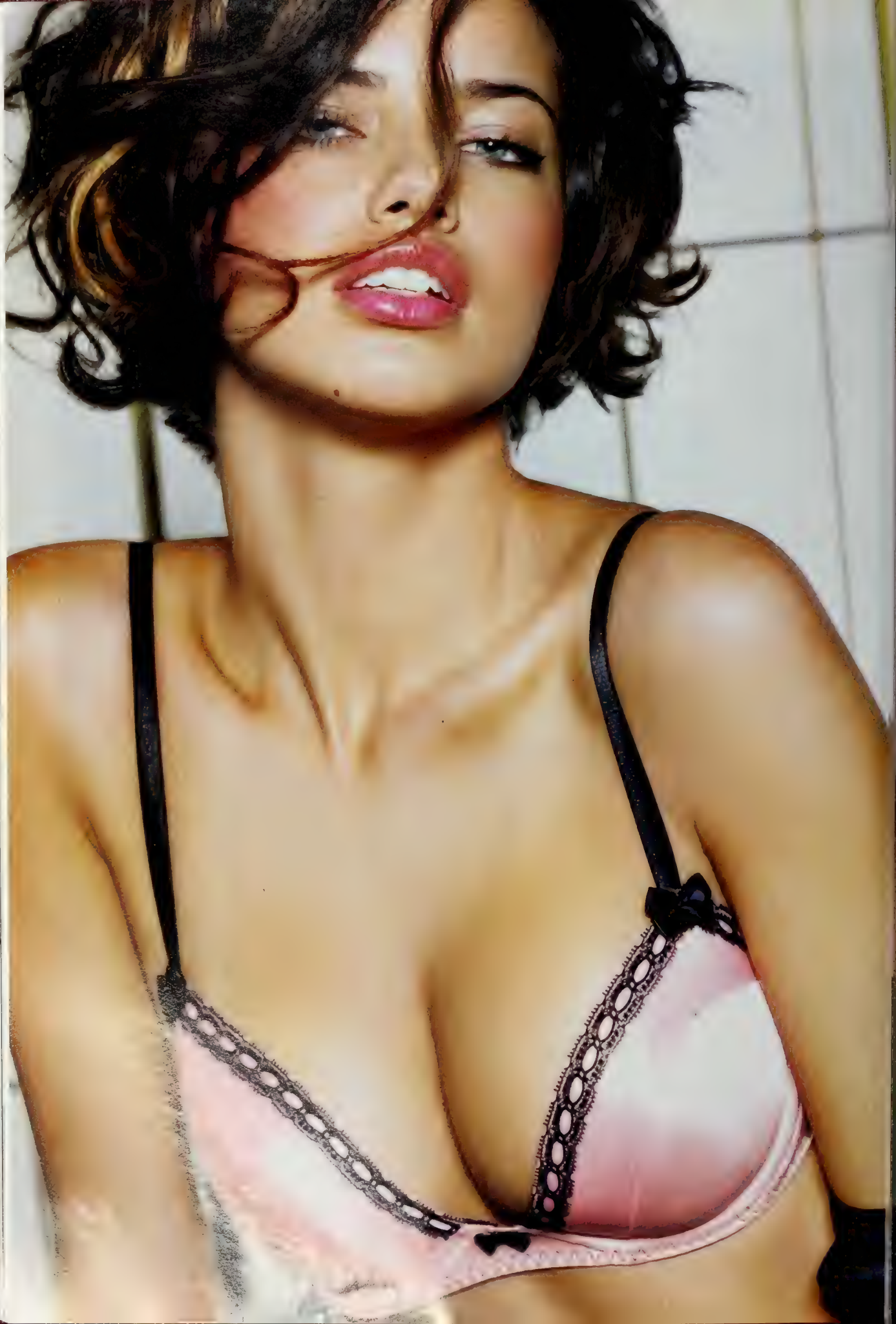


CK Calvin Klein Jeans

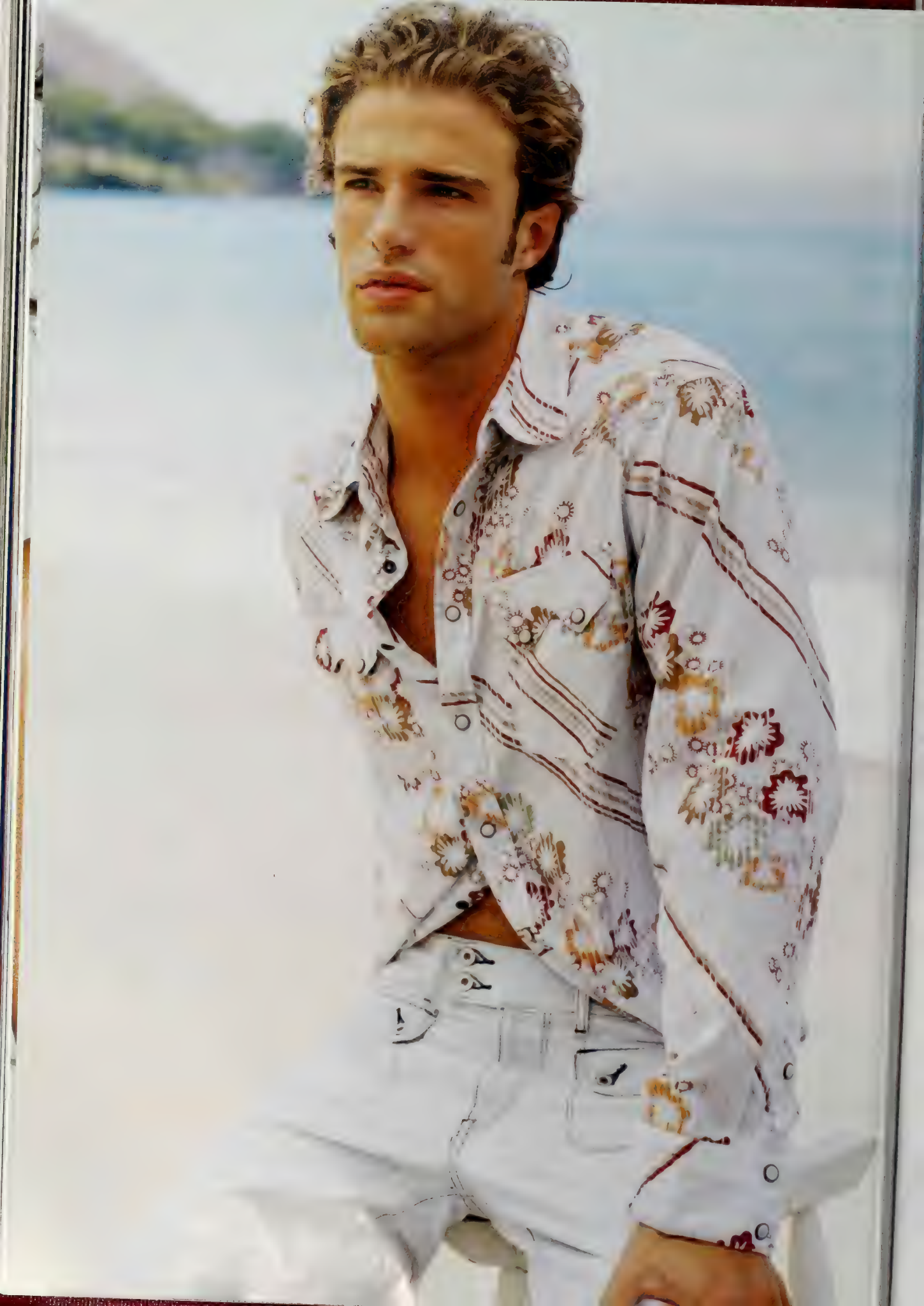




cK Calvin Klein Jeans




VICTORIA'S SECRET




GUESS
BY MARCIANO

VANITY FAIR

March 2003 No. 51



Mogul Jumper
IVANA TRUMP ON THE SLOPES IN ASPEN . . . 312

Features

SAYING FAREWELL TO A FRIEND: HERB RITTS, 1952–2002 In the cutthroat world of fashion and celebrity photography, Herb Ritts was an anomaly, not only supremely talented but kind and generous as well. With his last shoot on its cover, *V.F.* salutes a man who recognized beauty—of the body, the heart, and the mind . . . 275

BEN'S OPEN ROAD Half of the most gossiped-about movie couple since Liz and Dick, Ben Affleck, who hits theaters this month in *Daredevil,* has also become one of Hollywood's most bankable leading men. At Affleck's no-frills L.A. pad, Leslie Bennetts pops the questions everyone's been wanting to ask—about the engagement to J.Lo, Gwyneth's reaction, his stint in rehab, etc.—and gets some surprisingly forthright answers. Photographs by Herb Ritts . . . 276

CARTIER-BRESSON'S DECISIVE MOMENT In an exclusive interview at Henri Cartier-Bresson's Paris apartment, David Friend finds the provocative 94-year-old pioneer of photojournalism, who has a major retrospective and a new book, more in tune with the ghosts of Matisse and Cézanne than with the impact of his camera. Portraits by René Burri 282

IT'S A MAD, MAD MISS WORLD The decision to take the struggling Miss World Pageant to predominantly Muslim Nigeria during the holy month of Ramadan cost more than anyone could have imagined. In the ensuing riots, 250 people were killed, while for the 90 contestants, as Judy Bachrach reports, the beauty-queen business turned very ugly indeed 294

THE TALENTED MR. EPSTEIN Veiling much of his fantastically lavish lifestyle in mystery, Jeffrey Epstein claims to be protecting his billionaire clients. Is he simply protecting himself? Looking beyond the private Boeing 727 (with trading room) and the personal island, Vicky Ward investigates New York's bachelor financier 300

WINNER LOSE ALL After successfully manipulating a computerized racetrack betting system, Chris Harn and two of his fraternity brothers thought they'd found the perfect scam. Then a 43-to-1 long shot won the Breeders' Cup Classic, and the odds turned against them. Bryan Burrough charts the fallout from a $3.1 million payday 306

FOR LOVE OF ASPEN A tiny mining village has become America's A-list wilderness retreat, populated by enough celebrities to stage an Oscar broadcast. Talking to such Aspenites as Kevin Costner, Hunter Thompson, and Jill St. John, Mark Seal takes a hard but deeply affectionate reading of the town's real-estate boom, its social sets, and its soul. Photographs by Jonathan Becker 312

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



Find more ways to look better, longer at **clinique.com**


PRADA



surf wetsuit skele Paris New York, N.Y. **HELMUT LANG** - S/S 03





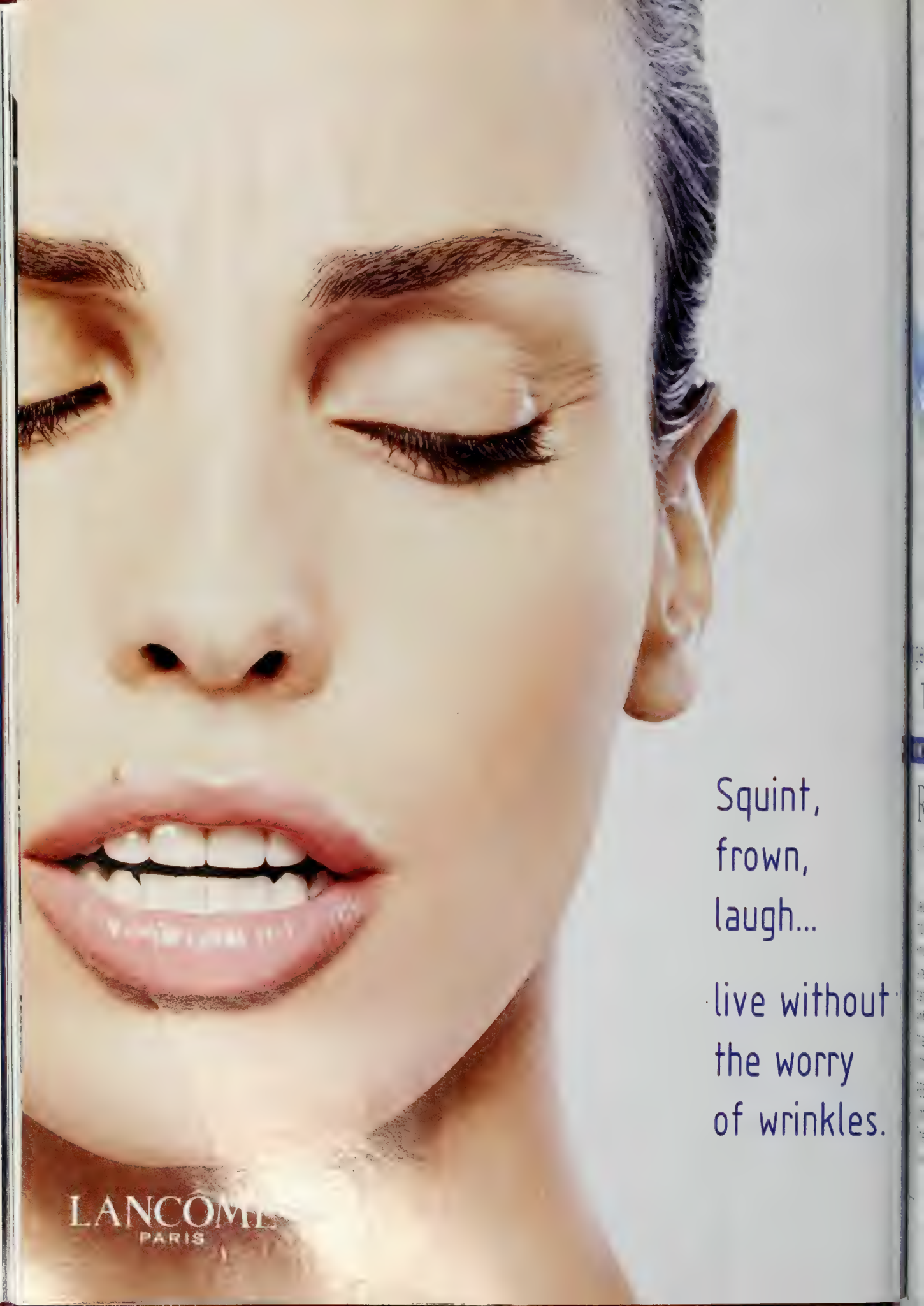




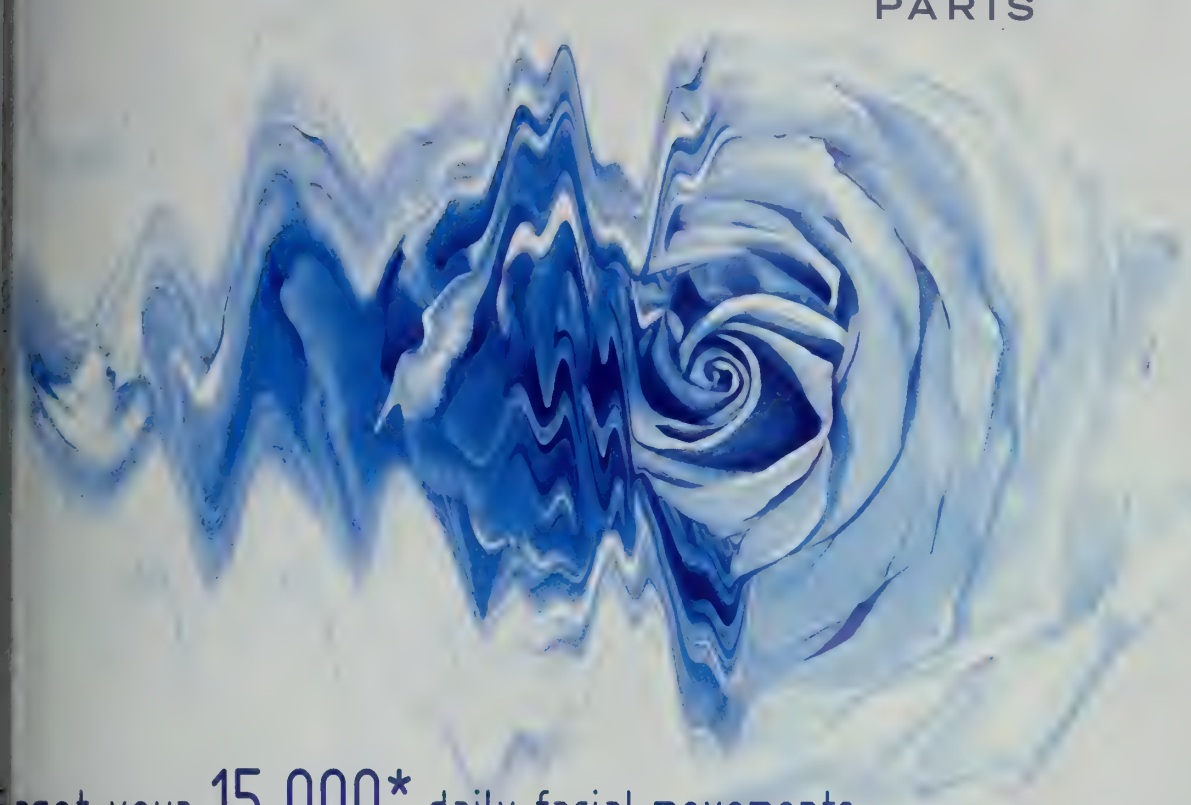

Home office dress code. The shoe fits.



Macy's Herald Square


Squint,
frown,
laugh...
live without
the worry
of wrinkles.
LANCÔME
PARIS

LANCÔME
PARIS



Neiman Marcus

rget your 15,000* daily facial movements.
The 1st dermo-crease wrinkle treatment with D-Contraxol.™

INNOVATION

RÉSOLUTION
D-CONTRAXOL™

Laughing, frowning, squinting... 15,000* daily facial movements create lines that deepen over time, known as dermo-creases. Lancôme Laboratories lead a revolution against wrinkles with an exclusive dermo-smoothing complex : D-Contraxol.™ A unique anti-wrinkle treatment with 7 patents pending, that targets dermo-creases as well as lines and other existing wrinkles.

RESULT : Immediately skin is smoother. Within 4 weeks, wrinkles appear less visible, as if smoothed from within. Their number, depth and size are significantly reduced.

Available in two formulas : Normal/Combination and Normal to Dry Skin.



* Average number of daily facial movements

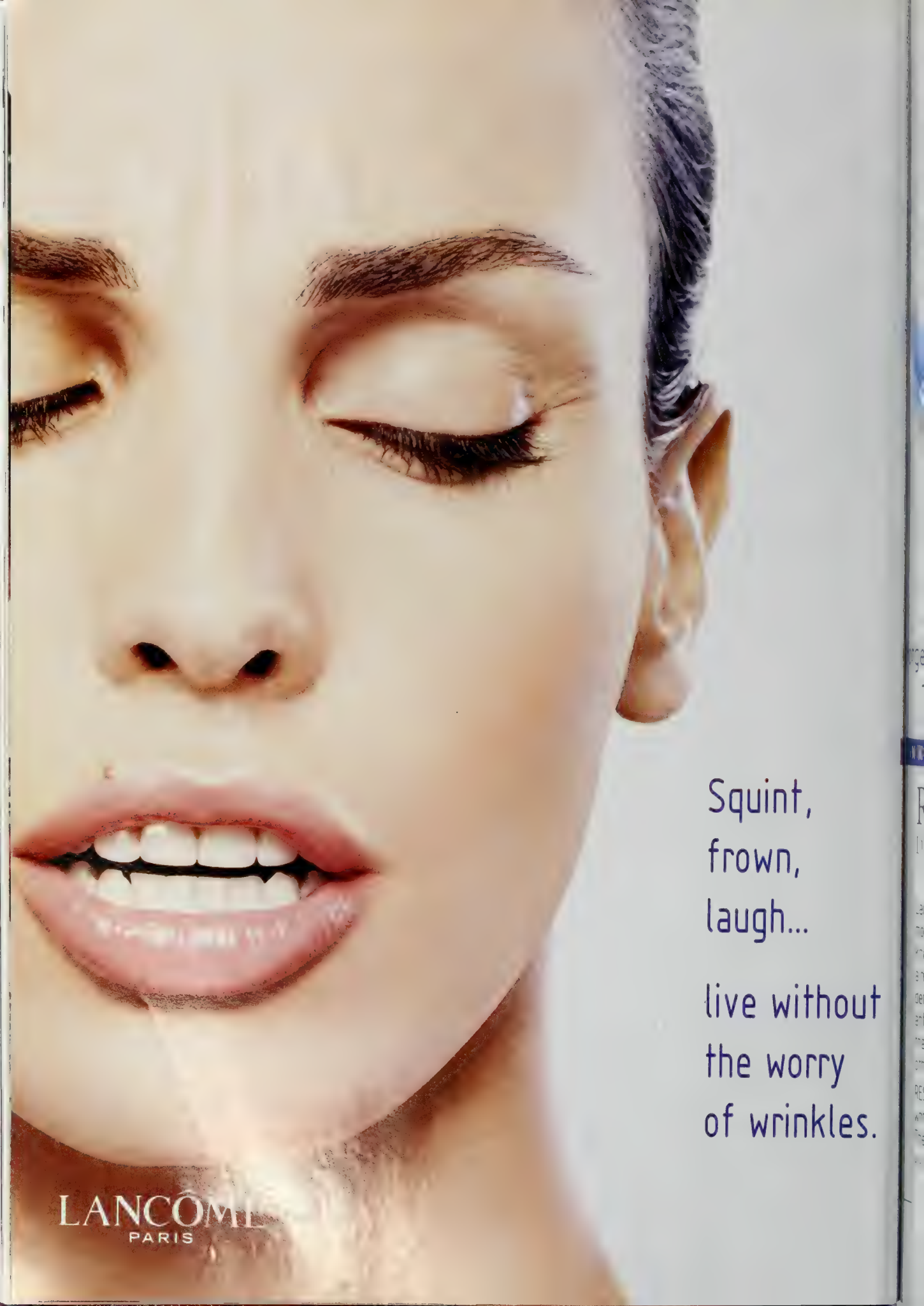
BELIEVE IN BEAUTY®

shop at lancome.com

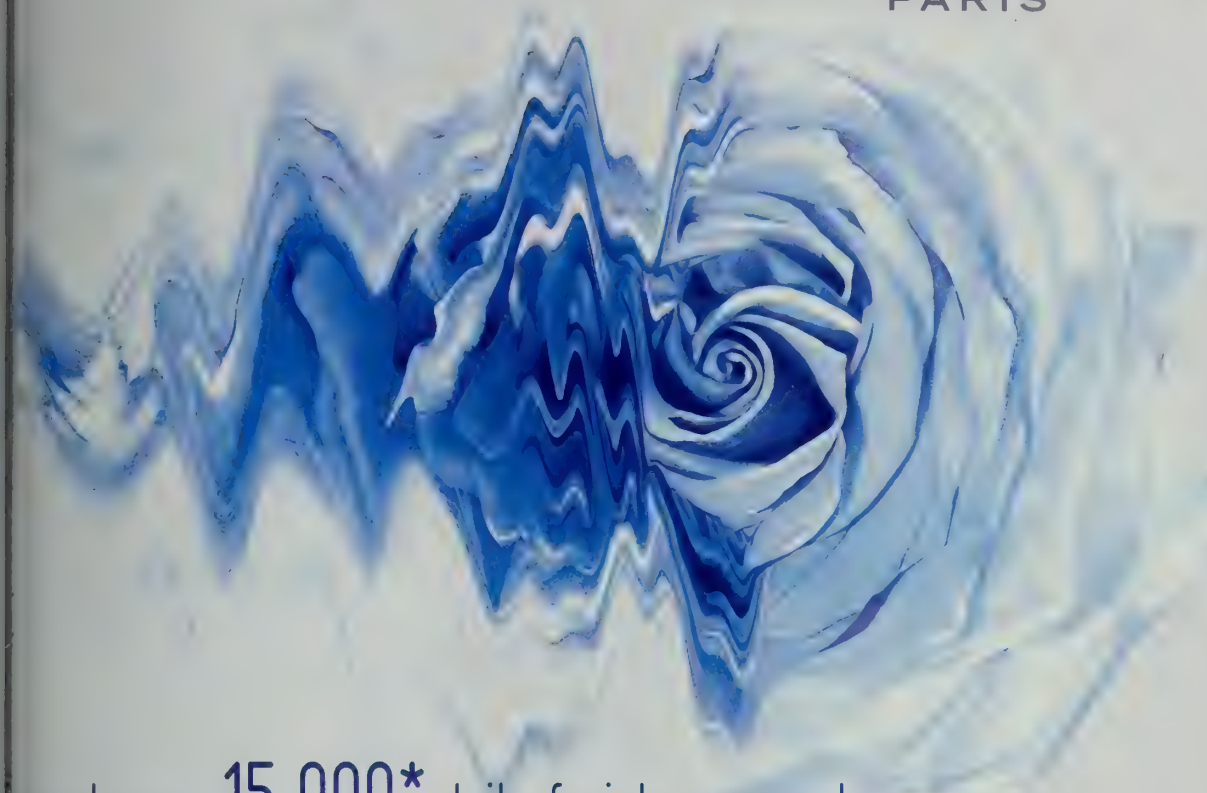

Home office dress code. The shoe fits.



Herald Square


Squint,
frown,
laugh...
live without
the worry
of wrinkles.
LANCÔME
PARIS

LANCÔME
PARIS



Neiman Marcus

orget your 15,000* daily facial movements.
The 1st dermo-crease wrinkle treatment with D-Contraxol.™

INNOVATION

RÉSOLUTION
D-CONTRAXOL™

Laughing, frowning, squinting... 15,000* daily facial movements create lines that deepen over time, known as dermo-creases. Lancôme Laboratories lead a revolution against wrinkles with an exclusive dermo-smoothing complex : D-Contraxol.™ A unique anti-wrinkle treatment with 7 patents pending, that targets dermo-creases as well as lines and other existing wrinkles.

RESULT : Immediately skin is smoother. Within 4 weeks, wrinkles appear less visible, as if smoothed from within. Their number, depth and size are significantly reduced.

Available in two formulas : Normal/Combination and Normal to Dry Skin.



* Average number of daily facial movements

BELIEVE IN BEAUTY®

shop at lancome.com



VANITY FAIR

March 2003 No. 5

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

Fanfair

31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Piano Boy—jazz prodigy Peter Cincotti. Hot Reels: Bruce Handy on *Bend It Like Beckham;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn gets to *The Core;* Chris Mitchell reviews *Laurel Canyon.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. James Wolcott with Ali G. Edward Helmore previews *The Play What I Wrote;* Henry Alford on Salman Rushdie's *Midnight's Children.* My Stuff—designer *extraordinaire* Philippe Starck; Hot Looks; Evgenia Peretz gets Fresh 12

Columns

LIVING PROOF A toast to all those killjoys who frown every time Christopher Hitchens lifts another glass. Vindicated—no, elated—by the *New England Journal of Medicine*'s imprimatur, he expounds on the secret of his success: booze, and plenty of it. (But watch the gin!) Photo illustration by Geof Kern 15

WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR AND NOBODY CARED? Since Americans have largely ignored environmental destruction, corporate rip-offs, and civil-liberties violations, it's no surprise to see the country sleepwalking into full-scale war on Iraq. But James Wolcott blames the deafening silence in part on a pre-emptive propaganda strike by flag-waving hawks. Photo illustration by Hugh Kretschmer 16

ROUND TWO WITH THE KENNEDYS Keeping a diary is not for sissies. This month, Dominick Dunne reacts to Gary Condit's $11 million slander suit and fact-checks Robert F. Kennedy Jr.'s 14,000-word *Atlantic Monthly* apologia for Michael Skakel. Portrait by Michael O'Neill ... 16

CAMBRIDGE REDS Michael Roberts spotlights the new, four-part BBC drama about Britain's most notorious—and glamorous—espionage ring 17

THE CAMERA WARS With snaps of Ben and Jen selling for as much as $100,000, the paparazzi will do whatever it takes for a catch. Hanging out with two top shot-makers, Kevin Mazur and Phil Ramey, Nancy Jo Sales assesses their radically different tactics: schmoozing versus stalking. Portraits by Richard Burbridge 17

***BUTTERFIELD 8* CALLS BACK** Rereading the 1935 novel *BUtterfield 8* as it gets reissued by the Modern Library, Fran Lebowitz discovers that John O'Hara's all-too-knowing tone masks genuine sophistication, wisdom, and literary daring 19

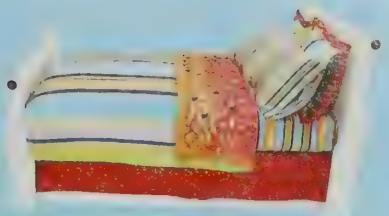
HALL OF FAME Jeremy Eichler nominates composer John Adams, whose *Nixon in China* and *El Niño* have helped make opera relevant again. Portrait by Alastair Thain 19

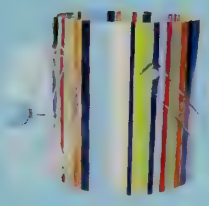
CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

How Hot Was It?
JOHNNY CARSON ON HIS DECK

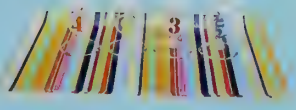

Bombay Sapphire Martini
by Eva Zeisel
SAPPHIRE INSPIRED
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
BOMBAY
SAPPHIRE
Distilled
LONDON
DRY GIN
IMPORTED

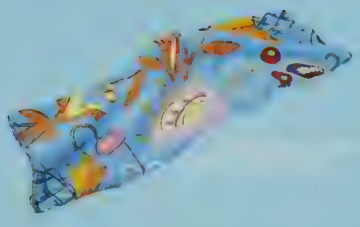

by cynthia rowley
Swell
and ilene rosenzweig
















DOES THE MAN MAKE THE NEWS
OR DOES THE NEWS MAKE THE MAN?
-KENNETH COLE


The Times
KENNETH COLE new york



ADRIENNE VITTADINI STORES

PALM BEACH, FL.
CORAL GABLES, FL.
TAMPA, FL.
ORLANDO, FL.
LOS ANGELES, CA.
SANTA CLARA, CA.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
DES PERES, MO.
SAN JUAN, PR.
RALEIGH, NC.
LITTLETON, CO.
HACKENSACK, NJ.
MARLTON, NJ.
SCHAUMBURG, IL.
GENEVA, IL.
BIRMINGHAM, AL.
FARMINGTON, CT.

OPENING THIS SPRING

DENVER, CO.
SHORT HILLS, NJ.
PLANO, TX.
LAS VEGAS, NV.
COLUMBUS, OH.
SCOTTSDALE, AZ.
ROSEVILLE, MN.

www.adriennevittadini.com. 1-866-479-3757


ADRIENNE VITTADINI


Naturalizer





VANITY FAIR

March 2003 No. 5

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

TAKING IT ALL OFF This spring, the musical that capped Gypsy Rose Lee's va-va-va-voom legend is back on Broadway. Laura Jacobs supplies the unvarnished backstage drama of three women: the celebrated stripper; her enormously talented sister, stage and movie star June Havoc; and their viciously controlling mother, Rose. Portraits by Firooz Zahedi 19

Vanities

BRUCKNER EXPRESSWAY Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield's Intelligence Report: Power Restaurants. George Wayne interviews Dyan Cannon. Neal Pollack exploits fatherhood. Out & In: looking forward to Strom Thurmond's 101st birthday 22

Special Section

MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY As part of its 20th-anniversary celebration, *V.F.* pays tribute to Annie Leibovitz, whose magical work behind the lens has produced 104 iconographic covers and a museum's worth of unforgettable portraits for the magazine 23

Et Cetera

EDITOR'S LETTER: American Master 9

CONTRIBUTORS 100

LETTERS: The Killing Game 110

CREDITS 346

PLANETARIUM: Make your pick, Pisces 34

PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE: Bill O'Reilly 350

TO FIND CONDÉ NAST MAGAZINES ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB, VISIT www.epicurious.com

VANITY FAIR IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., WHICH PUBLISHES THE MAGAZINE THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. COPYRIGHT © 2003 BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

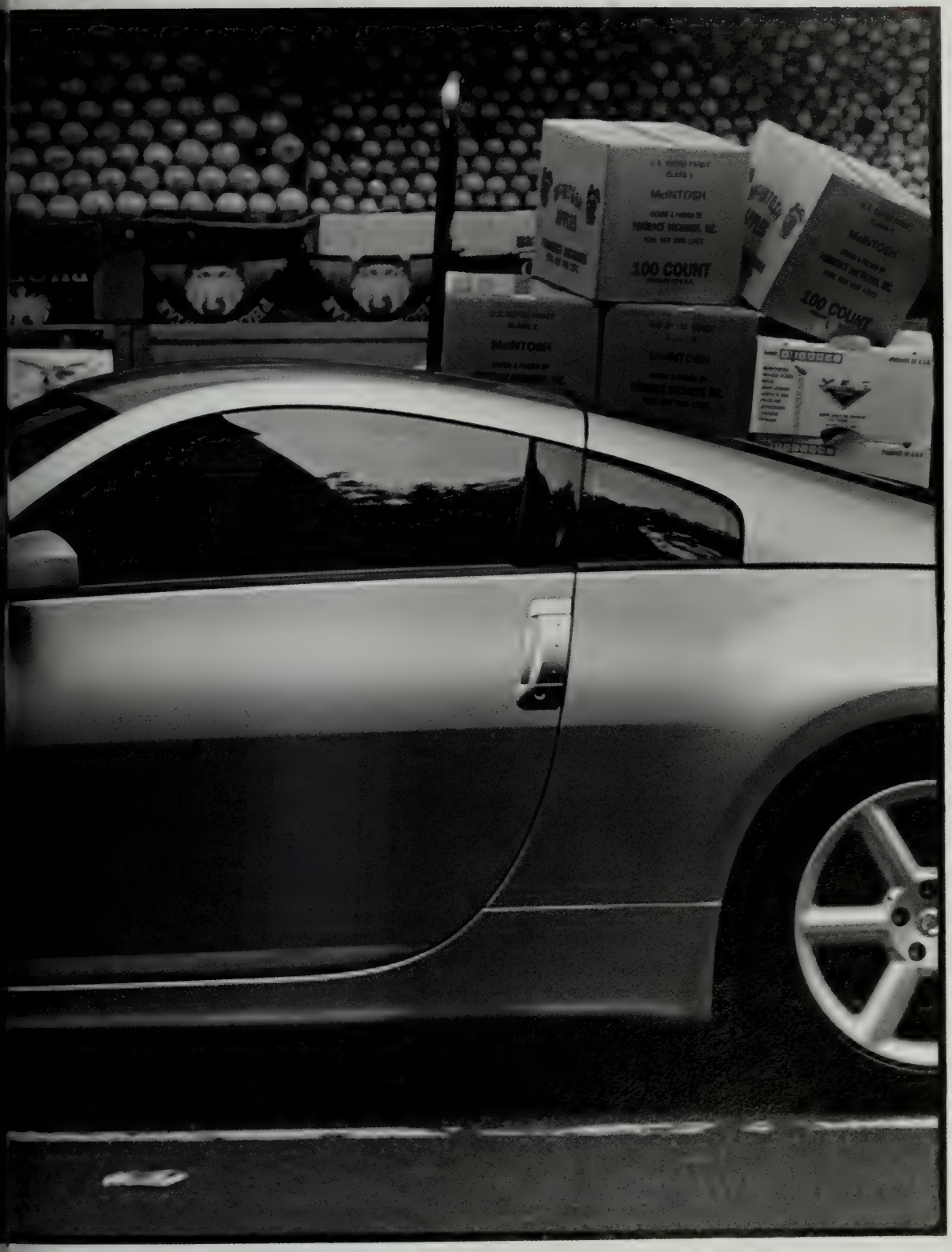
Vanity Fair NO. 511 (ISSN 0733-8899) The magazine is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications (4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036), which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. *Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.*: S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Chairman, Charles H. Townsend, C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, Executive Vice President–C.F.O.; Jill Bright, Executive Vice President–Human Resources; John Buese, Executive Vice President–Chief Information Officer; David Orlin, Senior Vice President–Strategic Sourcing; Robert Bennis, Senior Vice President–Real Estate; David B. Chemidlin, Senior Vice President–General Manager, AMG Shared Services Center. Periodicals postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. 10001, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as International Publications Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. For back-issue inquiries, call 800-365-0635 or write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 3771, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714. The first copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks of receipt of order. Eight weeks is required for change of address; please give both new address and old as printed on last label. Editorial, production, and business correspondence should be sent electronically to vfmail@vf.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or the information, please advise us at Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714.

Postmaster: Send address changes to *Vanity Fair*, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.



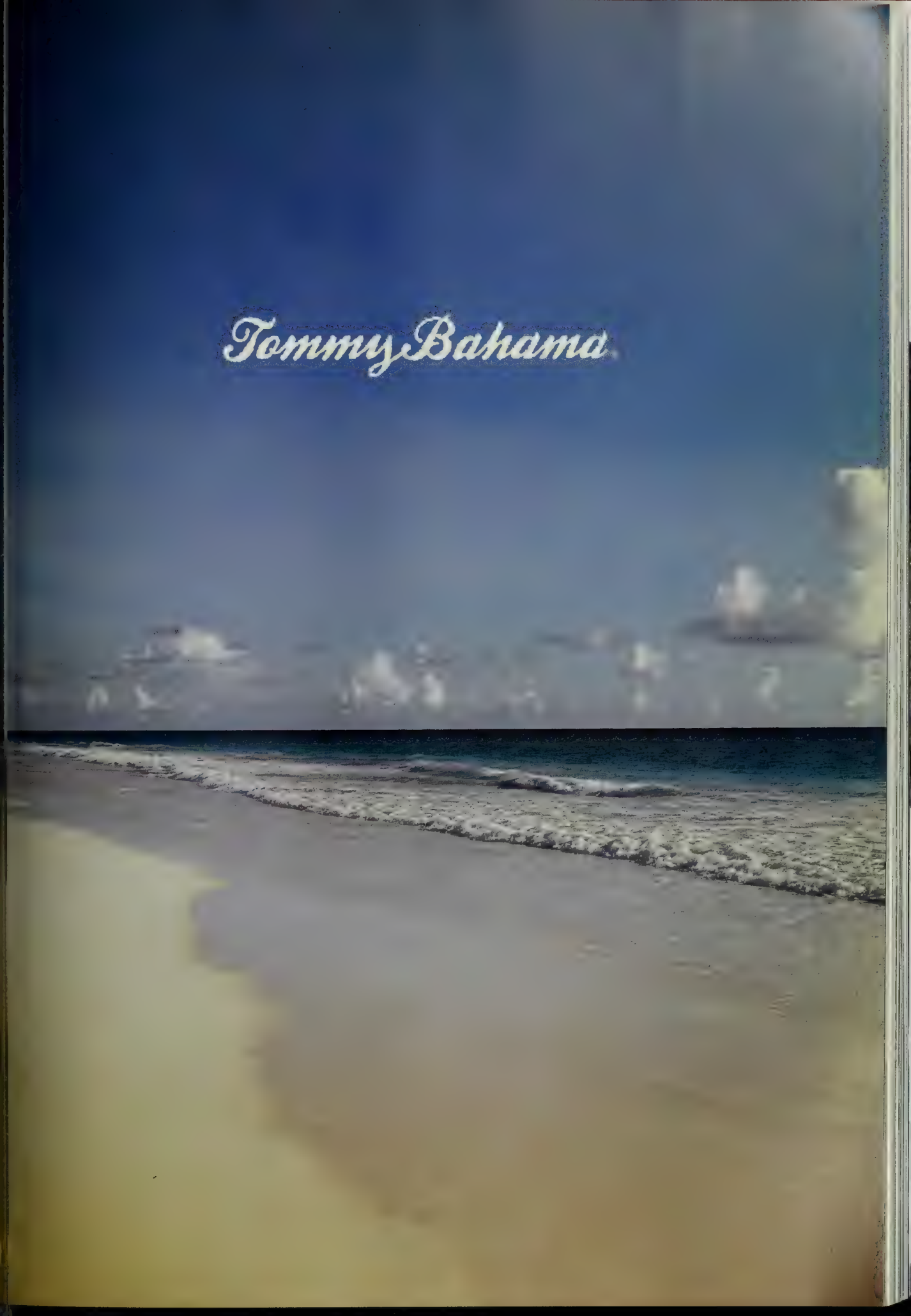

LUST? LOVE? OBSESSION? YES. THE NEW Z.



NISSAN

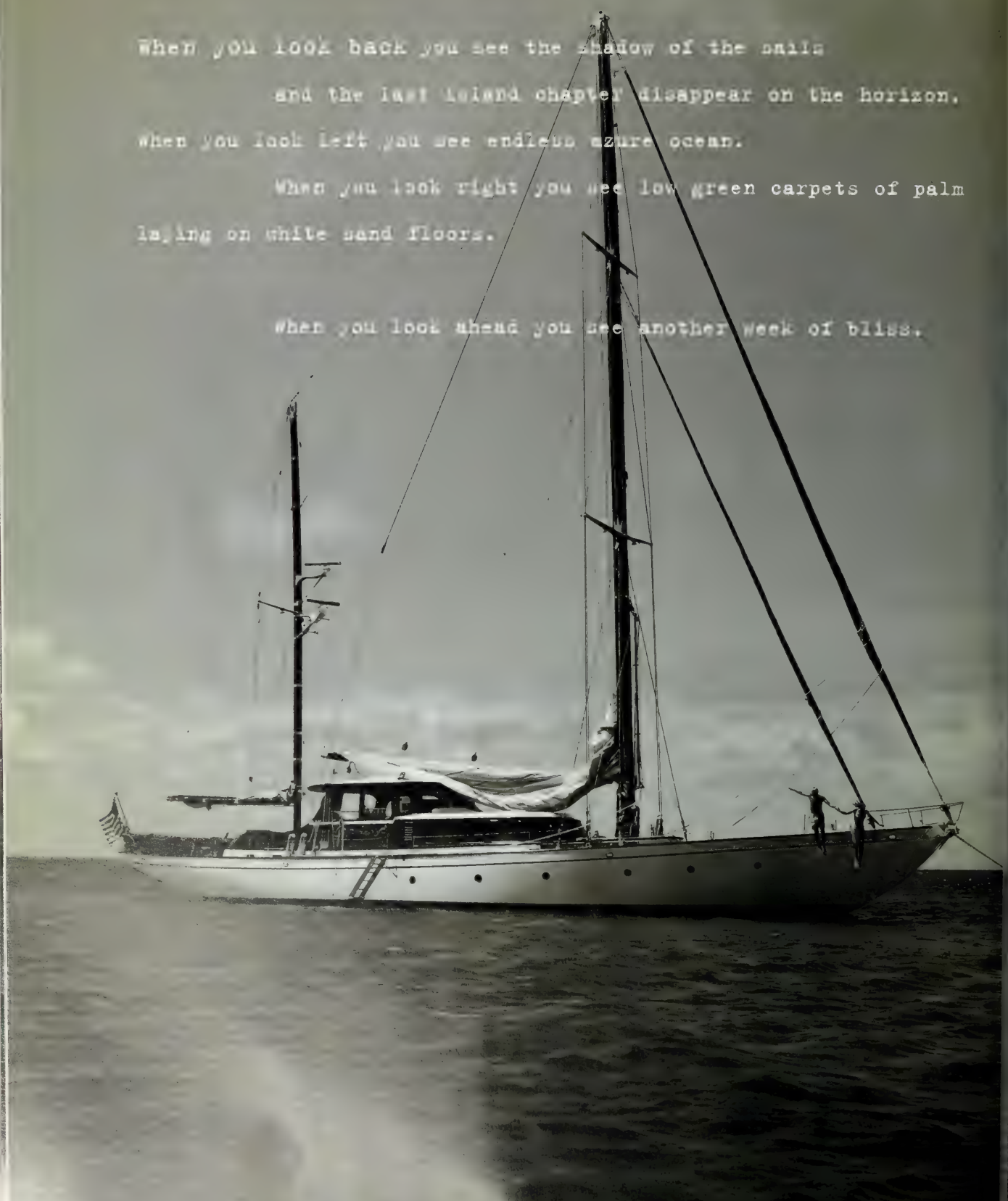
SHIFT_desire

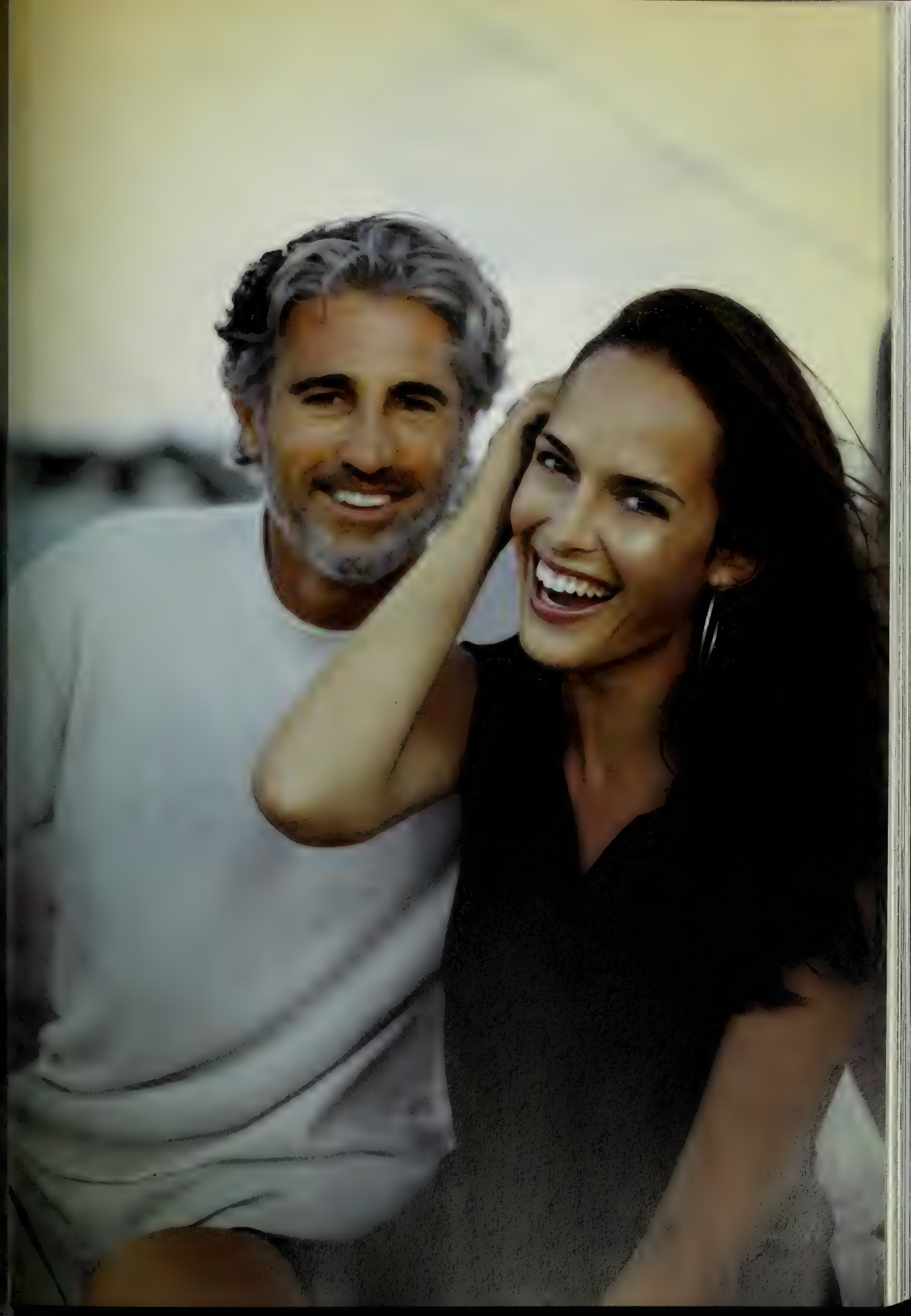

MAX
CON


Tommy Bahama

When you look back you see the shadow of the sails
and the last island chapter disappear on the horizon.
When you look left you see endless azure ocean.
When you look right you see low green carpets of palm
lining on white sand floors.

When you look ahead you see another week of bliss.


























Tommy Bahama®
ISLAND-INSPIRED CLOTHING ACCESSORIES HOME FURNISHINGS CAFES AND EMPORIUMS
CHICAGO CORAL GABLES DALLAS FT. LAUDERDALE HONOLULU KANSAS CITY
ANGELES MAUI NAPLES NEWPORT BEACH ORLANDO PALM DESERT PALO ALTO
E. SARASOTA SCOTTSDALE TAMPA WEST PALM BEACH VISIT TOMMYBAHAMA.COM



ROLEX

Worth a second glance, even when you know the time.

Oyster Perpetual Daytona in 18kt. white gold with pink mother-of-pearl dial

FOR THE NAME AND LOCATION OF AN OFFICIAL ROLEX JEWELER NEAR YOU, PLEASE CALL 1-800-367-6539. WWW.ROLEX.COM

Rolex, ♛, Oyster Perpetual and Daytona are trademarks



ROLEX

Worth a second glance, even when you know the time.

Oyster Perpetual Daytona in 18kt. gold with black mother-of-pearl dial

FOR THE NAME AND LOCATION OF AN OFFICIAL ROLEX JEWELER NEAR YOU, PLEASE CALL 1-800-367-6539. WWW.ROLEX.CO

* Oyster Perpetual and Daytona are trademarks

DKNY
PRESENTS

VANITY FAIR IN CONCERT

NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, CHICAGO

brought to you by Step Up Women's Network


da Williams


Anjelica Huston, Donna Karan, Brooke S[illegible], and Angie Harmon


Neil Finn


Maggie Gyllenhaal and Natalie Portman


en Stiller and wife, hristine Taylor

THE VANITY FAIR "IN CONCERT" SERIES

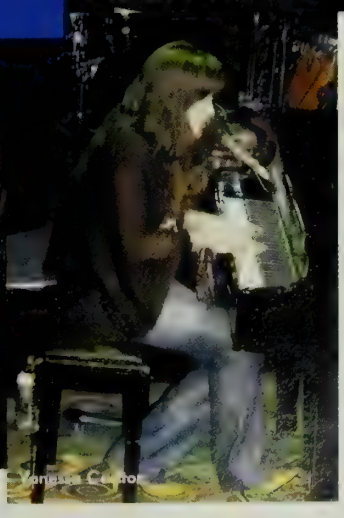
In October and November 2002, *Vanity Fair* and DKNY hosted the first-ever *Vanity Fair* "In Concert" Series to benefit Step Up Women's Network. From New York to Los Angeles to Chicago, some of music's biggest stars took the stage to raise money for Step Up, a nonprofit organization dedicated to advancing philanthropy and volunteerism in partnership with the entertainment and media industries. In each city, the lineup featured some of the industry's hottest musicians, including Missy Elliott, Tweet, and Vanessa Carlton in New York; Lucinda Williams and Aimee Mann in Los Angeles; and Sixpence None the Richer in Chicago. *Vanity Fair* and Donna Karan Black Cashmere hosted star-studded V.I.P. parties in conjunction with each concert event, turning out celebrities such as Anjelica Huston, Angie Harmon and Jason Sehorn, Natalie Portman, Ben Stiller, Christian Slater, and Mira Sorvino.


Patti Cohen of Donna Karan and Bernadette Peters


Aimee Mann


Missy Elliott


Olivier Martinez and Mira Sorvino


Vanessa Carlton

THE "IN CONCERT" SERIES WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE FOLLOWING SPONSORS:

DKNY | DOONEY & BOURKE | KYOCERA | SAKS FIFTH AVENUE | SUBARU | W HOTELS | BLACK CASHMERE DONNAKARAN | TÜRI | PATERNO WINES INTERNATIONAL | Citysearch.com | GRAN CENTENARIO TEQUILA


On you, black is anything but basic.



Confident
Comfortable
Possibilities

Stores
1-800-TALBOTS
talbots.com

Talbots

It's A Classic

VANITY FAIR

Editor **GRAYDON CARTER**

Managing Editor CHRIS GARRETT
Design Director DAVID HARRIS
Executive Literary Editor WAYNE LAWSON
Features Editor JANE SARKIN
Senior Articles Editors DOUGLAS STUMPF, AIMEE BELL, BRUCE HANDY
Editor-at-Large MATT TYRNAUER
Legal Affairs Editor ROBERT WALSH **Articles Editor** JIM WINDOLF
Associate Managing Editor ELLEN KIELL
Fashion Director ELIZABETH SALTZMAN WALKER **Photography Director** SUSAN WHITE
Director of Special Projects SARA MARKS
Copy Editor PETER DEVINE **Research Editor** JOHN BANTA
London Editor HENRY PORTER **West Coast Editor** KRISTA SMITH
Special Correspondents DOMINICK DUNNE, BOB COLACELLO, MAUREEN ORTH, BRYAN BURROUGH, AMY FINE COLLINS
Writer-at-Large MARIE BRENNER
Photography Editor LISA BERMAN **Deputy Art Director** JULIE WEISS
Photography Research Director JEANNIE RHODES **Vanities Editor** DANA BROWN
Fanfair Editors ANNE FULENWIDER, JOHN GILLIES
Associate Editor MICHAEL HOGAN
Senior Production Managers DINA AMARITO-DESHAN, MARTHA HURLEY
Associate Copy Editor DAVID FENNER **Deputy Research Editor** MARY FLYNN
Reporter-Researchers ALIYAH BARUCHIN, JUSTIN BISHOP, JAMES BUSS, ERIN GLADNEY, CHRISTOPHER HICKMAN, ADAM LAUKHUF, EAMON LYNCH, KRIS MCNEIL, MICHELLE MEMRAN, MICHAEL SACKS, GABRIEL SANDERS, MICHELE SHAPIRO, NATASHA STOVALL, MADISON VENZA
Research Assistant JACQUELINE NEISS
Assistant Art Directors LISA MEIPALA KENNEDY, CHRISTOPHER ISRAEL, CHRIS MUELLER, LEE RUELLE, ADAM BOOKBINDER
Assistant to the Editor PUNCH HUTTON
Editorial Business Manager MERSINI FIALO **Editorial Coordinator** DORI AMARITO
Senior Fashion Market Editor MARY F. BRAEUNIG **Fashion Editor** PATRICIA HERRERA **Market Editor** CHRISTINE HAHN
Senior Photography Producer KATHRYN MACLEOD **Senior Associate Photo Editor** SARAH CZELADNICKI
Senior Photo Research Editor ANN SCHNEIDER **Photo Research Editors** KATHERINE BANG, ROSANNA SGUERA
Editorial Promotions Associates AUDREY CAMPIGOTTO-ELLAR, MELISSA GONZALEZ
Paris Editor VÉRONIQUE PLAZOLLES
Art Production Manager CHRISTOPHER GEORGE **Copy Production Manager** ANDERSON TEPPER
Production Associates LESLIE HERTZOG, TRINA ROBINSON
Assistant Copy Editor DAVID GENDELMAN **Research Associate** HEATHER FINK
Photo Research Associates IAN BASCETTA, MATTHEW LEVINSON
Editorial Associates MARC GOODMAN, LAURA KANG, MATTHEW TRAINOR, FRED TURNER **Features Associate** LAUREN TABACH-BANK
Editorial Assistants CAROLYN BIELFELDT, LINDSAY BUCHA, ABBY FIELD, KELLY FRIEDMAN, JENNIFER MASSONI, DAISY HO, CAITLIN MORLEY, MANYA RUBINSTEIN, KATIE SHARER
Photo Department Coordinators KATHRYNE HALL, SARAH SMART **Assistant Editorial Business Manager** EILISH MORLEY
Photo Assistant DEIRDRE QUINN **Fashion Assistant** AGNES LE NART

Editor, Creative Development DAVID FRIEND

Contributing Editors
HENRY ALFORD, SUZANNA ANDREWS, ROBERT SAM ANSON, JUDY BACHRACH, LESLIE BENNETTS, CARL BERNSTEIN, PETER BISKIND, BUZZ BISSINGER, HOWARD BLUM, PATRICIA BOSWORTH, EDWIN JOHN COASTER, JOHN DALY, STEVEN DALY, BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE, JANINE DI GIOVANNI, LISA EISNER, RUPERT EVERETT, JULES FEIFFER, BRUCE FEIRSTEIN, STEVE GARBARINO, DAVID HALBERSTAM, REINALDO HERRERA, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, A. M. HOMES, LAURA JACOBS, SEBASTIAN JUNGER, DAVID KAMP, WALTER KIRN, EDWARD KLEIN, FRAN LEBOWITZ, ADAM LEFF, MICHAEL LUTIN, DAVID MARGOLICK, BRUCE MCCALL, PATRICK MCMULLAN, ANNE MCNALLY, RICHARD MERKIN, FREDERIC MORTON, NINA MUNK, DEE DEE MYERS, ANDREW NEIL, BETSEY OSBORNE, ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY, EVGENIA PERETZ, GENE PRESSMAN, WILLIAM PROCHNAU, LEE RADZIWILL, KATE REARDON, JOHN RICHARDSON, LISA ROBINSON, DAVID ROSE, RICHARD RUSHFIELD, NANCY JO SALES, ELISSA SCHAPPELL, KEVIN SESSUMS, GAIL SHEEHY, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON, INGRID SISCHY, SALLY BEDELL SMITH, SAM TANENHAUS, NICK TOSCHES, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG, VICKY WARD, HEATHER WATTS, GEORGE WAYNE, MARJORIE WILLIAMS, JAMES WOLCOTT, NED ZEMAN

Contributing Photographers
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
HERB RITTS, HELMUT NEWTON, BRUCE WEBER, MARK SELIGER
JONATHAN BECKER, HARRY BENSON, TODD EBERLE, LARRY FINK, TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS, JONAS KARLSSON, DAVID LACHAPELLE, MICHAEL O'NEILL, SEBASTIÃO SALGADO, SNOWDON, FIROOZ ZAHEDI
Contributing Artists TIM SHEAFFER, ROBERT RISKO, HILARY KNIGHT

Contributing Editor (Los Angeles) WENDY STARK MORRISSEY **Contributing Beauty and Photography Editor** SUNHEE C. GRINNELL
Contributing U.K. Coordinator JULIA WACHTEL **Contributing Stylists** KIM MEEHAN, SARAJANE HOARE
Contributing Market Editor (Accessories) STACEY LAPIDUS
Contributing Photography Producers RON BEINNER, RICHARD VILLANI **Contributing Production Associate** SUSAN M. RASCO

Executive Director of Public Relations BETH KSENIAK
Assistant KATHERINE WORDEN **Contributing Associate** DARRYL BRANTLEY

Editorial Director **JAMES TRUMAN**


CHINO
BANANA REPUBLIC


BANANA REPUBLIC BLACK DRESS CHINO AND




BANANA REPUBLIC CHINO PENCIL SKIRT FIDUÉ LADYCUT AND PUMPS



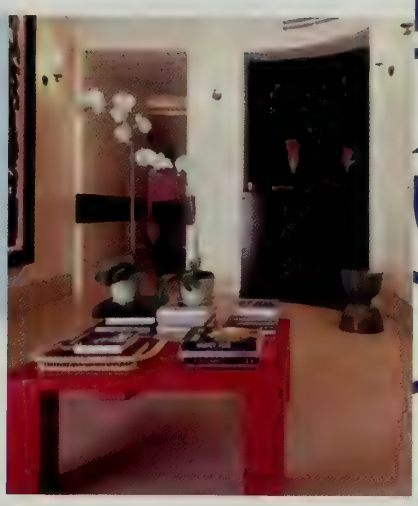





CHINO
BANANA REPUBLIC
Now show
spring Chino
on. And it's never looked so good. Shop the ultimate
at BananaRepublic.com or at 1.888.BRSTYLE.

SIMPLE ELEGANCE AT THE CITY CLUB HOTEL

Located near Manhattan's theater district, the City Club Hotel is a former Gentleman's Club that offers an intimate, elegant oasis for the refined traveler. From the award-winning chef Daniel Boulud's DB Bistro Moderne to the Frette bed linens and the complimentary Hermès bath products, the City Club's emphasis is on comfort and luxury. For reservations, call 888-256-4100 or E-mail reservations@cityclubhotel.com. For more information, visit www.CityClubHotel.com.





A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

Each year in America, 178,000 women die from tobacco-related disease. Now, a new movement of people, including actress Brooke Shields, is raising awareness and providing support for friends and loved ones who are trying to quit smoking. For information about Circle of Friends, call 800-243-7000 or visit www.join-the-circle.org.

At left: Brooke Shields and photographer Andrew Eccles

THE 46TH SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

From April 17 through May 1, 2003, the 46th San Francisco International Film Festival will bring the diverse people of the Bay Area together with filmmakers from around the world to share languages, cultures, and experiences through the medium of film. The oldest film festival in North America, the San Francisco International Film Festival will feature 190 of the best films from around the globe: world premieres, narrative features, archival treasures, documentaries, animation, experimental works, and shorts. Prestigious awards also are given, including the Peter J. Owens Award for acting—Kevin Spacey and Annette Bening are among the recipients—and the Film Society Award for Lifetime Achievement in Directing, which has been given to film icons such as Warren Beatty and Clint Eastwood. For more information, visit www.sffs.org.

EXPERIENCE THE YSL BEAUTÉ "OSCAR LOOK"

From March 13 through March 19, Yves Saint Laurent invites you to get your very own "Oscar look" at Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills, California. Exclusively at Saks and direct from Paris, makeup artist Mario joins Joe Costa and the entire Yves Saint Laurent U.S.A. Makeup Team to show you the "red carpet" secrets from Yves Saint Laurent's Makeup Collection 2003. To reserve your appointment, call 310-887-5369. (Space is limited.)



Above: Actress Garcelle Beauvais-Nilon.

A HEART FOR CHILDREN

On November 14, in Hollywood, California, Longines sponsored the "A Heart For Children" benefit on behalf of the Audrey Hepburn Children's Fund and the Audrey Hepburn C.A.R.E.S. team at Children's Hospital, Los Angeles. The newly renovated Roosevelt Hotel played host to a bevy of special guests, including Maria Conchita Alonso, Martin Landau, Garcelle Beauvais-Nilon, Renée Taylor, and Joseph Bologna. The evening featured a silent auction of items including specially designed Longines watches, a heart-shaped necklace once owned by Audrey Hepburn, and a scarf worn by Omara Portuondo in the film *Buena Vista Social Club*. Guests listened to music by Portuondo and the Buena Vista Social Club as they enjoyed cuisine from famed chef [illegible]


NEW FROM REVLON
COLORSTAY®
Halle Berry is
wearing Color
Overtime™ Lip
in Ultimate W
INTRODUCING 8 HOURS
OF SUPER-SHINY COLOR
NEW COLORSTAY
OVERTIME LIPCOLOR


8 HOURS
Finally, long-lasting lipcolor with incredible moisturizing shine in one easy-to-use tube. Shiny color that lasts all day– from breakfast to dessert. In 20 gorgeous shades. Now, that's ColorStay innovation.
NEW
REVLON COLORSTAY OVERTIME™ LIPCOLOR
REVLON

VANITY FAIR

Vice President and Publisher **LOUIS CONA**

Associate Publisher, Creative Services and Marketing HOPE HENING
Associate Publisher STEVEN L. DeLUCA
Advertising Director WILLIAM C. SCHENCK
Executive Director, Creative Services JANINE SILVERA
Marketing Director DANIELLA R. WELLS
Executive Beauty Director LUCILLE DURAN
Fashion Directors MARIA ELIASON, PAULA FORTGANG, JENNIFER SCHLESINGER
New England Manager MERYL J. DEGEN
Southeast and Automotive Director ANTHONY RICE
Jewelry and Watch Manager ALATIA BRADLEY
Account Managers HEATHER DiBENEDETTO, KATHRYN BANINO
Senior Marketing Managers ERIC A. KARP, JENNIFER KIFFER
Business Director MARC LEYER Finance Director JUDY SAFIR
Executive Assistant to the Publisher AUDRA ASENCIO Advertising Coordinator ABBY CZELADNICKI

West Coast Director
RITA MORAN CHAVERS
Southwest Manager
STACY MACKLIN
6300 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90048
323-965-3433

Detroit Manager
KELLIE A. MacALOON
2600 West Big Beaver Road
Suite 440
Troy, Michigan 48084
248-458-7961

Midwest Manager
KELLY SOUTER PAXSON
875 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
312-649-3517

San Francisco Manager
RUTH TOOKER
50 Francisco Street
Suite 115
San Francisco, California 94133
415-955-8270

Florida and Caribbean
JAY STELZER
Jay Stelzer and Associates
3475 Sheridan Street, Suite 306
Hollywood, Florida 33021
954-985-0651

Dallas
LEWIS STAFFORD COMPANY
5000 Quorum Drive, Suite 545
Dallas, Texas 75240
972-960-2889

Canada
DODD MEDIA SALES
3121 Theatre Road North, RR4
Cobourg, Ontario
K9A 4J7 Canada
905-885-0664

Milan
MIRELLA DONINI
Mia S.R.L.
Via Hoepli, 3
20121 Milan, Italy
3902-805-1422

Paris
ELISABETH BARBOSA
Go Media Sales Ltd.
39 Bis Rue Laugier
75017 Paris, France
33-1-44-40-43-28

London
FRAN BERRICK
Go Media Sales Ltd.
61 Grosvenor Street
London, England W1Y 9DA
44-20-7409-2616

Hong Kong
KIM KENCHINGTON
MediaWorks Mathews Asia
1902 Professional Building
19-23 Tung Lo Wan Road
Causeway Bay, Hong Kong
852-2882-1106

Creative Development Directors JENNIFER ORR KELMAN, MERIDITH PARKS ROTMAN
Design Director COLLEEN MEADE
Promotion Director MARY CALABRESE O'REILLY
Copy Director ANNE DiBENEDETTO
Merchandising Directors ALYSSA ROCKLAND, KERRI FALLON
Special Projects Manager JENNIFER PRODAN HENDERSON
Associate Art Director JAQUELINE BACICH
Promotion Production Manager SHELBY TOMPKINS
Promotion Assistant KRISTI NAERIS Marketing Coordinator EMILY ZAK
Entertainment Marketing Consultant JENNIFER PARKER

Advertising Assistants NICOLE BAGUER, COLEEN KEATING, KIM SIEBEL, LESLEY THOMPSON
LISA BARLOW (Detroit), ALISON CARTER (Chicago), SUZANNE MOHAMED (San Francisco), SUKI SIR (Los Angeles)

PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS

Chairman **S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.**

President and CEO **STEVEN T. FLORIO**

Executive Vice President–Chief Operating Officer CHARLES H. TOWNSEND
Executive Vice President–Chief Financial Officer JOHN W. BELLANDO
Executive Vice President–Chief Marketing Officer RICHARD D. BECKMAN
Executive Vice President–Human Resources JILL BRIGHT
Senior Vice President–Consumer Marketing PETER A. ARMOUR
Senior Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution KEVIN G. HICKEY
Senior Vice President–Corporate Communications MAURIE PERL
Senior Vice President–Planning and Development PRIMALIA CHANG
Senior Vice President–Advertising Services ROBERT A. SILVERSTONE
Senior Vice President–Market Research SCOTT McDONALD

Vice President–Editorial Business Manager LINDA RICE
Vice President–Corporate Creative Director GARY VAN DIS
Vice President–Retail Marketing JAMES MATE Vice President–Corporate Sales LESLIE PICARD
Vice President–Strategic Sales LINDA MASON
Vice President–Corporate Sales and Marketing, Detroit PEGGY DAITCH
Vice President–Creative Marketing CARA DEOUL PERL Vice President–Marketing MATT ROBERTS

A division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.
Published at 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036

...Vanity Fair, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0635.
...ts please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628.



AN MARCUS SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

American Master



I was photographed by Annie Leibovitz twice before I came to *Vanity Fair.* I was editing *Spy* at the time and I knew her by reputation—well, I mean, who didn't? She was big-league. Her subjects were, too. I, on the other hand, was strictly minor-league. To say that I was a bit anxious about the shoots would be an understatement. I was in a swivet. I worried that I would be a disappointment to her, that I would somehow fail her. You know, not measure up. And I'm sure I didn't. But if she felt the session was beneath her, as it most definitely was, you would never have known it. She was so gracious and solicitous that I came away feeling as if I had been tapped for some sort of club for high achievers.

For to be photographed by Annie Leibovitz is most surely a milestone in anyone's life. Look at the company you're in. She has shot presidents and prime ministers, movie stars and moguls, rockers and royals, as well as writers, painters, dancers, designers, and even editors. The most acclaimed and, arguably, the finest photographer working for magazines, she has for the last quarter-century been the house portraitist of the baby-boomer generation. And in capturing for *Rolling Stone* the bellicose mandarins of rock 'n' roll in the 70s and, for *Vanity Fair,* the tanned, moneyed stars of the 80s and the electronic-age emperors of the 90s, she has also produced an unparalleled portrait of the last quarter-century.

Annie was an air-force brat who first saw America from the back of the family station wagon, crammed in tight with her five brothers and sisters. And America is still she sees better than anyone else idols are Arbus and Avedon, and are elements of both in her work. at her best portraits. There is s thing to them that remains long the eye has left the page. It is a re born of imagination, intellect, and ple hard work. For the most part shoots Americans of high station. their principal goal is to get the tograph done and get on with their lives. Annie waits then though, shooting roll after roll, until their protective muscle lapse and a portrait emerges that digs up something deeper. comfortable in the company of the accomplished, but she also els in shooting subjects who are interesting but not well kn And she's especially passionate about shooting those who have en through the cracks of the American Dream.

Her studio is in New York. But it could be fairly said she liv airplanes, hotel rooms, and location trailers, punishing herself a barnstorming, seven-day-a-week schedule that must be singul the magazine business. Everything is about getting the picture. to that end, she can be difficult and inspiring, intuitive and ag sive, insightful and often downright maddening. As the sp portfolio beginning on page 233 proves, she is to this incarnati *Vanity Fair* what Edward Steichen was to the earlier one. And i 10 years of working with her, I have learned more about phot phy than I did in a lifetime before. Annie Leibovitz, simply put, the top of her game—a genuine master. —GRAYDON CAR



ON THE COVER
Ben Affleck wears a T-shirt by Double RL and jeans by Levi's. Hair products by Bumble and Bumble. Grooming products by Clarins Men. Hair by Janine [illegible] Thompson. Grooming by Frankie Payne. Props and set styled by Thomas [illegible] Styled by Deborah Waknin. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Herb Ritts in El Mirage, Cal December 13



TOD'S





TOD'S

FILMAID INTERNATIONAL

[illegible]

THE SILVER LINING SILVER LAKE FOUNDATION

The Silver Lining Silver Lake Foundation is a nonprofit fund-raising organization that was created to bring together artists and musicians in events that inspire benevolence and goodwill in communities across the country. From its wildly successful music festival—which last year featured Elton John, Sting, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers—to its silent

[illegible]

in nee

www

CONTRIBUTORS



The deeper special correspondent **BRYAN BURROUGH** delved into the $3.1 million Breeders' Cup betting scandal, the more it reminded him of the film *The Falcon and the Snowman.* "The parallels were striking," says Burrough, who has a knack for finding cinematic stories (a number of his *V.F.* articles are in film development). "The movie's two main figures, the Tim Hutton character and the wild, partying Sean Penn character, turn out to be essentially the same as the two principal actors of one of the largest illegal-betting scandals in American sports history." Burrough's next book, a history of the F.B.I.'s 1933–34 war against bank robbers such as John Dillinger, is due out from Random House next year.



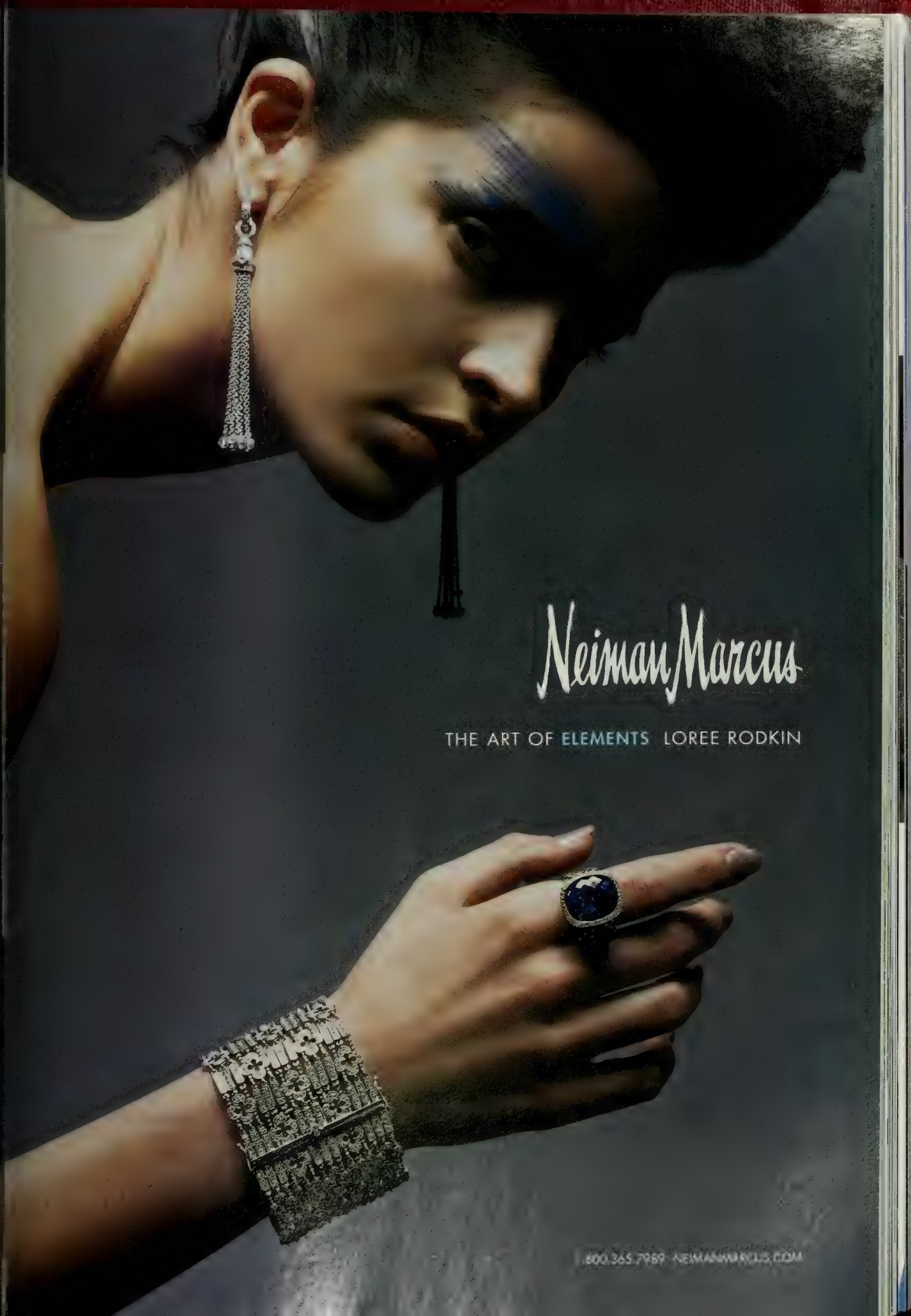
LAURA WILSON

For writer **MARK SEAL,** a part-tim resident of Aspen, the allure of th Colorado resort reaches far beyon breathtaking landscape and the m notables who have houses there. ' the most amazing small town in A maybe the world," says Seal, who about Aspen starts on page 312. " a small-town atmosphere, but with big-city cultural spirit." As for wh him there, with his wife, Laura, in he points to a popular Aspen ada "'Came for the winter, but stayed summer.' Meaning, I came to ski, stayed for the summer season of h biking, camping, and culture."



Contributing editor **LESLIE BENNETTS,** whose cover story on Ben Affleck begins on page 276, found the actor remarkably down to earth and with much more on his mind than just wedding plans. "It's hard to turn down people who are throwing $15 million at you to do a movie," says Bennetts, "but Affleck is equally interested in other aspects of the business, from screenwriting to directing." Bennetts also discovered that Affleck may have his eyes on an even greater prize. "Given the intensity of his political passions, maybe one day we'll see him running for office. He's certainly cuter than most congressmen—and he'd win the 'Best Abs on the Hill' contest hands down."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102


Neiman Marcus
THE ART OF ELEMENTS LOREE RODKIN
800.365.7989 NEIMANMARCUS.COM

A MODERN DUO

Now through May 19, the long-awaited *Matisse Picasso* exhibit is on view at MoMA QNS, The Museum of Modern Art's temporary home in Long Island City, Queens. The only American presentation of this historic exhibition explores the lifelong dialogue between two of the greatest figures in twentieth-century art. For more information, visit www.moma.org. For advance tickets, call 866-879-MOMA.

STEP UP WOMEN'S NETWORK

Founded in 1998, Step Up Women's Network is a nonprofit organization dedicated to promoting community activism and empowerment among women. Community outreach and mentorship opportunities, professional development programs, and fund-raising activities enable members to support women's health issues and advocacy organizations, and to generate positive change. Step Up has been flourishing for three years, with a membership of more than 1,500 women in the Los Angeles and New York chapters. Step Up's beneficiaries include Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center's Breast Examination Center of [illegible] Sanctuary for Families [illegible] Breast Center [illegible]

www.[illegible]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100



In his role as *V.F*'s editor of creative development, **DAVID FRIEND** writes and edits many of the magazine's photo-oriented stories and produces special editorial projects, such as this month's retrospective of Annie Leibovitz's work. Recently, he persuaded the press-averse photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson, 94, to sit for a rare interview at his apartment overlooking the Tuileries gardens, a chat enhanced by a white Bordeaux. "We've [illegible] in touch, off and on, over the years," says Friend, who first met Cartier-Br[illegible] when Friend was the director of photography at *Life*. "My wife and I once had l[unch] with him during those days at his favorite Chinese restaurant in Paris. [illegible] later that afternoon we ran into him at a Corot exhibition. No surprise, [illegible] His overriding passion these days is not the camera but the sketch[book].



GASPER TRINCALE

For Los Angeles contributing edito[r] **WENDY STARK MORRISSEY,** who [illegible] helped coordinate this month's As[pen] story, the project was like visiting a [illegible] old friend: the black-diamond skier [illegible] drove to the resort on weekends du[ring] college. "We used to say there were [illegible] bars per square block in Aspen tha[n] there were shrinks in Beverly Hills[,]" recalls Morrissey. "I remember a gr[eat] of trailer homes then that are now [illegible] million homes. In this story, we tried [illegible] to highlight all the amazing diversit[y] Aspen, bringing together the old [illegible] renegades like the Hunter Thomps[on] with the most recent people, who [have] bought or built some beautiful hom[es].



Contributing editor **VICKY WARD** calls her subject this month, money manager Jeffrey Epstein, "one of the great New York stories." "He came from nothing, and yet he lives in what may be Manhattan's largest private residence," says Ward. "He pals around with billionaires and yet has no footprints on Wall Street." Not surprisingly, she found unraveling his mystery particularly tough. "No one wanted to speak about him. No one really knows what he's all about." Although Ward compares him to Jay Gatsby, she notes the key difference between them: "Both were desperate to achieve everything, but Gatsby did it for love, whereas Epstein's motivations are far more brittle."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106


VERA WANG
THE FRAGRANCE
VERA WANG
available at Bloomingdale's




Tiffany Lace necklace, $52,000. 800 526 0649 | TIFFANY.COM
TIFFANY & CO.

STYLISH SOLUTIONS AT BEST BUY

It's sleek and sexy, trim and slim, clear and bright. The advanced plasma-display technology delivers vivid color, flicker-free images, and a very wide viewing angle. At less than four inches deep and 71 pounds in weight, you can even hang this remarkable television right on your wall. You'll find plasma televisions and many other digital solutions that meet your style at Best Buy. So stop by any Best Buy store or visit BestBuy.com on-line today.



(Shown: 42" Samsung Plasma TV, #SPL4225X; value $4,999.99)

BEST BUY

Turn On the Fun

Visit V...
updates o...
exclusive ...
and oppo...

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102



The revival of the Broadway hit *Gypsy* had prompted contributing editor **LAURA JACOBS** to write about the show's original subject, Gypsy Rose Lee. But while wading through the archives, Jacobs discovered there was much more to her subject than she had imagined. "It was vaudeville meets burlesque meets Broadway," Jacobs says. "And I couldn't write about Gypsy without writing about her sister, June, and their mother, Rose Hovick, who was an unknowable, frightening presence. Their destinies were intertwined." Jacobs is currently at work on her second novel; her first, *Women About Town,* comes out in paperback in May from Penguin.



HANNAH THOMSON

From the Adirondacks to Capri, from Palm Springs to the East End of Long Island, contributing photographer **JONATHAN BECKER** has been documenting unique far-flung communities and their privile inhabitants for *V.F.* for almost two decades. His most recent project, about the workshops of artists on e Long Island, was recently expande into a book, *Studios by the Sea* (Abr In this issue he turns his exacting le on Aspen, which has become one the world's most desirable locales. "It's a place," says Becker, here wit Suzy "Chapstick" Chaffee, "where would be less surprised to run into anyone from anywhere at any time t one would be in New York."

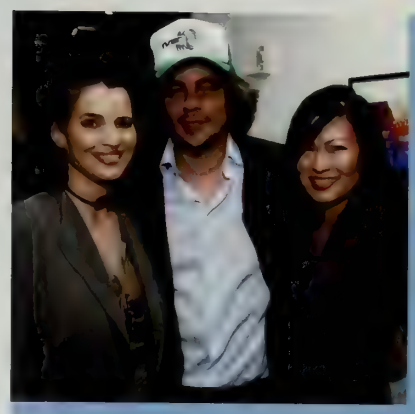


Contributing editor **JUDY BACHRACH** was surprised by what she discovered when she began reporting on last fall's aborted Miss World Pageant in Nigeria. "It shocked me that something as inconsequential and frivolous as a beauty pageant, after only a few missteps, could quickly become a source of nationwide turmoil and tragedy," Bachrach says. But what especially impressed her was the reaction of the contestants. "I was expecting to meet dopey women who cared only about lipstick," she says. "But when the crisis came, their responses were very measured and thoughtful. When I was their age, I didn't have half their thoughtfulness and generosity of spirit."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

CHRYSALIS—CHANGING LIVES THROUGH JOBS

Chrysalis is a nonprofit organization dedicated to helping economically disadvantaged and homeless individuals become self-sufficient through employment opportunities. Currently, Chrysalis helps more than 2,000 people a year change their lives through jobs. Founded in 1984 as a food and clothing distribution center serving homeless men and women in Los Angeles, the agency grew as it became clear that longer-term solutions were needed in order to eradicate poverty and homelessness. Today, through its various programs and fund-raising efforts, Chrysalis's philosophy remains the same: a steady job is the single most important step in a person's transition to long-term self-sufficiency.





Above, left: **Event co-host Julia Ormond with Benicio Del Toro and SunHee Grinnell, co-host of the event and *Vanity Fair* Contributing Beauty and Photography Editor. *Above, right:* Vertu President Nigel Litchfield shows a Vertu phone to Christian Slater and his wife, Ryan Haddon-Slater.**

THE VERTU EXPERIENCE

On November 12, 2002, Vertu and *Vanity Fair* hosted an exclusive V.I.P. event at Vertu on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. More than 400 guests, including Hollywood executives and celebrities Benicio Del Toro, Rosanna Arquette, Daryl Hannah, and Christian Slater, were in attendance. Guests enjoyed hors d'oeuvres and Türi vodka as they previewed images from *Vanity Fair*'s December 2002 Hall of Fame issue and experienced the design and craftsmanship of the Vertu phone. The evening benefited FilmAid International, a nonprofit organization that uses film and video to inform, educate, and entertain refugees around the world, alleviating trauma and despair while restoring hope.

VANITYFAIR.COM

Visit Vanityfair.com for monthly updates about the most exclusive on-line promotions and opportunities.

THE 45TH ANNUAL GRAMMY AWARDS

From the 2003 MusiCares Person Of The Year Tribute honoring U2's Bono to a month-long GRAMMY Fest of cultural and educational events, the 45th Annual GRAMMY Awards celebrates music and its makers. On February 23, tune in to CBS at 8 P.M. EST/7 P.M. CT as music's biggest night airs live from the world's most electrifying city—New York. It's going to be an amazing night heard around the world!

45TH GRAMMY AWARDS

FEBRUARY 23, 2003 • 8PM ET/PT • CBS



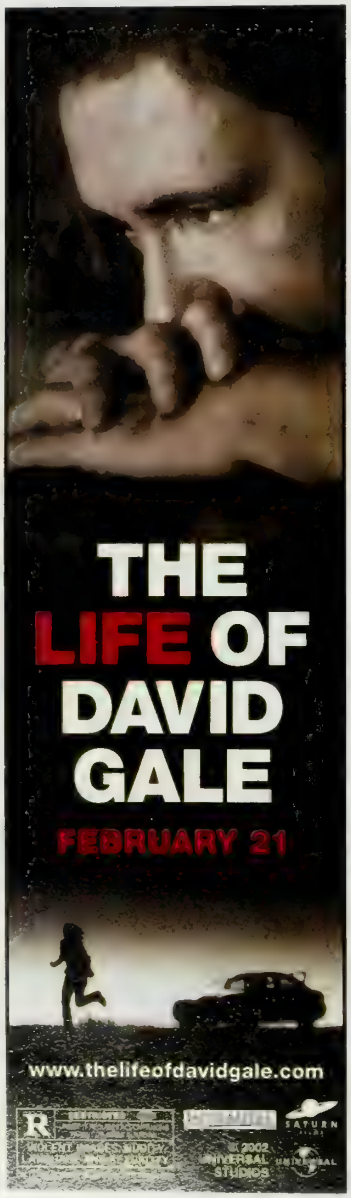
Above: **Singer Bonnie Raitt flanked by Gene Montesano and Barry Perlman of Lucky Brand.**

BLACK TIE & BLUE JEANS GALA

On Friday, November 15, 2002, The Lucky Brand Foundation hosted its Sixth Annual Black Tie & Blue Jeans Gala at the Regent Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills. Seven hundred guests, including celebrities Esai Morales, Shannon Elizabeth, Harry and Lisa Hamlin, Rob Lowe, and Neil Young, enjoyed performances by musical guests Taj Mahal and Bonnie Raitt. The event, which generated approximately $750,000 for a variety of children's charities, was hosted by Dennis Miller, and featured live and silent auctions. The Lucky Brand Foundation, founded six years ago by Lucky Brand partners Gene Montesano and Barry Perlman, has raised more than $3 million and is committed to bringing happiness, comfort, and hope to disadvantaged and disabled children.

VANITY FAIR **AGENDA**
ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION
EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

Universal Pictures presents
The Life of David Gale, a taut
suspense-thriller directed by Alan Parker,
starring two-time Academy
Award-winner Kevin Spacey
and Oscar nominees Kate Winslet
and Laura Linney.



Spacey) is a man who has
tried hard to live by his principles, but in
a bizarre twist of fate, he finds himself on
activist Co
W
Gale agree
Bl
interview she's
soon realizes that
than she bargained for as
races to piece together
events surrounding Co
death before it's too

IN THEATERS FEBRUARY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106



For photography director **SUSAN WHITE,** working on this month's cover story was bittersweet: it was the last shoot done by veteran photographer Herb Ritts. "He was such a lovable person, with a big heart," says White. "I feel lucky to have known and worked with him for so many years." White (here with Richard Gere in a snapshot taken by Ritts) joined Condé Nast at *Vogue* under the mythic fashion editor Polly Mellen. In 1988 she moved to *Vanity Fair,* where she oversees all of the memorable images that go into the magazine's pages, and works closely with the world's most celebrated photographers. "All of these talented people want and get to do their very best work for us," says White. "I'm proud to be a part of

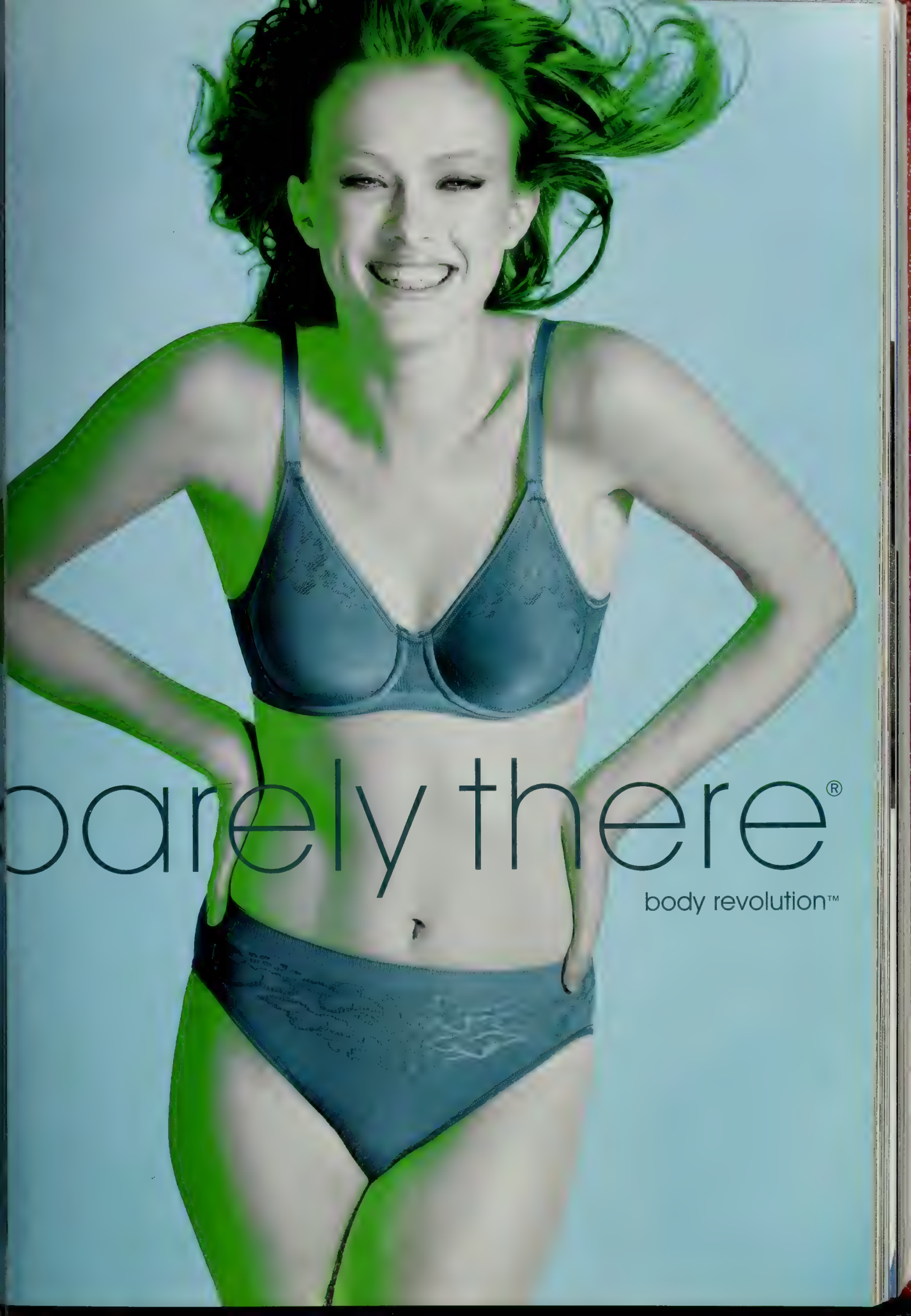


GAFFER TRICIA F

For almost 10 years, contributing editor **GEORGE WAYNE** has been asking the questions none dare ask, to such celebrities as Tony Curtis, Robert Evans, Eartha Kitt, and Farrah Fawcett, among dozens of others. This month on page 226, Wayne catches up with Dyan Cannon, beloved fixture of Hollywood for more than 40 years. "She was really funny and self-deprecating," says Wayne. "It's great interviewing someone who's been in Hollywood for so long, and she was married to the great Cary Grant. She was very sweet and very unassuming, and we like people like that."



Founders of the Monkey Zero trend consultancy, **ADAM LEFF** and **RICHARD RUSHFIELD** were well suited to report on the world of power restaurants for their Intelligence Report on page 224. "Being illustrious chart writers, we have relationships with the upper management of fine-dining places," explains Leff (foreground). "In particular, we would like to tip our hat to Jovino, of the Koo Koo Roo on Santa Monica. Power Booth 2 is roped off for us. It's sort of our J. J. Hunsecker headquarters. Runners are coming in all day with the latest data." The pair have fielded offers to extend the Intelligence Report franchise to television and action figures, but are wary. "We are scientists," says field. "We do not seek to be glamour stars and fashion icons ourselves."


barely there®
body revolution™



THE VIEW FROM ABOVE
[illegible] overlooking [illegible] the Israeli occupation of Palestine, December 25, 2002

THE KILLING GAME

Sights on the Palestinians; Tony Kaye, according to sane people; *Qui est Monsieur Lévy?;* the Wrightsman stuff; the losers of AOL Time Warner; when Coaster met Cameron; the babbling Mr. Burrell; and more

David Margolick's article "Israel's Payback Principle" [January] justified the high price one must pay for your magazine here in Canada. The ethical questions Margolick raises about the practice of targeted killings are the same ones we should be putting to our own governments. It should also be pointed out that, while more than 650 Israelis have [illegible]lled in Palestinian attacks in the [illegible]ears (as Margolick notes), more [illegible] Palestinians have died fighting [illegible] organized ass[illegible] only to lawless[illegible] anyone who has t[illegible] self heard.

ALEX A[illegible]

"ISRAEL'S PAYBACK PRINCIPLE" was right on the money. I take issue, though, with the Palestinian claim that Israel brought violence upon herself by killing known terrorists during a period when there were no terror attacks. The "quiet times" are nothing but periods in which the terrorists are reorganizing and replotting, amassing new recruits and fresh money, and smuggling in more weapons. Israel has the right and the duty to be relentless in her defense of her people. When the Palestinians decide to stop all terror, seriously and truthfully, then Israel will stop its war against them on a dime.

BATYA DAGAN
Los Angeles, California

[illegible]CK'S fully drawn portrait of Is[illegible] conundrum revealed human beings struggling with how to live in an impossible situation. He successfully showed that the Arabs' refusal to submit to the Israeli desire to create an Arab-free zone in the heart of the Arab world has created a moral dilemma for Israeli Jews who wish to see themselves as decent people.

It's too bad, however, that Margolick chose to represent Palestinians as cardboard figures with targets drawn on them. True, he tells us that Palestinians are "beyond desperate," but he doesn't tell us why. There is no mention of mass detentions, blanket curfews, confiscated land, bulldozed homes, uprooted vineyards, 35 years of military occupation, and 50 years of being locked out of one's own house. While we in America understand the fear of Israelis who can't go out for pizza, we don't fully understand the fear of Palestini-


LACOSTE
STYLE ON SKIN
LACOSTE
POUR HOMME



Merrill Lynch

Merrill Lynch. It may not be representative of the experience of every client. Investment results

and *Protected Growth Investments* are service marks of Merrill Lynch & Co., Inc.



WE SEE YOUR FINANCIAL LIFE IN TOTAL.

MY CLIENTS WANTED: To know they could maintain their lifestyle once they stop working. Richard and Maureen had been solely focused on traditional retirement vehicles.

I BROUGHT TOGETHER: Their traditional retirement plans and some innovative ideas. 401(k)s and IRAs have contribution limits. So we refinanced Richard and Maureen's mortgage and now use the newfound savings to supplement their nest egg. It's money we're putting into Protected Growth Investments℠ to try to grow their nest egg and provide some extra cushion against market volatility.

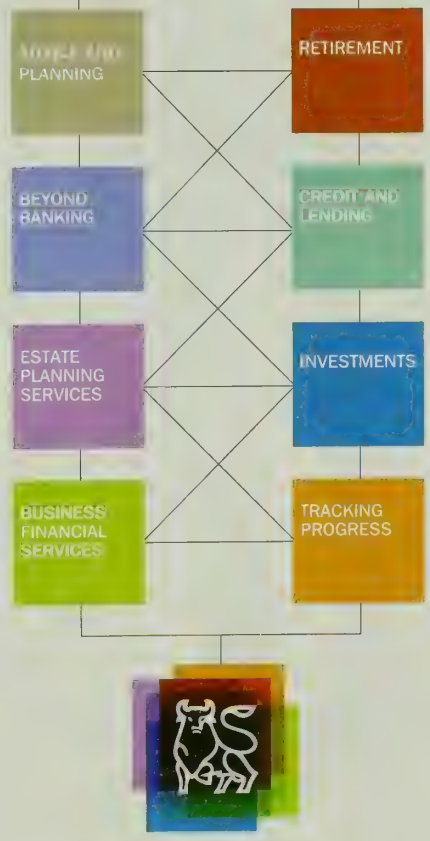
WE'RE PLANNING: A more secure future for Richard, Maureen and their boys by making all their money work together.

MY NAME IS: Ken Mirch, Merrill Lynch Financial Advisor, Beverly Hills, California.

TO MAKE YOUR MONEY WORK TOGETHER: Work with an advisor who sees your financial life in total. And makes it work in total. Call a Merrill Lynch Financial Advisor or 1-800-MERRILL. Visit www.askmerrill.ml.com



Merrill Lynch
Financial Advisor
Ken Mirch



TOTAL MERRILL℠

ans who can't sit on their own front porches or sleep in their own beds without the possibility of being killed or uprooted by the Israeli military.

HANAN DUDLEY
Lake Oswego, Oregon

THE LUNATIC AND THE LEGEND

I WROTE *American History X,* and I can't tell you how sick to death I am of journalists like Evgenia Peretz constantly getting it wrong about Tony Kaye ["Stealing Brando," January]. For the record, he is not the next Fellini, as a small few have suggested. He is a talented commercial director with an exceptional visual sensibility. Unfortunately, he doesn't understand film narrative and is completely void of any cohesive thought. He knows it—and that's why he pretends to be insane. It's the perfect cover. I spent months developing the final drafts of the script with Tony and Edward Norton, I was on the set nearly every day, I watched every single daily, and the absolute truth of the matter is that Tony's first cut of *American History X* was an 89-minute disaster.

Over the next 18 months (most directors take no longer than 4 months to edit their films), every subsequent "Tony cut" of the film sank it deeper and deeper into oblivion. Therefore, Edward and I were forced to get down on our knees and beg New Line to give Edward an opportunity to put the film back together in the editing room. It was our last chance, and thank God the studio acquiesced. Which leads me to wonder this: If New Line executives were "pleased" with Tony's cut, as your story claims, why would they ever break *the* cardinal rule of the film business and allow an actor into the editing room? Edward Norton saved *American History X,* and Tony Kaye was too proud and too humiliated to embrace that fact.

DAVID McKENNA
Newport Coast, California

I VERY MUCH ENJOYED Evgenia Peretz's article about Tony Kaye and Marlon Brando. Her wry observations about the compounding lunacies of self-obsessed artists were both comical and sobering to those of us who have to work with these guys.

I would like to correct one small misimpression, however. When Tony Kaye was being considered to direct *Havoc*—a screenplay by Oscar-winning writer Stephen Gaghan—producer Jack F. Murphy, financier Mark Damon, and I decided not to hire him, largely over questions of script approval. The article indicates that very few directors, such as Martin Scorsese and Francis Coppola, have such control. In fact, many directors have final screenplay approval; Tony wanted more. He refused to even respond to the script unless we paid for a full rewrite (by a new writer) under his supervision—only *then* would he be willing to discuss the project. It's this extreme and pointless privilege that only directors such as Scorsese and Coppola could hope to command—and I'm not aware that either of them has ever asked for such a thing. If Tony could achieve a balance between his artistic and his delusional visions, then even Marlon Brando might invite him back. Just think—then the two of them could take more pictures of each other.

Incidentally, *Havoc* will be directed by two-time Oscar-winning director Barbara Kopple, one of the premier filmmakers of today. Her brilliance is equaled by her professionalism—which makes her one of a rare breed, indeed.

JOHN MORRISSEY
Los Angeles, California

ONE COULD ARGUE that Marlon Brando has earned the right to be quirky, but reading about him onstage applying red lipstick while wearing a muumuu could make the memory of Stanley Kowalski, Terry Malloy, and Vito Corleone fade to the point of disappearing.

PAT MICHAUD
Augusta, Maine



THINKING, IN STYLE
Bernard-Henri Lévy, atop a bronze sculpture of Vladimir Lenin, takes a moment to reflect in the office of his Paris apartment, March 19, 2002.

THE MYSTERY OF MONSIEUR LÉVY

I WAS FASCINATED by Joan Juliet Buck's article on Bernard-Henri Lévy ["France's Prophet Provocateur," January]. I was especially moved and chilled by the excerpt regarding suicide terrorists from his book *Reflections on War, Evil and the End of History* ["We who were invisible when alive will become clear to you as suicides"]. How sad that this book is not translated into English. How can we, in the rest of the world, consider his ideas if we do not speak French?

T. BIERIG-NEYLAND
Westboro, Massachusetts

IF I WERE to compare B.H.L. to a 19th-century figure, I wouldn't use Baudelaire, as B.H.L. does. He reminds me, rather, of Byron—in that he's handsome and rich; in that he's internationally engagé; and in his disturbing of orthodoxies, whether they be religious, intellectual, or political. Like Byron, Lévy comes across as a poet provocateur

JONATHAN BECKER

ANNTAYLOR.COM 1 800 DIAL ANN



ANN TAYLOR

Life.
Lilly.
And the
pursuit of
happiness.

Lilly Pulitzer® Signature S... Saks Fifth Avenue Bloomingdale's www.lillypulitzer.com


தினமணி
கதிர்

and libertine who could mix up the turmoil of revolutions with the tranquillity of palaces.

MARIE-JOSÉ FORTIS
Shippenville, Pennsylvania

PERHAPS 10 YEARS of living and working in Paris have clouded my view, but to me, B.H.L. and Ms. Dombasle are the epitome of the French stereotype: a pompous, indulgent, and exceedingly vain male choosing to be accompanied by a middle-aged woman who dresses like an 18-year-old and whose sole purpose is to be seen as a sexual object. A *V.F.* junkie since its reconception, I adore your magazine because of the refreshing candor and brutal honesty. Here, however, there were no real references to the distaste that the French have for B.H.L. and Ms. Dombasle.

Mention B.H.L. and Dombasle at any Paris dinner party and eyes will roll. The French adore mocking the couple's very public efforts to get rid of their awful reputation. Who can take a "philosopher" seriously when he wears a white shirt unbuttoned halfway down his chest every day? Perhaps he wants to appear as the first intellectual/beefcake/pirate. In addition, it seems pathetically unevolved for an "intellectual" with "integrity" to have a seven-year affair with a woman who is a national icon for airheadedness. Ms. Buck did not touch upon the fact that Ms. Dombasle's career has been one flop after another. Few French will willingly listen to a Dombasle record or see her desperate, cheesy films. Who cares if her lineage is aristocratic? She looks, sounds, and acts like a French Morgan Fairchild.

KRISTINA SVENSSON-RAVEN
Milan, Italy

NOT YOUR AVERAGE JAYNE

FRANCESCA STANFILL'S ARTICLE on Mrs. Jayne Wrightsman ["Jayne's World," January] fascinated me. I am a collector, and the Wrightsmans' wonderful gifts to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, particularly to the French rooms, have been an ongoing source of pleasure, knowledge, and enrichment in my life. Always, they are among my first stops when I go to New York.

One small point needs clarification, however: Ms. Stanfill implies that the 18th-century Chinese wallpaper in the Palm Beach home's drawing room was found for the Wrightsmans by the designer Stéphane Boudin after they purchased the house in 1947. Actually, it had been installed by the previous owners, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Williams, and is very apparent in a 1937 Cecil Beaton watercolor sketch of Mr. and Mrs. Williams seated in that room.

SAM CROCKER
San Francisco, California



WOMAN ABOUT TOWN
Jayne Wrightsman, escorted by Sid Bass to the engagement party of Alan Greenspan and Andrea Mitchell, at Mortimer's, New York City, January 2, 1997.

THANK YOU for yet another issue I could not put down until I had read virtually every word.

I must, however, take exception to the remark by an art-world insider that grande dame Brooke Astor may be jealous of Jayne Wrightsman, let alone anyone in the world, and to the implication that Astor is a publicity hound.

Anyone 100 years old who has given away virtually her entire fortune to charitable causes *should* be hounded by the media and revered by common folk, me included. During my New York days, I worked in the same building as Ms. Astor and encountered her from time to time in the elevator. This gracious lady never failed to acknowledge my presence, smile, and say hello, no matter that I was clearly middle-class, in my polyester suit. That is class.

CLAUDE M. GRUENER
Austin, Texas

WARNER FALL GUYS

I READ WITH FASCINATION the article about embattled Steve Case at AOL Time Warner ["Steve Case's Last Stand," by Nina Munk, January]. While I am sympathetic with the employees of Time Warner at the loss of value in their options-based compensation, the irony of the situation is striking. Warner Communications was built with a series of savvy acquisitions by C.E.O. Steve

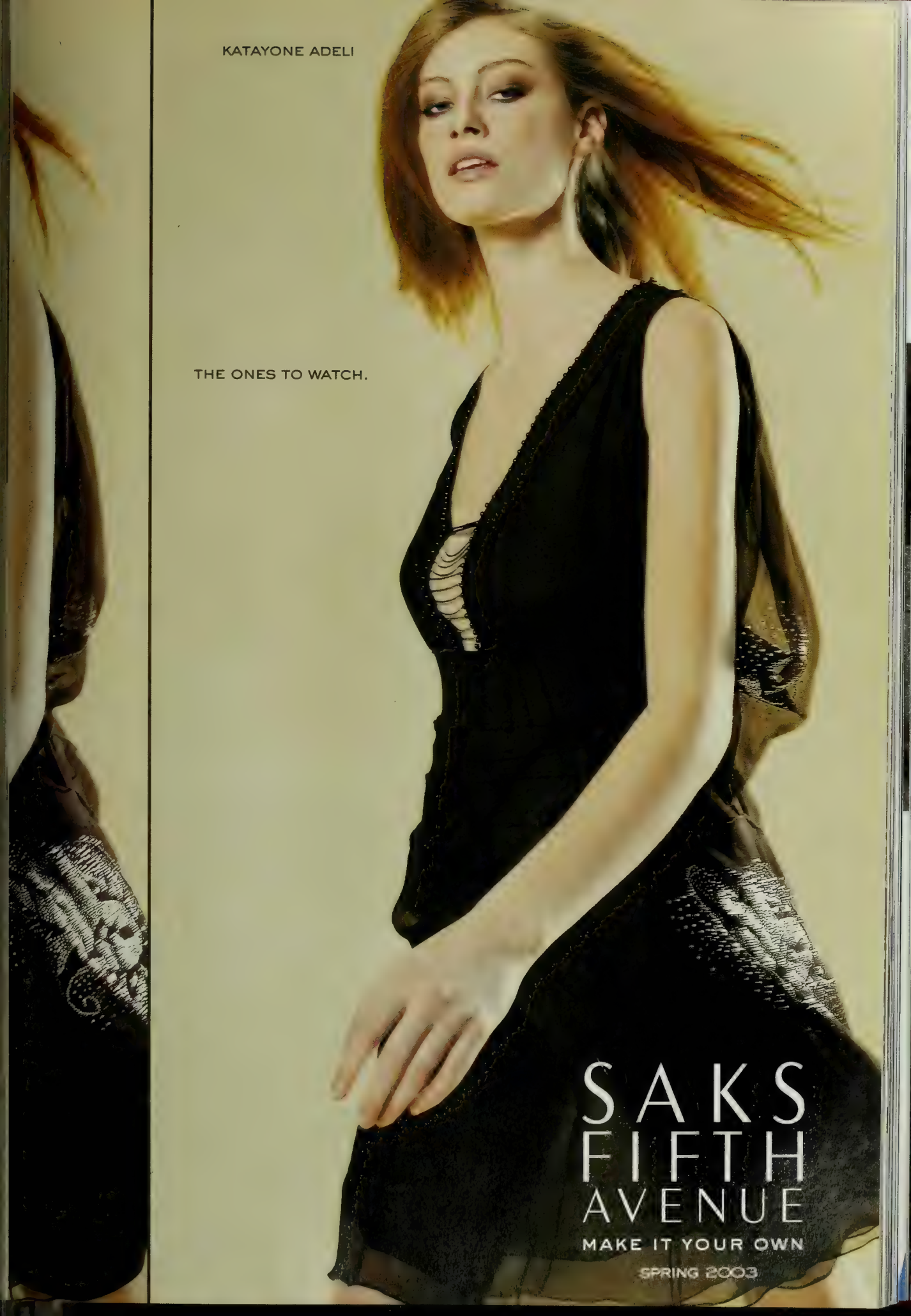
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA
Raising the Standard of Luxury in the Caribbean.
The American Academy Of Hospitality Sciences
Five Star Diamond Award
2002
Imagine 80 oceanview suites overlooking two private cove beaches. Royal Plantation Golf Resort & Spa is the ultimate all-inclusive getaway for the world's most discerning travelers.* Enjoy golf, 2 gourmet restaurants, a beach grill, 24-hour room service, beach butler service, and a European spa.* Royal Plantation...in a class all its own.
RP
ROYAL PLANTATION
GOLF RESORT & SPA
by Beaches
Call your Travel Agent or 1-800-BEACHES
Visit our website at www.beaches.com
*Adults 18 years and older *Spa services additional.
Unique Vacations, Inc. is the worldwide representative for Beaches Resorts
ALL SUITES · ALL OCEANVIEW



AGENDA
VANITY FAIR **AGENDA**
ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION
EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES



SHARING GOOD TASTE
The only way to improve on Godiva Liqueur is to share it with friends. Decadent chocolate meets luscious liqueur for a heavenly taste. It's a sin to keep it to oneself, so indulge with your friends and guests. Serve over ice or create a cocktail everyone will remember.
The Tuxedo
Godiva White Chocolate Liqueur
with one ounce
Combine ov


KATAYONE ADELI
THE ONES TO WATCH.
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE
MAKE IT YOUR OWN
SPRING 2003


RENÉ LEZARD
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE



ST. JOHN SPORT



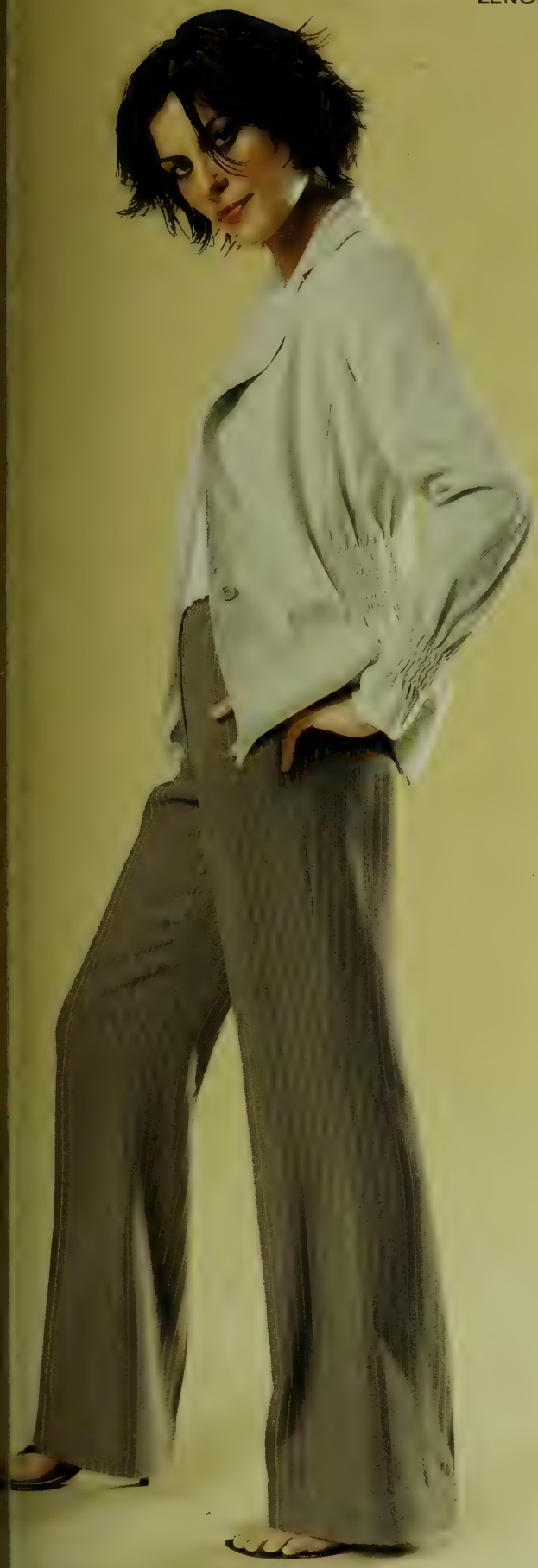

BOSS HUGO BOSS
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE

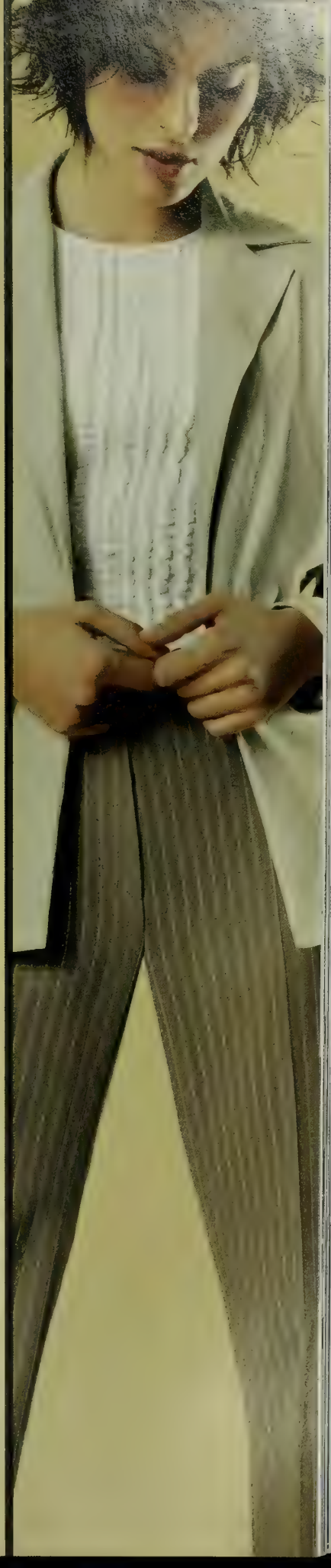

BURBERRY


MAXMARA
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE


LIDA BADAY
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE

ZENOBIA






SHIRIN GUILD


DUSAN
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE


TSE
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE
SAKS.COM


LONGCHAMP
PARIS
LONGCHAMP BOUTIQUES: NEW YORK, BOSTON, PALM BEACH, CORAL GABLES - TEL 1.866 LONGCHAMP
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE AND OTHER FINE RETAILERS, 1-877-LONGCHAMP

Ross, who was known for artful deals that compensated the acquired company's executives extremely well. The capstone Warner transaction was the merger with Time, in which the Time shareholders got the very short end of the stick. Now that the situation is reversed, it is worth looking back. Who played an instrumental role on the Time side? Gerald Levin. Nobody should be surprised that he has been outplayed again. This time by Case. History repeats itself, only this time the Warner *and* the Time employees are feeling the financial pain.

This transaction raises bigger questions about the lack of long-term memory in the business community and the independence and objectivity of the Time Warner board, which allowed the merger to go through.

ANDREW JAY
Boston, Massachusetts

CANDID CAMERON

CONGRATULATIONS on the refreshing coverage of Cameron Diaz ["Buenos Diaz," by Bruce Handy, January]. Despite the P.R. blurbs, I doubt there isn't a smidgen of ambition inside the heart and soul of Miss Diaz. However, that glorious smile is too frequently seen and too infectious not to be the real McCoy. And it's been apparent for a long time that she has real fun along the way. Her peers could well take note of this balanced and attractive approach.

SUNNY KREIS
Santa Monica, California

THE JANUARY ISSUE reveals much about the battle of the sexes. In "The Coaster Correspondence," Mr. Coaster loses his job for not wearing pants, yet it is obvious from Mario Testino's photo spread of Ms. Diaz that she helps keep her job by pulling her pants down.

DAVID LEE
Toronto, Ontario

THE BABBLING BUTLER

GIVEN THE OBVIOUS LOYALTY that butler Paul Burrell demonstrated toward Diana, he should not be universally condemned for now using what he knows to make a living ["Diana's Secrets," by Dominick Dunne, January]. When he kept quiet he was put on trial and the information was exposed anyway, so why shouldn't he make sure that he gets some of the money that is flying around?

Let's not get hung up on silly romantic notions of royalty and honor. Why should Mr. Burrell be held to a higher standard than either the Queen or Diana? The Queen didn't seem to mind what was happening to Mr. Burrell's good name. She went to his aid only when it became obvious that the royal family would be dragged yet again through the mud. As for Diana, she didn't seem to have any qualms about using the alleged rape of a servant to secretly collect dirt on her ex-husband.

GOGAE NANDA
Vancouver, British Columbia

DOMINICK DUNNE FELL into the "tabloid trap" by repeating the story that Prince Charles had a valet hold the vial when he had to produce a urine specimen during a stay in the hospital. What Dunne and many others missed was that the Prince had one arm in a sling at the time. I'd like to see any man try to hit one of those little cups one-handed.

JEAN SUE JOHNSON LIBKIND
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A RITTS LIFE

I AM OVERCOME with great emotion by the death of photographer Herb Ritts. He was a magnificent artist and his glorious photographs filled the walls of my bedroom from high school through college and beyond. He had the unique ability to capture the inner soul and beauty of his subjects. He transformed everyone he photographed into a person of great radiance. He will truly be missed.

SIMRAN BAIDWAN
San Francisco, California

AN INVITATION TO SEATTLE

UPSET WITH MAYOR BLOOMBERG'S campaign to ban smoke and reduce noise, Graydon Carter took a swipe at my city, and the English language, by complaining about a "creeping Seattle-ization" of New York ["Seattle on the Hudson," Editor's Letter, December].

Visit Seattle, Mr. Carter, and we'll show you a good time, loud as you want. You can catch a Pearl Jam concert—or a flying salmon at the Pike Place Market. You can watch Ichiro shag flies, and you can breathe our air—it's safe! Once you've been Seattle-ized, you'll want to stay.

GREG NICKELS
Mayor
Seattle, Washington

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to FAIR@neodata.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

Get firmer skin and sun protection from one daily lotion.



Neutrogena
Visibly Firm
face lotion
SPF 20

with
Active Copper™

Neutrogena

© 2003 Neutrogena Corp

Don't just fight wrinkles, **FIRM YOUR SKIN.**



Discover the firming power of Active Copper™ in as little as 2 weeks.

Copper, a natural collagen-building mineral, is essential for firm skin but diminishes with age.

Neutrogena's Active Copper™ technology is clinically proven to gently replenish copper as it moisturizes.

Neutrogena®

© 2003 Neutrogena Corp. www.neutrogena.com



ROLEX

Worth a second glance, even when you know the time.

Oyster Perpetual Day-Date in 18kt. rose gold

FOR THE [illegible] OFFICIAL ROLEX JEWELER NEAR YOU, PLEASE CALL 1-800-367-6539. WWW.ROLEX.CO

Perpetual and Day-Date are trademarks.

FANFAIR

31 Days in the Life of the Culture

March 2003



Boy Wonder

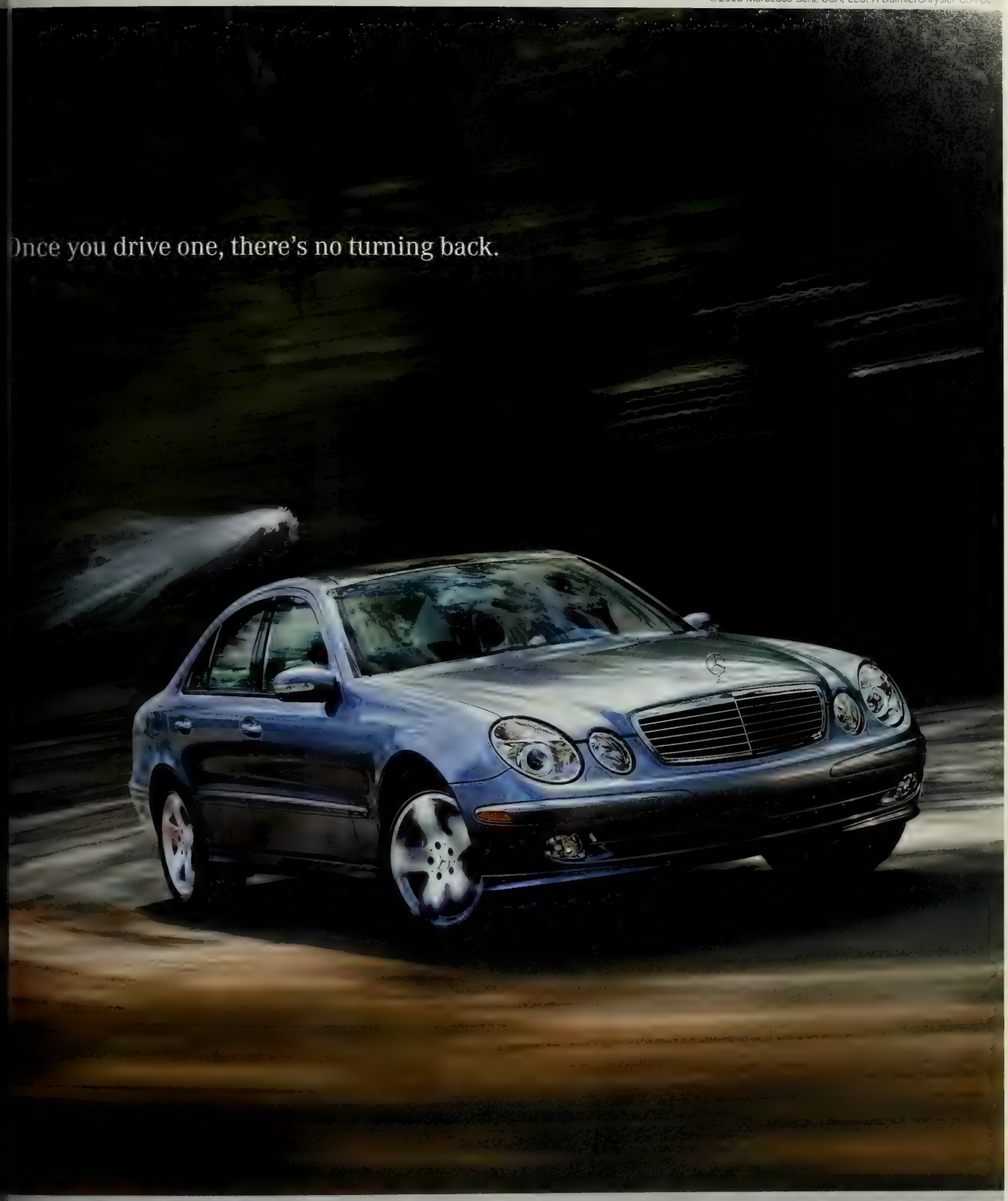
Peter Cincotti, the 19-year-old jazz pianist, singer, and composer, photographed at Rao's in New York City, December 20, 2002.
For story, see page 140.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NOE DEWITT



Ahh, marriage [illegible] eement to spend your lives together. So what's another hour or two apart? Esp airmatic suspension. H [illegible]. Right, he'll understand that the allure is almost impossible to resi

©2003 Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC. A DaimlerChrysler Compa



spent in the E500 Sedan, with its 5-liter V-8 engine and driver-adjustable

OR-MERCEDES or visit MBUSA.com. **The E-Class. Experience. Unlike any other.**

Mercedes-Benz

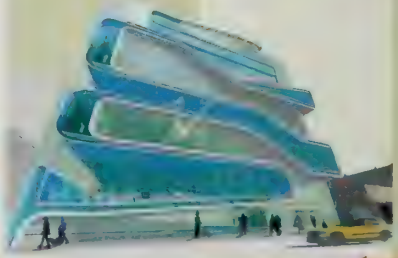


SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY

March

VINCENT VAN GOGH ON BROADWAY, ANTONIO BANDERAS AND CHITA RIVERA'S PAS DE DEUX, AND A SUPERMODEL AT 40





1 Husband-and-wife architecture team Diller & Scofidio (the forthcoming Institute Contemporary Art Boston; the Brasserie in N.Y.C.'s Seagram Building) has its first U.S.-museum show, a little joint in New York called the Whitney.

2 "St. Peter and the Vatican: The Legacy of the Popes," at the Houston Museum of Natural Science, includes historical documents that have never before left the Vatican.

3 *7th Heaven* actress Jessica Biel (who, underage, posed semi-nude for *Gear* three years ago) turns 21: freedom at last.



4 Former Del Fuegos member Warren Zanes (brother of folksinger Dan) releases his first solo CD, *Memory Girls*, a stylish offering of pop-rock: Tom Petty in a beret.

5 London's National Portrait Gallery opens "You Look Beautiful Like That," with black-and-white prints by commercial photographers Seydou Keïta and Malick Sidibé, who worked in Bamako, Mali, for more than 30 years.

6 Richard Eyre directs *Vincent in Brixton* on Broadway, based on gawky country boy Vincent van Gogh's time spent working for art dealers in sooty England.

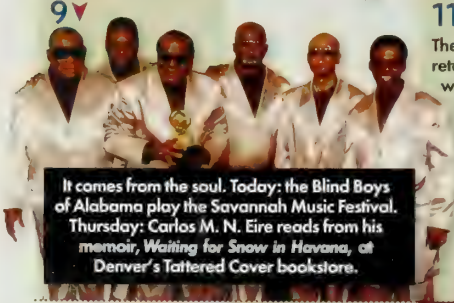
7 Terry Gross, host of NPR's *Fresh Air*, tells her story at U.C. Santa Barbara's Campbell Hall. Not expected to attend: Kiss's Gene Simmons.





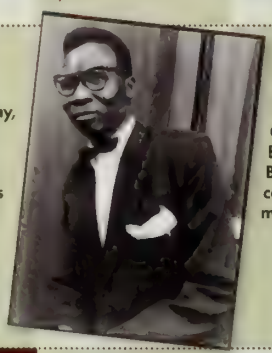
8 Two options today (which, fortunately, not mutually exclus (1) attend Princeton University Art Muse exhibition of four influential Swiss engineers; (2) celeb Kathy Ireland's 40t birthday.

9



It comes from the soul. Today: the Blind Boys of Alabama play the Savannah Music Festival. Thursday: Carlos M. N. Eire reads from his memoir, *Waiting for Snow in Havana*, at Denver's Tattered Cover bookstore.

11 The musical *Nine* returns to Broadway, with Chita Rivera alongside Antonio Banderas in his Broadway debut. Smoldering in evidence.



13 The musical version of *Urban Cowboy* opens on Broadway. Biggest diva in the cast: the mechanical bull.

14 Peter Nichols's *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* previews on Broadway, starring the divine Eddie Izzard. (Plot: when two parents invent conversations and personality traits for their handicapped child, their marriage suffers.)

15 Volcanoes and oth geological activity bubble up on the walls of N.Y.C.'s Gorney Bravin & L gallery, in a series new paintings by Alexis Rockman.

16 That sudden preponderance of urchins and wearers of rags on the streets of New York? Broadway's second-longest-running show in history, Les [illegible] closed [illegible] ago.

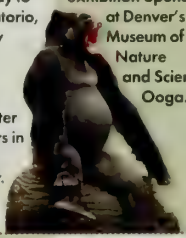
17 Day four of "The Eye and the Camera: A History of Photography," at Vienna's Albertina museum, featuring pictures by Man Ray, Walker Evans, and Stephen Shore, among others.

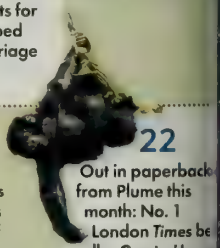


19 Washington, D.C.'s Folger Shakespeare Library opens "Elizabeth I, Then and Now," showcasing the Queen's wardrobe, men, and court entertainment.

20 The Brooklyn Academy of Music gives sway to John Adams's oratorio, *El Niño*, staged by Peter Sellars and featuring the L.A. Philharmonic and thousands of hipster audience members in sweater-vests and designer eyewear.

21 Jane Goodall exhibition opens at Denver's Museum of Nature and Science. Ooga.





22 Out in paperback from Plume this month: No. 1 London *Times* be seller *Gossip Hound* more yeasty fun from Wendy Holde (*Farm Fatale* and *Simply Divine*).

23/30 The New York City Opera presents [illegible] *Women*, the all-[illegible] concerning [illegible] to stop the passage of time—a theme presumably not uninteresting to fiery songbird Chaka Khan, who turns 50 today.

24/31 [illegible] in *Gypsy* now in [illegible] Broadway, [illegible] discovery [illegible]

25 Mark Morris presents three ballets (*New Love Song Waltzes*, *Going Away Party*, and *Kolam*) at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.



Alexis Rockman's *Hawaiian Islands*.

27 Quentin Tarantino celebrates his 40th birthday (presumably not by going to the Boston Ballet's "All Balanchine" program tonight).

28 In bookstores: *McSweeney's Mammoth Treasury of Thrilling Tales*, edited by Michael Chabon and featuring stories by Stephen King, Nick Hornby, and Mr. McSweeney himself, Dave Eggers.

29 This weekend, Lond Victoria and Albert Museum opens "Art Deco 1910–1939." (Some say the term Deco" was born in 1925; its other nam were Jazz Moderne Streamline Moderne simply Moderne—b never Exquisite Angularity of Partic Interest to Gay Men



-to-Wear, Shoes, Leather Goods, Watches, Jewelry.
xclusively at Louis Vuitton stores, www.vuitton.com, 866·VUITTON

LOUIS VUITTON

Ready-to-Wear, Sh
Sold exclusively at Lo

er Goods, Watches, Jewelry.
es, www.vuitton.com, 866·VUITTON



LOUIS VUITTON



GOOOAL!
Parminder Nagra and Keira Knightley in *Bend It Like Beckham.*

Kick the Sky

GIRL POWER MEETS "FOOTIE" IN *BEND IT LIKE BECKHAM*

Not everyone in the world hates America. That's one lesson you can take away from *Bend It Like Beckham,* a hit British film in which the U.S. shines as a promised land for teenage girls whose fondest wish in life is to play professional soccer. (The homeland of **Mia Hamm** and **Brandi Chastain,** it turns out, has a far more developed women's game than do the more troglodytic British Isles, even though people there actually give a damn about the sport; the movie's title, by the way, is a reference to English "footie" star **David Beckham.**) Another lesson: gentle, clash-of-cultures ethnic humor—Look! Sari-clad Indian ladies know how to use cell phones!—is as marketable a commodity over there as it is here, at least in the wake of *My Big Fat Greek Wedding,* which this film resembles in sitcom spirit if not in having a member of 'NSync in the cast. The setup: Jess, a soccer-crazed Anglo-Indian, is the daughter of traditional parents who forbid her to play out of fear they'll never marry off a girl "who just runs around all day kicking balls but can't make a round chapati." Will they change their tune in time for the big championship game? Whether you ultimately care or not—I found the climax charming by virtue of its sheer shamelessness—you may still be won over by the natural exuberance of the movie's young athletes. The director is **Gurinder Chadha,** whose two previous films are *Bhaji on the Beach* and *What's Cooking?* Jess is played by **Parminder Nagra,** a lovely stage actress who captures both the openness and wariness of youth. **Keira Knightley,** the sexiest tomboy beanpole on the planet, is her best mate. (**Rating:** ★★★)

—BRUCE HANDY

HOT REELS

Trailer of the month: *The Core.* **Directed by:** Jon Amiel. **Starring:** Aaron Eckhart, Hilary Swank. **Coming to a theater near you:** March 28. **The nitty-gritty:** When a supersecret government program to generate targeted earthquakes goes awry, two hot-dog scientists with fetching dimples (Eckhart and Swank) must strap themselves into a sex-toy-shaped machine and violently ream the planet's molten core. Based on a concept by Sigmund Freud. **The obligatory destruction of a major international monument:** The Roman Colosseum, not in great shape in the first place, is leveled by not one but several bull's-eye lightning strikes. **The action-herofication of Eckhart and Swank:** Watch as two quality talents from indie cinema progress to hard-bodied, quip-intensive stardom, thanks to their exceptionally prominent jawlines and their gift for punching up double entendres. (Eckhart: "Is there anything you can't do?" Swank: "Not that I'm aware of." Wink.) (**Rating:** ★★★ ½)

—WALTER KIRN

COMING ATTRACTIONS



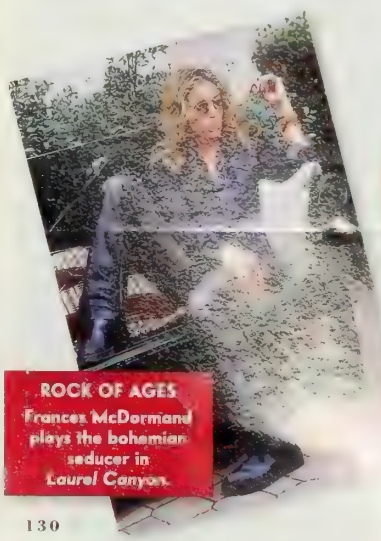
From left, Delroy Lindo, Tchéky Karyo Aaron Eckhart, Hilary Swank, Bruce Green and Stanley Tucci in *The Core.*

California Dreaming

LISA CHOLODENKO'S *LAUREL CANYON*

It's best to think of this earnestly adult love story as a 21st-century update of *The Graduate.* In the second featu from indie director **Lisa Cholodenko** (*High Art*), the children of Benjamin Braddock's generation have grown u intensely focused on career and casually expert in the ancient bedroom arts. One of these hyperachievers, Harvard Ph.D. candidate played by prim **Kate Beckinsale,** meets her Mrs. Robinson in a flouncy-haired Souther California record producer who also happens to be the mother of her dutiful fiancé. A seductive notion? The a ways grounded but rarely so blonde and blue-jeaned **Frances McDormand** conjures an ageless **Carly Simon,** h follow-your-heart rock coterie easily stripping Beckinsale's grind of her school-nurtured priorities. And whe beamy beauty **Natascha McElhone** starts teasing thoughts of infidelity into **Christian Bale's** overfull workdays, calamitous breakup of the movie's model young couple feels, well, just a lay away. But unless you're thinkin about the movie's cross-decades dialogue with *The Graduate,* you might notice that Beckinsale and Bale ar given scenes to play, not soul aches. Their characters' discoveries about love satisfy schematic needs instea sounding us, as the young **Dustin Hoffman's** did. *Laurel Canyon* doesn't play as great drama. But fc essay on upended 60s values, it's pleasingly warm and supple. (**Rating:** ★★★)

—CHRIS MITCHEL



ROCK OF AGES
Frances McDormand plays the bohemian seducer in *Laurel Canyon.*


www.ferragamo.com
Salvatore Ferragamo
New York Fifth Avenue New York SoHo Americana Manhasset Beverly Hills Chicago South Coast Plaza Palm Beach
Bal Harbour Shops San Francisco Las Vegas Forum Shops at Caesars Atlanta Lenox Square Royal Hawaiian Shopping Center
Ala Moana Center Maui Whalers Village Bahamas Vancouver





FANFAIR

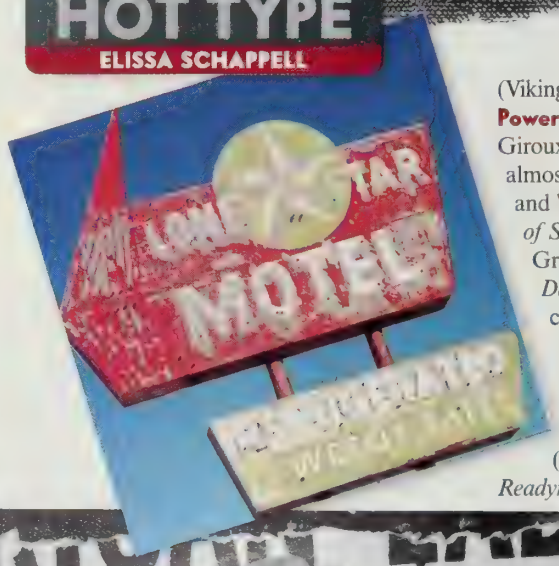


HOT TYPE

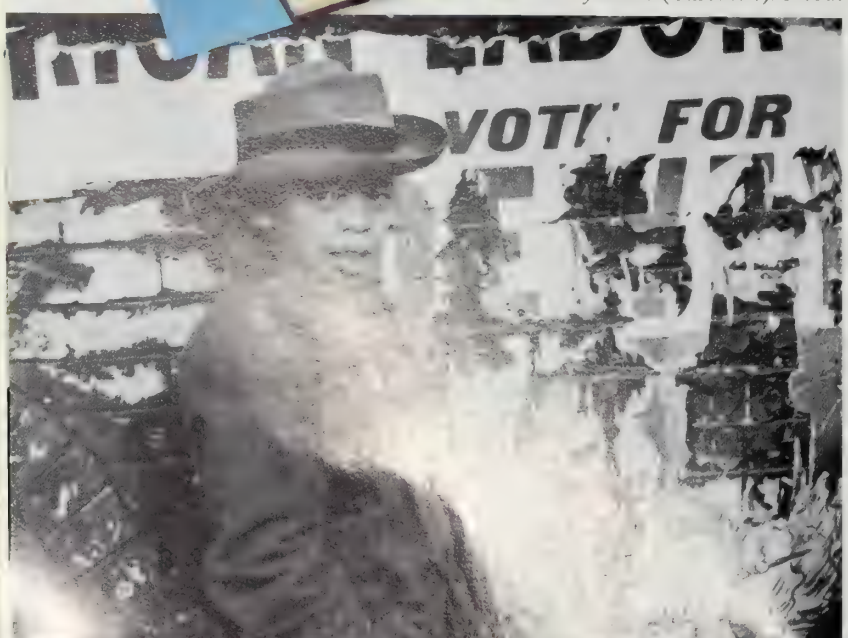
ELISSA SCHAPPELL

In the season of *l'amour,* crimes of the heart abound. **Steven Millhauser's** *The King in the Tree* (Knopf) is a ménage à trois of novellas shaped by erotic love, seduction and betrayal. **Louise Erdrich** hits every note in *The Master Butchers Singing Club* (HarperCollins), in which a German W.W. I vet creates a fine life in North Dakota with his new wife, until one day he lays eyes on a local girl. **Sophie Dahl** spins *The Man with the Dancing Eyes* (Bloomsbury), a romantic fairy tale for grown-ups, with illustrations by Annie Morris.

Also this month: First-novelist **Gini Alhadeff** uncorks a time-traveling genie for her narrator in *Diary of a Djinn* (Pantheon). True-crime writer **Sheila Weller** chronicles her family's dark side of the Hollywood dream in *Dancing at Ciro's* (St. Martin's). In *I Am Madame X* (Scribner), **Gioia Diliberto** conjures Belle Époque Paris and the scandalous life of John Singer Sargent's notoriously provocative model. **Chandler Burr** sniffs out the heady mystery and obsession that drove perfumer Luca Turin to become *The Emperor of Scent* (Random House). The stories in **John McManus's** *Born on a Train* (Picador) are powered by radiant prose. From the fall of the Berlin Wall to the collapse of the Twin Towers, *The Magic Hour* (Temple University Press) anthologizes **J. Hoberman's** movie reviews, cultural criticism, and political essays. Women are **R. Crumb's** drug of choice; *Gotta Have 'Em* (Greybull) collects his lusty, lewd, and occasionally rude portraits of the fair sex. **T. C. Boyle** performs prose gymnastics in *Drop City* (Viking), a tale of Alaskan homesteading. The masterful **Richard Powers's** novel *The Time of Our Singing* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) picks out the discord in a bi-racial family held fast almost solely through their love of music. **Jim Cogan** and **William Clark** explore fabled recording studios in *Temples of Sound* (Chronicle). **Pierre Cossette,** the producer of the Grammys, gives an inside look at the music industry in *Another Day in Showbiz* (ECW Press). **Helen Levitt,** the queen of the candid street photograph, shot *Here and There* (Powerhouse) from Harlem to the Lower East Side. Go *Under the Influence* (Modern Library), where editor-pusher **Rebecca Shannonhouse** distills the literature of addiction from Poe to Burroughs. A mother becomes convinced her young son is someone else in **Deborah Schupack's** lovely, unhinging first novel, *The Boy on the Bus* (Free Press). Roadside artifacts become art in photographer **Jeff Brouws's** *Readymades* (Chronicle). Debut novelist **Jessica Shattuck** laments *The Hazards of Good Breeding* (Norton). **Benita Eisler** evokes the Romantic composer's life and death in *Chopin's Funeral* (Knopf). **William Boyd's** novel *Any Human Heart* (Knopf) takes the form of the intimate journals of a naval spy who crosses paths with Hemingway, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and Ian Fleming. Plainspoken ethicist **Jedediah Purdy** chews over matters of liberty, commerce, and violence in *Being America* (Knopf). **Katherine Ann Samon's** book proves *Ranch House Style* (Clarkson Potter) is not an oxymoron. **Warren Dotz** and **Masud Husain** invite you to *Meet Mr. Product* (Chronicle) and the art of the advertising character. Journalist **Rick Marin,** self-anointed "toxic bachelor," swings between gloating and self-flagellation in his dating memoir, *Cad* (Hyperion). Ah, long live la tryst!







Left, from top: Carol Vinson in Paris, October 2001, by R. Crumb; *Lone Star Motel,* Pecos, Texas, 1996, by Jeff Brouws; *Harlem,* circa 1945, by Helen Levitt. *Right:* Force-cereal promotional paper mask, 1939, from *Meet Mr. Product.*


your
fragrance your
rules
HUGO
DEEP RED
for women
only
cy's


Movie-wise, there has never been anything like "THE APARTMENT"
FORBIDDEN PLANET
John Travolta
Olivia Newton-John
GREASE
ANNIE HALL
WEST SIDE STORY
NATALIE WOOD
BOGART · BERGMAN · HENREID
WARNER BROS.
"Casablanca"
A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION
Cary GRANT
Katharine HEPBURN
James STEWART
THE PHILADELPHIA STORY
MARILYN MONROE
TONY CURTIS
JACK LEMMON
Billy WILDER
SOME LIKE IT HOT
ORSON WELLES
CITIZEN KANE
CLARK GABLE
VIVIEN LEIGH
LESLIE HOWARD · OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
TCM
Gene KELLY
WILLIAM WYLER
CHARLTON HESTON · JACK HAWKINS
HAYA HARAREET · STEPHEN BOYD
a space odyssey

31 DAYS OF OSCAR®

MARCH 2003

PRIMETIME HIGHLIGHTS
ALL TIMES EASTERN

DAY 1
9:00PM Rocky
11:00PM Raging Bull
1:00AM Champion

DAY 2
8:00PM Grease
10:00PM Dead Poets Society
12:30AM The Corn is Green

DAY 3
8:00PM The Music Man
11:00PM The Glenn Miller Story
1:00AM Blues in the Night

DAY 4
8:00PM Chitty Chitty Bang Bang
10:30PM The Great Race
1:30AM Grand Prix

DAY 5
8:00PM North by Northwest
10:30PM West Side Story
1:30AM Northwest Passage

DAY 6
8:00PM The Bells of St. Mary's
10:30PM Lilies of the Field
12:30AM Boys' Town

DAY 7
8:00PM Sergeant York
10:30PM Top Gun
12:30AM Good Morning, Vietnam

DAY 8
8:00PM The Story of G.I. Joe
10:00PM Battleground
12:00AM They Were Expendable

DAY 9
8:00PM The Best Years of Our Lives
11:00PM Three Comrades
1:00AM Mourning Becomes Electra

DAY 10
8:00PM Bonnie and Clyde
10:00PM In Cold Blood
12:30AM Gambit

DAY 11
8:00PM Witness for the Prosecution
10:00PM Reversal of Fortune
12:00AM ...And Justice for All

DAY 12
8:00PM Birdman of Alcatraz
10:30PM White Heat
12:30AM The Big House

DAY 13
8:00PM The Great Escape
11:00PM The Defiant Ones
1:00AM I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang

DAY 14
8:00PM South Pacific
11:00PM Hawaii
2:30AM The Blue Lagoon

DAY 15
8:00PM She Wore a Yellow Ribbon
10:00PM Red River
12:30AM The Pink Panther

DAY 16
8:00PM Guys and Dolls
11:00PM Rain Man
1:30AM The Color of Money

DAY 17
8:00PM In the Heat of the Night
10:00PM Some Like it Hot
12:15AM Blazing Saddles

DAY 18
8:00PM Coal Miner's Daughter
10:30PM The Buddy Holly Story
12:30AM The Barefoot Contessa

DAY 19
8:00PM Dave
10:00PM Hondo
11:30PM Harvey
1:30AM Ed Wood

DAY 20
8:00PM An American in Paris
10:00PM Shall We Dance?
12:00AM The Band Wagon

DAY 21
8:00PM Rebecca
10:30PM Gigi
12:30AM Lili

DAY 22
8:00PM Moonstruck
10:00PM It Happened One Night
12:00AM That Touch of Mink

DAY 23
8:00PM Casablanca
10:00PM The Way We Were
12:00AM The Heiress

The 75th Academy Awards® on ABC

DAY 24
8:00PM Sleepless in Seattle
10:00PM When Harry Met Sally...
12:00AM Pillow Talk

DAY 25
8:00PM The Philadelphia Story
10:00PM Father of the Bride ('50)
12:00AM Fiddler on the Roof

DAY 26
8:00PM Little Women ('49)
10:15PM Kramer vs. Kramer
12:00AM Stella Dallas

DAY 27
8:00PM Spellbound
10:00PM As Good as It Gets
12:30AM Ordinary People

DAY 28
8:00PM Marty
10:00PM Since You Went Away
1:00AM Citizen Kane

DAY 29
8:00PM The Lion in Winter
10:30PM The Last Emperor
1:30AM Anne of the Thousand Days

DAY 30
8:00PM Terms of Endearment
10:15PM Philadelphia
12:30AM The Pride of the Yankees

DAY 31
8:00PM Here Comes Mr. Jordan
10:00PM Beetlejuice
12:00AM The Bishop's Wife

NOT COMING TO A THEATER NEAR YOU.

This many movies–346 to be exact–each one an Academy Award® winner or nominee, can only be found at one time, in one place. This March, Turner Classic Movies is your ticket to *31 Days of Oscar,*® the most award winning month on television.

TCM. NO CUTS. NO COMMERCIALS. NO COMPETITION.

TURNER CLASSIC MOVIES

turnerclassicmovies.com
AOL Keyword: TCM

Metropolis (1926), *The Apartment* (1960), *42nd Street* (1933), *Citizen Kane* (1941), *Grand Hotel* (1932), *An American in Paris* (1951), *Rocky* (1976), *Gone With the Wind* (1939), *Casablanca* (1942), *Forbidden Planet* (1956), *Grease* (1978), *West Side Story* (1961), *Sweet Smell of Success* (1957), *Some Like It Hot* (1959), *Raging Bull* (1980), *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968), *The Last Emperor* (1987), *The Philadelphia Story* (1940), *Network* (1976) and *Ben-Hur* (1959) on TCM. "OSCAR®" is a registered trademark of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Schedule is subject to change without notice.

© 2003 Turner Classic Movies, An AOL Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved. Programming subject to change.

FANFAIR



Clockwise from top right: Lucinda Williams; the Raveonettes' *Whip It On*; the Music; and Massive Attack

HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

Are you taking over or are you taking orders / Are you going backwards or are you going forwards?
—"White Riot," Joe Strummer & Mick Jones.

The worse the state of the world, the better the state of the art.

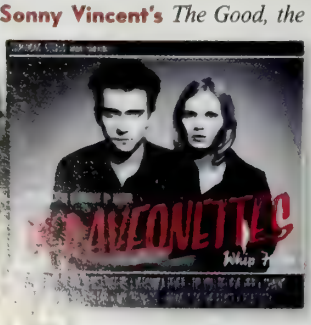
Lucinda Williams has made the record of a lifetime—part Hank Williams, part Bob Dylan, part Keith Richards circa *Exile on Main Street,* her new *World Without Tears* is a profoundly chilling, heartbreaking, important record. **Ben Harper's** wonderful reggae/blues/funk/soul-fueled *Diamonds on the Inside* opens with the claim "I can change the world with my own two hands," and one can only wish him the best of luck. **The Jayhawks'** *Rainy Day Music* is a beautiful disc that evokes the best of the Burrito Brothers and the very early Jayhawks themselves. Despite all the obvious marriages, baggage, and heritage that could so easily work against her, **Lisa Marie Presley** sings for real (somewhere to the left of Cher and the right of Chrissie Hynde) on her surprisingly hard-edged debut. **Rosanne Cash** is back in glorious voice on *Rules of Travel.* From the state that brought you Bruce Springsteen comes a strong, emotional album from **Val Emmich** (*Slow Down Kid*). **Paloalto's** luxuriant, melodic new one is the Rick Rubin–produced *Heroes and Villains.*

London Calling: British quartet **the Music** are still in their teens—hence, bored enough to come up with something great; their psychedelic, guitar-loaded, self-titled debut lives up to all the fuss (comparisons to Led Zeppelin, Stone Roses, Jane's Addiction) bestowed upon them by the U.K. press. **Massive Attack's** *100th Window* is dreamy, dramatic, sexy, intense, and well worth the five-year wait. "It's a wonderful life if you can find it," sings Nick Cave, who sounds unconvinced on the elegant *Nocturama,* from **Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds**—which ends with an astonishing, 15-minute, *40-verse,* raging jam. **Ms. Dynamite** (Niomi McLean-Daley), who nabbed England's Mercury Prize last year for her socially conscious lyrics and reggae-inflected hip-hop, releases *A Little Deeper.* **The Coral** are a bunch of young cigarette smokers and college dropouts whose self-titled, wacky, inventive debut is marked by startling tempo and key changes and no one discernible style. Also coming: that much-rumored **Led Zeppelin** three-CD (and two-DVD) set—including concert footage from 1969 and 1975.



Career Opportunities: On the liner notes for *#1,* groovy electro-rock-pop performance collective **Fischerspooner** thanks a cast of hundreds—including Lisbon, Hedi Slimane, and Kiehl's. There's no denying the talent of Dr. Dre and Eminem protégé **50 Cent** on the infectious, hard-core *Get Rich or Die Trying.* **Lizzie West,** who trekked cross-country to find Leonard Cohen (he took her into his house, then directly to a Zen monastery), releases *Holy Road, Freedom Songs.* Billy Corgan's new band, **Zwan,** displays a love of layered guitars on *Mary Star of the Sea.* Pop-rock singer **Lucy Woodward** makes an impressive debut with *While You Can.* **Lil' Kim** is full of sex and braggadocio on the long-overdue *La Bella Mafia.*

Garageland: Now Denmark is getting into the dirty, fuzz-tone rock scene with the fabulous **Raveonettes,** the utterly delightful boy-and-girl duo whose songs on *Whip It On* are all in B minor and use the same three chords. Former Clash guitarist Mick Jones produced **the Libertines'** *Up the Bracket.* **American Hi-Fi's** terrific *The Art of Losing* has a buoyant, Green Day–like spirit. **Stiffed's** *Sex Sells* is rough, minimal fun. **Sonny Vincent's** *The Good, the Bad, the Ugly* has a lineup of famed punksters including Wayne Kramer, Javier Escovedo, Scott Asheton, and Richard Lloyd. On their new, eponymous CD, **the Buzzcocks** still kick out the jams 27 years after they first toured with the Sex Pistols and the Clash.



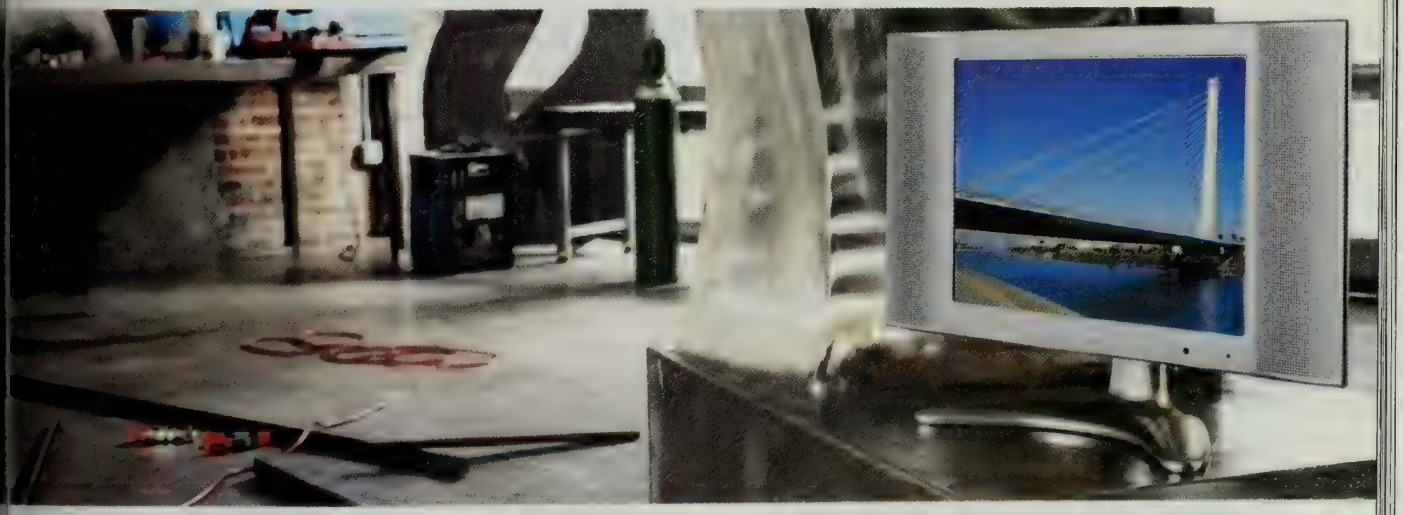
And *We're a Happy Family: A Tribute to the Ramones* has contributions from—among others—**Garbage, U2, Rancid, the Chili Peppers,** as well as a fabulous, sick one from **Tom Waits.** Gabba gabba hey, Joe.

SHARP

Liquid crystal television AQUOS™



©2001 Sharp Corporation



Introducing Aquos, inspiring flat-panel, liquid crystal television. Crystal-clear image quality. Outstanding brightness. And a screen that's merely 2.5 inches thin. Aquos by Sharp. It's what TV will be. sharp-usa.com

be sharp™



MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES
Sacha Baron Cohen, photographed in character as Ali G.

In da House

BRITISH PRANKSTER ALI G COMES TO AMERICA

The art of the put-on lives. **Ali G** is the slyest impostor to peacock into pop fame since the divine **Dame Edna.** He too has become not just a phenomenon but a comedy franchise, with his own British TV series, *Da Ali G Show*, star billing in his magnattitudinous debut film, *Ali G Indahouse* (a No. 1 box-office hit in Britain), and, now, his first Stateside showcase, premiering on HBO in February. Boasting "a black belt in keepin' it real," Ali G—the inspired disguise of a young comic named **Sacha Baron Cohen**—is a tone-perfect send-up of the suburban white boy who fancies himself a playa. Garbed in an electric-yellow training suit, buggy goggles, and Tommy Hilfiger stocking cap, Ali G prides himself as such a spunk machine that he proposed to **Anita Roddick,** the founder of the Body Shop, that she might want to bottle his all-natural resource. Ali G's gaudy, fake-gritty persona is a satire of street cred as media schlockfest. He regards *The Jerry Springer Show* as educational TV because, as he once told an interviewer, "you can learn a lot about life from it and especially how to spot if your girlfriend has a dong, because that can ruin a beautiful relationship." So absurd and yet so convincing is Baron Cohen's poseur act that the original guests on his British series actually believed he was a "yoof" spokesman from a deprived neighborhood. So what brings Ali G's big sneakers to our shores? As he explains, America has been awash in sadness "since the terrible events of 7/11," and he's here as a goodwill ambassador to heal what's illin'. Baron Cohen also introduces new provocateurs in this series, including a queeny, clueless Austrian fashionista and runway underwear model named Bruno, who should never be allowed access to the Condé Nast Building. Among the baffled guest stars undergoing the Ali G interview experience are **Newt Gingrich, C. Everett Koop, James Lipton** (unctuous host of Bravo's *Inside the Actors Studio*), and former attorney general **Ed Meese**—one slice of Wonder Bread after another. Trying to reason with Ali G's nonsense, authority figures have never looked less authoritative.

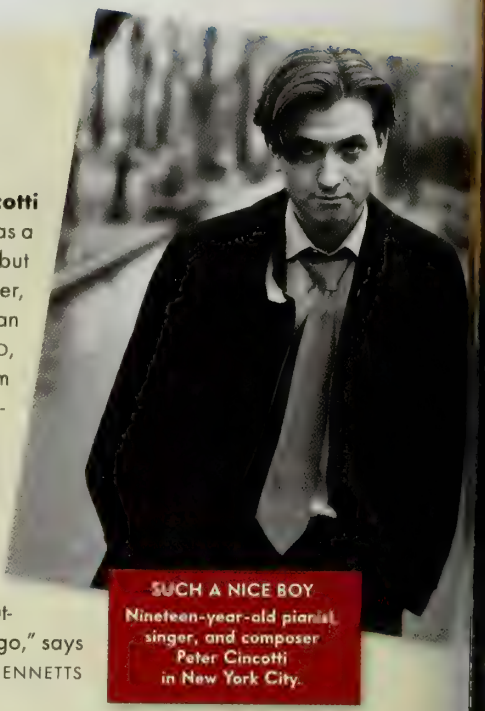
—JAMES WOLCOTT

The Best Is Yet to Come

JAZZ WUNDERKIND PETER CINCOTTI'S DEBUT CD

Long before he was tall, handsome, and oh-so-debonair in an Armani suit, **Peter Cincotti** was a pint-size prodigy who discovered the keyboard at three and began performing as a seven-year-old protégé of **Harry Connick Jr.** ("I don't remember being nervous, but my mother was a wreck!") A stunningly precocious jazz pianist, singer, and composer, Cincotti was starring Off Broadway and drawing celebrity-studded crowds to Manhattan hot spots while he was still in high school at Horace Mann. 18 AND GOING ON LEGEND, raved *The New York Times* when Cincotti's debut at the Oak Room last year made him the youngest headliner in the Algonquin Hotel's 100-year history. Now a Columbia University sophomore, Cincotti returns to the Oak Room this month with the release of his self-titled CD, a woony compilation of songs produced by **Phil Ramone.** Cincotti's [illegible] dards ("They may be old to you, but they're new to me") to hi[illegible] vered with the consummate musical authority he developed [illegible] rroll Garner and mastered **Sinatra, Billie Holiday,** and [illegible]3, his father was arriving at a New York club for Pete[illegible]rt attack and died on the sidewalk outside. The tragedy made [illegible]ows exactly where he wants to go," says his mother, Cynthia. "He's

—LESLIE BENNETTS



SUCH A NICE BOY
Nineteen-year-old pianist, singer, and composer Peter Cincotti in New York City.

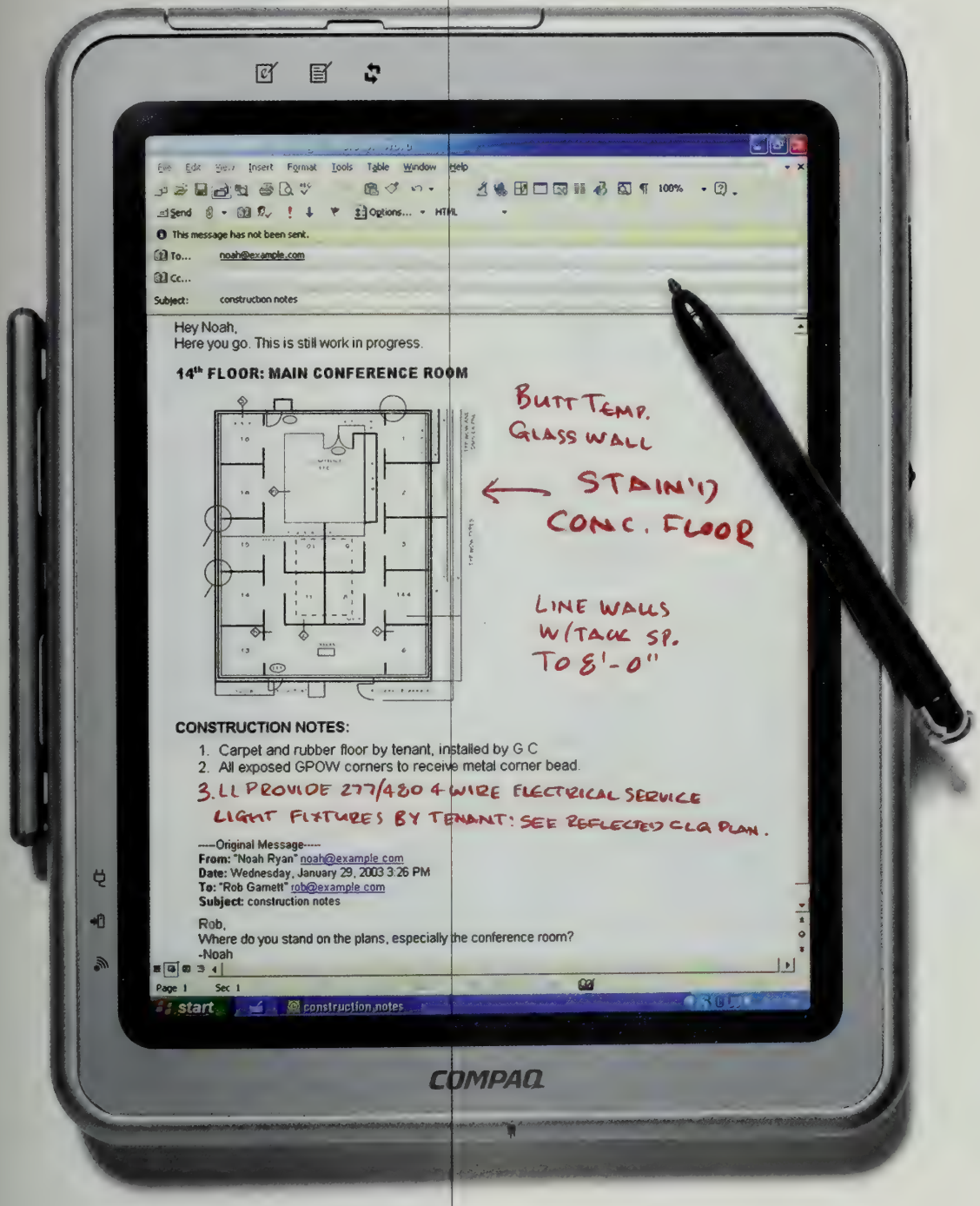

Are you type O™?
Only if you drink responsibly.
BACARDI
O
ORIGINAL ORANGE RUM
BACARDÍ RUM WITH NATURAL ORANGE FLAVOR
BACARDI O™

Microsoft

CONSTRUCTION NOTES:
1. CARPET AND RUBBER BY TENANT, INSTALLED
2. ALL EXPOSED
RECEIVE
3. U.L PROVIDE
4. WIDE
SERVICE
5'-4 3/8"
15'-0"
STAND
1'-03/4"
TEMP.
LINE
SP. TO
16'-6 7/8"
4' CONDUIT

When inspiration strikes so should you.

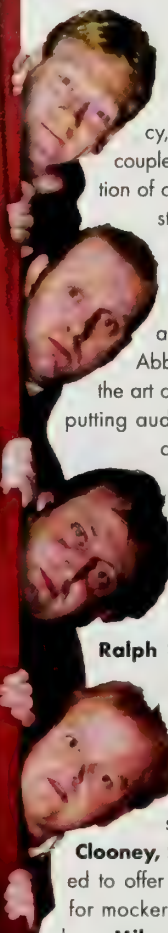
It's a laptop. It's a simple pad and pen. It's a Tablet PC.



Microsoft Windows xp Tablet PC Edition

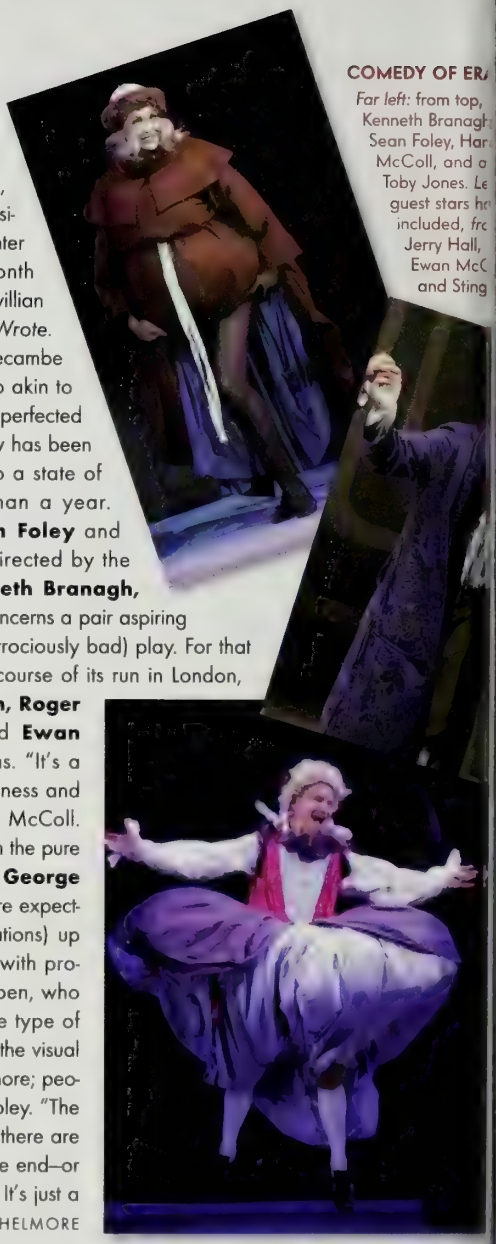
Laugh In

LONDON'S VAUDEVILLIAN SMASH HITS BROADWAY



The British love of lunacy, corny humor, and innuendo, coupled with the more recent acquisition of celebrity infatuation, takes center stage on Broadway this month with the arrival of the vaudevillian comedy *The Play What I Wrote*. Based on the work of Morecambe and Wise, a 70s comedy duo akin to Abbott and Costello who all but perfected the art of doing things badly, the play has been putting audiences in the West End into a state of comic delirium for more than a year. Starring comedians **Sean Foley** and **Hamish McColl,** and directed by the seriously thespian **Kenneth Branagh,** *The Play What I Wrote* concerns a pair aspiring to stage an earnest (and atrociously bad) play. For that they need a star: over the course of its run in London, **Ralph Fiennes, Sir Ian McKellen, Roger Moore, Jerry Hall,** and **Ewan McGregor** took their turns. "It's a great time for pure foolishness and irony-free comedy," says McColl. "Audiences seem to glory in the pure silliness of it." In New York, **George Clooney, Sting,** and **Liam Neeson** are expected to offer themselves (and their reputations) up for mockery and light humiliation, but with producer **Mike Nichols's** address book open, who knows who will get the call? "A lot of the type of comedy in the show—the songs and dances, the visual gags, the physical gags—you don't see anymore; people literally don't know how to do it," says Foley. "The show's got a massively high gag count, and there are jokes coming at you from every angle. By the end—or so I've heard—people are completely elated. It's just a good-time show."

—EDWARD HELMORE

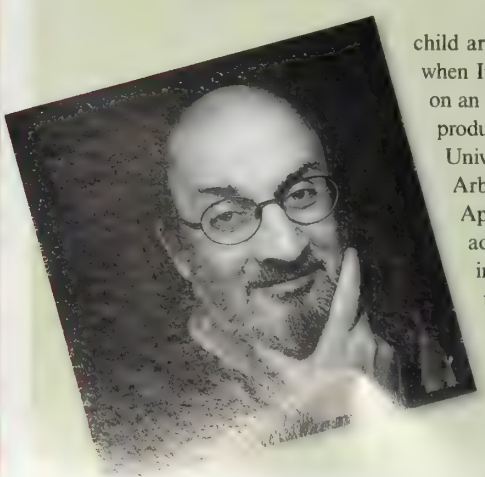


COMEDY OF ER

Far left: from top, Kenneth Branagh, Sean Foley, Har McColl, and o Toby Jones. Le guest stars ho included, fro Jerry Hall, Ewan McG and Sting

India Calling

SALMAN RUSHDIE'S MYSTICAL *MIDNIGHT'S CHILDREN* ONSTAGE



While its blend of historicism and magic realism brings to mind the work of **Gabriel García Márquez** and **Milan Kundera, Salman Rushdie's** 1981 novel, *Midnight's Children,* is, in plot, pure Bollywood. So perhaps it makes sense that the Royal Shakespeare Company would be drawn to this fantastical jewel box of a story, in which a rich Muslim child and a poor Hindu child are switched at birth at the precise moment in 1947 when India gains independence from Great Britain. Based on an unfilmed screenplay by Rushdie, the R.S.C.'s show is produced in partnership with Columbia University and the University of Michigan, and will be performed in Ann Arbor from March 12 to 16, and at New York City's Apollo Theater from March 21 to 30. As with any adaptation of a beloved book—but perhaps more so in the case of one so sweeping as to recount the entire history of a modern nation—fans will be eager to know what of the text remains. The pajama cord that gets lodged in the narrator's nose and enables him to listen to others' thoughts? The baby with colossal ears? The "suicidal hiccups"? This bears watching.

—HENRY ALFORD



CHILD'S PLAY

Left,* author Salman Rushdie. *Above,* cast members from *Midnight's Children.

eetings from sunny San Diego.

e're Kyocera, the wireless phone company.

me people hear San Diego and think "surfer dudes."

e're actually "engineer dudes," designing some of
e most awesome phones around.

ops. Did we just say "awesome"?



KYOCERA

it this way: Key-oh-sarah.
can find out more at
cera-wireless.com or
our phones at your
ndly CDMA wire-
service provider.

File Edit View Go Bookmarks Tools Window Help

eBay - Silver 2003 Ni

http://www.ebay.com/nissanaltimar

home | my eBay | site map | sign

Browse | Sell | Services | Search | Help | Commu

item view

www.ebay.

TAKE A RI

Currently	$97.50
Quantity	1
Time Left	6 days, 22 hours +

Winning bidder will receive the ride of his/her life in my sweet new 2003 3.5-liter V6 Nissan. It is silver with leather and polished seventeen-inch wheels, so not only will you be getting the your life, but you'll be styling in it too.

I will provide this exhilarating ride under two conditions:

1) You buckle up (it's got a V6, after all).
2) You do not pester me to drive my new Altima. This is a ride ONLY.

Your 20-minute route (additional minutes are negotiable) will be chosen based on road conditi and G forces, so all you squeamish types may want to reconsider bidding. You may bring CDs al new car smell for the duration of the trip. I'll accept check, money order or eBay Payments. Biddi

For information brochure, please call 800-635-5039. Nissan, the Nissan Brand Symbol, "SHIFT_" tagline and Nissan model names are Nissa are registered trademarks of Nissan. Netscape Window. 2002 Netscape Communications Corporation. Used with permission.

Done (0.192 secs)

5:32 PM

a Ride - Netscape

altimaride

MY CAR

Other



ze the extreme sporting nature of your ride. I suggest you be prepared for both rapid acceleration
music, please. Also, no food or drink is permitted in my new Altima, as I want us to savor the
00, which is a bargain considering the high you'll get.

NISSAN

SHIFT_passion

n North America, Inc. For details regarding the Nissan Altima ride, please log on to ebay.com/nissanaltimaride. eBay and the eBay logo

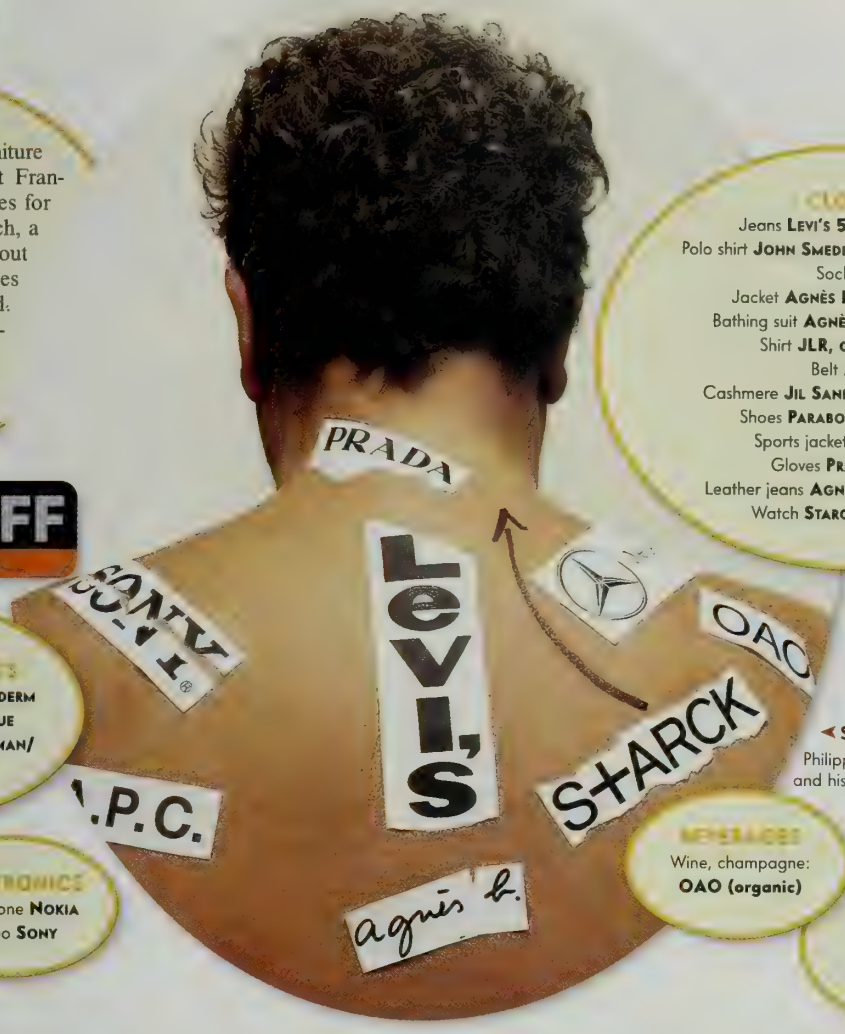

SHIFT_joy

ANFAIR

He has designed furniture for former French president Francois Mitterrand, toilet brushes for Target, the 1992 Olympic torch, a new shape of pasta, and, without an architecture degree, houses and hotels around the world. This month, Philippe Starck reveals to *V.F.* a few of his favorite things.

MY STUFF

PHILIPPE STARCK



CLOTHES
Jeans **LEVI'S 501, CUSTOMIZED**
Polo shirt **JOHN SMEDLEY SEA ISLAND COTTON**
Socks **DIM**
Jacket **AGNÈS B., CUSTOM-MADE**
Bathing suit **AGNÈS B., CUSTOM-MADE**
Shirt **JLR, CUSTOM-MADE**
Belt **A.P.C.**
Cashmere **JIL SANDER, MALO, HARRODS**
Shoes **PARABOOT, CUSTOMIZED**
Sports jacket **PRADA SPORT**
Gloves **PRADA, GUCCI**
Leather jeans **AGNÈS B., CUSTOM-MADE**
Watch **STARCK WITH FOSSIL**

BEAUTY PRODUCTS
Shampoo **STARCK WITH BIODERM**
Perfume/cologne **DIPTYQUE**
Soap **DR. RONALD E. SHERMAN/ TRISH MCEVOY**

ELECTRONICS
Cell phone **NOKIA**
Stereo **SONY**

BEVERAGES
Wine, champagne: **OAO (organic)**

AUTO
Car **MERCEDES, SMART**
Sheets **STARCK NIGHT AND DAY**

◀ **STARCK NAKED**
Philippe Starck and his favorite labels.



T LOOKS

Yves Saint Laurent's SPF 15 Age Defying Creme and Lotion mimics the body's DHEA hormone, or "molecule of youthfulness," and uses lycopene for UVA and free-radical protection.... The sunscreen agents in **Erno Laszlo's** light, vitamin-E-and-C-infused Solar Exchange actually increase their protection line upon exposure to heat.... **Shiseido's** Body Creator hydro-gel uses scent—citrus and spices—to stimulate nerves that spur a slimming process. (The Japanese have bought 1.3 million tubes since April.)



SUPER FRESH
Lev Glazman and Alina Roytberg, the husband-and-wife team behind Fresh.

From Russia, with Love

THE FOUNDERS OF FRESH TRAVEL BACK IN TIME

The first night **Alina Roytberg** spent at **Lev Glazman's** house, she opened the bathroom cabinet and screamed. It was crammed with soaps, balms, lotions, and potions, and she demanded to know what his deal was. He calmly explained, "Putting things on my body, using certain smells, just makes my day. I'm on the ultimate search for an ultimate cream, an ultimate soap, an ultimate fragrance, and it's nonstop." For these two Russian émigrés, who met in Boston, it was the beginning of two beautiful things: true love and something called Fresh, a line of beauty products that has blown the competition away with its simple philosophy—that things you put on your body should be made with natural ingredients, and that New Agey touches, such as flower petals floating around in liquids, are annoying. What began in 1990 as a Boston dry-cleaning operation, from which they sold a few bars of soap, turned into a $25 million company that was snatched up two and a half years ago by luxury conglomerate LVMH. Now people such as **Gwyneth Paltrow** and **Julia Roberts** are obsessed. Explaining their success, Glazman says, "We never swayed, for even one inch, from our original idea." Another part of their original idea was that their products be based in history. With that in mind, they have just launched Crème Ancienne, based on the oldest cream known to humankind, and made in a Norwegian monastery. Little surprise, then, that sampling it brought Glazman close to ecstasy. "My hands were shaking," he says, "because I was doing something that somebody did almost 2,000 years ago. When I put it on my skin, I said, 'Oh . . . my . . . God.'" —EVGENIA PERETZ

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Living Proof

Instead of marveling at the number of books, articles, and documentaries he produced, some of the author's friends muttered about the quantity of booze he drank. Now medical science backs his long-held belief that booze is a subtle weapon. Plus: Hitch's tips on drinking right



My heart soared like a hawk when I read the recent study which recommended eating at least a clove of garlic a day. Apparently this treatment, along with plenty of onions, would toughen up my prostate gland. I had been vastly encouraged already by the news that tobacco smoking enhanced short-term memory and helped to ward off the onset of Alzheimer's disease. And then it was good to read that decaffeinated coffee beans were actually higher in cholesterol than the real thing. But the very best news was saved for January's edition of *The New England Journal of Medicine*. From the [illegible] that, in the breezy words of my hometown rag *The Washington Post:*

> Drinking a glass or two of wine, beer or any other kind of alcohol every day can significantly reduce the risk of suffering a heart attack, according to a large new study that is the first to examine whether drinking occasionally or daily is the best strategy for taking advantage of alcohol's health benefits.
>
> The research also shows clearly for the first time that drinking any kind of alcohol—not just red wine—can protect the heart.

I rolled this luxuriously around my tongue with the approbation that I customarily reserve for port or single malt. Its finer points made themselves apparent in the glowing yet decisive manner that is politely imposed by a good vintage. Not just the occasional drink—the daily drink. Not just red wine—any alcohol is better than none. An apple a day, they said in my boyhood, kept the doctor away. Yeah, that's right—just bathe your teeth in sugar water and acid and see what happens. Much better to hurl the heartburn-inducing fruit into the trash and reach firmly for the corkscrew, which was the strategy that I began to adopt when I was about 15.

I'll be 54 in April, and everyone keeps asking how I do it. How I do what? I'm never completely sure what the question-

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOF KERN



aspen - bal harbour - beverly hills - chicago - honolulu - las vegas - nassau - new york - orlando - palm beach
st. barthelemy - south coast plaza - san francisco

er means. I *hope* they mean how do I manage to keep producing books, writing essays, making radio and television appearances at all hours, traveling all over the place with no sign of exhaustion, teaching classes, and giving lectures, while still retaining my own hair and teeth and a near-godlike physique which is the envy of many of my juniors. Sometimes, though, I suppose they mean how do I do all this and still drink enough every day to kill or stun the average mule? My doctor confesses himself amazed at my haleness (and I never lie to a medical man), but then, in my time I've met more old drunks than old doctors.

What with the garlic, the full-strength cigarettes, the raw espresso, and the array of winking and shimmering glasses and bottles, I can face the world pretty heartily (despite a slight heftiness around the central portions which I keep meaning to "address," as the saying goes, and despite a long-standing preference for nocturnal activity over encounters with "morning persons." I will admit that I am a standout in Washington for non-attendance at power breakfasts). In Europe, I don't seem to attract as much attention, or as many questions. Indeed, it was the so-called French paradox that started the inquiry into the medicinal effects of alcohol in the first place. American physicians, taking their cautious tours of Paris and Strasbourg in the spring, or perhaps having arranged to have their tax-deductible proctologists' conventions in Provence, went to restaurants where they predicted from observation that all the diners would be dead or dying within a year. Then they went back—perhaps after attending a few boring funerals for their own miserable colleagues—and saw the selfsame French still browsing and sluicing away and looking more joyously fit than ever.

Well, that surely couldn't be right. But an unsmiling look at the statistics confirmed that there was less heart disease in France, and meticulous scientific investigation then isolated red-wine consumption as the key variable. So let me tell you something that I could have told you long ago, and that your doctor already knew but hadn't been telling you. Red wine will elevate your "good"-cholesterol numbers (H.D.L.) as against your "bad" (L.D.L.) ones, and it will thin and inspire your blood so that it is much less likely to go all clotted o[illegible] drinks also assist you in ward[illegible] betes. And not just red win[illegible] Pretty much any grape or grain product will do. In Woody Allen's 1973 movie, *Sleeper,* he plays an owner of a health-food restaurant in Greenwich Village who is cryogenically frozen, and then thawed out in the year 2173. Among the many breakthroughs made by science in the intervening two centuries is the liberating discovery that steak, cream pies, and hot fudge are positively good for the system. *The New England Journal of Medicine* for January 2003 contains news much more encouraging than that. After all, nobody wants cream pie and hot fudge every day (do they?). And even if they did turn out to be beneficial for the health, they wouldn't make you wittier, sexier, more vivacious, and less tolerant of boring and censorious people. Which the daily intake of the fruit of the vine—to say nothing of the slowly distilled and matured grain—will also do, if you know how to make it your servant and not your master.

A tip: try to eat something, indeed, at every meal.

A few swift tips here, to show that I am perfectly serious. On the whole, observe the same rule about gin martinis—and all gin drinks—that you would in judging female breasts: one is far too few, and three is one too many. Do try to eat the olives: they can be nutritious. Try to eat something, indeed, at every meal. Take lots of fresh or distilled water. Don't mix from different bottles of red wine: dance with the one that brung ya. Avoid most white wine for its appalling acidity and banality. (Few things make me laugh louder than the ostentatious non-drinkers who get plastered when they condescend to imbibe a glass of toxic Chardonnay, and who have been fooling themselves for so long.) Avoid Pernod and absinthe and ouzo. Even if it makes you look like a brand snob, do specify a label when ordering spirits in particular. I once researched this for a solemn article and found that if you just ask for, say, vodka-and-tonic the barman is entitled to give you whatever he has on hand, which is often a two-handled jug labeled "Vodka" under the bar. It can be even worse with scotch, where imitation blends are rife. Pick a decent product and stay with it. [illegible]pgrade yourself, for Chrissake. Do you [illegible]hink you are going to live forever?

In a way, that is the whole question to begin with. I noticed early in life that some colleagues drank because of the writer's life, and others had seemingly become scribblers because it gave them a high-toned excuse to drink. Some drank to meet a deadline, and some drank to give themselves an excuse to miss one. The latter crew had a tendency to check out prematurely. When the late Murray Kempton was asked by a copyboy how much longer it would be until his column was ready, Kempton held up a bottle and jovially said, "About an inch." That piece, you can bet, was bang on time and word-perfect. Whereas John Coleman, the smashed movie critic of the old *New Statesman* in my day, retreated at press time into his den with a bottle of hooch. Soon after, the reassuring sound of the typewriter keys was no longer to be heard. One day Martin Amis, who was editing the pages, decided to look in and found Coleman's slumbering face making a faultless left-profile impression in the keyboard. Wondering if the short burst of typing had produced anything usable, Martin yanked the paper from the machine and read the two words "Clint Eastwoo . . . "

In a highly "judgmental" study entitled *The Thirsty Muse: Alcohol and the American Writer,* Tom Dardis examines the careers of Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Eugene O'Neill. He maintains that booze was not the making of them and their writing, but rather their undoing. That's relatively easy to argue, with letters like this from Hemingway to Maxwell Perkins:

> Will have to take Marty to the movies as a present for being drunk Saturday night. . . .
>
> Started out on absinthe, drank a bottle of good red wine with dinner, shifted to vodka in town . . . and then battened it down with whiskeys and sodas until 3 a.m. Feel good today. But not like working.

Good, but not like working . . . *Good?* How good is this? I couldn't possibly drink like that, but then, I am not a genius. And I certainly couldn't have gone even one round with William Faulkner when he was on form. Mr. Dardis demonstrates with ease that drink was the death of these men and eroded their talent in the end, but he cannot account for the fact that they did some of their finest work when blotto, smashed, polluted, shitfaced, squiffy, whiffled, and three sheets to the wind. It's true that O'Neill did his best stuff after he sobered up, but he had obviously learned a lot from the years when he couldn't remember which


BOSS
HUGO BOSS






HUGO BOSS FASHIONS INC. Phone 212-940 0600 www.hugoboss.com
BOSS
HUGO BOSS

ain he had boarded, or why. Here's some dvice, from a different book about O'Neill, n how to deal with the shakes:

O'Neill would prop himself against the ar. The bartender, who knew him well, ould place a shot glass in front of him, ss a towel across the bar, s though absentmindedly rgetting it, and glide away. Hanging the towel around is neck, O'Neill would rasp both the glass of whis- y and one end of the tow- in his right hand, while e clutched the other end of ne towel with his left. Us- g the towel as a pulley, he ould laboriously hoist the lass to his lips.

I actually saw this ma- œuvre executed once, by deeply troubled delegate t the British Conservative arty conference. When ou get the shudders, even ightly, it's definitely time to seek help. ut this wreck of a Tory wasn't going on to ompose plays about the perils and splen- ors of addiction.

What the soothing people at Alcoholics Anonymous don't or won't understand is that suicide or self-estruction would probably have come uch earlier to some people if they could ot have had a drink. We are born into a sing struggle, and nobody can hope to ome out a winner, and much of the in- rvening time is crushingly tedious in any ase. Those who see this keenly, or who egister the blues intently, are not to be sim- listically written off as "dysfunctional" cyn- s or lushes. Winston Churchill put it very quarely when he defined the issue as, es- entially, a wager. He was a lifelong suf- rer from the depression that he icknamed his "black dog," but e could rouse himself to action nd commitment and inspiration, nd the brandy bottle was often crucial prop. I have taken more ut of alcohol, he said simply, han it has taken out of me. His hief antagonist, Adolf Hitler, was, need hardly add, a fanatical teetotaler though with a shorter and less wholesome fe span). The most lethal and fascistic of ur current enemies, the purist murderers f the Islamic jihad, despise our society or, among other things, its tolerance of lcohol. We should perhaps do more to arn this hatred and contempt, and less to mulate it.

Such wicked thoughts are almost ver- oten in our new, therapeutic, upbeat, boring idiom, where there is always some mediocre jerk who knows what's best for you. I remember going to Aspen about a decade ago to cover the Bush-Thatcher summit that coincided with the invasion of Kuwait. The town sponsored a reception for the press, held at the top of the ski lift on the summit of a perfectly nice mountain. When we got up there, pointlessly beautiful and white-toothed girls offered drinks. I thought a gin-and-tonic would meet the case nicely. "Sorry, sir," I was told with faultless politeness, "but that would be inappropriate." When I queried this, I was told that gin-and-tonic was much more potent at that high altitude. "In that case I'll have a double," I said flippantly, and was rewarded by a millimetric contraction of the flawless but phony smile. So I got back onto the ski lift and went down to spend the evening at Hunter Thompson's place in Woody Creek, where we ended up doing some pretty accurate target practice with high-velocity rifles. I think I had a better time than those who stayed correct—and what's more, they can't take that evening from me, try as they may.







A MOVEABLE FEAST
Ernest Hemingway drinks to his health in Sun Valley, Idaho, in 1940 (*left and below*) and the late 1950s (*bottom*).

I'm perhaps straying (though quite soberly, I assure you) from my initial point about the connection between alcohol and physical well-being. The relationship between booze and mental well-being is much more oblique, and even more fraught. But there is a connection. The very word "spirit" preserves the initial intuition of the "inspired" that was detected by the Greeks when they hit upon fermentation and employed it to lubricate their symposia. In moderation, of course, yes, if you insist . . . but how was "moderation" established except by transcending itself just a bit? John Keats caught the point deftly in his "Ode to a Nightingale," which is actually not all that much about birdsong, sweet though it may be:

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South!
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim . . .

These are, indeed, matters of the heart as well as of the mind. Perhaps the most damning disclosure arising from the recent findings is this one: a medical investigation into cardiac disease, started in 1948 and known as the Framingham Heart Study, found that alcohol was beneficial. In his 1996 memoirs, Dr. Carl Seltzer, one of the Framingham researchers, confessed that he and his fellow physicians had been prevented by officialdom from publishing their evidence. When a guy called Seltzer tells me that drink is wholesome, I pay attention. But something in the Puritan soul is committed to making and keeping people miserable, even when it is *not* for their own good. Some of us have at least an inkling of the pursuit of happiness, as well as of happiness as a pursuit. □

Do specify a label when ordering spirits in particular.

JAMES WOLCOTT



WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR AND NOBODY CARED?

In view of the national apathy, it's no surprise that most Americans watch the plans for war against Iraq with something like a yawn. And, the author says, Bush's hawks and their media pigeons have pre-empted dissent, by disqualifying celebrities, academics, and allies, among others, from the debate

The president responded abruptly when a reporter suggested that wa was inevitable.

"You said we're headed to war in Iraq. I don't know why you say that," Bush said. "I'm the person who gets to decide, not you."

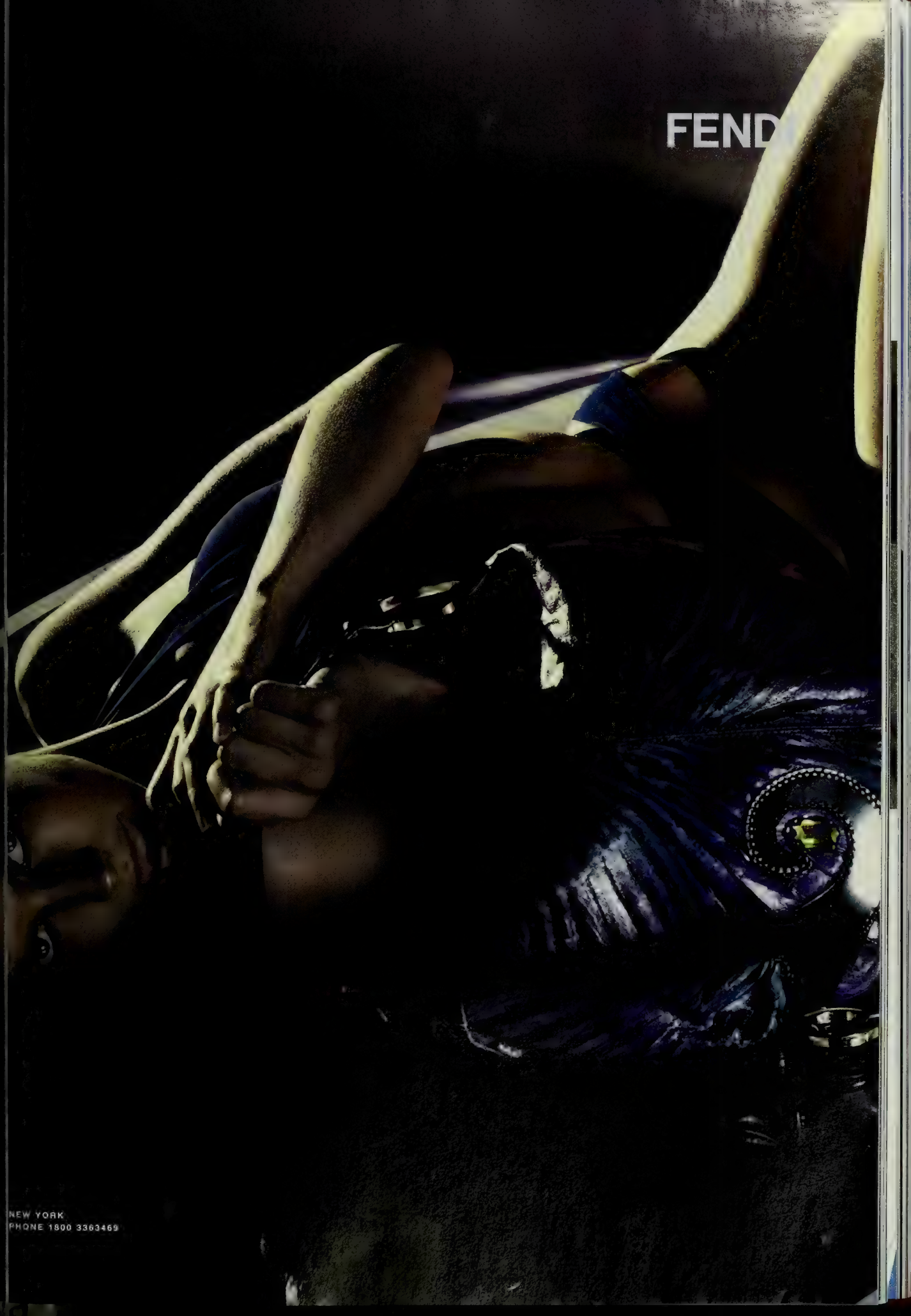
—CNN.com, reporting fror Crawford, Texa December 31, 200

Near the end of his la est bill of indictmen *Dreaming War: Bloo for Oil and the Chene Bush Junta,* Gore V dal envisions a sa finish for the politica fortunes of Georg W. Bush and his ministry of fea "Mark my words. He will leave o fice the most unpopular presider in history. The junta has done to much wreckage."

Gore, ever the cockeyed opt mist. His faith in the slow-bur wrath of the American people i touching, considering how littl we have done to earn it. Never be fore have so many put up with s much from so few. Despite corpo rate robbery, a trampling of civ liberties that makes the Re scare look like a dress rehearsa a rapist urge to ram a paved roa or oil pipeline through ever nature preserve, a Tony Sopran foreign policy that fingers whic dirtbag country we're going t whack next, an unaccountabl vice president who pops out c his groundhog hole only to rais money for the Republican Part or play bad cop on *Meet the Pres.* and the corny spectacle of th president himself imploring u to visit a shut-in and say, "I lov you" (and they accused Clinto of being Empath in Chief!), despite all thi the huddled, befuddled masses have bee as quiet as church mice. Those in power can be accused of thwarting the will of th people, because the people seem to hav lost their will, or traded it in for Powerba tickets. Most puzzling is the quiet resignatio the iceberg drift of collective apathy (apa from a few well-attended marches), whic has marked the escalation of the prospe of war against Iraq.

This mass sleepwalk isn't confined t America. Suspended animation seems t have seized hold of our staunchest (only ally, England. "You might have imagine that the country would be riven by argume and debate," Jackie Ashley wrote in *Th*

N BY HUGH KRETSCHMER


FEND
NEW YORK
PHONE 1800 3363469

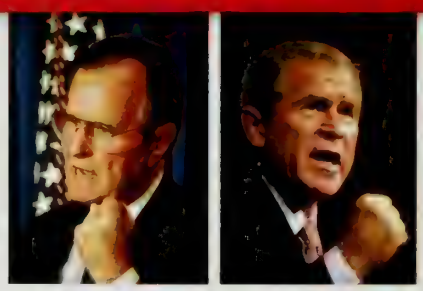
Guardian of this pre-war lull. "So far, there's been a great national shrug." Perhaps England's indifference is based on the knowledge that it will be taking only a lesser role in the actual fighting, but what's our lame excuse? The U.S. will be shouldering the lion's share of blood and hardware, and our shrug has been even more pronounced.

"So where are the antiwarriors?" asked George Packer in the pages of *The New York Times Magazine* in December. The anti-war marches that caterpillared down the streets of a few major cities have underwhelmed Packer. "Speakers at the demonstrations voice unnuanced slogans like 'No Sanctions, No Bombing' and 'No Blood for Oil.' As for what should be done to keep this mass murderer and his weapons in check, they have nothing to say at all." (By "mass murderer," Packer is presumably referring to Saddam Hussein and not the current occupant of the Oval Office.) In *The Washington Post,* reporter David Montgomery previewed an anti-war rally and deemed the protesters an amusing menagerie of human flotsam that time forgot. "Don't forget the suburban seniors fixing to march on the White House in spite of arthritis and titanium kneecaps, women wearing pink keeping vigil in the cold, Quakers in the basement debating slogans that are too long and nuanced to fit on a bumper sticker . . . " No, and let's not forget that a contingent of Quakers who were arrested during the 1967 anti-war march on the Pentagon refused to eat, drink, or wear prison uniforms, and were thrown into the Hole of the D.C. jail. "There they lived in cells so small that not all could lie down at once to sleep," Norman Mailer wrote in *The Armies of the Night,* " . . . —these naked Quakers on the cold floor of a dark isolation cell in D.C. jail, wandering down the hours in the fever of dehydration." In the current climate, however, Quakers are considered quaint.

So here we have two supposed liberal bastions, *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post,* chiming that (a) there is no peace movement, and (b) well, there is one, sorta, but it's a motley parade of fringe lefties, college kids, and historical retreads stretching their legs in an exercise in futility. Policy debate is best left to the manly professionals, such as the East Coast "liberal hawks" Packer cites for approval. Liberal doves should just stay in their cages.

We have been down this slope before. The drumbeat of war traditionally drowns out dissent. Patriotism is employed as a silencer, a cattle call to get the herd chugging in the same direction. "Once the war is on," wrote the progressive intellectual Randolph Bourne at the outbreak of World War I, "the conviction spreads that individual thought is helpless, that the only way one can count is as a cog in the great wheel. We are told to dry our unnoticed and ineffective tears and plunge into the great work." Big thinkers and ordinary citizens alike are urged to jettison their Jiminy Cricket consciences and get with the program. "Be with us, they call, or be negligible, irrelevant. Dissenters are . . . excommunicated."

PATRIOTISM IS EMPLOYED AS A SILENCER, A CATTLE CALL TO GET THE HERD CHUGGING IN THE SAME DIRECTION.



BURNING BUSHES
President Bush I, *left,* holds forth in the White House briefing room during the Persian Gulf War. *Right,* Bush II talks Iraq at the Republican Governors Association reception in Washington, D.C.

Under this barrage, many of those harboring doubts cast them aside and persuade themselves that, war being inevitable, the wiser, more pragmatic course is to accept harsh reality. "The realist thinks he at least can control events by linking himself to the forces that are moving," Bourne observed, anticipating the rationale of those liberal Democrats who rubber-stamped a resolution for Bush to pursue war with Iraq rather than risk being called the party of weak knees and appeasement. But, as Bourne also warned, linking yourself to the forces in motion offers no guarantee of influence. War is a rogue elephant that may not whoa, whether you'r riding its back or standing on th ground waving like a traffic cop. It too years before reluctant supporters acknow edged that the Vietnam War was a ru away nightmare.

What's unique this time is the pro-wa camp didn't wait for American troops t pour across the borders before it bega stigmatizing and sidelining dissent a home and abroad. As befits a pre-empti war, the hawks and their media pigeor launched a pre-emptive strike on the ant war camp while it was taking its first bab steps. Opposition has been discounted i advance with a knowing sneer. Accor ing to the new rules of disengagement, th following are disqualified from havin their opinions signify a America prepares to clim into the ring with the Ax of Evil.

A-list celebrities. In D cember of 2002, Sea Penn visited Baghda Earlier, the actor and directo had paid for a full-page ad i *The Washington Post* to pub lish an open letter to the pre ident, urging him to leas the dogs of war and rethin the consequences of invasio The letter was stilted and i genuous in parts, but wa written in a respectful tone and reflected serious moral concern; it wasn't a fiery sa vo from a Hollywood hothead. Penn's vis to Baghdad demonstrated a similar broo ing modesty. He toured hospitals, spok to Iraqis, snapped photographs, and avoi ed posturing before the news cameras an microphones; in fact, he was so concerne about being used as a propaganda devic by the Hussein regime that he immediate issued a disavowal after an Iraqi press r port attributed quotes to him saying Ira was squeaky-clean of weapons of mass d struction.

None of the pains Penn took spare him the inevitable sliming. He was brande a traitor and bracketed with Jane Fond "Baghdad Sean" to her "Hanoi Jane." In column in *The Wall Street Journal,* Cliffo D. May, a gratingly familiar cable-new guest and president of the Foundation f the Defense of Democracies (one of tho bogus-sounding right-wing think tan where no one needs to think, because the minds have been made up ever since th first gazed upon Reagan resplendent reached deep into the fish barrel:

Lenin, father of the Soviet Union, had name for people like Mr. Penn: "Useful i iots." Lenin's successor, Stalin, was even ab to dupe Walter Duranty, the *New York Tim*

2-hp best-in-class V8.* 3rd-row seating. And climate-controlled front seats.** The new Lincoln Aviator.
Navigator, just smaller. Proof that magnificence comes in all sizes. Call 800 688-8898 or visit
Lincoln.com. There are those who travel. And those who travel well.

LINCOLN
AVIATOR

Genes? Yes.
Clone? No.



um Premium Utility Segment. **Optional equipment.

correspondent in Moscow whose Pulitzer Prize–winning reporting helped convince the world that no government-orchestrated famine was occurring in the Ukraine.

Similarly, during World War II, the Nazis took representatives of the Red Cross to the model concentration camp at Thereisenstadt, where they established to the Red Cross's satisfaction that those nasty rumors about Hitler's mistreatment of the Jews were unfounded and really quite outrageous.

In this amazing guilt-by-disassociation glissade, May managed to lump Penn, who has never uttered word one in favor of Saddam Hussein, with a long line of Commie sympathizers and Nazi apologists. Words were not enough to convey the contempt felt by some of May's brethren on the right. After mentioning Penn's shutterbug activities in Baghdad, *The Weekly Standard* mused, "We must admit, we were kind of hoping that some poor Iraqi citizen, mindful of his privacy, would make like stateside Sean Penn and punch him in the face."

SEAN PENN WAS LUMPED WITH A LONG LINE OF COMMIE SYMPATHIZERS AND NAZI APOLOGISTS.

B-list celebrities. Also in December, 100 lesser Hollywood celebrities lent their names to another quixotic open letter to Bush, publicized at a press conference attended by signatories Martin Sheen, Mike Farrell, and Tony Shalhoub among others. Unlike Penn, "the Hollywood 100"—a deliberate allusion to the blacklisted Hollywood 10?—weren't roasted as useful idiots, but derided as attention-hungry has-beens hoping for guest spots on a gala *Love Boat* reunion. Grilled by cable-news hosts doing their populist shtick—among them MSNBC's Jerry Nachman, whose anachronistic set is decorated like a dumpy newspaper editor's office out of a Mickey Spillane novel (he begins each show, "Let's go to press," as if magic elves were about to put out the next edition)—the hapless celebrity reps were barely able to defend their position, they were so busy being fitted for dunce caps. Nachman sneered to an unflappably cool Janeane Garofalo that most celebrities were dopes "whose knowledge of the subject seems to be informed by a bumper sticker and not much else." A-list or B-list, the message is the same: Clam up and leave the political discussion to the serious and well informed. You know, top-notch minds like Ollie North and Jerry Falwell.

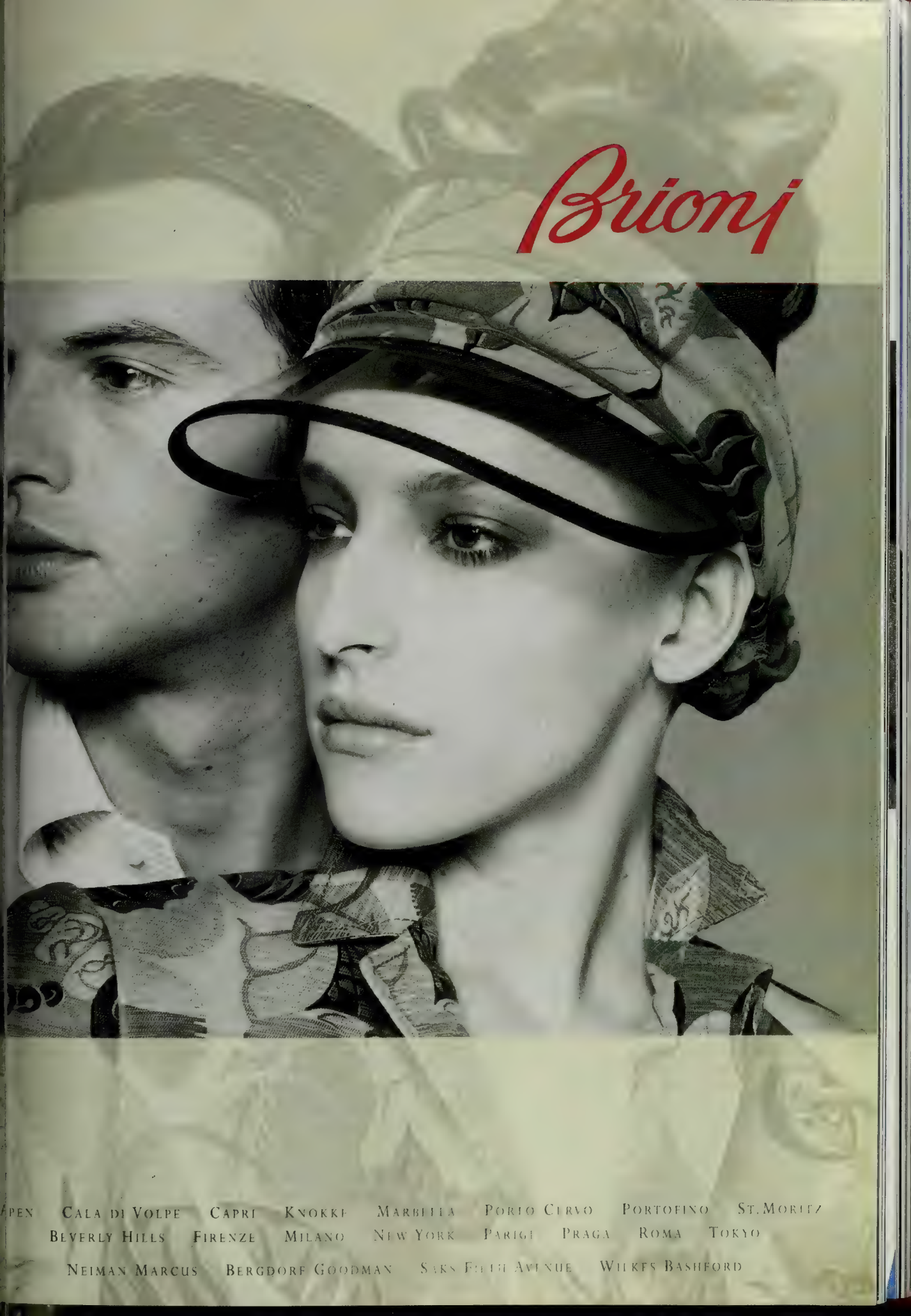
Un-Americans. The quickest way to dismiss a di[illegible] un-American, who stresses what's wro[illegible] instead of what's right, or game of "moral equivalence." Typical of this tack is the recent George Will column in which he chides, "The left, its anti-capitalism transmogrified into anti-Americanism expressed in the argot of anti-globalization, will repeat that of course Iraq and North Korea are dangerous, but so are McDonald's and Microsoft." Those vegetarian, open-code bastards! Combating such nattering nabobs of negativism has become a cottage industry for busy beavers like William J. Bennett (*Why We Fight*) and Dinesh D'Souza (*What's So Great About America*). Also flying the red, white, and blue are cable-news hosts Sean Hannity and Chris Matthews, whose inspirational books (*Let Freedom Ring* and *American,* respectively) plaster the grinning author on the cover posed with an American flag. Apple-pie pride beams from every airbrushed pore. As long as such patriots strut the ramparts, the best-seller list will be safe for democracy.



PENN AND FINK
Under a portrait of President Saddam Hussein, Sean Penn appeals for peace at a news conference in Baghdad during his three-day fact-finding visit to Iraq in December 2002.

The greatest hotbeds of anti-American bad-mouthing are sheltered behind the ivy walls of our over-endowed universities. According to legend, former 60s [illegible]als—now affluent, middle-aged, saggy NPR listeners whose gray ponytai[illegible] flop limp against their wattled necks—r[illegible] main nostalgic for the revolutionari[illegible] they might have been, and have indocti[illegible] nated a new generation of misguide[illegible] idealists and snot-nosed brats to loathe co[illegible] porate logos and make excuses for Osam[illegible] bin Laden. Why, if they had their druther[illegible] these tenured Pied Pipers would han[illegible] out a Molotov cocktail with each dipl[illegible] ma. Happily, help is on the way. Clas[illegible] room gurus who formerly polluted th[illegible] dim skulls of students by slandering the[illegible] own country are being put under hai[illegible] surveillance. Daniel Pipes, the Midea[illegible] expert with a sardonic beard like Re[illegible] Harrison's in *The Ghost an[illegible] Mrs. Muir,* presides ov[illegible] something called Campu[illegible] Watch, which keeps tab[illegible] on college professors anta[illegible] onistic to Israel and th[illegible] U.S. (or, as he called ther[illegible] in a *New York Post* op-e[illegible] piece, "Profs Who Hat[illegible] America"). Pipes's ideolog[illegible] cal bunkmate David Horo[illegible] witz, another fiery, bearde[illegible] prophet who has neve[illegible] found a burning issue h[illegible] couldn't bugger senseles[illegible] fronts the Take Back Our Campus[illegible] campaign, which, like Pipes's operatio[illegible] lists and excoriates left-wing hypnotists [illegible] the college classrooms. (A donation [illegible] Horowitz's Web site will "Help Davi[illegible] Expose The Leftist Plot to Control Ame[illegible] ica's Young Minds.") And then there is [illegible] blandly titled organization, the Ame[illegible] can Council of Trustees and Alumn[illegible] co-founded by Lynne Cheney and Se[illegible] ator Joseph Lieberman through som[illegible] satanic pact, which issued a post-9/[illegible] report criticizing educators and oth[illegible] chrome domes for failing to prop u[illegible] Western civ. "When a nation's intellect[illegible] als are unwilling to defend its civilizatio[illegible] they give comfort to its adversaries," th[illegible] report stated, listing more than 100 e[illegible] amples of unpatriotic utterances by ac[illegible] demics. Giving comfort to the enemy [illegible] one of the rough definitions of what co[illegible] stitutes treason. Raising that McCarthyi[illegible] specter is one way of putting the fear [illegible] the state into the faculty. What's nex[illegible] loyalty oaths?

Arab-Americans. Judging from the m[illegible] dia, they don't exist. Apart from [illegible] few public-service spots, we nev[illegible] see any on TV, either in prime-time ente[illegible] tainment or cable news, and the op-e[illegible] pages seldom blaze with their views. Th[illegible] threat of detention and deportation th[illegible] hangs over Arab communities (not id[illegible] threats, either: hundreds of Muslims we



ASPEN CALA DI VOLPE CAPRI KNOKKE MARBELLA PORTO CERVO PORTOFINO ST.MORITZ
BEVERLY HILLS FIRENZE MILANO NEW YORK PARIGI PRAGA ROMA TOKYO

NEIMAN MARCUS BERGDORF GOODMAN SAKS FIFTH AVENUE WILKES BASHFORD

arrested in Los Angeles after voluntarily registering with the Immigration and Naturalization Service) has put them on probation for the endless duration of the War on Terror. If they achieve any visibility in the months ahead, it will be as a painted backdrop, bearing mute witness to the unfolding drama.

Non-Americans. After expressing sympathy and solidarity with America post-9/11, foreigners seem to have gotten uppity again. How dare they criticize the policies of this country? Especially those pampered, effete, ungrateful, deodorant-averse European wussies. Don't they remember how we bailed them out of two World Wars? God knows we remind them of it often enough. We drag it out of the trunk every time they make a minor objection to, oh, say, plans to orbit a Death Star satellite. "Europeans are the ultimate free-riders on American power," Charles Krauthammer snipped in *The Washington Post,* and hawks like him have had it with their backseat driving. After German chancellor Gerhard Schroeder said, Include me out of a pre-emptive whack at Iraq, Donald Rumsfeld not only snubbed Germany's defense minister at a NATO meeting but taped a nasty note to his hall locker. What was different this time was that the hostility in conservative journals and Web sites wasn't limited to German officials but was lavished on Germany and the Germans themselves, who were scolded for being whiners and ingrates harboring a snake pit of renascent anti-Semitism. Entire nations were now being written off as unworthy—as bad as France! Even our geographically closest ally wasn't spared. Jonah Goldberg, trying too hard to be the new P. J. O'Rourke, ventured north to do a cover story for *National Review,* which branded the word WIMPS! across a photograph of Royal Canadian Mounties. The article itself, cheekily titled "Bomb Canada: The Case for War," argued that carpet bombing might be the best thing for this socialistic, soft-on-terrorism, politically correct snowland. It would shake them out of their smug lethargy and learn 'em not to lecture the U.S. and call our president a "moron." Even as a Swiftian modest proposal, "Bomb Canada" makes for unhappy irony, given that four Canadian soldiers were killed in Afghanistan in a "friendly fire" incident when American pilots, allegedly [illegible] nked up on amphetamines [illegible]

position. Many Canadians were already understandably sore with the U.S. over the government's weak apology for the incident, and then Goldberg opens his big trap.

The backlash didn't deter Goldberg's colleague John Derbyshire from daydreaming about how much good a few kabooms might do another of our wayward allies, South Korea. Derbyshire, the journalistic charmer who once wished for the murder of Chelsea Clinton (otherwise, "the vile genetic inheritance of Bill and Hillary Clinton may live on to plague us in the future"), said that, since the longtime ally had tilted anti-U.S., perhaps it wouldn't be such a bad thing if a hard rain fell below the 48th parallel. "It would be a shame, of course, if a few dozen of those glittering malls, luxury apartment blocks, fast-food franchises, Hyundai showrooms, and Ikea outlets were to be smashed up by North Korean missiles." However, "given that the South Korean people keep electing leaders who sound like Walter Mondale, and register positively Parisian levels of anti-Americanism when polled, it's hard to see why we Americans [Derbyshire, an Englishman, received his citizenship in 2002] should mind if their nice prosperous little country gets knocked about a bit." That there would be thousands of human beings who would perish during this up[rising] scale property damage was a pesky deta[il] he skirted.

IT TOOK YEARS BEFORE RELUCTANT SUPPORTERS ACKNOWLEDGED THAT THE VIETNAM WAR WAS A RUNAWAY NIGHTMARE.

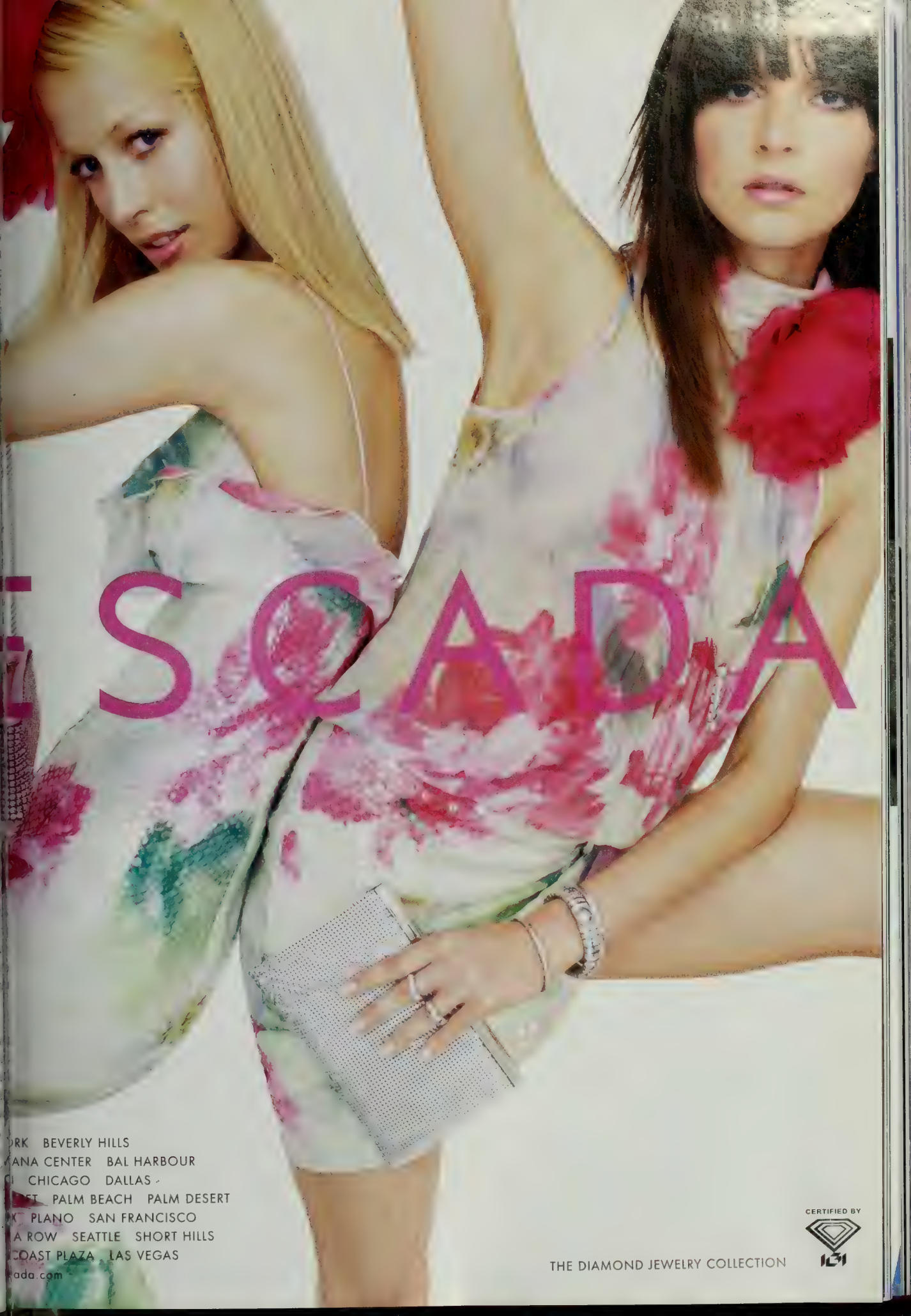


LOST CAUSE
Writers Marcus Raskin, Noam Chomsky, Norman Mailer, Robert Lowell, Sidney Lens, and Dwight Macdonald protest the Vietnam War at the Pentagon Peace March in Washington, D.C., October 21, 1967.

This is more than a matter of funning[.] The cartoon devastation advocated b[y] Goldberg, Derbyshire, and cohorts is [a] trickle-down expression of the deadly se[t] rious might-makes-right policies of th[e] neo-imperialists inside the administration—[e.g.,] Richard Perle, Paul Wolfowitz, Condo[leezza] Rice, et al. In the 60s and 70s mil[i]tant lefties (parroting Mao) would spou[t] "Political power grows out of the barr[el] of a gun." What pikers they were. Fo[r] righties, geopolitical power flows out o[f] the bomb-bay doors: Seoul or Baghdad[,] friend or foe, wherever th[e] payload hits the road.

Liberals. I know, I know[.] what liberals? Way bac[k] in 1973, Wilfrid Shee[d] wrote, "Although I myself hav[e] not met a self-confessed lib[-] eral since the late fifties . . . [I] hardly a day passes that I don't read another attack o[n] the 'typical liberal'—as [if] might be announcing a pes[t] of dinosaurs or a plague o[f] unicorns." To suspicious minds, liberals still remai[n] dangerously at large, Ou[t] There somewhere gnawing on the socia[l] fabric, undermining our moral defense[s.] Conservative viper vixen Ann Coulter [is] publishing a five-alarm wake-up call th[is] summer titled *Treason: Liberal Treachery from the Cold War to the War on Terrorism,* unmasking the traitors and no-goodnik[s] in our midst. Even a bold exaggerato[r] like Coulter may have bitten off mo[re] than she could vomit. If liberalism tran[s]lates as treason and Democrats ar[e] overwhelmingly liberal, then a lot of A[l] Gore voters have some explaining to d[o] and even Attorney General John Ashcro[ft] might have a tough time rounding up th[e] many suspects. (It would be like the ep[i]sode of *The Andy Griffith Show* whe[n] Sheriff Andy returned to a deserted Ma[y]berry—in his absence, Barney Fife ha[d] jailed the entire town.)

Lastly, smokers. I include them amon[g] the dispossessed because they a[re] the guinea pigs for every new soci[al] experiment in group ostracism, haras[s]ment, and regulation. The fearless jou[r]nalist Oriana Fallaci told the *Financi[al] Times* that "persecution of the peop[le] who smoke is fascist." Fallaci current[ly] lives in New York, whose mayor has ta[ken] a page out of the Bush playbook. H[e] orders; we obey. He's the one who ge[ts] to decide. □


T SCADA
RK BEVERLY HILLS
ANA CENTER BAL HARBOUR
CHICAGO DALLAS
T PALM BEACH PALM DESERT
PLANO SAN FRANCISCO
A ROW SEATTLE SHORT HILLS
OAST PLAZA LAS VEGAS
ada.com
CERTIFIED BY
IGI
THE DIAMOND JEWELRY COLLECTION

Round Two with the Kennedys

Did the author swear to Dorthy Moxley that he'd "help her get justice for her daughter"? Absolutely. But with his pithy, heartfelt response to Robert F. Kennedy Jr.'s 14,000-word *Atlantic Monthly* article, he identifies some basic flaws in Kennedy's claim that Michael Skakel was railroaded



TALKING BA
Dominick Dunne, un
attack by Gary Con
and Robert F. Kennedy
outside his home
Connecti

As of this month, I've been writing this diary for two years, and I enjoy doing it, but the stories I report get me into trouble now and then. A few days before Christmas I had a catch-up lunch at Swifty's restaurant with my oldest New York friend, Frederick Eberstadt. We used to work together on *The Howdy Doody Show* at NBC in the early 50s. We both love to dish, and I had just returned from Monaco, so I had plenty of firsthand stories about the trial of Ted Maher, the male nurse who had been found guilty of causing the death of Edmond Safra and another nurse, and about the trial in London of Paul Burrell, Princess Diana's butler. When I got back to my apartment, there was a message on the answering machine: "Mr. Dunne, this is Dan Mangan from the *New York Post.* I wonder if you'd call me at this number about the $11 million slander suit that former congressman Gary Condit has filed against you."

That was how I found out. I hadn't had an inkling in advance. I was momentarily stunned; "unnerved" is the best word to describe my reaction. I called people at *Vanity Fair.* They'd heard, but the suit was not against the magazine, just me, for things I'd said on television and radio. Then the phone started to ring in earnest, but I didn't pick up. "Hello, Dominick, it's James Barron from *The New York Times.*" "Hi, Dominick, it's Helen Peterson from the *Daily News.* I sat next to you at the Skakel trial." "Hi, Dominick, I'm calling from *On the Record* for Greta Van Susteren. Greta wants to know if you'll come on the show tonight to talk about Gary Condit's lawsuit." "Hi, Dominick, I'm calling for Connie Chung. Connie wants to know if you can come on the show tonight." I just sat there and listened in a state of virtual paralysis. I knew many of these people; they were my friends. But I didn't call back, because I didn't know what to say, and I tend to get a little verbose about the murder cases I cover. I finally turned on CNN, where someone was talking about the Condit lawsuit, and there I was, in footage I'd never seen, shot probably at a premiere, being interviewed by someone I couldn't recall. I remember wishing they had chosen footage where I wasn't wearing a tuxedo and being so jocular; it didn't seem to go with the announcement of an $11 million slander case. Several days later I had a Christmas card from my friend Martha Stewart on which she wrote, "So sorry about the horrible lawsuit!"

I'm an extra man, an extra man
I've got no equal as an extra man
I'm handsome, I'm harmless, I'm helpful, I'm able
A perfect 4th at bridge or a 14th at table.

—From "The Extra Man," by Cole Porter

I'd like to say good-bye to a guy named Johnny Galliher, one of the remarkable figures in New York society, who died over the holidays. Most of you have probably never heard of him. He was known mainly within a small, rarefied circle of people, where he was greatly loved. We were friends, but never close friends. Johnny was a character out of Proust; you could easily imagine him at a party at the Duchess of Guermante's. He was elegant

T BY MICHAEL O'NEILL


TIMELESS SKIN
ERNO LASZLO
NOTHING ELSE WORKS LIKE LASZLO WORKS.
NOTHING ELSE LOOKS LIKE LASZLO SKIN.
LOOK LASZLO
FOR A DELUXE SAMPLE OF THE MOST POTENT SERUM EVER, VISIT THE ERNO LASZLO COUNTER AT
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE BERGDORF GOODMAN NORDSTROM HARRODS NEIMAN MARCUS HOLT RENFREW

witty, wonderfully dressed, smooth on the dance floor, prized as a gin player, and, wonder of wonders, kind. Exceedingly kind. He knew all the stories, but he kept all the secrets. He had style, even at 90. Right up until the last couple of weeks of his life, you would never have taken him for a man his age. He stayed spry and was still interested in hearing what was going on. The last time I saw him, he said, "Tell me about the trial in Monte Carlo." Fifty years ago, he used to hang out with Cole Porter and Elsa Maxwell and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor—always the top echelon. More recently he'd be seen at Carolina Herrera's house, or Nan Kempner's, or Alice Mason's, or, particularly, Mrs. William Buckley's. Pat Buckley and Johnny Galliher enjoyed a deep friendship that lasted decades. He spent most weekends houseguesting at the Buckleys' place in Connecticut. When he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer, he learned that he had only two or three months to live. He paid weekly visits to the pain clinic at Memorial Hospital. "He was never in pain," Pat Buckley told me. Only five people knew, and they kept his secret. He went to Frank E. Campbell's and made the arrangements for his own cremation. "He tried to talk the price down," Pat Buckley recalled, chuckling. He wrote his own obituary for *The New York Times:* "Galliher, John. Passed away peacefully in his sleep after a brief illness due to pancreatic cancer. At his request there will be no funeral or memorial service." He went out as he had always lived, in style. I can see him in heaven, in black-tie and patent-leather slippers, deep in conversation with the Duchess of Windsor.

Another cause for sadness on the Upper East Side is that the Madison Avenue Bookshop, on Madison at 69th Street, has closed after nearly 30 years. It was a favorite meeting place. I never passed without walking in to check out the new books and see who was there. The little winding staircase to the paperback section on the second floor was always jammed with piles of books you had to step over. For years the shop was run by Arthur Loeb, of the old New York banking and philanthropic family. In 2000 he handed it over to Perry Haberman, who had worked for him for years, and Haberman continued to run it in the same eccentrically perfect way that Loeb had. They could find any book you wanted and have it wrapped in smart brown paper and delivered to your apartment in no time flat. Sometimes it was like a cocktail party in there, the way Mortimer's restaurant used to be and Swifty's is now. Everyone knew one another. In my novel *People Like Us,* I set several scenes there. I've always thought that the Madison Avenue Bookshop had a great deal to do with making my early novel *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles* the hit it became. Loeb and Haberman never let up until it made *The New York Times*'s best-seller list, and it went on from there. I couldn't bring myself to go in and say good-bye. That's how bereft I felt.

RUSHTON SKAKEL IS DEAD AT 79;
FATHER OF KILLER

No, that is not from "Page Six" of the *New York Post.* It was a [illegible] the obituary page of the venerable *New York Times* on January 7. Imagine having your whole life summed up in [illegible]er of killer." Skakel, who was two years ahead of me [illegible]erbury School, was often vilified in his son's murde[illegible] job he did of being a father to Michael, who [illegible]me he was 13, two years before the murde[illegible] him off to a high-class reform school a few years after that. I bring th[illegible] up because of an 18-page, 14,000-word article, called "A Mi[illegible] carriage of Justice," by Robert F. Kennedy Jr. in the Januar[illegible] February issue of *The Atlantic Monthly.* In it Kennedy says that[illegible] triggered his innocent cousin's indictment. The New York *Dai[illegible] News,* in its coverage of the article, said, "Robert F. Kennedy J[illegible] says his cousin Michael Skakel was railroaded in the Marth[illegible] Moxley murder case and convicted largely because of an inflame[illegible] media, led by author Dominick Dunne." I was amazed th[illegible] Kennedy would attribute such power to me, and I'm sure the ot[illegible] er journalists who covered the trial must be having a big laugh[illegible] the thought that I influenced *any* of their thinking.

I had seen an earlier version of the article. A writer friend[illegible] one of the magazines that had turned it down before *The A[illegible] lantic Monthly* bought it sent it to me when I was in London co[illegible] ering the trial of Paul Burrell. That first draft was leaked to mar[illegible] people, and various members of the prosecution team and th[illegible] Greenwich police force submitted outraged statements to the pres[illegible] The original article was vicious and reckless and hopelessly i[illegible] correct in many places. Nothing was more egregious than Ke[illegible]

That Kennedy dislikes me is a matter of indifference to me

nedy's suggestion that John Moxley, the bereaved brother of th[illegible] slain Martha, had once been institutionalized and should be co[illegible] sidered a suspect. That accusation is not in *The Atlantic Monthl[illegible]* I remember speaking on the phone to Dorthy Moxley right aft[illegible] she read it. She was on the verge of crying over the cruelty [illegible] Kennedy's statement. John Moxley, whom I have come to kno[illegible] well over the years, is a fine man, a devoted son, husband, an[illegible] father. For years he has been a strong lieutenant to his mother i[illegible] her fight for justice for Martha. Ann McCooey, the Skakel m[illegible] triarch, called John Moxley a son of a bitch at the trial after h[illegible] requested the maximum sentence for Michael Skakel durin[illegible] his victim's impact statement.

Len Levitt, the reporter for *Newsday* who is writing a high[illegible] ly anticipated book on the case called *Conviction,* was quote[illegible] in *Newsweek* in January as saying, "The Skakels and RFK J[illegible] are still circling the wagon, trying to pin this on anybody e[illegible] cept a member of the family." Levitt, who has written intre[illegible] idly about the case longer than anyone else and who was th[illegible] first to report that Michael Skakel had changed his story aft[illegible] 17 years, was quoted in the same article as saying, "I am goin[illegible] to document how the Skakels feared Michael's involvemen[illegible] right from the beginning." Kennedy writes about Michael, "I[illegible] anyone who knew him at the time, the notion that he was th[illegible] murderer is laughable." No, it isn't. I've talked to too many [illegible] those people.

That Robert Kennedy Jr. dislikes me intensely is a matter [illegible] complete indifference to me. The feeling is mutual. To the best [illegible] my knowledge, I have never met the man. He is an environme[illegible] tal lawyer, concentrating on the Hudson River, which is a worth[illegible] thing to do, but it is not a position of sufficient consequence t[illegible] warrant the self-importance that envelops him. That comes fro[illegible] the dazzling historic name he inherited. For all his passion abo[illegible] the injustice he feels was done to his cousin Michael, he manage[illegible] to find time from his river duties to make only two brief appea[illegible] ances during the trial. For the second of these, he arrived lat[illegible] during prosecutor Jonathan Benedict's brilliant closing argumen[illegible] calling attention to himself like a B-movie star as he walked t[illegible] the front row to sit by his aunt Ann McCooey. The man's sens[illegible] of entitlement is breathtaking.

If Kennedy had such strong convictions, why didn't he wri[illegible] this piece when it might have done his cousin some good, an[illegible] perhaps raised a reasonable doubt? Probably because the Skake[illegible]

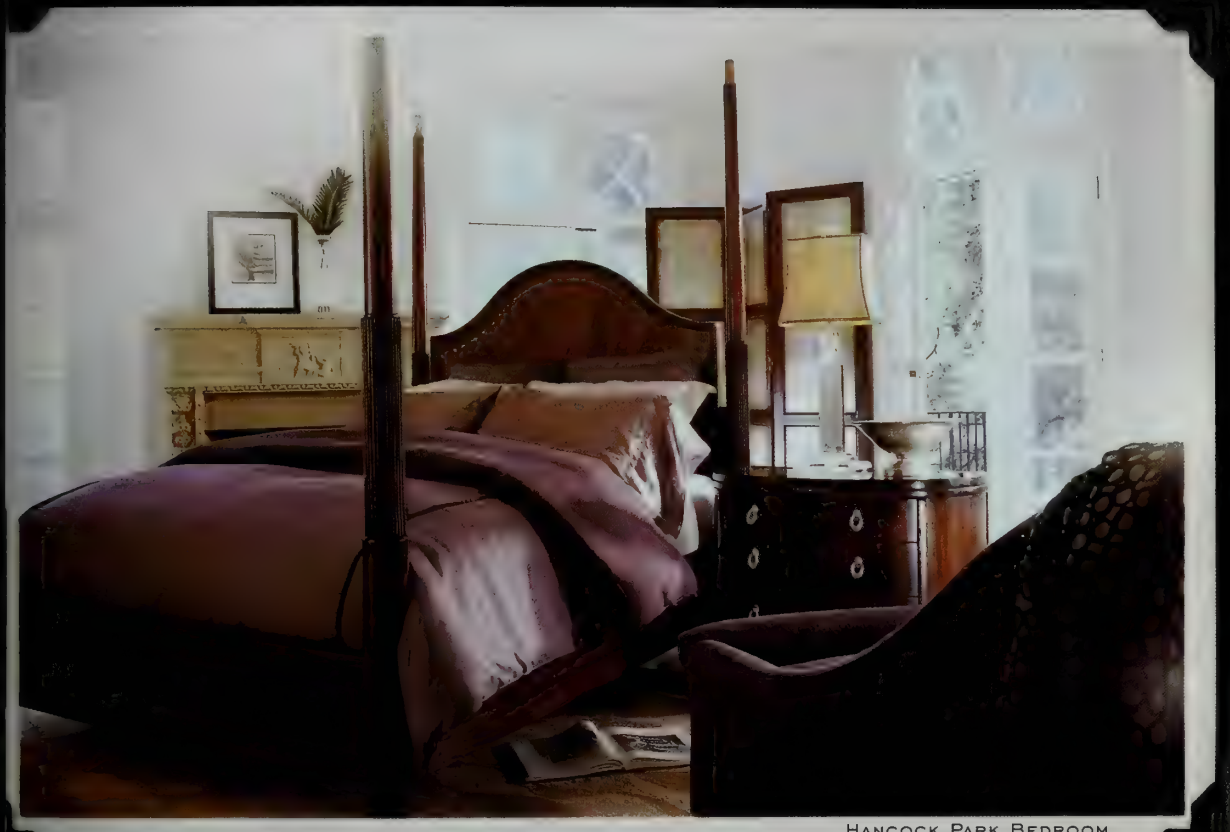
DOMINICK DUNNE

All the style and elegance of Hollywood's most romantic era returns.



BOGART

THE BOGART COLLECTION.
EXCLUSIVELY FROM THOMASVILLE.

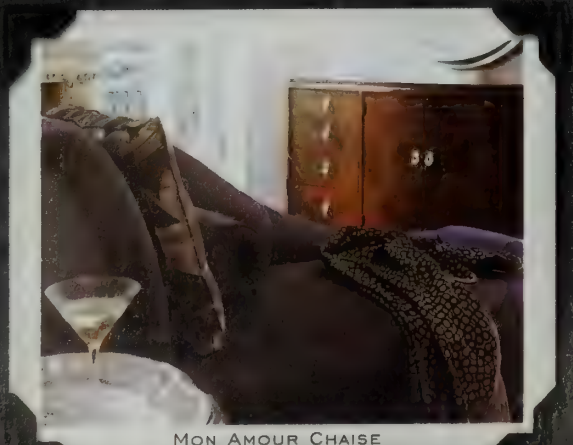


HANCOCK PARK BEDROOM

Thomasville®
WHERE STYLE LIVES™



HOLLYWOOD VANITY



MON AMOUR CHAISE



Humphrey Bogart is an American icon that has endured the passage of time. A man who epitomizes cha
glamour, romance and drama all at once. He defined an era that brought class to casual nonchalance. Now y
too can experience the feeling of Bogart's era in your own home, piece by piece, room by room. Drawi
inspiration from Bogie himself and the era in which he lived, the Bogart Collection is inherently class
It's cosmopolitan without [illegible]. Cool and collected, yet highly individualistic.



ROMANOFF'S PARTY TABLE





BEL AIR CURIO



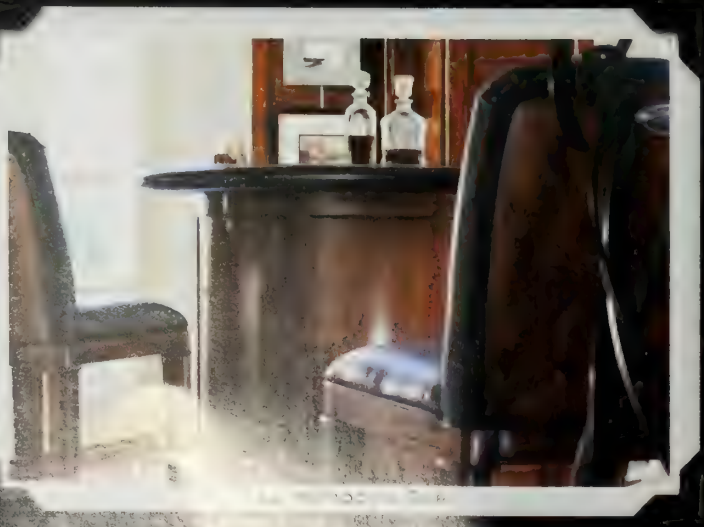
MELROSE HALL CHEST





ORCHIDS





Every line, every surface, every elegant detail is at once refined and relaxed, just like the man himself. Each piece is distinctive in its own way. Rich mahogany contrasts with polished silver and glass. Intricate burls accent the sleek '40s style. Sensuous leathers and fabrics stand true to the time period yet are intriguingly modern. As a whole, the Bogart Collection lends a sense of reserved sophistication to any room. And who else but Thomasville could actually bring legendary style like this back to life?

BOGART™



Santana Living Room

Thomasville®
WHERE STYLE LIVES™

WWW.THOMASVILLE.COM
1-877-BOGART-1

Los Angeles, CA 90034. All Rights Reserved. Bogart photos courtesy of MPTV.net
ille Furniture Industries, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

d Kennedys were all quite sure that Michael was going to be ac-
itted. Quite honestly, I also thought he would walk. I was as
nned by his conviction as I had been by O. J. Simpson's acquittal.

Kennedy writes that my "objective since 1991 has been to link the crime to a 'Kennedy cousin,' whether it was Will Smith, John Kennedy, Tom Skakel, or Michael Skakel." He ys I "branded the new first name, 'Kennedy cousin.'" He insists, But Michael never identified himself as a 'Kennedy cousin.'" Is at so? Can he have forgotten the highly publicized proposal for a emoir written by Michael Skakel, before he was indicted, which entitled *Dead Man Talking: A Kennedy Cousin Comes Clean,* and scribed as "the first account by an insider of the avarice, perver-on and gangsterism of 'America's Royal Family'"? Michael gave mself that tag; I didn't.

As for Tom Skakel, he was the No. 1 suspect long before I ever me along. As Len Levitt said of him in *Newsweek,* "There is mebody whose full role we don't know." Will Smith is William Willie" Kennedy Smith, whose 1991 rape trial in Palm Beach—here he was acquitted—I covered for this magazine. In Michael kakel's memoir proposal, he states that Willie Smith was guilty the rape. Smith's trial led me to begin investigating the Martha oxley case, after a bogus courthouse rumor had it that Smith d been in the Skakel house in Greenwich on the night of the urder in 1975. He was not there, and I reported that, but I soon came intrigued by the long-unsolved and nearly forgotten case.

I cannot imagine how Robert Kennedy Jr. came to say I con-cted John Kennedy Jr. to the Moxley murder. When? Where? Why? I was an enormous admirer of John Kennedy Jr.'s. I remem-r watching him on television after he had flunked the New York ar exam for the second time, when a posse of reporters chased ter him, asking in a taunting manner if he was going to try gain. He stopped and turned and told them that he would keep king the bar exam until he passed it. That response was so touch-

Kennedy discusses at length Thomas Sheridan, Rushton Skakel's friend, who is a distinguished lawyer and has been a part of the case from the beginning, when he was asked to represent and be a spokesman for the Skakel family. Kennedy doesn't bother to mention the very important familial link between Sheridan and the Skakels. Sheridan happens to be the uncle of Margo Sheridan Skakel, the wife of Michael Skakel and the mother of his only child, who divorced Michael shortly before his murder trial. She had grown up hearing about Martha Moxley's murder. Entreaties by others for her to stay in the marriage until after the trial were useless. So acrimonious was the end of their marriage that Michael, when he gave his statement after being sentenced to 20 years, used the opportunity to take a few mean swipes at her. I encountered her once, at the Southern Vermont Arts Center in Manchester, Vermont. She came up to me after a lecture I had given on the Skakel case and said, "I'm Margo Sheridan Skakel, and my name is spelled without the *t*"—which is how I had previously spelled it. She was classy-looking and had a pleasant manner. I didn't get the impression she was upset with me over anything I had written about the case. Each of us wanted to say more to the other, but neither of us did, and she disappeared into the crowd. Kennedy deletes Margo's role in Michael's life entirely, but her divorce, coming when it did, was more damaging to Michael's case than anything I have ever written.

Kennedy writes erroneously about my first meeting with Dorthy Moxley. He makes it sound as if I talked Mrs. Moxley into believing that a Skakel had killed her daughter. That's not right. I met her in the coffee shop of the Baltimore/Washington airport in 1991, after having tracked her down in Annapolis, where she had moved. At some point in that first conversation, I said to Mrs. Moxley, as I then called her, "Why did you leave Greenwich? There's no one there to keep the case alive," or words to that effect. She told me, "I couldn't look out my window

Did I ever believe Littleton killed Martha? Absolutely not.

g and so classy. I admired his fortitude, and I read his magazine, *eorge,* every month. I applauded him when he referred to Robert ennedy Jr.'s brothers Joseph and Michael as poster boys for bad ehavior, after Michael Kennedy's affair with a 14-year-old baby-tter—allegedly leaked by Michael Skakel—became front-page news. lthough I never knew John Kennedy Jr., I mourned his death.

As for Robert Kennedy Jr.'s denial, 27 years after the murder, that the police were intimidated by the rich and powerful Skakels, that's absolute nonsense. The person who informed e of the intimidation was the late police officer Stephen Carroll, ho after his retirement did limousine service for rich Connecticut dies. I met him outside Mortimer's, where the lady he had driven have lunch with me introduced us. I remember sitting in the front eat with him, talking, making connections. Over the years we be-ame friends. Carroll was a terrific cop and a wonderful man, who evoted his life to this case. He was dead by the time of the verdict, ut his wife and daughter, who were sitting a row in front of me, asped when the jury foreman said, "Guilty." Steve Carroll told me here was intimidation, and I believed him. What police force but an timidated one would have allowed Ken Littleton, the tutor, to drive ommy and Michael Skakel and another brother and a cousin up to the kakel ski lodge in Windham, New York, just days after the murder, hen it was known that Tommy Skakel had been the last person to e seen with Martha Moxley? No detective in his right mind would ave let that group, all of whom had been present at the house with he victim the night of the murder, leave town for another family res-dence in another state unless pressure had been brought to bear.

anymore at the Skakel house. I didn't know who did it, but I knew that in that house someone knew." Kennedy quotes me as saying in this magazine, "I swore to her that I would help her get justice for her daughter," as if that were a reprehensible thing. You're damned right I swore I'd help her get justice. I understood her agony, and I felt I had the ability to put a spotlight back on the case. My job, as I saw it, was to call attention to it, and to keep calling attention to it, and I did. Otherwise, no matter what anyone says now, the case would have fallen between the cracks.

Kennedy's entire take on how Mark Fuhrman came into the picture is also wrong. If only a fact checker had called me, I could have straightened the matter out. There's no secret to it. Kennedy says I had come "to admire" Fuhrman during the O. J. Simpson trial. Totally untrue. I was in the courtroom every time Fuhrman took the stand, but I never met him. He was always surrounded by police. However, when the trial ended, and a man I believed to be guilty of two murders was acquitted in short order, it seemed very unfair to me that Fuhrman should end up a ruined man, deprived of his livelihood, while Simpson went on to a celebratory champagne party.

Later, I read Fuhrman's book *Murder in Brentwood,* which I found fascinating. The man is a great detective. I cannot give the date, but I do not believe I met him until nearly a year later, when he came to New York. His then literary agent, Lucianne Goldberg, called me on his behalf. She was looking for another unsolved murder for him and his writing partner, Steve Weeks, to consider for a book deal. Goldberg arranged a lunch at the Four Seasons. Con-

trary to Kennedy's version, Fuhrman and I did not discuss the Skakel-Moxley case at all. We talked about what we had in common, the O. J. Simpson case, which had obsessed us both in different ways. We talked about F. Lee Bailey, Marcia Clark, and Johnnie Cochran. The telephone conversation in which Kennedy quotes me talking to Fuhrman never happened. By that time I had received what became known as the Sutton report, an account of an investigation initiated by Rushton Skakel to remove the cloud over his son Tommy, who was still the main suspect. That report broke the case. One of the great ironies of this story is that the private detectives Rushton Skakel hired to clear Tommy came up with the information that another son, Michael, could be the killer. As Kennedy says, a young man working for the private-detective agency stole a copy and brought it to me. I told Lucianne Goldberg that I had it, and suggested that Fuhrman and Weeks come up to my house in Connecticut. I had already given a copy of the report to detective Frank Garr, but nothing seemed to be moving forward. When Fuhrman read the report, he immediately became interested in writing about the case. I could easily have given the report to Len Levitt or to Tim Dumas, who was writing a book on the case, but I chose to give it to Fuhrman, because I knew he would get the most attention on talk shows and in newspapers. Kennedy quotes me as saying, "I firmly believe *Murder in Greenwich*, for which I wrote the introduction, is what caused a grand jury to be called after 25 years." I happily stand by the quote.

I roared with laughter at Kennedy's claim that Mickey Sherman, Michael Skakel's attorney, was interested more in ingratiating himself with me than in protecting his client. Really? I have known Sherman since the O. J. Simpson trial, when I called him to check out a report that he had been in Las Vegas with Paula Barbieri, O.J.'s former girlfriend, when she got the

Kennedy's denial that police were intimidated is nonsense

telephone call saying that Simpson's wife and another person had been killed. Sherman asked me not to use it, and I didn't. Since then I must have been on 15 or 20 talk shows with him. He's a nice guy, funny and friendly, but we are not really friends. Because of the circumstances of my life, it would be impossible for me to be a friend of an attorney who defends killers. Kennedy says Sherman arrived at the courthouse with me in a limousine. I had a car and driver to take me from New York and back each day, but I never gave Mickey Sherman a ride. He did spend a night at my house in Connecticut, when he came to attend a Christmas party given by the ABC television reporter Cynthia McFadden, who asked me to put him up. I was sick with the flu and didn't attend the party, but I saw him briefly the next morning, when he was leaving for Greenwich. We had a cup of coffee. We did not discuss the case. No matter how the Skakels feel about Sherman now, I can only say that his total belief in Michael's innocence never wavered. I think that he, like all of them, never believed it possible that a member of that family would ever be convicted of murder.

Another of Kennedy's lines that made me laugh was "[Dunne] parlayed his role in the case into a new Court TV series he hosts." It's the word "parlayed" that got me. To suggest that I used the case as a career move is so lame it's ludicrous. On my next birthday I will be 78, and I'm not on the lookout for career advancement. I've been where I want to be for the last 20 years. The fact that I host the series called *Power, Privilege and Justice* has absolutely nothing to do with the Skakels, or the Kennedys, or the Moxleys. It is a fact of that there is too often a different kind [illegible] rful than for everybody else.

Do I believe that Ken Littleton knows more about what hap pened that night than he has ever said? Yes, I do. Did ever believe that Littleton killed Martha Moxley? Absolute ly not. It was his first day of work as a tutor in the Skakel house he didn't know his way around, and he had never met Martha Moxley. If the Skakels couldn't pin the blame on Littleton, and Sutton Associates' private detectives couldn't pin the blame o him, and if secret tapings of him being entrapped into making confession in a Boston motel couldn't pin the blame on him, h didn't do it. As Jonathan Benedict said recently, "I have neve seen anybody investigated as extensively as Ken Littleton was. He would have been the perfect person to hand over to the cop He had no money and no status, and he was certainly a strange disturbed person in subsequent years. If he did do it, and a those tough Skakel sons and their Terrien cousins knew about i don't you think they would have beat the shit out of the poo jerk to make him confess? Robert Kennedy Jr. wasn't curiou enough to be in the courtroom when Littleton was on the stand

As he wrote in his long letter to Judge John Kavenewsky re questing a lenient sentence for his convicted cousin, Ken nedy writes again about how Michael helped him regain hi sobriety and how they attended hundreds of alcoholism-recover meetings together. "I know Michael Skakel, my first cousin, as we as one person can know another," he says. That is good and noble and deep relationships are indeed formed in Alcoholics Anony mous. I used to be a drunk myself and went to two meetings a da for several years, and the good effects enhanced my life. However no matter how many meetings they attended together, starting i 1983, it has nothing whatever to do with whether Michael Skake killed Martha Moxley in 1975, when he was 15. It just means tha Skakel and Kennedy successfully stopped drinking and shootin heroin. It didn't eradicate the crime that had been committed. Ke

Littleton said in an interview recently on WFXT-TV in Boston "Michael Skakel was on a multitude of drugs, which caused hi mind to be genetically altered and his behavior to be obstructed." He was talking about the night of the murder.

Kennedy says that the Skakels have never discussed thi case among themselves. I simply don't believe that. Ma tha Moxley's murder changed all their lives forever. Fron day one in 1975, the Skakel family has been continually discusse by their neighbors, friends, and enemies in connection with thi murder. It changed their position in the community. They a knew that several of them were living under suspicion, and all c them have lived with a secret that has stunted their lives. Slowl they all moved away from Greenwich. With all their worldly ad vantages, none has gone on to high accomplishments.

I cannot believe either that none of them read the Sutton re port, which took three years to compile and cost Rushton Skake $750,000. They were all interviewed for it by private detective from Sutton Associates, so even if they didn't read it, they ce tainly had to know that Michael had radically changed his story

There's an appeal in the works for Michael Skakel. Perhap Kennedy's article, with its focus on Littleton, Sherman Fuhrman, and me, is simply fodder for that appeal. Wh knows what may happen? Michael Skakel could be released o some technicality and spend a lifetime doing good works. But h was convicted of murder—not by me, but in a court of law by jury of his peers—and that can never be erased. He was not a lowed to attend his father's funeral. □

americanexpress.com/blue

BLUE FROM AMERICAN EXPRESS℠
CHIP-ENHANCED ONLINE SECURITY | PAY OVER TIME
NO ANNUAL FEE

FORWARD ►



merican Express Company. Enrollment required.



GLAMOROUS TURNCOATS

Clockwise from left, Samuel West, Tom Hollander, Toby Stephens, and Rupert Penry-Jones on the BBC set of *Cambridge Spies*, December 11, 2002.

CAMBRIDGE REDS

The mini-series is not dead—at least not in Great Britain. *Cambridge Spies*, a new, four-part BBC drama—think James Bond meets *Gosford Park*—tells of four men who met at Cambridge in the 1930s and went on to serve two masters, the K.G.B. and their homeland.

The series stars Toby Stephens as Kim Philby, Tom Hollander as Guy Burgess, Rupert Penry-Jones as Donald Maclean, and Samuel West as Anthony Blunt. The four were "devastatingly effective double [illegible] from the start tha[illegible]ood or fell together," said Peter Moffat, the writer of the series. "Burgess is the loudest spy in the history of espionage. Philby is the most successful spy of the lot, becoming head of counter-intelligence in M.I.6. Blunt is cool, viciously funny and clever, while Maclean veers between being warm and friendly and drunk and difficult."

Double agents are hard to root for—but *Cambridge Spies* makes a splendid case. "It is controversial, portraying these guys as heroes," says Penry-Jones. "But to stand up for what you believe in the way they did is pretty heroic."


rola t720i 4096 trippy colors. for downloading pics and screensavers.
MOTOROLA
MOTOROLA
BACK
DETAILS
T-Mobile
MOTODELIC
T-Mobile
visit hellomoto.com

THE CAMERA WARS

Kevin Mazur is the new breed of paparazzo, as popular with Bono and Barbra as he is with the magazines that make his WireImage the top entertainment-photo agency. But the stars can't relax yet. By stealth or by helicopter, Phil Ramey will get the shot they don't want taken

BY NANCY JO SALES





TWO APPROAC
Left, a Kevin Maz
of Jennifer Anist
Brad Pitt at a 199
concert; *above,* M
Ryan and Russell
captured by Phil R
in 2000.

Jon Bon Jovi, a burnished beige all over and swathed in leather, jumped from a limousine to a red carpet and walked, smiling for the paparazzi. Hanging in there all these years, still smiling for the paparazzi, his smile seemed to say.

The photographers, about 100 of them corralled behind red velvet ropes like unruly schoolboys, flashed and clicked their cameras relentlessly, mashing against one another, trying to get a better angle, any angle. "Jon!" they pleaded.

One photographer, a st
looked like he could be Tom C
in from Long Island, zoomed right

to the star, exchanging jolly "Hey, man!"s with him to the irritation of some of the other photographers. "Jon!"

The photographer was Kevin Mazur, and, here tonight at the VH1 "Biggie" awards at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, in December, he had access anywhere, to anyone. Plus, Mazur said, he and Bon Jovi were "tight."

"Kevin, you *know* what I need," Bon Jovi said, leveling a finger at him. "Some great pictures of Times Square"—a concert he'd done there—"something fram-
ble for my house, and I *know* you got it."

Bon Jovi rushed off to hug Sharon

"You want to talk to him, I can get him for you later," Mazur told me. He'd been arranging interviews for me with his friends. There were several people he wanted me to speak to that evening—Lisa Marie Presley, Carmen Electra, Kid Rock.

Square of body, he zipped through a crowd like a hammerhead, knocking into someone with his long, hard lenses. "Sometimes women give me a *look,*" he said, "like 'Hey, what the hell was that?'—or 'Hey, come back here!'"

Over by a dressing-room trailer, Mazur took pictures of Kid Rock and Pamela

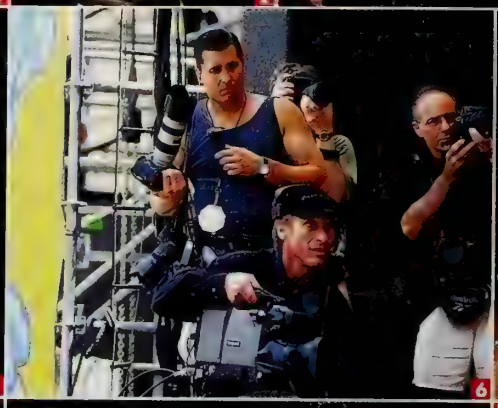




002 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.










KEVIN'S CELEB SCRAPBOOK
(1) Elton John, Alicia Keys, and Sting, all smiles for Mazur. (2) Bono. (3) Sharon Osbourne and Jon Bon Jovi. (4) Kurt Cobain, Courtney Love, and Frances Bean Cobain, 1992. (5) Leonardo DiCaprio and Robert De Niro, 2001. (6) Mazur, standing, left, at Woodstock, 1994. (7) Gwen Stefani, Madonna, and Sheryl Crow. (8) Bruce Springsteen at a 9/11 tribute concert in New York. (9) Axl Rose and Mick Jagger, 1989. (10) David Bowie and Sean Combs.

MAZUR IS "MORE LIKE A NEIGHBOR WITH A CAMERA THAN A PROWLING BEAST WITH A FLASHGUN," SAYS DAVID BOWIE.

Anderson; she flashed her white teeth and a large engagement ring—a shot available to no other photographer.

Mazur asked Kid Rock to say a few words about him.

"He's a nice guy!" said Kid Rock sincerely.

"Oh, this is a great interview," said Anderson.

"He's personable," said Kid Rock.

"I think he's got drugs—isn't he the drug dealer?" said Anderson.

"She's the interview," Kid Rock said pleasantly. "Kevin has some good pictures of my mom with Guy Ritchie that I gave to my mom, 'cause our real name's Ritchie, so I wrote on it 'The Real Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie.'" Kid Rock smiled. "I got tons of Kevin's pi[illegible] my studio."

Mazur was already hustling back to t[illegible] press tent with more of his images.

In the press tent, dozens more photographers were sequestered, waiting for stars to appear and pose briefly before a VH1 backdrop. "This is bullshit," one of them said. "This is the Kevin Mazur show," said another. "This sucks."

Paparazzi had been in the news again; an article in *The New York Times* had said these were "glorious days for the paparazzi," due to a rivalry between *People* magazine and *Us Weekly* that was driving up photo prices. "Then what are we doing back here with the cheese Combos?" demanded one paparazzo.

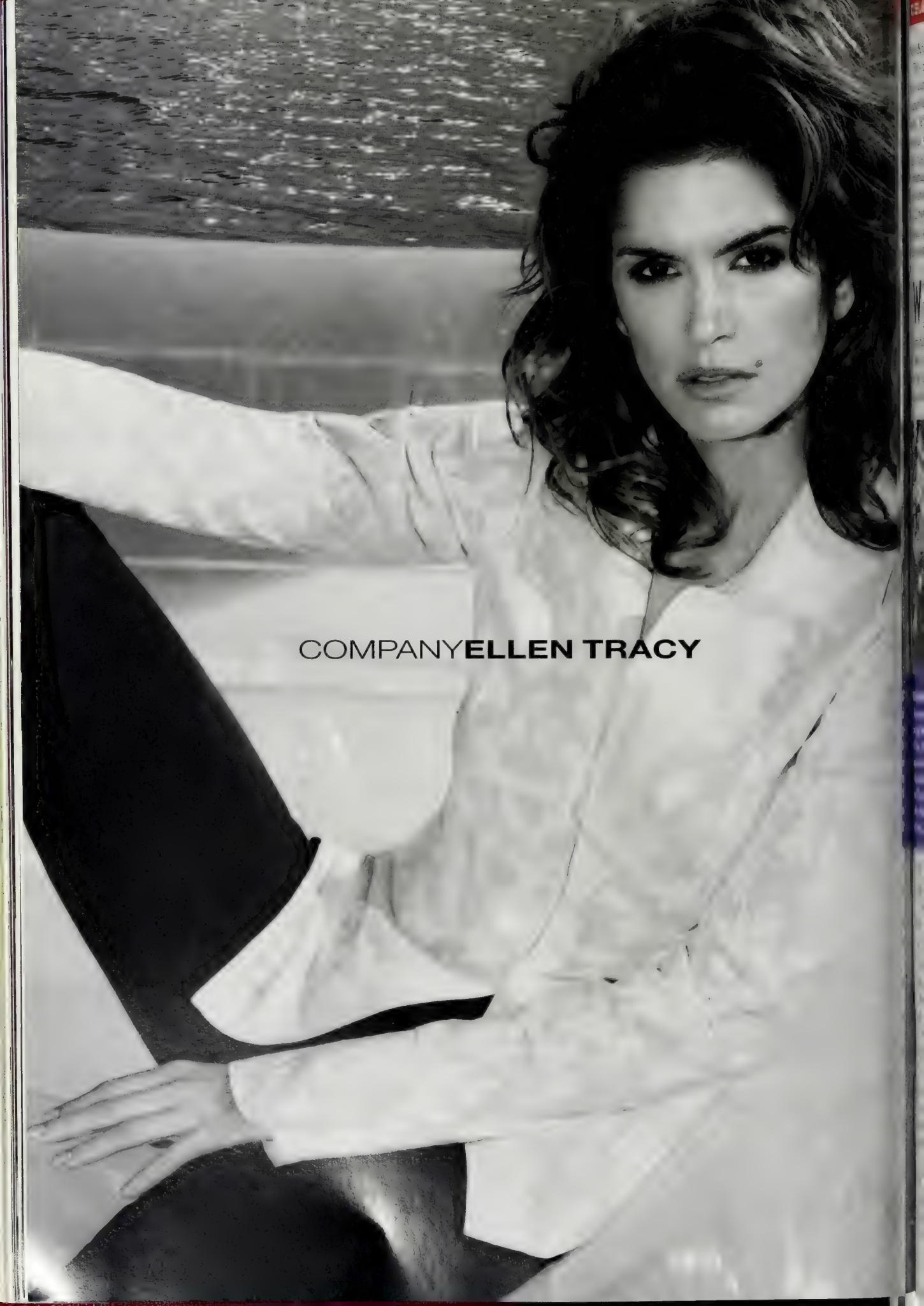
Here in the field, photographers were talking about how this was the worst of times—and they blamed Kevin Mazur, and his company, WireImage, and its sta[illegible]e of 600 photographers, who were get[illegible]g more, or exclusive, access at celebrity [illegible]nts around the world, every night.

Meanwhile, five WireImage employees with laptops were busily editing and sending Mazur's pictures to the WireImage Web site; there they would instantly become available to magazines and other media worldwide. The next morning, photo editors everywhere would get E-mails—and several more throughout the day—alerting them to the availability of not just one but four, six, or eight shots of Bon Jovi and Pierce Brosnan and Frankie Muniz doing the red-carpet strut—all flattering, with little variation.

Said Mazur, "We're doing it right."

As part of its mission statement, WireImage promises to observe the "marketing and publicity interests of our corporate assignment clients"—or not to produce, in the words of its C.E.O., Jason


LINDA AL
RACY


COMPANYELLEN TRACY

evader, any pictures that aren't "nice." This pledge has paid off. Started just o years ago by Mazur, four other phographers (Steve Granitz, Michael Caulld, Jeff Vespa, and Lester Cohen), and veral Wall Street deal-makers, WireImge has become the leading supplier of ntertainment photography" to magazines. October 2002, the company provided 5.2 percent of celebrity photographs pubhed in the major entertainment, fashion, nd women's magazines.

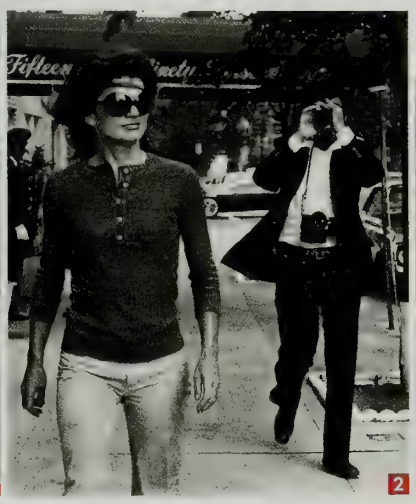
WireImage also happens to be the first photo agency serving the media ever to define itself as a publicity rm rather than a journalistic enterprise. Wire for Hire" is its creed. One-quarter its revenue comes from corporate acounts like Disney, Victoria's Secret, and news photographer in *La Dolce Vita* Paparazzo ("buzzing insect" in Italian), thereby coining a term for a new kind of unabashedly relentless eye. Fellini had become fascinated with the photographers he saw in Rome spinning around on Vespa motor scooters, shooting stars without regard for any notion of boundaries.

Into the 70s in this country, paparazzi were still seen as somewhat glamorous figures, part of the scene at any good party. At Studio 54, they documented a culture blithely in the midst of a meltdown: Bianca Jagger riding through the club on a white horse; Margaret Trudeau without her underwear.

But then two milestone events, 22 years apart, turned paparazzi from cool to scumbag. In 1975 a New York district court vided into the invited—event photographers—and the uninvited—street photographers, who still get the type of stolen shot that has become the object of the *People* and *Us* bidding war: Jennifer Lopez and Ben Affleck for the first time caught kissing, which was bought by *People* last August for a reported $100,000. (The bidding became all the more heated because the couple was reading *Us* in other shots in the same package. *People* did not publish these photos.)

But the bulk of celebrity photography sold is the more carefully managed kind—stars breezing through events looking their best, or cutting up in pre-arranged moments on movie sets. It's no surprise that at a time when publicists control access to celebrities more than ever, a company like WireImage has arrived and is doing so







APARAZZI STORY
arazzi glamour, as by Federico Fellini in his lm, *La Dolce Vita*. (2) eline Onassis outwalks alella in Manhattan 70s. (3) Graffiti near where Princess Diana aris, 1997.

"WHO DO YOU THINK IS TAKING ALL THOSE PICTURES IN YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINES . . . THE ONES THAT MAKE YOU STOP AND STARE?"

H1, which had hired Mazur to photoraph the "Biggie" awards show that night.

"He has more access," said M. Janet Hill, the senior vice president for corpoate communications at MTV Networks, because he doesn't complain, he gets the hots placed, and we like him."

Now Mazur was scurrying to the ack of the auditorium, where Lisa Maie Presley was waiting. Presley—bigaired, with charcoaled Elvis eyes—said, I trust him. He's never done anything to etray me."

After Presley had gone, her manager hecked shots with Mazur in the digital vindow of his Nikon.

"She doesn't want anything from the ide," the manager said. "O.K.?"

Mazur nodded—"O.K."—and took out pen to make a note of it.

In 1960, Federico Fellini named the determined that Ron Galella—the self-described godfather of American paparazzi—had committed harassment in his pursuit of pictures of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Galella was ordered to stay 25 feet away from Onassis for the rest of her life (although he continued to photograph her until 1982, and his pictures of her looking casually chic on the streets of New York were among the best of her ever shot).

And then, in 1997, Princess Diana died in a car accident after being chased by a pack of paparazzi through the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris; rightly or wrongly, the accident was blamed on overzealous photographers. Paparazzi had become murderers.

And so today we have La Dolce MTV, La Dolce Miramax. If photographers don't adhere to the mandates of publicists, the result is no access. Paparazzi now are di- well, already beating out the former leading photo agencies Retna, Corbis, Getty, and ImageDirect. When it comes to photos of celebrities, the A.P. and Reuters don't come close.

But WireImage would have been just another struggling dot-com without Kevin Mazur on board. His partners say they knew they needed him. "Every artist loves him," says Larry Jenkins, head of publicity for Columbia Records. Mazur's the paparazzo stars like.

Barbra Streisand wrote in an E-mail: "He knows a good angle and is a very pleasant person—he's not intrusive—you don't know where he is till he shows you a really good picture right after the event."

David Bowie wrote: "He has impeccable manners . . . more like a neighbor who

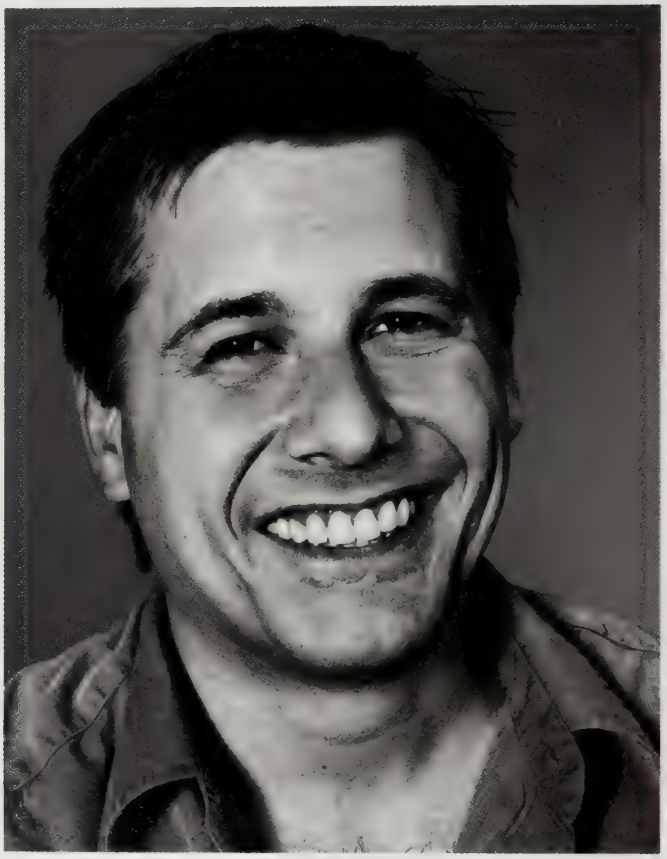
shows up with a camera than a prowling beast with a flashgun."

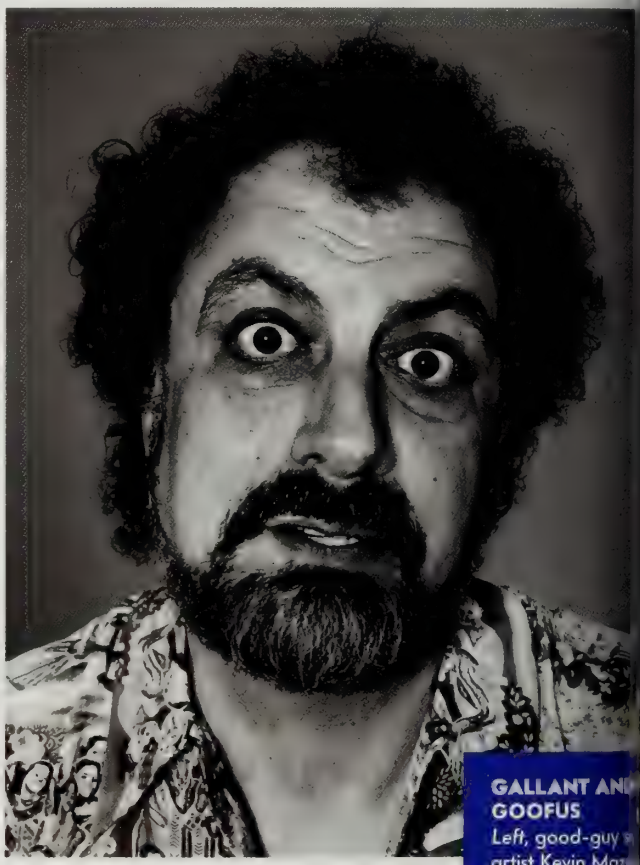
Billy Joel said on the phone: "We give him carte blanche backstage. I'm camera-shy. I have no photographic angles. If you see a good picture of me, it's probably because Kevin took it."

Carson Daly said: "There's no mischief or malice with him. He photographs everything we do."

Sting wrote: "After all these years, Kevin is just like one of the family."

Sheryl Crow said on the phone: "Let's face it, anyone in this industry has a huge ego and likes to see flattering images of themselves out there, and he puts great shots of people out there."





GALLANT AN GOOFUS
Left, good-guy artist Kevin Maz 2002; above, a old-school lensm Phil Ramey, 200

Mazur started out as a fan. "I was a true fan," he says. He was a high-school kid in Lindenhurst, Long Island ("the American Venice," he calls it), when he discovered he liked going to rock concerts and taking pictures of the bands. A small-time scalping ring he was involved in facilitated his proximity to the stage. He was into Led Zeppelin, Stevie Nicks ("like any guy back then," he says), the Rolling Stones, the Who. He smuggled lenses in his socks and cameras in his pants. He put the pictures up in his room. He attended Farmingdale University, and then, feeling guilty for ignoring the wishes of his dad that he follow in his foot[illegible] a fireman, he became a paparazzo.

Vincent "Fat Vinnie" Gonzales was a famed autograph hound and the guy Robert De Niro based his Rupert Pupkin character on in Martin Scorsese's 1983 film, *The King of Comedy*. It was on the set of *The King of Comedy*—where Fat Vinnie was hanging around because he'd become a consultant for De Niro, and Mazur was hanging around because Fat Vinnie could get him next to the stars so he could take their pictures—that Mazur had the defining moment of his career. De Niro screamed at him.

"We're on the set," Mazur says, "and all of a sudden De Niro's coming out of a trailer, and I'm like, I'm gonna take his picture. He's in his costume, he's got the bow tie on and everything, and I'm thinking, This is great, he's looking right at me.

"But then he sees me, and he runs at me, pushes me up against the trailer, and starts screaming at me, wagging his finger in my face, spitting in my face, 'Don't you ever take a fucking picture without asking!'

"I was petrified. I'm 22, and I mean, we idolized *The Godfather*. And he walks away from there, and that was what instilled it in my head that I always ask, and I'm always polite to everybody."

That, Mazur says, and his own father telling him to "always be nice to people, because you never know when you're gon[illegible]."

He got some good shots of Billy Joel at Madison Square Garden in 1984, and, feeling confident, he called photographer Annie Leibovitz and asked her what he should do with them. Leibovitz suggested he call Retna. Mazur did, and his first published photo, of Joel, wound up in *People*.

He supported himself for a few years as a medical photographer (autopsies, operations) while doing freelance photography for ASCAP, the music-publishing agency. He became a fixture in the office of Ken Sunshine, a publicist there (and now the publicist for Leonardo DiCaprio and Justin Timberlake). Mazur says, "Ken explained the whole game to me. I don't think like a photographer—I think like a publicist and a photographer combined."

While shooting at the Live Aid concert in Philadelphia in 1985, Mazur got another lesson in the importance of being "nice." "I'm shooting all these pictures of people backstage, Mick Jagger," he says, "when this guy grabs me, and he's screaming in my face, 'No fucking pictures!' He's cursing at me and stuff, he's leaning into me, so I cock back to punch him.

"And Ken grabs my arm and says, 'You hit that guy and you'll never work in the business again.'" The person he'd been about to hit was Bill Graham, the powerful concert promoter behind Janis Joplin, the

GOOD NIGHT.
SLEEP TIGHTER.



NEW TOTAL EFFECTS NIGHT FIRMING CREAM WAS CLINICALLY SHOWN TO STRENGTHEN SKIN'S STRUCTURE BETTER THAN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORE BRANDS.*

Tightening skin's moisture barrier better with its dynamic blend of hydrators, VitaNiacin and wheat protein. So give your face the lift of a nighttime—for visibly firmer skin.

For free samples visit www.olay.com

total effects

*Clinique Anti-Gravity, Lancôme Primordiale Intense Night, Lancôme Rénergie Lift Contour, Estée Lauder Advanced Night Repair, Shiseido Benefiance Facial Lifting Complex and Chanel Lift Sérum Extrême Firm.

OLAY

love the skin you're in®

Stones, and the Grateful Dead. "I'm glad I never hit that guy," says Mazur.

After that, Mazur began to perfect the mellow, easy approach that has proved so winning with not only celebrities and their managers but other gatekeepers like cops and security guards. On one of his first assignments for *Rolling Stone*—the "dream job" he landed in 1987—he impressed his editors by getting backstage access to the making of U2's *Rattle and Hum* concert film in Tempe, Arizona.

The press had been barred from the event. "But right away," Mazur says, "I'm hanging out with the roadies backstage, and I start talking with this guy, and he says, 'Oh yeah, I'm Phil Joanou—I'm directing the show.'" Joanou told U2's publicist to let Mazur shoot. "He says, 'He's cool.'

"Before you know it, I get full access," Mazur says. "He introduced me to Bono and the band." Now Mazur counts Bono among his friends. At an event honoring Bono at the Simon Wiesenthal Center in November, where I went with Mazur, Bono posed for him with his medal in his eye like a monocle.

Mazur soon learned that what made him cool was his refusal to betray a trust, which often meant agreeing to photo approval, with which he has no problem. More often than not, when he tells a story about his work, it's about a picture he wouldn't publish rather than one he did. "I have so many photos that are buried and will go to the grave with me," he says, "because celebrities are like, 'I don't want that out there,' and I'm like, 'All right.'

"I shot Guns n' Roses at Rock in Rio" in Brazil in 1991, he says. "Axl [Rose] let me and one other guy shoot. I did photo approval with him. We talked about everything from family to the business—a writer would have flipped out for what we talked about."

But later, Mazur says, when he got back to his hotel, Rose's bodyguard called to say the rocker had changed his mind and didn't want any of the photos from the session released. "And I was like, 'You know what?'" says Mazur. "'All right. Just tell Axl, remember me next time.'"

In Mazur's view, there's a bigger picture than the one he lost. He never insists. He got one of his most famous pictures this way, the one of Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love with their new baby, Frances Bean, sitting in the doorway of a trailer at the MTV Awards in Los Angeles in 1992—a shot that has since become iconographic, a rock 'n' roll *American Gothic*.

"MTV was having this big problem with Nirvana," Mazur says. "MTV wanted them to do 'Smells Like Teen Spirit,' their big hit, and Kurt wanted to do 'Rape Me.' So the MTV publicist, she comes up to me and says, 'Whatever you do, Kevin, do not go up to Kurt and Courtney and the baby, 'cause if they lose it they're gonna walk out.' So I'm like, 'O.K., fine.' You know me, I listen.

"Soon as she says that, who's walking toward me—Kurt Cobain and the baby, no bodyguards around. He's going toward the production people, walking away from the trailers. The guy sees me, I got my cameras dangling, and I see the panic in the poor guy's face."

But all Mazur did was walk on by. "I say, 'Kurt, congratulations on the baby,'" he says. "And I walk away."

And then, later, Mazur went looking for Cobain.

"So later," he says, "there's Kurt sitting on the steps of the trailer. I go over and introduce myself and we just start talking and I say, 'I feel bad for you—it's kinda messed up what was written about Courtney'" (in *Vanity Fair*, a story which reported on Love's drug use). "Courtney pops her head out, she's got Frances in her arms, and she goes"—gravelly voice—"'Who are you again?' And I go, 'My name's Kevin Mazur.' She was sitting right there listening to the whole thing, feeding Frances. And she goes"—gravelly voice—"'Kurt, he seems *cool*. Will you take a picture of the three of us?' And I'm like, 'Fuck, yeah.' So I take pictures.

"I love to give everybody a little dig," Mazur says, "so I see the woman from MTV later, and I say, 'Guess what. I got pictures of Kurt and Courtney and the baby.' And she's going crazy, and I say, 'Slow down—they asked me to do it.'"

Mazur went on tour with Nirvana the next year.

"YOU PULL THE CAMERA OUT OF THE BAG ON THE FLY," RAMEY SAYS, "AND THAT'S THE PICTURE: SOMETHING TRUE THAT REVEALS SOMETHING."

"I'm no paparazzi," Mazur said one night, driving his S.U.V. to Madison Square Garden to photograph Shakira, the exotic pop princess, at her "Tour of the Mongoose" concert. Sony Music, her label, had hired him.

He seemed eager to dispel the notion that what he does now—photographing celebrities at events, shooting for corporate clients who hire WireImage—bears any resemblance to the work of a paparazzo.

"Everybody's talking about the paparazzi now. I see them on TV interviews and they're like, 'Here I am in Central Park—I'm waiting to find some celebrities.' And I'm like, It's *wrong*," he said. He called paparazzi "scumbags" and "stalkers with cameras."

"The worst thing I see is celebrities will be with their kids, and they say, 'No, I have the kids,' and they don't even respect that. Or shooting over somebody's fence or into somebody's house. Poor Brad Pitt on vacation—he's on his balcony, him and Gwyneth!" He was talking now about how a paparazzo had shot the couple in the nude, in 1995.

"I thought after the whole Princess Diana incident some law would come up to prevent these paparazzi from being such animals," he said. "The thing that kills me the most is when somebody's sick, like Elizabeth Taylor, and some of these scum my photographers go and try and get a picture of them, ill."

He parked his car.

"I really like what I do," he said, "so I don't want to jeopardize anything over being greedy to sell a couple of pictures. I'm making a living I never ever expected in my life to make. These photographers are like, 'You're a millionaire,' and I'm like, 'Dude, I'm not a millionaire.'

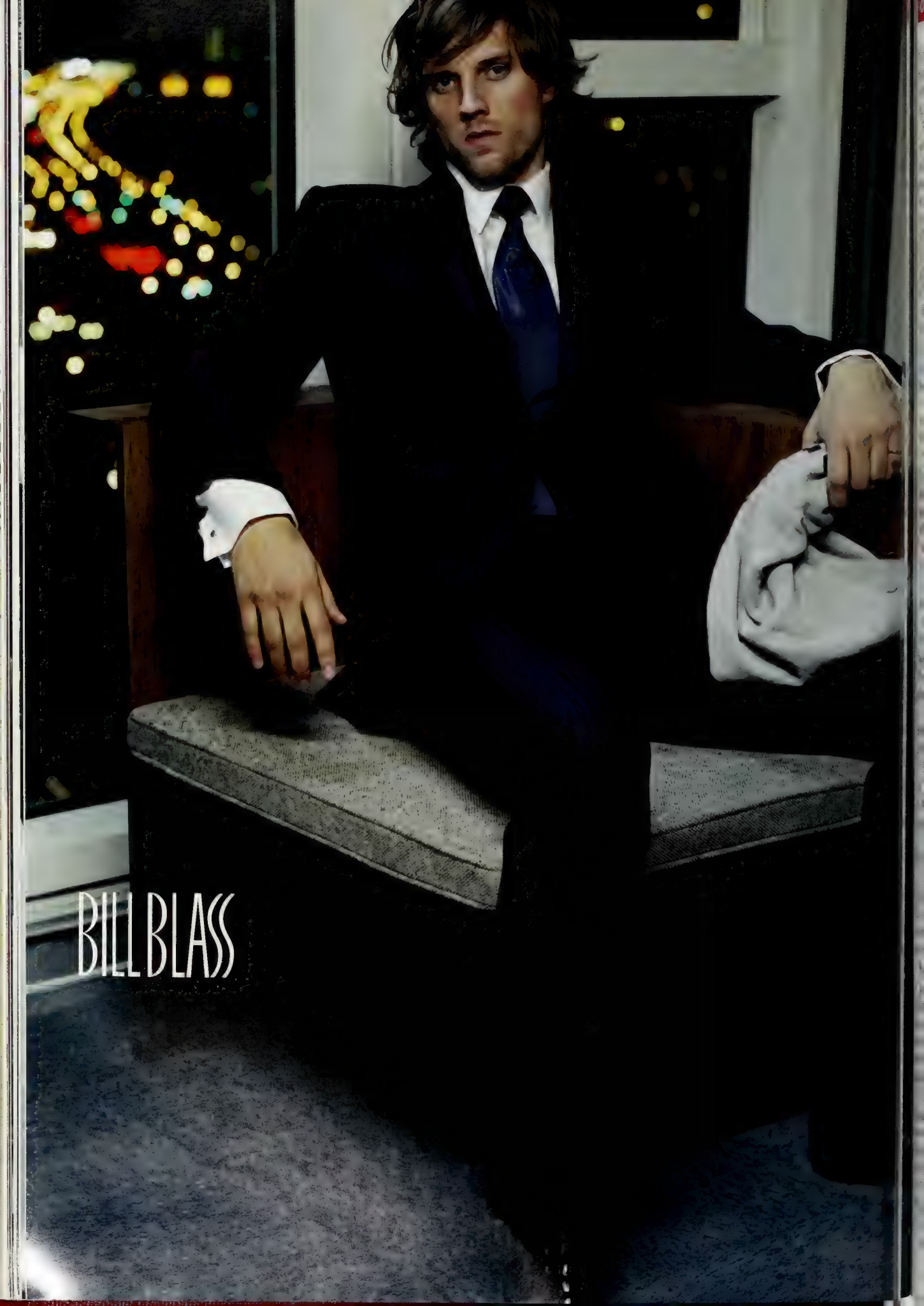
"Everybody's like, 'What'd you get for the picture?' You know what? It's none of your business. I'm doing all right."

It was actually Mazur who shot some of the first photos of Pitt and Jennifer Aniston together—his arms around her at a Radiohead concert in Washington in 1998—pictures that brought in more than $100,000. "I didn't put my name on them," Mazur said, "'cause I didn't want to piss Brad off—he's a nice guy. But I'm there shooting the concert and I see this and, I mean, how you not gonna take a picture of that?"

Which brings us to Phil Ramey. If there's an anti–Kevin Mazur in the world, it's Phil Ramey, a man as notorious among celebrities as Mazur is loved and hired by them. Sean Penn once reportedly fired a gun in the air as Ramey dangled from a helicopter over Penn's wedding to Madonna in 1985.

Ramey is known for, among other outrageous acts of paparazzism: jumping on a moving van to take pictures of Rock Hudson lying dead in a body bag; lying in wait outside the Betty Ford clinic to catch Elizabeth Taylor, Johnny Cash, and Peter Lawford during their dry-out sessions; shooting Taylor bald after her brain-tumor surgery


BILL BLASS


BILL BLASS

rowbeating John McEnroe into letting Ramey take the first shots of his first baby with Tatum O'Neal in return for his agreeing to leave him alone after that.

Ramey pioneered shooting celebrity weddings from a helicopter, which actually led to legislation in California limiting the practice. More recently, if less dramatically, he got pictures of J.Lo flashing a ring and dancing in a bikini, shots that brought in well over $100,000; ditto for the first pictures of Meg Ryan and Russell Crowe together, dancing and kissing on the streets of Venice, California.

Ramey, 55 and based in L.A., is a man who deals in tips from waiters and parking-lot attendants and in telescopes disguised as cigars. Only his mother knows his home number, he says. He's not easy to talk to, abrupt on the phone, with the voice of a tough guy with a bad cigarette habit (he doesn't smoke).

"I can make one phone call and find out if you're a slut," he said the first time I rang him. I imagined our relationship could only improve from there, so I went to L.A. to see him, although he made no promise to speak to me. He rarely does interviews and seldom goes on television.

I called him repeatedly from my hotel room, listening to his vitriolic jazz in the background as he ran his agency, Ramey Photo (he represents a handful of other photographers and takes half):

"Melanie Griffith's 45th birthday in Buenos Aires," he said to someone, "that's gotta be gross . . . "

"Everybody's all over them"—Affleck and J.Lo, he meant—"like a cheap suit in New York, so I'm only gonna care about her when she pops back in town . . . "

"Is Wacko Jacko back in court today, fucking miserable piece of . . . "

And then, on another line, sounding jocular, he said, "Do you get big bucks to be a photo editor and have these insights, motherfucker? Just 'cause you don't have the brains to quote the right price . . . "

Ramey's known as a tough negotiator—a "gouger," according to an editor at a celebrity magazine. He's the guy who came up with the idea of holding a photo hostage until it goes to the highest bidder, which for many paparazzi has become a raison d'être.

It happened like this: Ramey was a struggling freelancer for *The National Enquirer* in 1982 when Generoso Pope, the *Enquirer*'s mythic founder, decided to settle a score with Johnny Carson, who had gone on *The Tonight Show* and denounced the tabloid, denying its claims that his marriage to his then wife, Joanna, was in trouble.

Ramey sat in his car watching Carson's house for a month, trying to catch him with other women. But he got nothing, until one night he swung by just to see what was going on, and he noticed a strange car in the driveway.

An L.A.P.D. contact ran the plates and found the car to be registered to Sally Field. Ramey and Russell Turiak, another photographer sent by the *Enquirer,* got shots of Field and Carson on Carson's Malibu-beach deck, drinking champagne, and then coming out of a local restaurant together. They also tape-recorded them.

Ramey told me, "Mr. Pope used those shots to fry Johnny Carson's ass."

But because Ramey wasn't technically on assignment, the *Enquirer* didn't own his pictures, so he refused to give them up, convincing Turiak to hold the line with him. The *Enquirer* originally offered $250 and went up to $20,000.

Ramey says, "I just ballsed 'em out. I said, 'I don't care if you don't hire me again, 'cause you don't hire me anyway.' What were they gonna do, deprive me of an income I didn't have?

"Every time after that, they paid."

"SEE, A LOT OF THESE PAPARAZZI GO INTO IT BECAUSE THEY WANT RECOGNITION FROM THE STARS," RAMEY SAYS. "I NEVER CRAVED THAT."

When Ramey finally agreed to meet with me, it was at a small, expensive sushi restaurant—Ginza Sushiko—where there are only eight seats at the bar and the sushi chef makes his own wasabi by scraping the root against sharkskin.

"What, Madonna and Gwyneth Paltrow were here and you didn't call me?" Ramey chastised a sushi chef.

He seemed intent on demonstrating that, as he said, "some paparazzi have taste." He'd brought two bottles of Dom Pérignon 1985—at around $300 each—in a leather wine bag. "I'm much more famous in the wine world than the paparazzi world," he told me; he's a champagne collector.

Ramey is six feet three with a wild mane of salt-and-pepper hair and the kind of dark, wet eyes that are both sorrowful and malevolent. He wears jewelry, including a black pearl in his ear that he says he bought on one of his many trips to Tahiti in the 80s to snap the Marlon Brando clan, in the days of Christian's murder trial and Cheyenne's mental disintegration and eventual suicide.

The troubled young woman killed herself a year after appearing in *Paris Match* magazine. *Paris Match* had given her enough money to help her leave the San Francisco mental institution she was in and return to Tahiti—money in exchange for her pictures, shot by Ramey, and her story.

"My concern," Ramey said, eating endless, delicate pieces of sushi, "is that we"—the paparazzi—"be taken seriously. Who do you think is taking all those pictures in your favorite magazines—not the ones you flip by of the stars looking elegant, but the ones that make you stop and stare?"

Ramey grew up working-poor in Boston, and attended Tufts and M.I.T. on scholarships. He landed in New York, where he stayed awhile after having fallen in love with an actress-waitress who had an interest in cats; he started out as a photographer of cat shows. He finally made it to L.A. on the goodwill of a star.

In those days, he rode motorcycles, and a stuntman he knew, Bud Ekins, hooked him up with the actor Steve McQueen, who was a motorcycle head himself and an antique-bike collector. Ramey and McQueen became a "motorcycle-buddies kind of deal," says Ramey.

In the late 70s, McQueen offered Ramey some money to load 30 antique bikes on a tractor-trailer and haul them from New York to L.A. Ramey wound up living in one of McQueen's houses, in Malibu, where he stayed for a negligible rent, "because Steve McQueen was a nice guy and he liked me, and that's all there is to it," Ramey said.

But with no real profession or means of support, at 30 years old Ramey started hanging around celebrity events, trying to snap pictures of stars to sell to the tabloids. In those days, the *Enquirer, Star,* and *Globe* were separate entities (now they're all owned by American Media), and they were lucrative and powerful.

But Ramey was always a combative type and no good at dealing with the publicists who even in those days tried to control access to stars. His defining career moment turned out quite differently from Kevin Mazur's. At a party at the Beverly Hills Hotel not long after moving to Los Angeles, Ramey says he told Warren Cowan, the founder of Rogers and Cowan, one of the biggest publicity firms in Hollywood at the time, to "go fuck himself"; from then on, he says, he was blackballed from celebrity events. (Cowan says he doesn't know who Ramey is.)

"That's the thing that got me jump-started doing paparazzi," Ramey said. "That gave me the push to go out and get

true paparazzi pictures. It certainly was fun.... I know people with considerable more skill who can't do this sort of work. When I think about some of the things I've done, I think, Did I really do that?

"There's always been photographers who've been invited in, and it's a different world. I don't see that as any more than button pushing," he said. "They're not doing anything particularly creative—anybody says it's journalism is just wacky, and it's certainly not Herb Ritts, is it?"

Later, at the Sky Bar of the Mondrian Hotel—which he first scoped out for stars—Ramey told me about how he used to go around L.A. in a Rolls-Royce with a guy from the *Enquirer,* Don Monte, known as "the Godfather of Gossip," "and find out what the celebrities were doing. He had an unlimited expense account. He used to peel off hundreds of dollars in a night, and he used to make the rounds seven nights a week, and he kind of became my mentor and sponsor."

Ramey told me about how he chased Elizabeth Taylor through four countries in Asia in 1984, finally finagling his way into being the only driver available to her in a remote part of China, where he won her over, and she asked him to take her picture in front of the Great Wall. "You could make a career of Liz Taylor on the stretcher," he said.

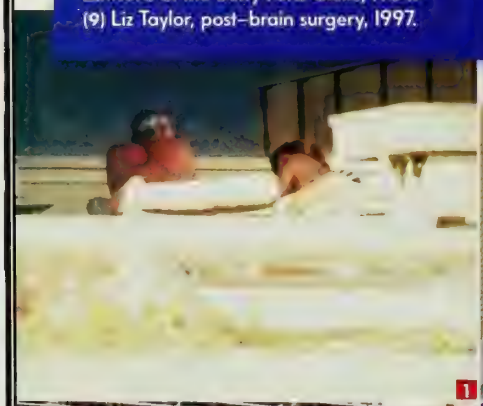
He told me how he got the shots of Meg Ryan and Russell Crowe, the first pictures of them together as a couple. "Somebody at a limo company tipped us off," he said. He and some other photographers from his agency staked out the hotel Crowe and Ryan were meeting in for days until, finally, they went for a lovers' walk along the Venice boardwalk.

"From a window of a van I shot 20 minutes of video of them hugging and kissing in a Starbucks—she's acting like a schoolgirl on her first date. He's messing with her hair," Ramey said. "There was no hotter shot at the time. It was hotter than J.Lo right now. You pull the camera out of the black bag on the fly, and that's the picture: something true that reveals something."

"The majority of the great pictures I've made," Ramey said, leaning back, drinking bitters, "I'm so far away from the subject, I'm so unknown to them, that I simply capture an artist in the way of being themselves. People want to see celebrities doing the same mundane things that they do—going to a store, doing the laun-

"YOU COULD MAKE A CAREER OF LIZ TAYLOR ON THE STRETCHER," SAYS RAMEY, WHO CHASED HER THROUGH A

THE RAMEY FILE
(1) Johnny Carson and Sally Field caught on film, Malibu, 1983. (2) Tatum O'Neal and John McEnroe at St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, 1986. (3) Michael Jackson, 1995. (4) Marlon Brando, 1995. (5) Ramey, circa 1990. (6) Halle Berry and Eric Benét, 2000. (7) Sean Penn and Madonna, married in Malibu, 1985. (8) Peter Lawford at the Betty Ford Clinic, 1984. (9) Liz Taylor, post–brain surgery, 1997.


1


2




4


5




7


3





KATA®

KATA EYEWEAR
by Blake Kuwahara

kataeyewear.com
866 534 2243

CRISP & CLEAN, SWEET AND TART, SMOOTH AND REFRESHING, ALL TOGETHER IN THE UNIQUELY FRESH TASTE OF THE BACARDI® MOJITO COCKTAIL
BACARDI® MOJITO .com
DRY & SMOOTH
BACARDI
PUERTO
THE BACARDI MOJITO COCKTAIL.

dry, playing baseball, whatever. Some of it, certainly, is salacious. Some of it by its nature is certainly intrusive, but celebrities are public figures.

"There have been a number of situations where I've been tipped off by the publicists who work for the celebrities," he said. "You'd be very surprised—a reasonable amount of stuff comes into us that way. I know a publicist controlled the situation where Tom Cruise and Penélope Cruz were coming out of a restaurant called Spago together. The publicist wanted a photographer there, and she controlled the distribution of the images.

"You know what I think the most intrusive photography is," Ramey said, seeming to feel, like so many paparazzi, that he had to defend himself, "is news photography. They're only there to do one thing: to exploit any given situation, and it's generally a tragedy, from car wrecks to people jumping off buildings to people dying in the streets. I'm not putting them down—that's the nature of what they do. But they don't suffer the chastisement for doing that as we do, and that level of duplicity is unconscionable as far as I'm concerned.

"When Princess Diana died, Walter Cronkite came out in defense of the photographers. It was just a celebrity involved in a car crash. Were they remiss in shooting the pictures of her laying in the car as opposed to aiding her? I don't know if any of them had the technical expertise to aid her—they probably would have done more damage than good. Were they there to shoot pictures? That's what they were there to do, and that's what they should do.

"I wouldn't say what I do is journalism, but it is journalistic," he said. "I photograph images that are real. See, a lot of these paparazzi go into it because they're fans—they want some recognition from the stars, some validation. I never craved that, although I have wanted to sleep with some of the women."

Backstage at the Shakira concert at Madison Square Garden, Kevin Mazur started telling me about the first time he went on tour with the Rolling Stones. "I can't tell you how much they trust me—they *really* trust me," he said.

It was the Stones' Steel Wheels tour, 1988. "I was literally married for six months," said Mazur, "and my wife goes, 'Don't even ask me.' I'm like, 'Hon, it's the Rolling Stones.' The first day I'm there, they introduce me to the rest of the band. It's Keith Richards, Bill Wyman, Ronnie Wood, and Arnold Dunn, the tour manager, shooting pool.

"And Arnold gets a call to go do something, and they say, 'Can you shoot pool?' They're playing this English game, snooker. And I say, 'I can shoot pool, but I don't know this game.' I was paired up with Bill Wyman. He says, 'It's easy, I'll show you.'

"Me and Bill, we killed Keith Richards and Ronnie Wood, and I'm like sitting there, I'm the new guy, and I'm shooting pool with them, and I see people looking at me like, Who's he? So the next day, they're going to play pool again. They're choosing up sides, and Keith goes, 'I want Kevin!'

"I had to pinch myself. I'm hanging out with the Stones, they're letting me hang out with them, flying around in the private jet and stuff . . . " Mazur smiled. The music started. He ran off to take pictures of Shakira.

That night, performing, Shakira took a nasty spill—blond hair cascading over her face as her chin hit the stage, mouth clamping down on the harmonica she was playing, legs sprawling out from under her, sideways.

"Did you see that?" Mazur said excitedly, first thing when I hooked up with him after the show. "She took a fall, she came down hard, she's hurtin'! I had my elbow on the stage, I felt the thud!"

I asked him if he had taken pictures of it.

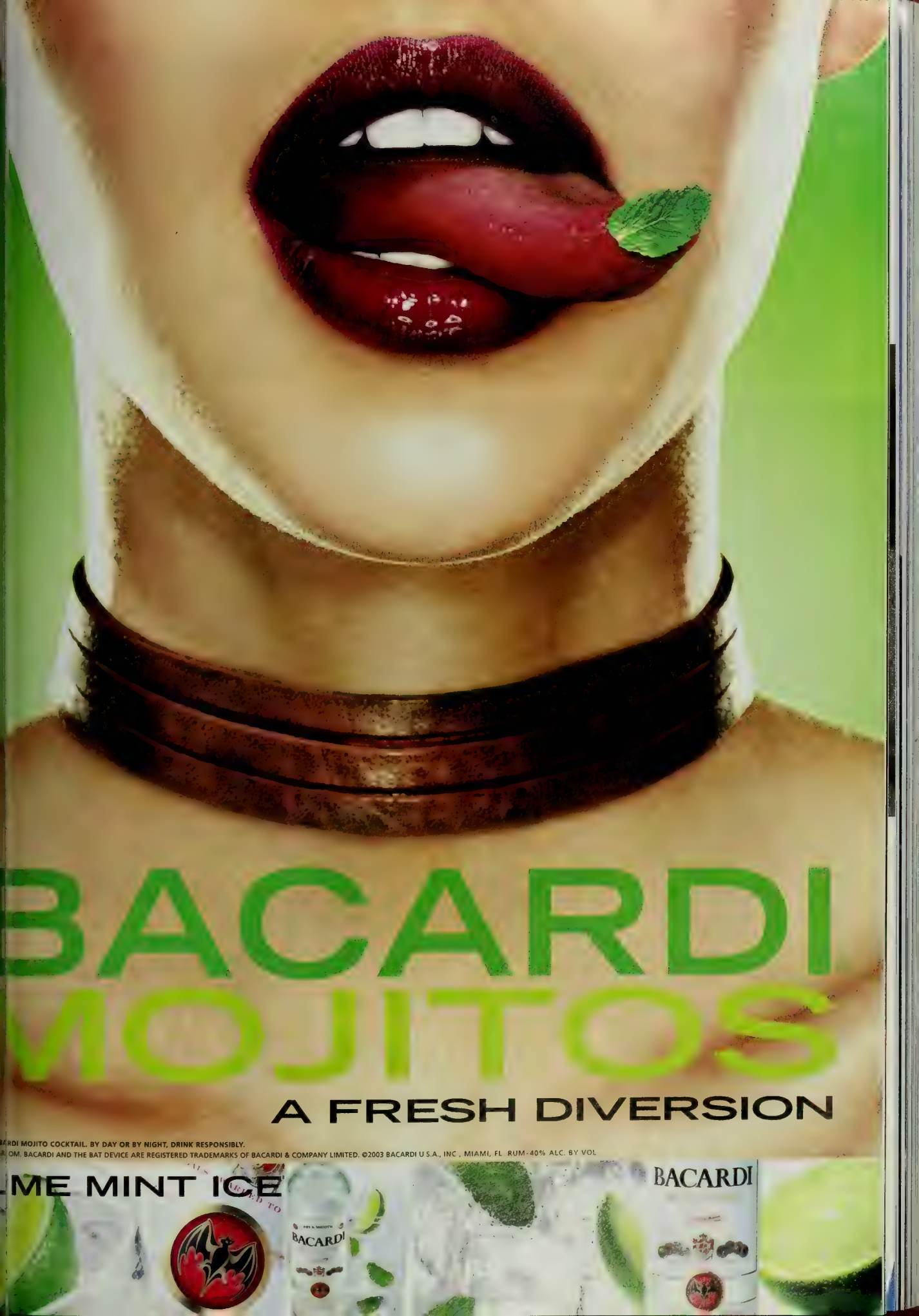
Mazur said, "I couldn't. I felt bad for her. I wanted to run up and help her."

Phil Ramey told me there was never a shot he wouldn't take, except for one. It was of Steve McQueen.

"Steve McQueen eventually got diagnosed with cancer," he said, "and *The National Enquirer* found out that I was a close friend of his, and when he went to Mexico to take the cure, they offered me lots of money, more than you could have imagined. They knew that I could go and see him and not raise lots of alarms. It was a tremendous amount of money, and, no, I didn't do it.

"And even in retrospect, considering all the other shit I've done, I'm still glad I didn't do it. And I'm not just saying that to make me look good, 'cause I don't give a fuck what I look like. But you know what it was with McQueen? Anybody can be nice to anybody if they're looking for an end point. In chess it's called an endgame, an end-point advantage. In all the years McQueen was friends with me, McQueen never looked for any advantage from me. We were just friends because we were biker buddies. I never did it, because I never did it.

"It's not a matter of morals or ethics, because in this kind of business those kind of things really don't exist. I don't care if the *Enquirer* offered me 10 times what they offered me, I wasn't gonna do it." □


BACARDI
MOJITOS
A FRESH DIVERSION
RDI MOJITO COCKTAIL. BY DAY OR BY NIGHT, DRINK RESPONSIBLY.
OM. BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. ©2003 BACARDI U.S.A., INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM-40% ALC. BY VOL
ME MINT ICE
BACARDI
BACARDI

BUTTERFIELD 8 CALLS BACK

The famously contrarian humorist gets serious about introducing new readers to John O'Hara's 1935 New York classic, *BUtterfield 8,* which will be reissued next month by the Modern Library

BY FRAN LEBOWITZ



REVERTING TO TYPE
John O'Hara in his study, early 1940s.

On the title page of *BUtterfield 8,* en closed in a box, there appears an excerpt from a advertisement of the New York Telephone Compan dated December 8, 1930. It heralds the impendin addition of a numeral to the central-office name o each exchange in New York City. The example giv en is: "HAnover will become HAnover 2." This an nouncement functions as the epigraph, which ordi narily consists of a literary quotation afloat an un embellished sheet of white.

Were a modern novelist (and use the word "modern" in its old fashioned sense, to mean new) t replace an exemplary and instruc tive bit of poetry or prose with fragmentary and instructive bit o ad copy, and then move it from page of its own to a page toutin the name of the publisher—there by transforming commerce int art and then selling it to the read er—he could readily be dismisse as just another little postmoder pest who turns detail into reta and doesn't know the differenc between a punch and a line.

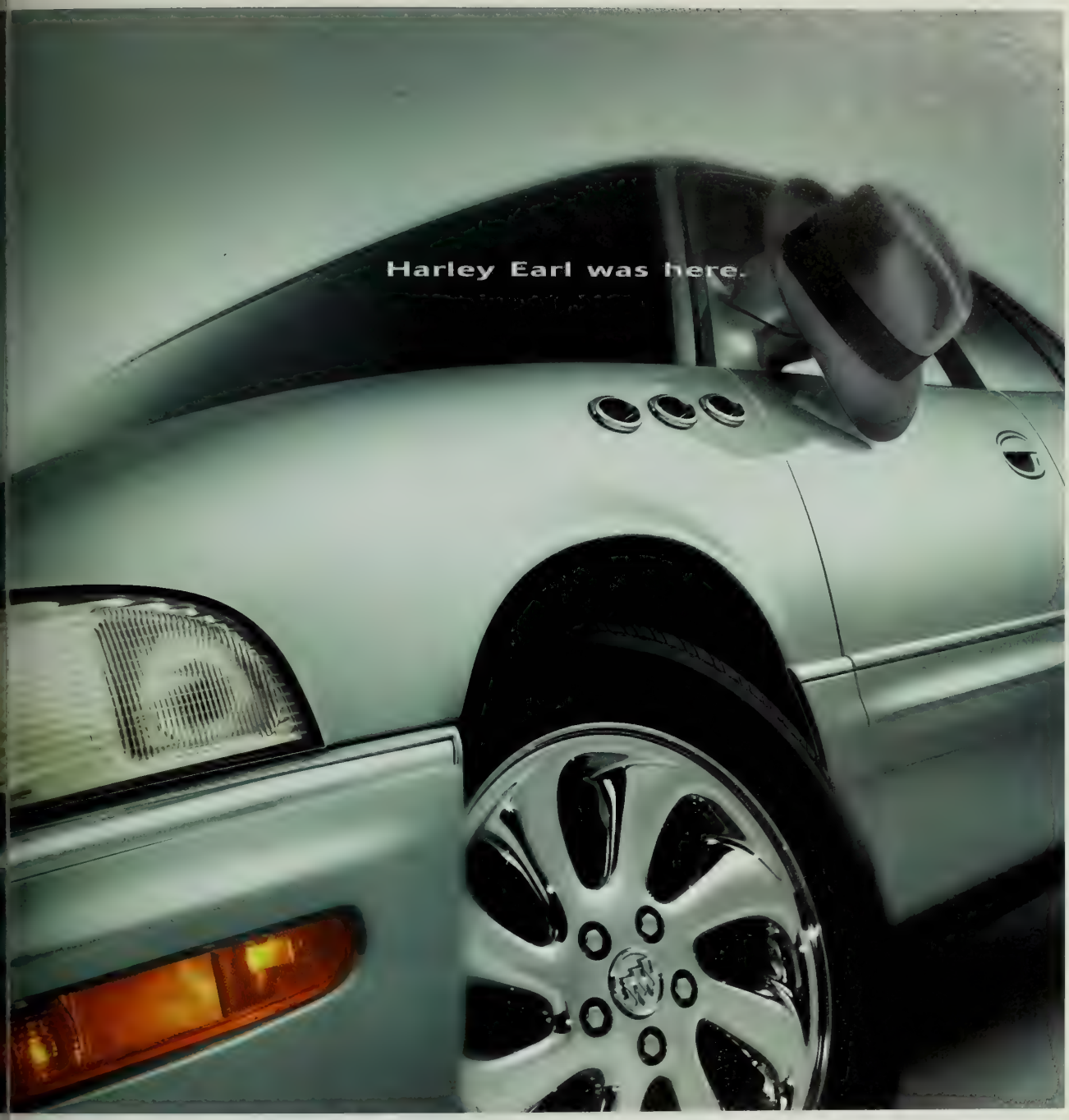
In 1935, however, the year *BU terfield 8* was first published, pop ular was one thing, culture quit another, and all trade was rough The manner in which this ad wa used—that it was used at all shows right from the start tha John O'Hara, that great Amer can chronicler of convention, wa not only deeply unconventiona but also even experimental.

It might (conventionally) b said that he was ahead of hi time, by which it is (conventiona ly) meant that he seems to be c ours. But this is a strident, blatar era in which the lines are draw in such a heavy hand that there i hardly room between them. Thi was not the case in 1935.

In 1935 there were things tha were better left unsaid. Ther were unspoken passions and ur written rules. There were untol riches and unsung heroes. Behav

---

This essay is the introduction to the new edition of *BUtterfield 8,* by John O'Hara, to be published next month by the Modern Library; introduction © 2003 by Fran Lebowitz.



Expressive styling is just one of the many legacies of America's greatest car designer.

All of which live on today at the car company where he hung his hat.

BUICK

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN STYLE™

The new 2003 Park Avenue® Ultra at buick.com. ©2002 GM Corp. All rights reserved

ior could be unbecoming. Behavior could be unseemly. Behavior could be unforgivable. Behavior could be unforgiven.

In 1935 the Dow Jones Industrial Average closed at 144.13, indicating not only the effects of the Great Depression but also, no less significantly, that this was a period of very little outsider trading. In 1935, only two years had passed since the end of Prohibition, which had itself lasted 13 years and which had, among its many other accomplishments, an oddly democratizing effect on what had customarily been the entirely covert nature of conduct governing the illicit sexual practices of the American upper classes.

If every bar is illegal, then no bar is public. An unlawful bar, a speakeasy, is not by a long shot a private club; no one, after all, ever mistook Tommy Guinan's Chez Florence for the Union League. But that was precisely the point. There were times one would prefer not to run into those whom one might, in general, otherwise prefer. Hence, it allowed for the expansion of a certain kind of slumming, and the addition of what was literally, and in more ways than one, some new blood.

The sexual practices referred to above were no different from those available today, or yesterday, or, in fact, any day. Adultery, homosexuality, et cetera, et cetera, in all their many variations and permutations, are as close to timeless as it is possible to get. Sexual desire is an animal impulse; the human element is perception. How an act or hankering is perceived at the time it is committed or felt is what gives human sexuality its affect, that special little twist. Guilt, secrecy, admiration, revulsion, joy, and despair—these are reactions in anticipation of reaction, and these can date, can be matters of fashion.

The American upper classes referred to above were, in actuality, somewhat different from those available today, although not as different as the more egalitarian among you might like to imagine. Class distinctions were, in 1935, both more and less visible than those existing today, and class distinctions were, without question, a primary concern of John O'Hara's. This was not simply because of his own social aspirations, but also because O'Hara understood better than any other American writer how class can both reveal and shape character, how profound the superficial can be, and how clothes can truly make the man. Fitzgerald usually gets the credit for this, but Fitzgerald gives too much credit to cash.

PROHIBITION ALLOWED FOR THE EXPANSION OF A CERTAIN KIND OF SLUMMING.





NOW READ THE BOOK *Top,* Laurence Harvey as Weston Liggett and Elizabeth Taylor as Gloria Wandrous in the 1960 movie version of *BUtterfield 8; above,* a first edition of the novel.

The first two sentences of *BUtterfield 8* are as follows: "On this Sunday mornin[g] [this girl who later was to be] the cause of a sensa[tion in New] York [awoke much too early] for her night before. On[e] [step, the next she] was completely awake and [remembering]. The nam[e] of the girl is Gloria Wandrous and she has awakened in what used to be known as "a strange man's apartment." "Strange" mean new, rather than irregular, and the connotation was sexual. Thi particular man, Weston Liggett, is, in fact, the very picture o regularity, of orthodoxy and decorum. This is immediately estab lished by O'Hara's descriptio of the household goods tha Gloria Wandrous examines a she tours Liggett's large apar ment. The photographs are o horses, of horse shows, of yacht, of an eight-oared shel A full and total account is giv en of the clothing and postur of a certain young oarsman The word "furniture" is preced ed by the word "family."

Gloria Wandrous has en countered in her young life a least two strange men, who wer strange meaning irregular, irreg ular meaning deviant. Pedophi ia and its consequences wer not the common (and I use th word "common" in both it senses) literary subjects in 193 that they are today, where on can only call their trite ubiquit abusive.

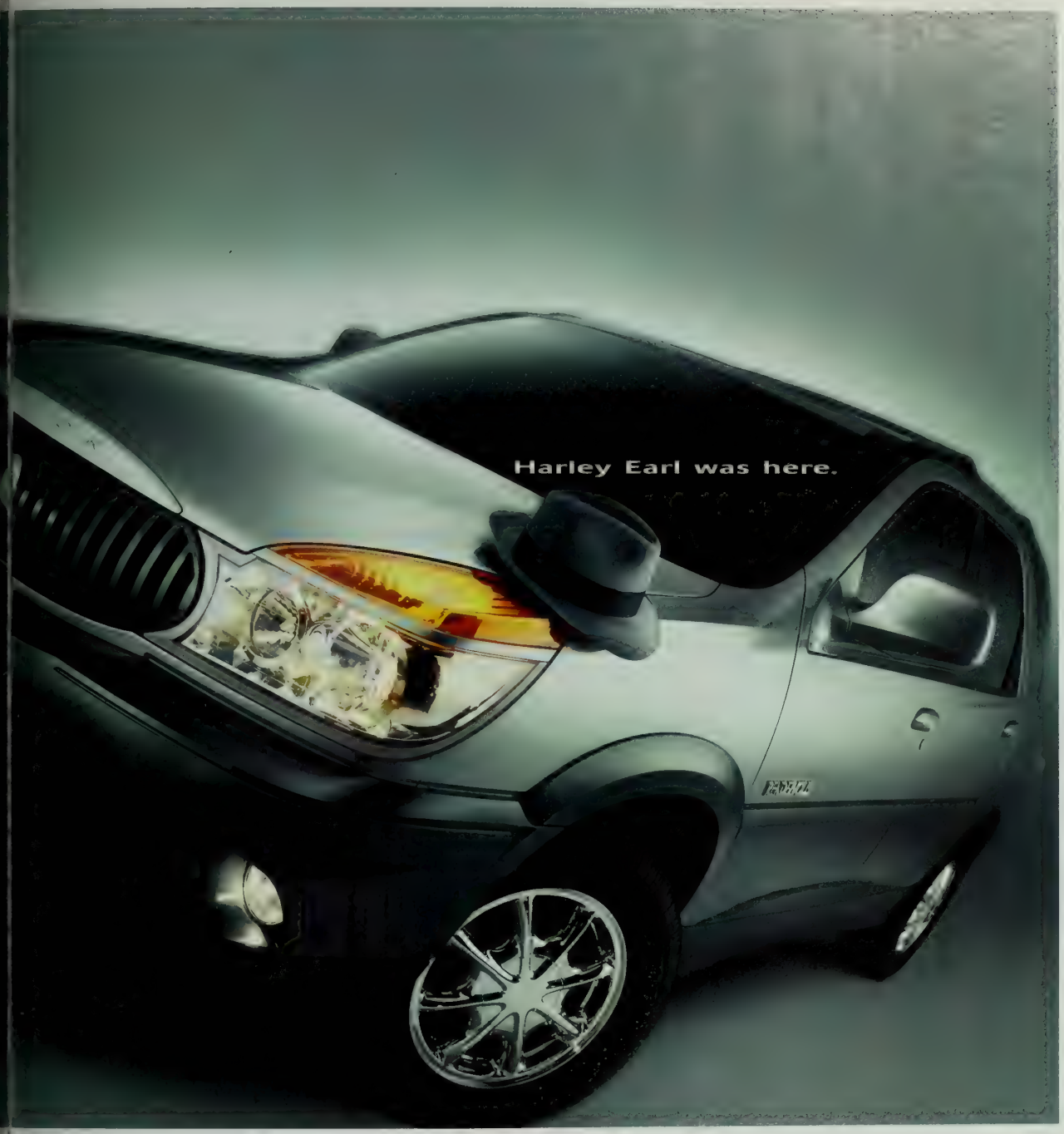
But there is a difference be tween a shocking display and shocking truth, and the differ ence is not familiarity but sens bility, that long-forgotten com ponent of that long-forgotte attribute, talent. A reading or rereading of th book by anyone of any age will make that em nently clear.

Rereading a novel, especially one first en countered in youth, does not merely mea reading it again. It also means reassessing nc only the book but, additionally, one's origina impression of it at a time when one was mos originally impressionable. John O'Hara was 2 years old when he wrote *BUtterfield 8,* whic was around 1934. I was about 13 years old th first time I read it, which was around 1964. Ur derstandably, I did not, at the time, think of as a young man's book. Now, alas, I do.

At 13, I did not question its worldly, eve world-weary tone, and was in no position to b annoyed by its rather determined show of in-th know savoir faire, its callow fervor to appea intimate with every aspect of the low life of th highborn and the high life of the lowborn.

But neither did I, at 13, have anywhere near full appreciation of O'Hara's true sophisticatio his genuine civility, his inherent ability to discern, to apprehen to empathize. His exceptional alertness to what was far fro admirable in those he was so disparaged for admiring. His impe cable understanding of what brutal use can be made of impecc ble behavior, of how closely the cut of a suit can approxima the cut of a knife.

At 13, I was not aware that what was so unusual, so estimabl so provocative about the 29-year-old John O'Hara was not h knowingness but his knowledge. Now, at last, I am. □



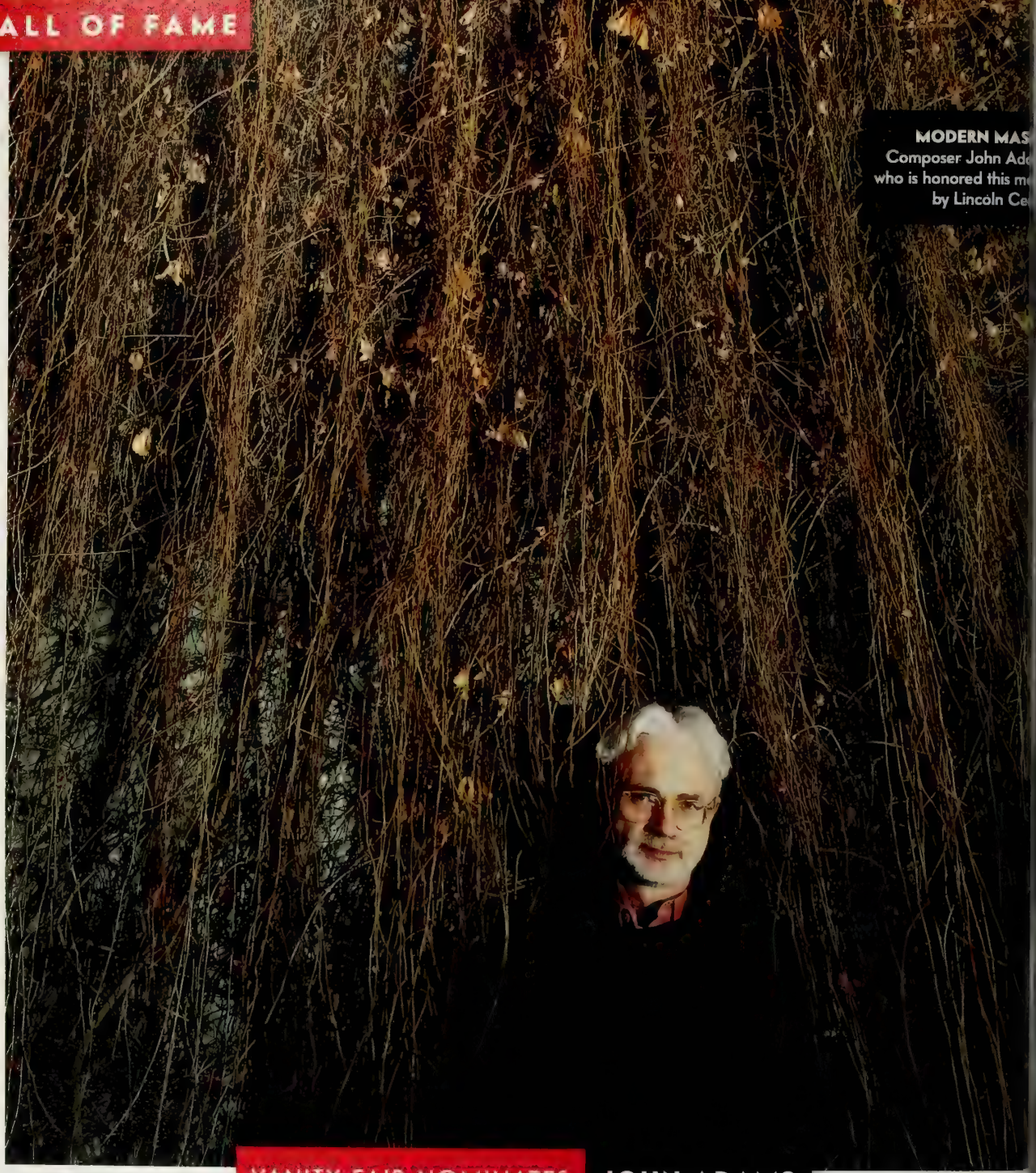
genuity and versatility were two of the many legacies of America's greatest car designer.

All of which live on today at the car company where he hung his hat.

BUICK

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN STYLE™

the innovative 2003 Rendezvous* at buick.com. ©2002 GM Corp. All rights reserved.



MODERN MAS
Composer John Ad
who is honored this m
by Lincoln Ce

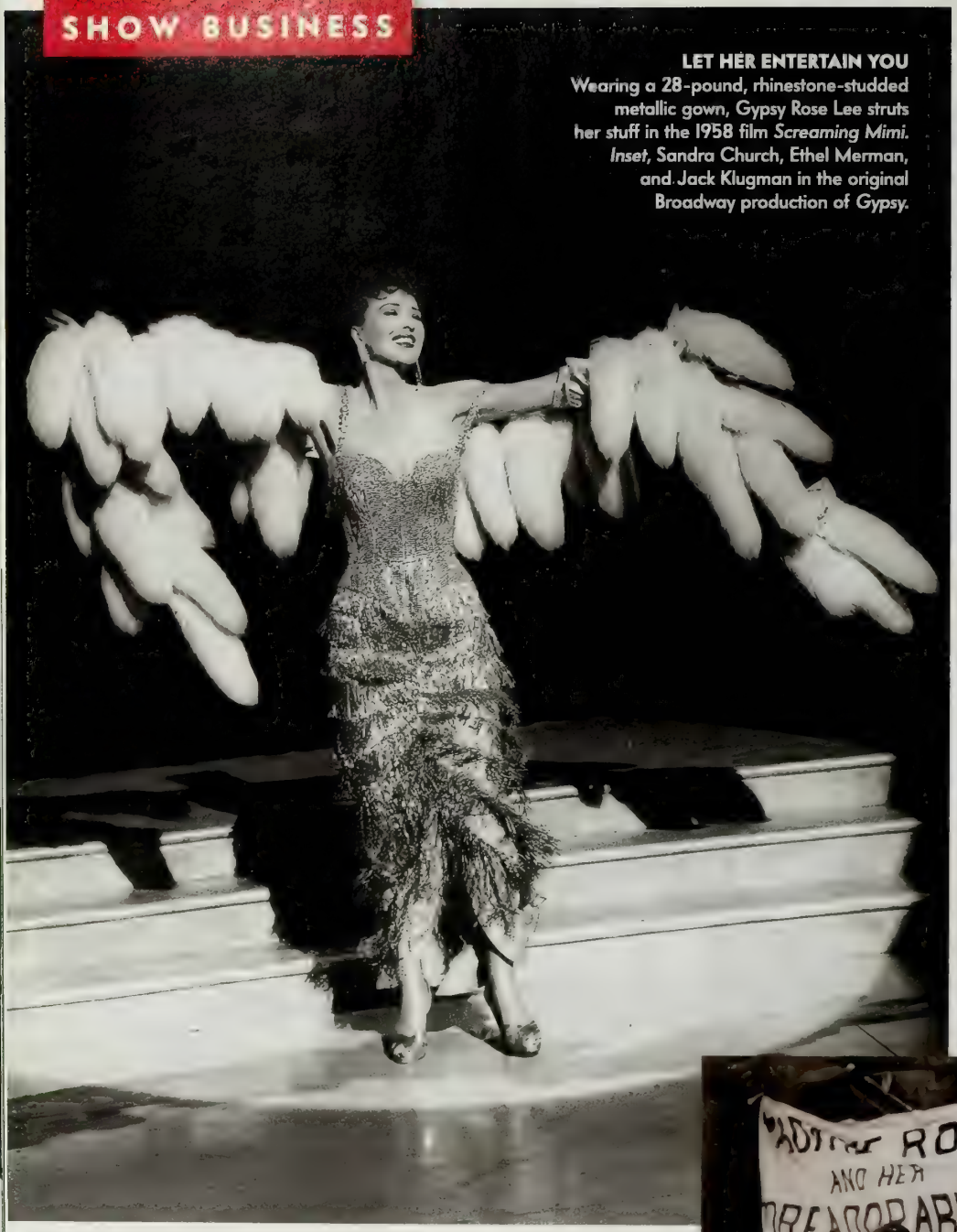
VANITY FAIR NOMINATES JOHN ADAMS

BECAUSE, more than any other American composer working today, he has sifted through the rubble of a century in sound to find a voice that is old yet new, accessible yet knowing, rooted in the past yet free of its imperatives. BECAUSE for three decades he has engaged listeners as both poet and prankster, writing music driven by smoothly chugging rhythms and melodies that unfurl elegantly into space. BECAUSE he has the audacity to insist that opera today can still address seminal moments in our national mythology. BECAUSE he has the talent to put that belief into practice, with director Peter Sellars, in works such as *Nixon in China* (about the fabled presidential visit of 1972) and the forthcoming *Doctor Atomic* (about physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer and the Manhattan Project). BECAUSE the New York Philharmonic chose him alone to commemorate the [illegible] September 11. BECAUSE he accepted the challenge without ego or pretense and created [illegible] memory space" forged in part from spare orchestral texture[illegible] haunting lists of victims' names, and the gentle optimism of [illegible] children's choir. BECAUSE Lincoln Center will honor his achiev[illegible] ments this month with a 10-program festival—the largest it h[illegible] ever devoted to a living composer—including the New York p[illegible] miere of his multi-media oratorio *El Niño,* at the Brooklyn Acad[illegible] my of Music. BECAUSE one day in the early 1970s he broke fr[illegible] from the secluded Cambridge musical world in which he h[illegible] been educated, and drove west in his Volkswagen Beetle to Ca[illegible] fornia. BECAUSE when he got there he realized that the prevaili[illegible] dogmas of classical music were pushing it away from the broad[illegible] culture, away from the expression of real emotion, and toward[illegible] hopelessly dry formalism. BECAUSE he had the courage and t[illegible] gift to bring it back.

—JEREMY EICHL

BY ALASTAIR THAIN


THE NEW MEN'S FRAGRANCE
YVES SAINT LAURENT
M7
NORDSTROM



LET HER ENTERTAIN YOU
Wearing a 28-pound, rhinestone-studded metallic gown, Gypsy Rose Lee struts her stuff in the 1958 film *Screaming Mimi*. *Inset*, Sandra Church, Ethel Merman, and Jack Klugman in the original Broadway production of *Gypsy*.

Taking It *All* Off

Gypsy, the 1959 hit musical, returns to Broadway this month. Behind the legend it created–the Runyonesque rise of stripper Gypsy Rose Lee, the stage and movie stardom of her sister, June Havoc, and the monstrous shadow cast by their mother, Rose–lies a true backstage epic

COBS

It was written in three months of serene inspiration, three men of the theater—Arthur Lau rents, book; Jule Styne, music Stephen Sondheim, lyrics—each a the top of his game. It opened o Broadway, May 21, 1959, to a sen sational audience, all the critic there, a real New York house for New York show. Toward the en of the overture, when the trumpe ripped into a bead-shaking brass balls reveille that had the entire pi band in percussive shimmy, th audience was screaming. "Every thing worked as it never had," re members Arthur Laurents. "Fron overture to curtain calls, the au dience was madly in love." O May 21, 1959, the show that wasn supposed to be a hit because it main character was a monste who happened to be a mother- Medea, move over—took its plac in history as one of the mos perfect musicals ever written. was called *Gypsy: A Musical Fable*



Taking off from the best-selling memoir of stripper Gyps Rose Lee, *Gypsy*, published in 1957, the musical is a backstag saga transmogrified into myth. The overture says as much wit its iconic four-note opening—the stark, statuesque "I had dream" motif. Those four notes belong to Madam Rose, an delivered in the silver-bullet voice of Ethel Merman—the firs and for many the only, Rose—they are more threat than proph cy: they are a vow. A three-time divorcée, Madam Rose pushe her two daughters onstage. The younger daughter, the driven Jun

THE MOURNING IS OVER.

HBO'S GROUNDBREAKING SERIES RETURNS.






SIX FEET UNDER
MARCH 2, 9PM
SUNDAY IS
HBO

HBO VIDEO

SEE IT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING.



SIX FEET UNDER

THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON ON DVD AND VHS.

Subscribe online at HBO.com AOL Keyword: HBO

as talent to burn and becomes a vaudeville headliner, "Dainty une and Her Farmboys." The older daughter, the softer Rose ouise, has no discernible talent and is stuck in a cow costume. When June elopes/escapes to be an actress, Madam Rose turns to Rose Louise. She will make this shy lamb, this front-half-of-a-cow, a star, and she does so in Act II by thrusting her into burlesque (to any vaudevillian, the bottom): "You make 'em beg for more—and hen don't give it to them!" It's an mmaculate conception. Rose Louse drops a shoulder trap, and the elegant, mperious Gypsy Rose ee is born.

Three is the prime number of myth, and hat brilliant overture, oreshadowing all, ends with Rose's "I had a dream" motif rounding three times n ascending octaves. Three wom-n, three wills, three dreams, overapping. There was no overlap on opening night. Gypsy Rose Lee was in the audience with her 15-year-old son, Erik. For her, the musical meant one thing—everything. It was the monument that would make her a legend. The actress June Havoc, Gypsy's younger sister and the real Dainty June, was not in the audience. She'd seen the musical one month earlier in Philadelphia and had left speechless, diminished. Rose Hovick—mother of Gypsy and June, and the model for Madam Rose—had died in 1954, but not speechless. She went out like something in Sophocles, gripping Gypsy to her as she lay on her deathbed, vowing vengeance eye to eye. "You'll never forget how I'm holding you right this minute," she said, "wishing with all my heart I could take you all the way with me—all the way down!" Primal. Predatory. Mythic.



MODE ON A GRECIAN URN
Early in her career as an ecdysiast, Gypsy poses in a net leotard costume with strategically placed, removable leaves.

Both girls were called "Ellen June Hovick" on their birth certificates, a name that must have held some special promise for mother Rose. At the age of 15, straight from the convent, and more for freedom than for love, she'd married John Hovick, a newspaperman of Norwegian descent. The first Ellen June was born a year later on January 8, 1911, in a Seattle snowstorm. At 12 pounds there was a lot of her, and Rose suffered tearing she would complain of all her life. The new baby was washed in snow—a folktale touch—and grew to be a beautiful child, dark-haired, hazel-eyed Rose Louise. By the time she could toddle she was enrolled in dancing and singing classes. Rose was already done with John, and Rose Louise, if she could just do something, was their ticket out.

Rose was running true to form. She was the product of a matriarchy, a long line of women who were not afraid to pioneer their own lives. Rose's mother, Anna, gifted with a needle but married off at 14, had left the family for long stretches, traveling to the Yukon with the exquisite hats and corsets she made, selling them to the only women who could afford them—boomtown prostitutes. Anna was a glamorous presence within the family, so tall and haughty that little Louise (as she was now known) referred to her as Big Lady, a name that stuck. As Rose's ticket out, however, Louise was a bust. She couldn't do anything. Her nickname was Plug.

"If my sister had shown any prospects as a moneymaker," June Havoc explains today, at 89, "I would never have been born. Because mother wouldn't have needed another child, and wouldn't have been with her husband to have another child."

The second Ellen June was born November 8, 1913. Blonde, with big blue eyes, she was dancing on her toes by two and a half, and was billed as the "Tiniest Toe Dancer in the World." Here was the promise kept. Rose and June went off to Hollywood for a two-year stint in silent movies—two- and three-reelers directed by Hal Roach—not to mention two more quick, and quickly over, marriages for Rose. Baby June was now the sole support of the Hovick women, who included not just Rose and Louise but also Rose's two sisters, Belle and Mina, plus Big Lady and Big Lady's mother, Doddie.

Louise, meanwhile, was "excess baggage"—the trouper's term for anything that doesn't earn its keep—and had to be left behind with "civilians," relatives not in showbiz. It wasn't that Rose was neglecting her elder daughter, just that she hadn't figured out how to get Louise effectively onstage. This was lucky for Louise; it meant she actually got some schooling. (June learned her ABC's from stagehands.) If Louise was a klutz onstage, she was a whiz in the classroom, very bright.

"She was always going back and forth, back and forth," June, who later tweaked "Hovick" into "Havoc," recalls. "Mother lived for when Louise was there, when she came. She was so proud of her, and so was I." Rose was desperate to find something for Louise to do, going as far as to buy her a saxophone. By the time Louise was seven, a rather ramshackle vaudeville act had formed around June, and Louise finally had a place in it. Three years later, when June was seven, and with the help of a smart new manager, Murray Gordon (also Rose's lover), the act was headlining on the Keith-Orpheum circuit, an amazing achievement—12 numbers on its bill, June in 8 of them, making $1,500 a week, the money coming in and going out like water.

Time and distance and place and age slip and blur in the years leading to 1929, hallowed years for June, who was doing what she loved three or four times a day in a magical world she respected—vaudeville—and hopeless for Louise, who was not succeeding. "I don't know if she didn't try or she couldn't," Havoc says. "Mother pushed her like hell and got really angry when she couldn't do something." Louise envied the home June

"I could be a star without any talent at all!" Gypsy says in her memoir.

had found in the spotlight (as well as the rhinestone costume she wore there). In black-and-whites from the 20s, June's starry eyes jump with life; Louise just looks large, when she isn't also looking sheepish. She wasn't at home anywhere. Birth certificates were forged and reforged, ages lowered for train travel, upped to skirt the child-labor laws. Majestic theaters, tired hotels—the scrapbook bulged with write-ups and reviews as Baby June became Dainty Baby June and then Dainty June, "the Darling of Vaudeville (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)."

Louise appeared in one number, at the most two, in the show, and the best Rose could do was let her be "a beautiful picture." Hence, her walk-on as the Doll Girl—and she *was* lovely, eliciting oohs and aahs with her Dutch bob and porcelain skin. She had a try at a march song called "Yankee Rose," and then it was years with one number, a "tough" tune called "Hard-Boiled Rose"—the only song Louise could memorize. Birthdays were roundly celebrated, the one mark of normalcy in this gypsy life, except they were question marks: the girls had lost track of how old they were. (Accounts of the sisters' lives offer various birth dates; it wasn't until 1949 that they learned the true dates, and that both were named Ellen June.) Truth was not important to Rose Hovick.



TOGETHER, WHEREVER THEY GO
Famous sisters Gypsy Rose Lee and June Havoc take the Circle Line cruise around Manhattan, circa 1946.

Except for day-to-day survival—the jungle thrill of it—not much was important to Rose. Education: once on the circuit the girls got none, but at least Louise was reading voraciously—Boccaccio, Rabelais, Shakespeare. Square meals: the girls were given $1 a day to feed themselves, which usually meant pie for breakfast. Medical checkups: when the girls finally saw a dentist, June had 10 cavities, and Louise had trench mouth. Fair play: not only did Rose lift material from other acts, she was notorious for sabotage, stealing key props and wigs from fellow performers. The Fifth Commandment: Rose is rumored to have pushed a hotel manager out the window. Love: Rose warned her daughters, "Men will take everything they can get and give as little as possible in return."

"She was not nutritious," Havoc says. "Mother loved drama, entering a place with great noise, being seen." She was by all accounts quite charming, a petite brunette with violet eyes, vulnerable-looking, a mantrap. "She was feminine, little," Havoc continues, "and when she did have an emotional outburst it was a helpless, noisy, hysterical little bird." She cried when she was angry, grew vengeful when roused, and lied. Havoc believes that her condition, her chemistry, would be treatable today. "It's a matter of a mentally disturbed person who looks healthy and partakes of life as though she were healthy, and who was so utterly adorable that you couldn't possibly think anything was wrong. She was a beautiful little ornament that was damaged."

The daughters coped, bu[illegible] as allies. Dark and disdainful, Louise held herself above June and the act—"Dainty June and Her Newsboy Songsters"—so much that the Newsboys called her the Duchess. It wasn't clear what she wanted to be, though she once told June, "I'm going to marry a king or somebody. In any case, I'll be rich." (When the girls did doodles, Louise doodled one word only, "money.") And June, she took sustenance from the audience, setting herself apart from Louise and Rose the clamor of their closeness, their shared love of entrances, attention, scenes. When Gordon left in 1927, worn down by Rose, everything else was wearing out or going wrong. Louise had blown up to 160 pounds in her mid-teens, and June—more gawky than dainty, much too old for a lisping baby routine—began to hate the act, too, and begged for something new.

Rose didn't want anything new. Vaudeville acts weren't supposed to change—they were patented, just like inventions. And she refused to see what was happening before her eyes. Instead of booking acts, those majestic theaters were showing movies. Talkies delivered the *coup de grâce.*

"Vaudeville dropped dead in the middle of the street," Havoc says. She wanted a better stage anyway, the legit theater of Broadway. Secretly, at the age of 13 (or so she thought—she was probably closer to 16), June married a boy in the act named Bobby Reed. Two months later, tour over, the couple left in the night in a freezing snow. In a chase scene out of a dime novel, cops collared Bobby and brought him to the station, where Rose was waiting with a hidden gun. When he moved to shake her hand she pulled the trigger twice. The safety was on; Bobby was freed; and the act was gone. And for Louise, she was relieved that the boy had been Bobby, not Stanley, her first kiss.

"Nothing will ever take the place of flesh." That's what Rose always said, so she cobbled together a new act: brunettes, baby dolls, and Louise. The 1929 bill for "Mme. Rose Debutantes" shows a chorus line of seven girls, dark-haired and horse, in smocks and anklets, with Louise on the far right, still large, still sheepish, and the only one whose leg is out of sync. Next came "Madam Rose's Dancing Daughters," Louise on the far right, chubby and frizzy. Then the leap: "Rose Louise and Her Hollywood Blondes." This was Louise's idea—make the girls blonde so that she, the brunette, would stand out. The blondes are smiling come-hither over their shoulders—naked shoulders—and Louise is still on the right, but set off, slimmer, looking sultry for the first time, suggestive. Decades later, when Arthur Laurents was writing the script for *Gypsy,* he asked if there was any nudity in this act. "I wouldn't know," Gypsy answered.

Rose was right, though. In the theaters not given over to film, flesh is what was left—net panties, no panties, goose bumps and grinds, burlesque. When "Rose Louise and Her Hollywood Blondes



DROP THAT CANDY BAR
AND SNACK
LIKE YOU MEAN IT.

IN THE



DAIRY AISLE

KRAFT
PHILADELPHIA

WHEN IT'S IT'S HEAVEN

were booked by mistake into the Missouri Theatre, a burlesque house in Kansas City, Louise, who was now likely 18, saw a way to live well. She was offered $75 a week and the chance for advancement. Take it off, take it *all* off!

"She stood and watched the strippers, who got all the billing and all the money, and they were stars," says Havoc. "They didn't have any talent, nobody sang or danced too well, and there were no gimmicks except Ann Corio, a girl with a snake."

"I could be a star without any talent at all!" Louise exclaims in the memoir *Gypsy*.

"You make 'em beg for more—and then don't give it to them!" Well, that was the catch. You couldn't be in burlesque and not give it to them. You couldn't just drop a shoulder strap, remove a glove, as Louise does in both the memoir and the musical. The men would hoot you off the stage.



"That's where Gypsy triumphed: she decided to make them laugh," says June.

Otherwise, why bring the empty milk bottles and raw liver they did you-know-what with, newspapers hiding their laps?

"Mother was horrified," Havoc says. "Burlesque was not a family affair. The women, they're doing vile things. But, you know, desperate people do desperate things. And they were desperate times."

Louise can't have been particularly good at it, bumping and grinding in a blue spot, talk-singing "Minnie the Moocher" stark naked. Havoc saw the act. She was on her way to a dance marathon, her sole means of support during the early 30s (she and Bobby had separated when they couldn't find work together). A form of torture with their own vocabulary of sprints and grinds, and strung out over thousands of surreal hours, dance marathons were held all over the country, and the sisters sometimes crossed paths, this time in Massachusetts. "Neither of us was bragging," Havoc has written, and neither approved of what the other was doing. "I saw her before she was the image she was hoping to create, or maybe before she had the image in her mind. She said, 'I don't want you to see the show.' But I didn't think she'd be doing it. I thought maybe they were doing it. But she was out there like all the others. I couldn't stand it."

Louise couldn't, either. She was still living with Rose and doubtless still a virgin. And in the bombshell department, she was only modestly equipped, with small breasts and a pear-shaped rear. At five feet nine inches, however, she was wonderfully tall in heels, had long, long legs, a small head on a graceful neck, and a blooming auburn beauty. She didn't want to be like those others on the bill. And she had something big t they didn't: a brain.

Sometime between 1929 and 1931, between the Missouri T atre in Kansas City and Minsky's on Broadway, the name chan to Gypsy Rose Lee. Havoc doesn't know how her sister hit on Laurents says he asked endlessly for an explanation and wh Gypsy answered, "I've written 14 versions," he wrote his ov What makes it special is simple: put "Miss" in front of "Gypsy Rose Lee" a you have a name with built-in syncopatio its own set of cymbals and a drumroll "Rose." It's a name that goes solo.

Getting to Minsky's was the first big de The Minsky Brothers brought in a new every year and '31 was Gypsy's. She w billed as "The Most Beautiful Girl in t World!" Her strip was still pretty strip still showing a lot of skin, ending up in panties. She removed her clothes by plu ing out the dressm er pins that held th together (she wou never use zipper too harsh against t skin). But she w dropping the pins i the tuba—*plink, pli plink*—and getting not titters but laug And at the finish her act, where the o ers ended in hea fleshy self-offerin Gypsy got lighter, drawing hers up against the velvet curtain. "A suddenly," she'd say, "I take t last . . . thing . . . off!" A Houd flourish and her gown was the air, a plant in the audien screamed, and Gypsy stood lau ing with the crowd.





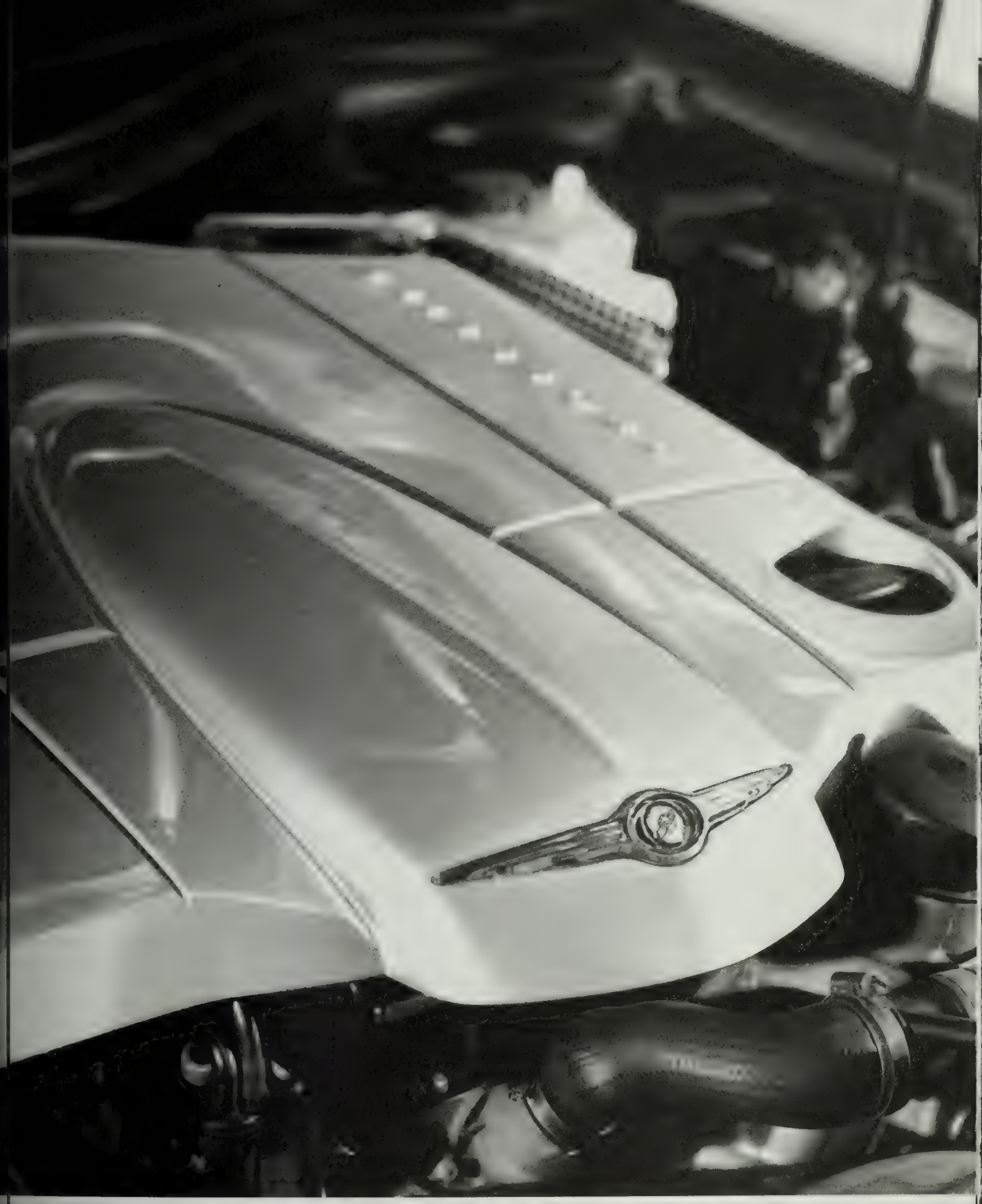
GOTTA GET A GIMMICK Gypsy Rose Lee demonstrates her trademark inside-out strip, circa late 1930s.

"And that's where she triumphe Havoc says. "She decided to ma them laugh. That was the ima Somebody who would be unav able, tall, and who would use her femininity and allure for laug as well as for sexy, without doing dirty things. And that was nius. She's the only one that climbed out of the slime."

Gypsy was at Minsky's for the next four years, refini She was also smoking Turkish cigarettes and taki brandy in black coffee (in burlesque, everyone did, *day*). She had an affair with Rags Ragland, a talented com and total womanizer (they drank like fish and had fun). S was getting arrested when Minsky's was raided (Rose ador these arrests, the excitement of the paddy wagon), and beca a staple in *The Police Gazette* (a popular tabloid-type ma zine). She was mixing with the underworld: mobster Wax Gordon paid to have her teeth capped (the start of lifelo dental woes), and, despite the grandfatherly cameo in Gyps memoir, Waxey expected more in return than a pretty smile. nally—shades of Rose Hovick—Gypsy was doing her own bit stealing. Dwight Fiske, a satirist who played piano uptown the Savoy-Plaza, was famous for singing sly, naughty songs a white-tie clientele. Gypsy lifted an entire routine from Fis and in 1935, when she left Minsky's for the Irving Place T


CHRYSLER


HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE









THE CHRYSLER PACIFICA

EXCLUSIVE IN-CLUSTER NAVIGATION SYSTEM

ALL-WHEEL DRIVE

THE THRILL OF SOMETHING TOTALLY NEW





THE CHRYSLER PT TURBO

215 PEAK HORSEPOWER

FIVE-SPEED GETRAG MANUAL TRANSMISSI

17-INCH LOW-PROFILE TIRES













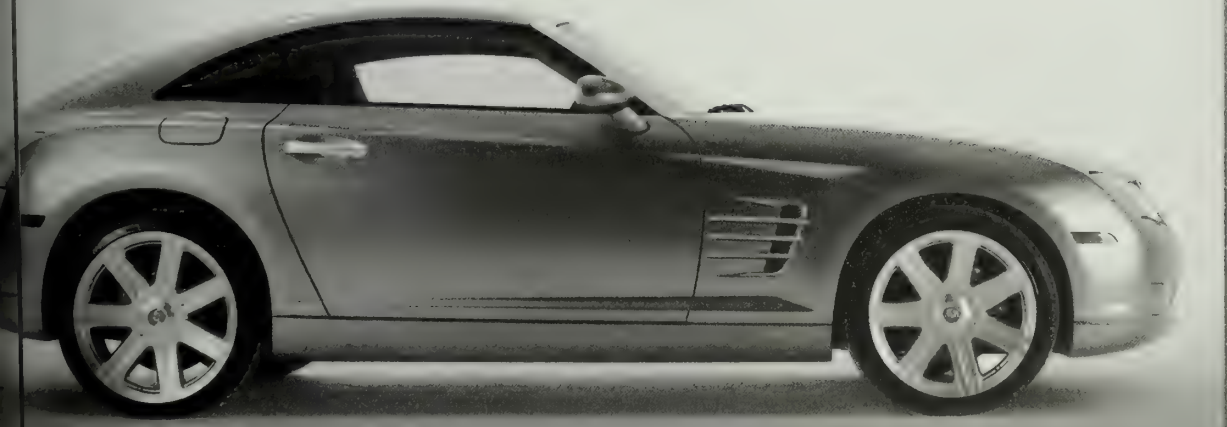
THE CHRYSLER CROSSFIRE

SIX-SPEED MANUAL TRANSMISSION

50% AMERICAN IMAGINATION

50% GERMAN PRECISION

100% PASSION

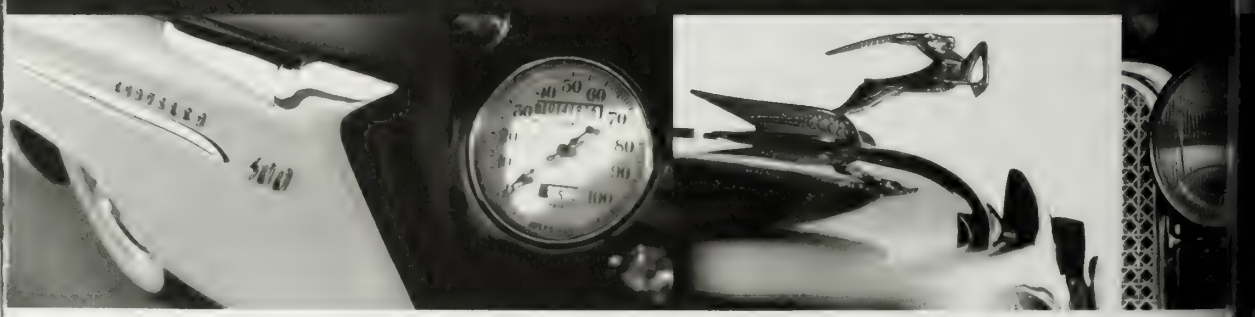


ARRIVING SUMMER 2003




R
N
D
2
1
AUTOSTICK

THE CHRYSLER SEBRING CONVERTIBLE
POWER FOLDING TOP
GLASS REAR WINDOW
ROOM FOR FOUR ADULTS
SUNLIGHT. MOONLIGHT. STARLIGHT.



"I LIKE TO BUILD BEAUTIFUL THINGS." WALTER P. CHRYSLER

EVERY CHRYSLER PRODUCT CARRIES A 7-YEAR/70,000-MILE POWERTRAIN LIMITED WARRAN

SHOWN ARE OPTIONAL OR UNAVAILABLE ON CERTAIN MODELS. PRODUCT DEPICTIONS ARE CORRECT

THE CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY LIMITED

THREE-ZONE AUTOMATIC TEMPERATURE CONTROL
INTEGRATED DVD ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM
SANCTUARY





PT CONVERTIBLE CONCEPT

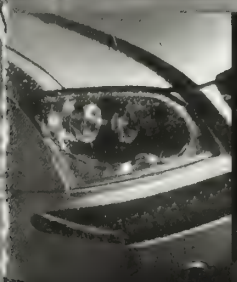




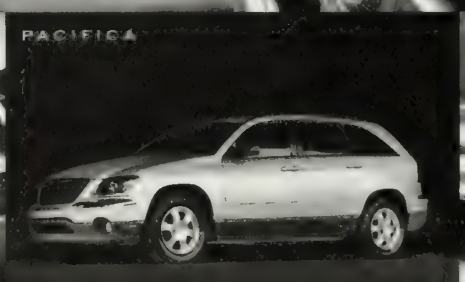
PT CRUISER





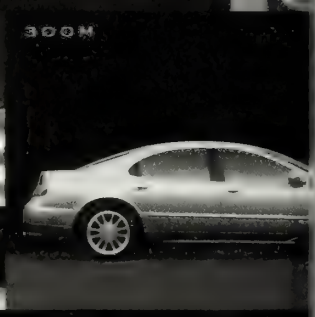


PACIFICA





300M

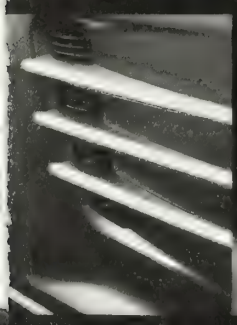


SEBRING CONVERTIBLE





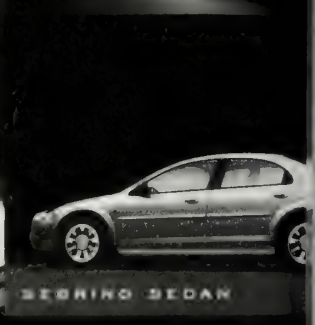
TOWN & COUNTRY





CROSSFIRE





SEBRING SEDAN

CHRYSLER.COM 800.CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER

DRIVE & LOVE

tre—the Metropolitan Opera of burlesque—going from $500 a week to $1,000, she began reciting the routine as she stripped.

And reciting it in the voice she'd developed, which everyone calls singsong but was something more. "I don't know where she learned it," says D. A. Pennebaker, the acclaimed documentarian, who worked with Gypsy on film footage for her *A Curious Evening with Gypsy Rose Lee*. "It was like a fake English accent, only it wasn't really that at all. My name, Don, she'd hit on the *n* and hold it. She was trying to give herself a kind of cultivated feeling or sound." It was a deep voice, pleasing, with a ringing effect that gave loft and wit to lines like "I'm a lonesome little Eve. / All I do is sit and grieve. / Like Eve I carry round this apple every night / Looking for an Adam with an appetite."

Gypsy was rising fast, louche life giving way to lush life. At Irving Place, her audience wasn't men with nicer newspapers, it was men with their wives—which was good, because women in the audience made men laugh harder. This audience was café society, high society, the Otis Chatfield-Taylors, columnist Walter Winchell, visiting English titles like the Earl of Gosford. Even *The New Yorker* dropped in: "We have to admit that we went for Miss Lee, so to speak." Gypsy was more than equal to these attentions. She'd go out into the audience and sit on a man's lap, or powder a bald head with a powder puff on a stick for a huge laugh. With her quick mind and wide (if not deep) reading, she adlibbed with ease, was crack with a French phrase, and always gave reporters a quote with a kick. "I wasn't naked," she said after a Minsky's raid. "I was completely covered by a blue spotlight." Gypsy herself had become a kind of powder puff on a stick, a "sweet tease" at Waldorf Hotel charity functions, a public figure that tickled. Still, she was not immune to indignities. When Gypsy wore leaves on a leotard at one such function, each leaf auctioned off in a charity strip, the money she made was refused.

Her boyfriend at the time, Eddy Braun, was a married socialite—very married. In her Gramercy Park apartment, he covered her in diamonds, and came to matinees only. Eddy understood self-promotion, once dressing Gypsy for the opera in a cape made of orchids. Gypsy learned from Eddy, but she didn't love him at all. By this time Rose was set up in a country house in Highland Mills, New York. Now that "Gyp" was classy, she didn't want Rose around bemoaning burlesque, calling her an "unnatural child," hinting at hoodlums and that unmentionable first year. And June, finished with marathons, was now in the city: modeling, studying acting, striving for a break. As far as Rose was concerned, June was excess baggage, the daughter who "used to be somebody." Perhaps Gypsy thought so, too. When she needed a life story for reporters, she and Rose took June's child-star vaudeville success and recast it as Gypsy's. They told June, "You'll have to find somebody else to be."

But Gyp and June were circling in on each other, seeing what it was to be grown-up sisters, learning how to laugh together. Rich now and a star, Gypsy could joke about being a "no-talent," and June couldn't disagree with Gyp's assessment of little sis, that she was "unbright," stupid about selling herself. Roles had reversed to their natural order: the elder was ahead, and shouldering the load (Rose and the relatives) that had once been June's. Yet there was a fault line in the dawning friendship. The theatrical values of each were an implicit rebuke to the other. June's intense idealism about acting went against the grain of Gypsy's wry, driving pragmatism.

The fact is, Gypsy had tried to get out of burlesque. She left Minsky's for a role in *Hot-Cha,* the last Florenz Ziegfeld show on Broadway. But going from featured star to anonymous showgirl, from $350 a week to $60, was not her idea of upward mobility. She dashed back to the buck at Minsky's. In 1936 she left Irving Place to star with comics Fanny Brice and Bobby Clark in the Ziegfeld *Follies,* again taking a cut in pay, and getting O.K. reviews or empty raves: "Miss Lee is a competent enough accomplice in the hilarious skits in which she finds herself.... But it is at doing nothing that she is at her best." Doing nothing? When Gypsy left the *Follies* in 1937 for a Hollywood contract with Darryl Zanuck, the ad for her *Follies* replacement read, "Experience not necessary." As with every indignity, she laughed at herself, pretended not to care.



IF GYPSY WAS MARRIED Rose Hovick, right, is welcomed in Los Angeles by her daughter Gypsy and new son-in-law, Bob Mizzy, after their wedding, August 25, 1937.

Hollywood was yet another chance out of burlesque. But again Gypsy failed—publicly, depressingly. The Hays Office wouldn't allow Zanuck to use the name of a stripper as a come-on for the 1937 film *You Can't Have Everything* (Zanuck himself received 4,000 letters of protest), so Gypsy was stripped of her famous name, back to Louise Hovick. "Painful thing," Havoc says. "Once again, it was bravado. You know, 'Oh, to hell with them—as long as they spell my name right and get me the money.'" The studio wanted her wed, so she married Arnold "Bob" Mizzy, a dental-supplies manufacturer, handsome in a hawkish way. The marriage barely outlasted the honeymoon. (It didn't help that Rose was out there chasing Mizzy with a gun.) And then there was the little problem of acting. As screenwriter Leonard Spigelgass would say,

Gypsy Rose Lee had something big that the other strippers didn't: a brain.

Gypsy had "authority without inspiration." On film she looks superb—but also strangely afraid to move too much. Five movies and she had reached another dead end. Gypsy still didn't have a next step, a paycheck for the day when she was too old to strip—a day, she thought at 28, fast approaching.

It was June who was Johnny-on-the-spot. Working with the Theatre Arts Committee down in Greenwich Village, she happened to meet the legendary Chicago producer Mike Todd, testosterone with a capital *T*. "My first impression was of squareness," Havoc has written. "He held a foolishly large cigar. The fingers on his hands appeared to be all of the same length." Todd was producing four shows for the 1939 World's Fair in New York, and for one of them, *Streets of Paris,* he was still trying to find a star—a flamboyant Sally Rand type. June mentioned Gypsy.

"That's a no-talent broad worth a million bucks on any midway," Todd responded. "She's baking dead clams now, but that don't mean I wouldn't give my right ball to get her into a show of mine."



STAR OF STAGE AND PAGE Gypsy signs copies of *The G-String Murders,* at a benefit for the American Friends of Norway, December 1941; *inset,* a poster for her 1944 movie, *Belle of the Yukon.*



It was a match made in Runyonland—the tough guy, the doll girl, the jackpot! Or, as Havoc would write, "Gypsy needed a Barnum, Mike needed a backer." Gyp cashed in municipal bonds to the tune of $80,000 and got a piece of Mike Todd, which she had till the day he died. Together, the two enjoyed a string of smashes, beginning with *Streets of Paris*—starring Gypsy. Next came the opening of Michael Todd's Theatre Cafe in Chicago—starring Gypsy. In 1941, Gypsy published *The G-String Murders,* a thriller set (where else) in a burlesque house—starring Gypsy. It was a best-seller, a lively blend of backstage slang (breasts are called "Bordens") and Toddisms (stuff like "dead clams"). Gypsy conquered another world, that of the literati. Carson McCullers, Janet Flanner, Carl Van Doren—Gypsy's New Friends! In true Gyp fashion, she billed herself "America's Leading Literary Figure."

In fact, everyone was trying to find a phrase for what Gypsy was, because of what she wasn't—a common stripper: "elegant epidermal exhibitor," "prima strippa assoluta," "strippeuse." H. L. Mencken coined the term "ecdysiast," which drew on the Greek *ekdysis,* "getting out." She was the intellectual stripper, a burlesque of burlesque, delighting audiences with lines like "To the music of Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky / They never yell 'take it offsky.'"

The highbrows might have simmered down and called her, jus as accurately, a comedienne.

"She was like Jack Benny, you know?" says D. A. Penneba ker. "She had fantastic timing. And you'd wait and think, Wel what's going to be funny here? And she wouldn't let you get till just the last minute."

When Todd came u with his next idea, Broadway take on bu lesque—a big, flashy, over-th top musical—Gypsy balked. Sh didn't want to go back to "th old grind." *Star and Garter* wa anything but.

"It was truly high-class bu lesque," says Havoc, "if there such a thing, and there is. An it was really and truly *The P lice Gazette* come alive. Whic was a wonderful idea. Beautifi girls, semi-burlesque sketche lighthearted. Gypsy was at th top of her everything."

"*Star and Garter* . . . I sa Gypsy," says Broadway produc er and director Harold Princ (20 Tonys to his name). "S bloody elegant and ladylike an tall and statuesque and gran and impish. She was inn cent."

Yes. That's what her a had become, a candy bo of winking rhymes an silken feints, coyly, clever timed. Gypsy had perfec ed the "inside-out strip (a bit of it can be seen the 1943 film *Stage Do Canteen*). She would a pear in a proper Gibso girl getup—ruffled blous full skirt, big picture hat and, as the pins were plin ing, tell the audience wh she was thinking: "Whe I raise my skirts with sl ness and dexterity / I' mentally computing just how much I'll give to charity." Tl stockings were unfastened, rolled down with a fingertip; then t petticoat removed, dropped on the head of a drummer in t pit. Then the blouse was opened, a black lace bow on each ni ple, the second one always crooked. "Oh dear," she'd say in d may—a roar from the audience—then she'd straighten it. The sash, garter belt, and the old finish: whoosh went the skirt the curtain was pulled for cover, giving a split-second glimpse a black lace G-string (fixed, like the nipple bows, to invisib flesh-colored net glued to Gypsy's skin). Peeking out from b hind the curtain, she'd scold, "Oh, boys, I can't take that o I'll catch cold."

"It was like your mom coming out," Pennebaker says of t strip. "That's what made it work."

Gypsy's history had become the act. In that costume she w Big Lady meets burlesque. With her singsong routines, she w the bookish Louise, turning learning into laughs. Making


RIVE THRU
WEDDING
LAND
PRIVACY
PLEASE
ONLY
Vegas
From single to honeymoon in half a tank of gas.
1-877-VISIT-LV • vegasfreedom.com

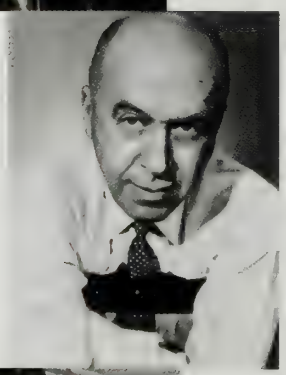
beautiful picture," she was the successful vaudevillian Rose had wanted her to be ("Nothing will ever take the place of flesh"). Once this strip was set, it didn't change. It didn't need to. It revealed nothing.

Gypsy was in love with Todd. "He was spectacular," Havoc says, "in his way. And she loved it." But Todd was married and would never leave his wife, because he didn't want to lose his son. Gypsy wasn't taking no for an answer. In 1942, hoping to jolt Todd into jealousy, she announced her engagement to the actor William Alexander Kirkland, a refined, unreachable man. Hoping Todd would burst in and stop the show, she held the reception first, the wedding ceremony after. No Todd. It was another dopey marriage, over in three months.



"Her life was full of miscalculations about men," says Havoc. "But look at the men she picked. She used to say, 'I love heavies. Why am I always falling in love with heavies?'"

With both sisters in the public eye, the press had fun drumming up a rivalry.





Todd and Gypsy resumed their affair, and the telegrams he sent her in 1943 were as charming as ever: "Tomorrow nite and all nite too is all I am thinking of." But the couple's next project came up snake eyes. Gypsy had written a play called *The Naked Genius,* starring, natch, Gypsy. Todd produced it, bringing in Pulitzer Prize–winning playwright George S. Kaufman for doctoring and direction; Todd then disappointed Gyp by hiring Joan Blondell, a real actress, for the lead. Kaufman and Blondell got great reviews. The playwright? Panned. The thing ran, though, because Todd himself made fun of it, telling the papers, "It ain't Shakespeare but it's laffs." As if that weren't enough, Todd told Gypsy he wanted to marry Blondell. Humiliation and heartbreak in a one-two punch. And this was the love of her life.

Gypsy exited to Hollywood to make *Belle of the Yukon,* and while playing a sort of Big Lady (she's ravishing in this role) she pulled a Big Lady. With director Otto Preminger, one of the few men who could out-tough Todd, she secretly conceived a child, Erik, born in 1944. Erik's last name would change with the tags sewn into his clothes for camp: Erik Lee, then Erik Lee de Diego—for the artist Julio de Diego, Gypsy's third, last, and only true marriage, 1948 to 1955—then Erik Lee Kirkland (he now goes by Erik Lee Preminger). Why the ruse? Partly because of the times, the stigma against birth out of wedlock. But also something deeper. "I felt so alone," Gypsy later told Erik, who learned his true identity in his late teens, a story he tells in his 1984 memoir, *Gypsy & Me.* "I decided to have something no one would ever be able to take away from me."

Throughout the 30s, and until December 25, 1940, Gypsy was the name and June was unknown. That changed overnight. "June Havoc, who's been knocking at the door of fame for a spell, opened it with a bang last night," read New York's *Daily Mirror.* "They've been referring to June as Gypsy Rose Lee's sister. Now they're going to have to put that shoe on the other foot." The show was *Pal Joey*—story by John O'Hara, music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart, produced by George Abbott. It was a show with a nightclub setting and a charismatic heel for a hero, played by another overnight name, Gene Kelly. Havoc was chorus girl Gladys Bumps, a role that grew to five numbers as the men at the top saw what she could do. Richard Rodgers called Havoc "the girl with the original juke box voice." Evenings and matinees, she stopped the show twice.

"She was ebullient," remembers Harold Prince, who saw the show (and in 1980 cast June in the touring production of *Sweeney Todd*), "a blonde gumdrop, fast-talking and delicious."

With both sisters now in the public eye, the press had fun expounding on who was whose sister, drumming up a rivalry. *Life* magazine: "Gypsy thinks June wastes her time on dull people, doing dull things. June thinks Gypsy wastes her time being a literary butterfly."

Actually, the sisters were growing close. "If anyone's going to lionize you now," Gypsy told Havoc, "it's me." She invited Havoc to live with her, and for three years they shared the home Gypsy had bought with the Todd clams ($4,000 a week, for instance, from *Streets of Paris*). The property was on East 63rd Street, two houses connected by a courtyard, and as the basement was five feet deep in water, the price was amazingly low: $12,500 for a mansion once owned by a Vanderbilt (since owned by Jasper Johns, and after him Spike Lee). If Gypsy had been la-di-da in Gramercy Park, she graduated to grand in her 63rd Street mansion: marble floors and Charles James gowns, Picassos on the walls, a vintage Rolls in the garage. She really was the Duchess. Havoc lived on the second floor with her young daughter, April. (Like Gypsy, Havoc sees no need to discuss the identity of her child's father. April passed away recently.)

DOLLS AND GUYS
From top: Gypsy with Mike Todd and George S. Kaufman during rehearsals for *The Naked Genius,* 1943; director Otto Preminger, the father of Gypsy's son, Erik; June Havoc and Gregory Peck in *Gentleman's Agreement,* 1947.

But it did seem as if fate wanted a face-off. Gypsy's Todd–Blondell–*Naked Genius* debacle, one of her life's lowest points, occurred two months before one of Havoc's highest: the 1944 opening of *Mexican Hayride,* a Cole Porter musical in which she starred with Bobby Clark (the same comic Gypsy had done Ziegfeld *Follies* with in 1936). It was a huge hit, produced by none other than Mike Todd. And Havoc's trips to Hollywood? Well,


"Frankie is the
only one who takes
me seriously."
—TRACEY ULLMAN
©2002 KAL KAN FOODS, INC.
Cesar
Select Dinners
With Beef in Meaty Juices
FOR SMALL DOGS
Sophisticated food for sophisticated dogs.™

she was a success. Though too often typecast as the cute blonde, what she called the "La Poo and Le Fay roles," Havoc could act, and steals every scene she's in. Rent *Gentleman's Agreement* and see how the energy focuses, the action tightens, whenever Havoc's "Miss Wales" clicks into the frame.

"Gypsy's is an odd career, a glamorous and odd career," says Harold Prince. "When it came to heavy-hitting talent, June had more."

And yet, all along, Gypsy was getting wonderful stabs at the legit stage. She took over Ethel Merman's role in *DuBarry Was a Lady.* But every time a big song came up, she had to grab Betty Allen: "Here, you sing this one." She had a small role in *Light Up the Sky,* but when she noticed that an offstage parrot had some funny lines, she stole them: "The parrot has been getting great laughs," she explained. When she was appearing on television's *U.S. Steel Hour,* she said, "I adore acting," then added, "A burlesque background does restrict a gal who wants to do many different things." But it wasn't a burlesque background restricting Gypsy. In play after play, she couldn't resist incorporating strip bits into her role—running out into the audience, kissing a bald head, trying to sit down in a too tight dress, and using that singsong voice. Gyp was trapped in her stripper image because she couldn't give up her gimmicks. She was too naked without them.

Between the sisters it wasn't a rivalry so much as the eternal refrain, Havoc urging Gypsy to study, take acting classes, take it all off not literally but emotionally, and Gypsy taking offense (as any older sister might), saying from on high, "If you are Gypsy Rose Lee, you don't have to act.... People pay to see *me,* June, not the character." And that was true, too.

But was it that simple for Gypsy? Her collections, examined in a 1942 issue of *Hobbies—The Magazine for Collectors,* can be seen as little publicity spins (and with Gyp, publicity was all). Or they can be read seriously: Gypsy in discourse with herself, solving the problem of what she does. She collected cherubs (innocence!) and paper dolls from the 1800s (a return to innocence). She owned rare Victorian tattoo drawings on paper (is tattooed skin naked or clothed?). And then there were the Chinese crested dogs, a strange, hairless—stripped!—breed which Gypsy made her mission: she wanted the cresteds recognized by the American Kennel Club. It's as if Gypsy was trying to harmonize a dissonance. She said to *Look* in 1966, "I'm really a little prudish.... I've always been a daytime person living in a nighttime world."

"Her soul protested," Havoc says. "When it came time that I was now starring in plays on Broadway, and I was doing well, she would come home and cry because she had been on an interview, television or something, and all they wanted her to do was take off her gloves slowly. It made her sick. It wasn't hilarious and funny at all when you got back to the dressing room. And nobody knew that. I was the only one who knew. Because she put on this wonderful, sophisticated, I-know-more-than-you-do attitude. She conquered the world. And if you ever said she wasn't an actress, you can get hold of that performance for a lifetime. That's acting. But it's acting without an audience."

> "I wasn't naked," Gypsy said. "I was completely covered by a blue spotlight."

"Columns and critics ... mean nothing to us," Gypsy once told *Reader's Digest,* speaking for herself and Havoc. "We know how we're doing by the number of fan letters we get from needy relatives."

Gypsy wasn't kidding. Letters from Seattle float through folder after folder in the Billy Rose Archive at Lincoln Center. Written in the big loopy scrawl of Aunt Belle, the letters are laden with complaints about intestines, gallbladders, colons—a sickly prelude to requests for cash. The worst complaints were about Rose. Wherever Mother went, chaos and debt went, too. "There is no doubt in anyone's mind that Rose [is] crazy," Aunt Belle writes to Gypsy after one of Rose's visits. "Dr. Aiken says she's dangerously so.... I must tell you to warn June because Rose is up to some dirty work whereby she is going to sue June for money she claims is due her."

Havoc was always wise to Rose. From the age of five, she told *The New York Times* in 1980, "I never believed a thing she said." Havoc decided her destiny on that freezing night in 1929. And when she reconnected with Rose and Gypsy in New York, she still didn't like what she saw. In a fervent letter to Gypsy in the 30s, Havoc describes a negative dependence between mother and daughter: "Your tinsel and fools you surround yourself with—drink with—live with—parasites—no—you aren't the big sister—I am.... When I try to see and talk with either of you it bounces all over your faces and conversation—and I come away sick and miserable—I hate every bit of it ... it's rotten and unwholesome."

Indeed, "unwholesome" is the feeling one gets reading Gypsy's second murder mystery, *Mother Finds a Body,* published in 1942. It flopped, and the reason why is all too clear: Mother. Gypsy tries to make her "eccentricities" funny, but the truth comes through. Rose isn't funny. With her arson and lies and guns and cons, she's creepy.

Rose was no longer bothering with men. She had, as Havoc would write, "turned toward her own sex," at first running a lesbian boardinghouse in a 10-room apartment Gypsy rented for her on West End Avenue, and then running a sort of lesbian farm in her country house in Highland Mills. At a party in that house, Rose pulled another gun, this time on one of the girls. She killed her. Because Gypsy was a star, it was covered up.

"There were a lot of people there when it happened," says Erik Preminger, who heard the same story from three people. "The girl was Rose's lover and she made a pass at my mother."

Havoc, however, is unwilling to label Rose one way or another. "It isn't all that it's made out to be," she says. "But I will definitely say that Mother liked homosexuals."

"I don't know," Erik says. "Rose was a user of people."

Whatever Rose was up to with her farm friends, it wasn't keeping her fulfilled enough to let her daughters be. Or maybe she was just mentally out of control. Rose began to harass and blackmail both daughters. Faced with a marauding mother, No-Talent and Unbright became allies. They had to: Rose was skinning each. She had two of everything—TVs, washing machines, pianos. She sometimes wore rags to theaters the girls were playing, pretending to be the abandoned mother (she had a house, car, land, annuities). The daughters communicated with Rose through lawyers and were advised to save all letters.

"I read Louise's article about her no home and no school not one day," Rose wrote the girls in 1944. "Some day Louise you will be caught up on some of the lies you tell.... I got a very bad start with my book, but I will begin all over again new and

OVER.COM OR CALL 1-800-FIND4WD. ©2003 Land Rover North America, Inc.

THE NEW RANGE ROVER.

HIGHER GROUND.

How do you reach the next level?

Not just beyond the luxury sport-utility vehicle, but the luxury sedan as well.

Could it be more graceful to the eye, more responsive to the will, more in tune with the soul? For now that Range Rover masters the pavement as it does the rest of the planet, it may have again surpassed expectations.

Elevated as they may be. The new Range Rover for 2003. From Land Rover.

The most well-traveled vehicles on earth.



E ROVER

LAND ROVER

THE LAND ROVER EXPERIENCE

it will be the truth not a lot of lies." Venomous letters kept coming for the next 10 years—"You both are heartless and cruel and selfish"—bearing dark threats of a tell-all, Rose's own version of a strip. "Louise please remember *you* brought any thing unpleasant into our lives before I ever even knew about it. Drink, night clubs, bad company; reifers, french moving pictures. Fags, and all these people you hate so today."

"Mother resented that she had been cut off from Gypsy," Havoc says. "Because they'd always been very tight—and there she was on that farm. She was separated. And unwelcome when she came to New York. It killed her that she was unwelcome." It was Rose's turn to be excess baggage, and she couldn't stand it.

In 1951, Rose was diagnosed with cancer of the rectum. Even this she used as a means of revenge, trying to plant a newspaper story about the girls' supposed indifference to her plight (they paid for everything). On her deathbed, in 1954, Rose was all bile, all of it directed at Gypsy. "Wherever you go . . . I'll be right there. When you get your own private kick in the ass, just remember: it's a present from me to you."



With Rose Hovick's death, not only were the daughters free of the stress and expense she generated, they were free to write without her suing. Gypsy published a memoir, *Gypsy,* three years later, and in 1959, Havoc brought out *Early Havoc,* the first of two memoirs (the second, *More Havoc,* was published in 1980). Natural writers both, the sisters reveal, yet again, intrinsically different ways of looking at life. Gypsy went for the laugh, winked at the truth, and, when it suited her, changed it completely. Havoc couldn't wink. *Early Havoc* is searching, gritty, lyrical, structured as a dance between Havoc's vaudeville years and the do-or-die months in her first marathon. *Gypsy* is comic, bubbling, broad—"a series of burlesque blackouts," she told her son. The word "blackout" is apt: Gypsy doesn't remember anything she doesn't want to.

"Mother was a [illegible]," says Erik, who is today an audiovisual prod[illegible] didn't care if she had to manipulate the truth. M[illegible] was not written to be truthful; it was written to be enter[illegible]



MORE HAVOC
Top, June Havoc, photographed at her Stamford, Connecticut, home on October 10, 2002. *Right,* June and Gypsy in a sketch for June's 1964 TV show.

With Rose's death in 1954, the daughters were free to write without her suing.

Telling, too, is the way the book begins: Gypsy is on her seven and last farewell tour. Erik's memoir, *Gypsy & Me,* begins this w as well: he and his mother are driving to her last booking as a stri per. In the 1950s, with Gypsy in her 40s, the future was a pressi concern no number of annuities could calm. "The fear of goi broke was a Pavlovian fear," says Erik, "and as such was subje to these very irrational swings." Gypsy was sick of "shaking t beads" and desperate to find a replacement income. Maybe h life story was it. In July 1957, understanding that her book's p tential rested on unfettered dramatic rights, she had her lawyer B Fitelson hand-deliver Havoc a four-page letter, written like a co tract, with the salutation "Dear Gypsy" and signed "June Havoc The letter is a maze of legalese a knowledging, confirming, agreei with, and consenting to release all forms and media any and a references to June Havoc. The k sentence: "I furthermore confir . . . the use of my character m include actual incidents involvi me, and/or fictitious inciden in connection therewith . . . "

Havoc was stunned. "Fitels said it came from my sister, b I didn't believe it at the time. didn't think she could ever do th to me." It was the second tim Gypsy had tried to take June past. The sisters didn't discu the letter. And Havoc didn't sig

Gypsy sold the rights for h book to Broadway pr ducer David Merrick. Merrick, Gypsy saw the balls Mike Todd, and he was offerin $4,000 against a percen age of the box-office gros If the show was successfu Gypsy would get royalti for the rest of her life, ar certainly a film deal (whic she did—the 1962 film ve sion starred Rosalind Ru sell and Natalie Wood Co-producing with Lelan Hayward, Merrick went fo ward without Havoc's si nature. Arthur Laurent fresh off the success *West Side Story,* was Me rick's first choice to do th script. He didn't bite. "Th strip-tease queen of Ame ica didn't interest me. Laurents writes in his recent memoir, *Original Story B*

No, it was Rose Hovick who would hook him. At cocktail party, Laurents heard about the "killer moth er," the lesbian boardinghouse, the murder. "A character was tal ing shape," he writes, a musical that would be about a stage moth er, "a monster of a mother sweetly named Rose." Laurents ha meetings with Gypsy. "She was very entertaining, very charmin very slippery. She had one concern. It had to be called *Gypsy.*"

Gyp brought Havoc up to speed on the script in January 1959. In Gypsy's journal entries we see the balancing act. Sh attempts to appease Havoc, who didn't CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

PORTRAIT BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI



In Estonia we say:

Pole vaja uhket kuube, kui hing on puhas.

In America you say:

One need not wear a fancy vest when one is pure of spirit.



WE PROUDLY INTRODUCE OUR FINE ESTONIAN VODKA.

EMBRACE LIFE. DRINK RESPONSIBLY. TURIVODKA.COM. TURI AND THE T DEVICE ARE TRADEMARKS. ©2002 IMPORTED BY CASDON IMPORTING COMPANY, MIAMI, FL. VODKA 80 PROOF

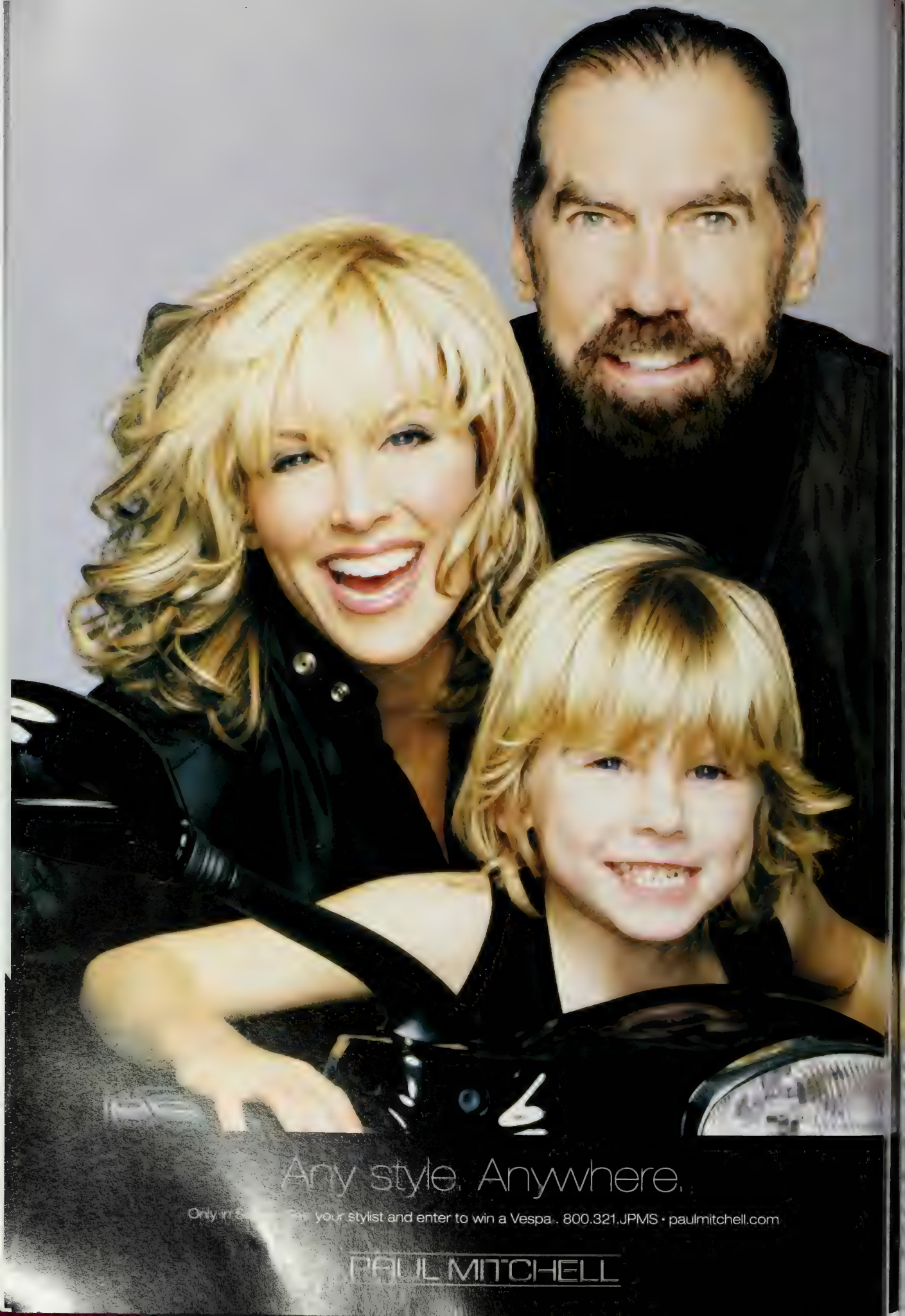

PAUL MITCHELL
THE TRUE PROFESSIONAL

Style & Performance.

Know where you're going.






Any style. Anywhere.
your stylist and enter to win a Vespa. 800.321.JPMS • paulmitchell.com
PAUL MITCHELL

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 214 like certain distortions in the script, ithout disturbing Laurents, whose story had its own momentum, s own theatrical verities.

January 4, 1959: "Bill Fitelson in—loves suggestions—So does ane so if I can sell item to Robbins Merrick + Leland I can andle Laurents."

January 22, 1959: "Meeting on 'Gypsy' at home. Grim . . . I ave to spend all my time nd contractual points fight- g for June's rights."

March 13, 1959: "June alled at 4:00 to tell me we ren't to see each other or peak to each other as she is ing me because of *Gypsy.* er lawyer is Louis Nizer. . . . am ill and so confounded y it all."



COMING UP ROSES During a March 1959 rehearsal for her eponymous Broadway musical, Gypsy chats with Ethel Merman, right, who portrayed her mother, Rose.

She wasn't the only one. Havoc was beside herself, begging to be writ- n out, and brokenhearted hat Gypsy would let them ortray her this way. In Act of the musical, Havoc saw shrill caricature of Dainty ane and a trivialization of er cherished achievements vaudeville. "I was proud f my childhood," Havoc ays. "And the way the play written erases my life, de- rades my childhood." Why as it necessary to put her n an amateur contest when he never was? Why must she e the heavy, eloping with the oy Gypsy loves, when she

> "From overture to curtain calls, the audience was madly in love."

idn't? On another note: who was this Louise, this frail flower inging to a lamb when she wasn't stuck in a cow suit? ("Gypsy as never the cow," Havoc notes. "She couldn't dance that well.") his wasn't the disdainful Duchess of their childhood, the mad- eningly self-assured girl who never let anybody tell her anything. Havoc was being turned into the eighth dwarf (Bratty!) and Gypsy as getting the Snow White treatment. It was full-scale revisionist istory—a G-rated version of a T&A life—and coming to a theater ear you. It was Gypsy's wink versus Havoc's truth. But was it libel?

Shirley Herz, eminent Broadway publicist: "Oh, absolutely. Baby June? Today they would not have gotten away with that."

Harold Prince: "I don't think she's right to take it personally. 've seen the show countless times. The girl's—to quote from the how—an adorable. If anything, you feel sorry for a little kid be- g worked that hard."

Arthur Laurents: "I didn't want to be accused of being unfaithful to the facts. So I said it was a fable. Of course, Gypsy's memoir is a fable, too."

Erik Preminger: "This is one of those cases where both parties have conflicting, equally valid positions. So how do you work it out? For my mother it was very clear. 'This is very very important to me. Don't fuck it up. Don't ruin this for me.'"

Arthur Laurents: "There was that meeting. The contracts hadn't been signed and June had been protesting. . . . And Gypsy was sitting right there, calm and demure. She had one fear, that the show might not go on. She didn't care whether it was truth or untruth. She didn't care who won. She was screwing her sister."

Erik Preminger: "She never actually lied to June, but she implied that certain of her objections would be eliminated by casting or in the direction and promised to protect her interests."

Harold Prince: "I remember when all this was happening, because Arthur, Steve [Sondheim], Jerry [Robbins], they were all collaborators of mine. They were all on tenterhooks. And she signed."

Shirley Herz: "She couldn't fight it. Just name those names."

June Havoc: "Gypsy was deliriously happy. She said, 'It's my monument, June.' I said, 'Do you want the world to remember you as someone with nothing but a gimmick?' She said, 'I don't care what they say about me as long as my name is up there.' How are you going to quarrel with that? You can't. I gave up. I always gave up. Because she was my sister."

Today, Havoc adds another level of understanding, something only a sister would know: "What the play does, it realizes who she wanted to be before the burlesque thing happened. She wanted to be this beautiful, idealistic, romantic person with dreams."

"Wish I had a town I belonged to. All the towns we drive through I see the lights on in the windows—it looks as though it would be warm and friendly inside—but I'm outside." This sentence was x-ed out in Gypsy's journal on a day when she was writing the first chapter of her memoir. It sounds like a try at an opening line. For Havoc, the stage would always be home. But for Gypsy the stage paid the rent. It was the house on East 63rd Street that had given her a proper sense of place. And it was a home in Beverly Hills that gave her warmth and peace.

In 1961, on a trip to California, Gypsy fell in love with a 17-room house on a hill, an Italian Renaissance mansion she described as "early Gloria Swanson." On a whim, she bought it and moved west. The musical *Gypsy* had replenished the coffers, and even though Gyp still fretted about money, she was

appearing regularly on television talk shows—Jack Paar, Steve Allen, Joey Bishop, Jonathan Winters—and she eventually had her own square on *Hollywood Squares.* There were also stage engagements with a show she'd created over the years, a sort of home-movies-with-funny-commentary called *A Curious Evening with Gypsy Rose Lee.*

Havoc continued her ascent—her name above the title for 30 years—winning straight dramatic roles on Broadway; playing in Albee, Cocteau, Shakespeare, Sheridan, et al.; returning to musicals for *Sweeney Todd* and *Annie;* and appearing in 44 films. She had a long, close marriage to the late writer-producer Bill Spier. She even got a bit of her own back in 1963 when she directed *Marathon '33,* a play she'd written based on experiences described in *Early Havoc.* Gower Champion loved the script and took it to none other than David Merrick, who wanted to produce the show (small world, isn't it?). At contract time, when Merrick stipulated that Havoc would have no say in this show about her life (again?), she pulled the project. Ten offers later, Havoc handed it to the Actors Studio, directing it herself, with Julie Harris starring. Havoc and Harris were both nominated for Tonys.



BERNADETTE'S TURN
Bernadette Peters, who will be playing Madam Rose in a Broadway revival of *Gypsy,* was photographed in New York City on October 9, 2002.

In California, Gypsy traded designer gowns for sunsuits and gardening gloves. An Eve with no need of Adam—"It's so peaceful to live alone," she told *Look*—she was busy turning the place into her own personal Eden, half the living room fenced off for an aviary, and the grounds a mass of animals, flowering vines, and secret gardens. "The fish are all happy and so tame now they won't move over when I have to get into the pool." When Gypsy was offered her own talk show, her new life was complete.

"I would say the happiest time in my mother's life professionally, aside from when she was writing, was when she was doing her television show, *Gypsy,*" says Erik. "It was the absolute pinnacle of everything that she had learned and done and was. She was a force of personality. And it was this wonderful extension of her."

"She was Auntie Mame," says Kaye Ballard, a friend from the 60s. "She was fun. Totally in another world."

With the success of her talk show came the promise of plenty, "more money," Erik says, "than she could have ever dreamt of." But there was a serpent in the garden. Gypsy had always had nagging health problems: ulcers (she'd quit drinking regularly around 1940), colitis, bouts of tooth and gum infection that caused intense pain and swelling. And there was all that smoking over the years: "Three tins of fifties, dear," she once told Havoc. "That's a hundred and fifty Turkish cigs a day."

"So many delicate pieces of the body," Havoc says. "So many parts couldn't take it. The engine was too strong for the body, like certain cars at the time."

In the early 1960s a tumor was found and Gypsy had a hysterectomy. In November of 1969 she was diagnosed with lung cancer, which had spread.

"She wouldn't talk about it," says Havoc, then artistic director of the Repertory Theatre in New Orleans. Between productions she flew to her sister's bedside. "She was wonderful. She was gallant."

And just once she did talk about it. Havoc was helping Gypsy in the bathroom, holding her because she was so weak. "All she said was 'Isn't this terrible, June?' And I said something like 'Just ridiculously terrible.' And then she said, 'This is a present, you know. From mother.'"

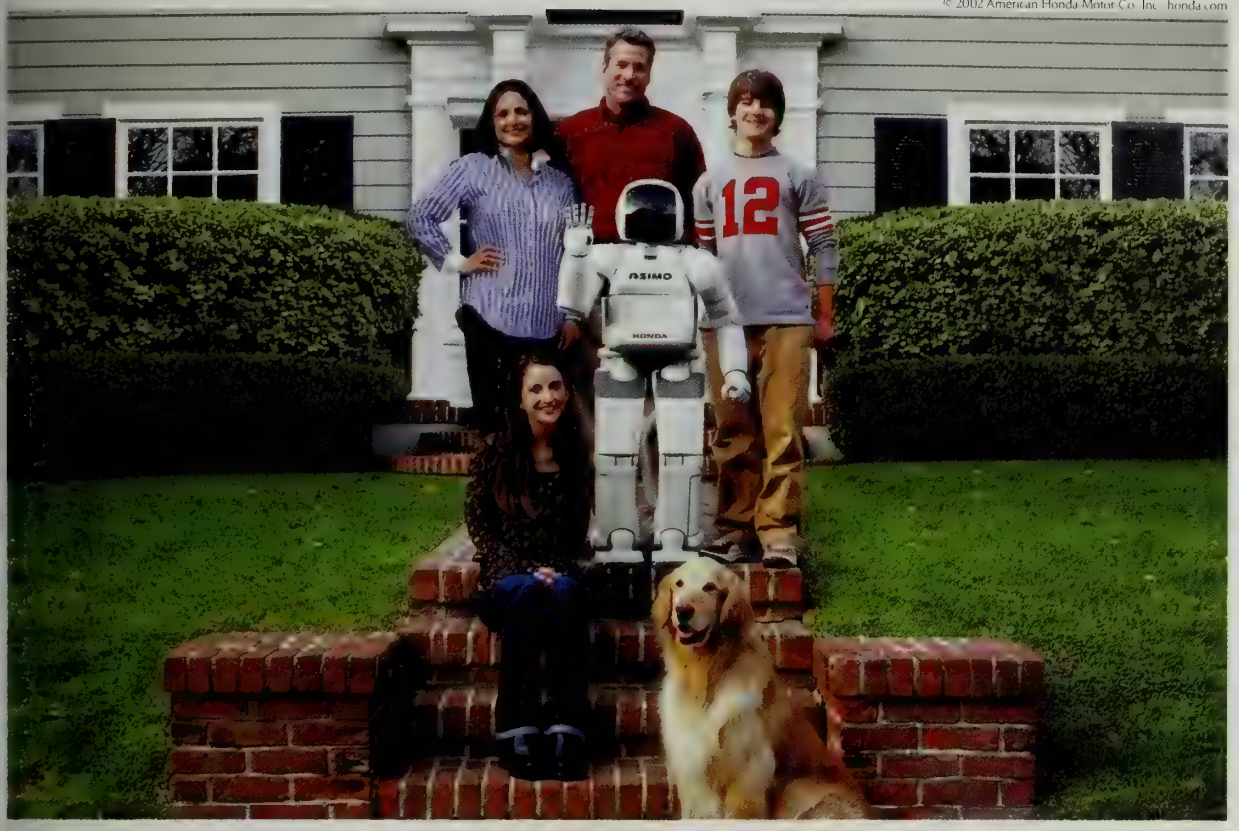
On April 26, 1970, in an ambulance on the way to the hospital—in hope of a reprieve—Gypsy died. The obituaries said she was 56, born in 1914, but that was a doctored date; she was really 59. The number that cannot be doctored: Gypsy was born when Rose Hovick was 16, and lived 16 years after Rose. They were the same age at death.

"Wherever we go, / Whatever we do, / We're gonna go through it together." This spring the musical comes back to Broadway with Sam Mendes directing and Bernadette Peters starring as Rose. Take a look at her lyrics. Without music, just words on a page, a bitter wind rises. "You'll never get away from me. / You can climb the tallest tree, / I'll be there somehow."

June Havoc, now living on a four-acre farm in Stamford, Connecticut, blessing the animals every year on her birthday, she got away. But what about Gypsy? From Rose Louise to Yankee Rose to Hard-Boiled Rose to Gypsy Rose to "Everything's Coming Up Roses," she was caught on a thorn—bound finally to her mother in that musical. All those Roses, too many, for the baby washed in snow. □

PHOTOGRAPH BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI

© 2002 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. - honda.com



We're building a dream, one robot at a time.

The dream was simple. Design a robot that, one day, could duplicate the complexities of human motion and actually help people. An easy task? Hardly. But after more than 15 years of research and development, the result is ASIMO, an advanced robot with unprecedented human-like abilities. ASIMO walks forward and backward, turns corners, and goes up and down stairs with ease. All with a remarkable sense of strength and balance.

The future of this exciting technology is even more promising. ASIMO has the potential to respond to simple voice commands, recognize faces, carry loads and even push wheeled objects. This means that, one day, ASIMO could be quite useful in some very important tasks. Like assisting the elderly, and even helping with household chores. In essence, ASIMO might serve as another set of eyes, ears and legs for all kinds of people in need.

All of this represents the steps we're taking to develop products that make our world a better place. And in ASIMO's case, it's a giant step in the right direction.

HONDA

The power of dreams.™

COLE HAAN

NIKE technology

VANITIES



★ This Month ★

GEORGE WAYNE
HAS A BALL WITH DYAN CANNON

NEAL POLLACK
AMERICA'S GREATEST WRITER PROCREATES

INTELLIGENCE REPORT
THE AXIS OF POWER RESTAURANTS

Plus:
WHAT'S IN, WHAT'S OUT, AND MORE!

Agnes Bruckner

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 17, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Los Angeles. **FROM DAYTIME . . . :** Bruckner got her start at the age of 11 on *The Bold and the Beautiful.* Of the soap, she says, "It was a really good experience, and I basically learned everything I needed to, but it wasn't my cup of tea. About a year and a half into it I decided I wanted to leave." **. . . TO THE BIG TIME:** Next month, she stars with David Strathairn in *Blue Car,* a dark coming-of-age drama that made the film-festival rounds last year. "I never expected it to get into Sundance and the Toronto Film Festival—it was really great. I'm really proud of the film." **ALL WORK AND NO PLAY:** "I'm shooting a movie in North Carolina right now called *Stateside,* with Val Kilmer, Rachael Leigh Cook, Joe Mantegna, and Carrie Fisher. And I just finished doing a movie in Russia called *The Long Sunset,* with Anne Archer and Gérard Depardieu." **IN A FEW YEARS *EVERYONE* WILL BE SPEAKING HUNGARIAN:** "We shot *The Long Sunset* in St. Petersburg. I grew up in L.A., but my mom is Russian, so I've been there before—it's beautiful. And I speak Russian. And Hungarian . . . my father lives in Hungary." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WHITE

Intelligence Report: POWER RESTAURANTS



	MICHAEL'S	BOMBAY CLUB	GRILL ON THE ALLEY	AGO	ELAINE
LOCATION	Midtown Manhattan ▶	Washington, D.C. ▶	Beverly Hills ▶	West Hollywood	Upper East Side,
PRIME TIME	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch	Late dinner	Dinner
THE CROWD	◀ Literary overlords	The secret government	Agents	Hollywood and Eurotrash	Literary N.Y.C.
MAYOR	Sam Cohn	Karl Rove ▶	Jim Wyatt	◀ Robert De Niro	Georg ◀ Plimpt
POWER TABLE	No. 1, in front window	Private dining room	Booths along the walls	On the smoking patio ▼	Right-sic window
UMBRELLA	Glassed-in ▶ Garden Room	On the sidewalk	Center tables	Maître d' adjacent	Bac
SIGNATURE DISH	Roasted chicken	Tandoori salmon ▶	Cobb salad	T-bone steak	Veal
DÉCOR	Modern art	Jungle-cruise ◀ elegant	Edward Hopper goes Beverly Hills	Melrose warehouse with Tuscan flourishes	Literary bric-
DRESS CODE	Armani	Jos. A. Bank	DKNY power suit, no tie	Plunging neckline and perpetual tan	Frayed crewneck
HOT DATA	Whose head is next to roll at AOL Time Warner	Daily threat estimate	The *real* ▶ weekend grosses	Sunset Room doorman's cell-phone number	Phone number Mailer's orth
PICKUP LINE	"Has anyone ever told you you look like Ken Auletta?"	"I got the keys to the Undisclosed Location for the night."	"My agent's got a better table than your agent."	"Didn't you double for my butt last year?"	"This m last chan ◀ my m
GOLDEN AGE	2002	◀ Bush I	◀ Big 80s	1999	19
CLOSEST POWER HUBS	ICM, William Morris	The White House, K Street lobbyists	CAA, Endeavor, William Morris, UTA	Miramax	George Plim house
MVP	◀ Liz Smith	Condoleezza Rice	Maître d' Michael Goddard	Gwyneth Paltrow ▶	Soon
FAUX PAS	...ing straight ...r table	Asking Condoleezza Rice to play "Happy Birthday" on the piano	Wearing a tie ▶	Tipping co-owner Christopher Walken	Order drinks
NO. 1 COMPLAINT	"Ch... a:	"How am I gonna sit through a four-hour intelligence briefing with a belly full of *sag paneer*?"	Not having Mike Ovitz to kick around anymore	Two A.M. closing time	The fo

—RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAI

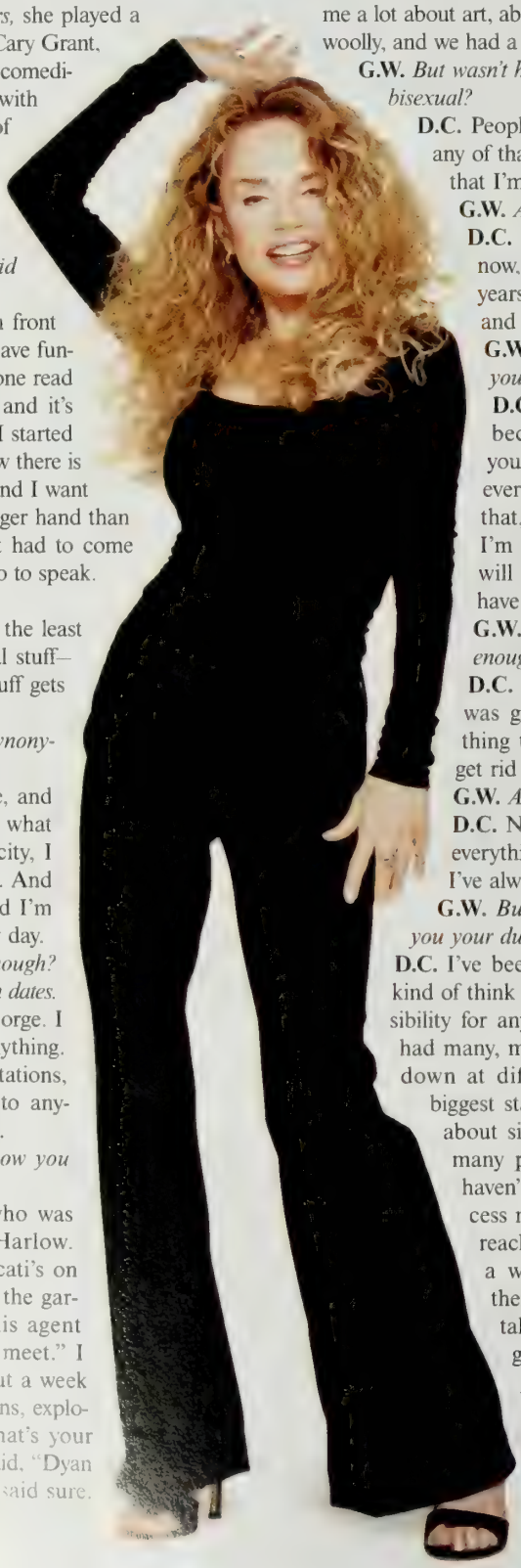
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER


MARINA RINA
STYLE IS NOT A SIZE... IT'S AN ATT
New York - Beverly Hills - Boston - Ba

GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Cannon fire

Dyan Cannon cannot seem to shake her status as a sex symbol: on *Ally McBeal,* she played a judge not averse to "seeing counsel in her chambers," and on her recent NBC comedy *Three Sisters,* she played a former Playboy Bunny. The ex-wife of Cary Grant, and one of Hollywood's most versatile comediennes, now takes a moment to speak with our correspondent about the origin of her stage name, the prayer meetings she leads, and life with Grant.



George Wayne: *So tell me about these Christian parties you have. When did you find Jesus?*

Dyan Cannon: Have you ever been in front of the camera? You're so funny. You have funny line readings. I've never heard anyone read lines like you. You make me laugh, and it's hard to make me laugh. A while ago I started reading the Bible, and, honestly, I know there is a lot about myself that's screwed up, and I want to fix it, and I needed help from a bigger hand than the one I've got. So I just thought it had to come from another place—a higher power, so to speak.

G.W. *That is very succinct.*

D.C. It's fun, George, and it's not in the least religious. We just talk about practical stuff—how to get through the day when stuff gets in the way.

G.W. *The name "Dyan Cannon" is synonymous with Hollywood.*

D.C. I have been around for a while, and I'm proud of that, but I'll tell you what I'm really happy about: I love this city, I love the people, and I love what I do. And I've still got the stars in my eyes, and I'm still excited about going to work every day.

G.W. *When exactly were you born, though? You seem to have so many different birth dates.*

D.C. I know. Just leave it at that, George. I don't like putting numbers next to anything. Most people think in terms of limitations, and when you put a number next to anything, it limits it, and I'm not limited.

G.W. *Can you tell the story about how you got the name Dyan Cannon?*

D.C. That was from Jerry Wald, who was interviewing people to play Jean Harlow. An agent walked up to me at Frascati's on Sunset Boulevard. I was working in the garment industry at the time, and this agent said, "I have somebody for you to meet." I walked into Jerry Wald's office about a week later, and he said, "Oh my God! Guns, explosions, cannonballs!" He said, "What's your name?" I said, "Dyan [illegible]." He said, "Dyan Cannon . . . you like that?" I said sure.

So I walked in Dyan Friesen and walked out Dyan Cannon.

G.W. *What can you say about your famous marriage to Cary Grant?*

D.C. An awesome man: gorgeous, best dresser I ever knew, taught me a lot about art, about life. The time together was wild and woolly, and we had a wonderful daughter. An amazing man.

G.W. *But wasn't he, like, a major switch-hitter—wasn't he bisexual?*

D.C. People talk about all that, but I never saw any of that, George. I don't know. All I know is that I'm just so glad I knew him.

G.W. *Are you dating now, and mating?*

D.C. No, I don't have anybody in my life now, and haven't had for about five or six years. I just needed the time for reflection and cleansing.

G.W. *You can't be completely cleansed until you write that book, Dyan.*

D.C. I had a deal, but I had to break it because when you tell the truth about yourself, you have to tell the truth about everybody else, too. And I couldn't do that, go through other people's lives. So I'm going to write another book, but it will be a book about myself that won't have to implicate others.

G.W. *Honey, give me the dirt—there are enough self-help books out there.*

D.C. You know what, George? If the dirt was going to help you, I would. But the thing that's going to help us all is to really get rid of the ca-ca.

G.W. *Are you in therapy?*

D.C. No, not for years. I did all that. I tried everything, but I was never part of any clique. I've always just kind of done my own thing.

G.W. *But do you think Hollywood has given you your due as a multi-dimensional talent?*

D.C. I've been very blessed in Hollywood, and I kind of think that I'm going to have to take responsibility for anything that happens, because I have had many, many opportunities that I have turned down at different times in my life. To be the biggest star in Hollywood was my priority for about six months, because I have known so many people that are the biggest and that haven't really known happiness. To me, success means being happy without having to reach for a joint or a needle, or a man or a woman, or whatever. Let's get real—there are a lot of battles. But they don't take me out like they used to. I used to go to bed for two or three days and just not be able to get over it emotionally, because I'm so sensitive and I just didn't know how to put it together. So I've diligently studied for the last 35 years.



You'll laugh. You'll cry.
You'll thank God this isn't your family.

ilable February 11th on DVD and VHS wherever videos are sold.

PLAYTONE HBO VIDEO Gold Circle

PG

20 Home Box Office, a Division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. HBO® and Home Box Office® are service marks of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

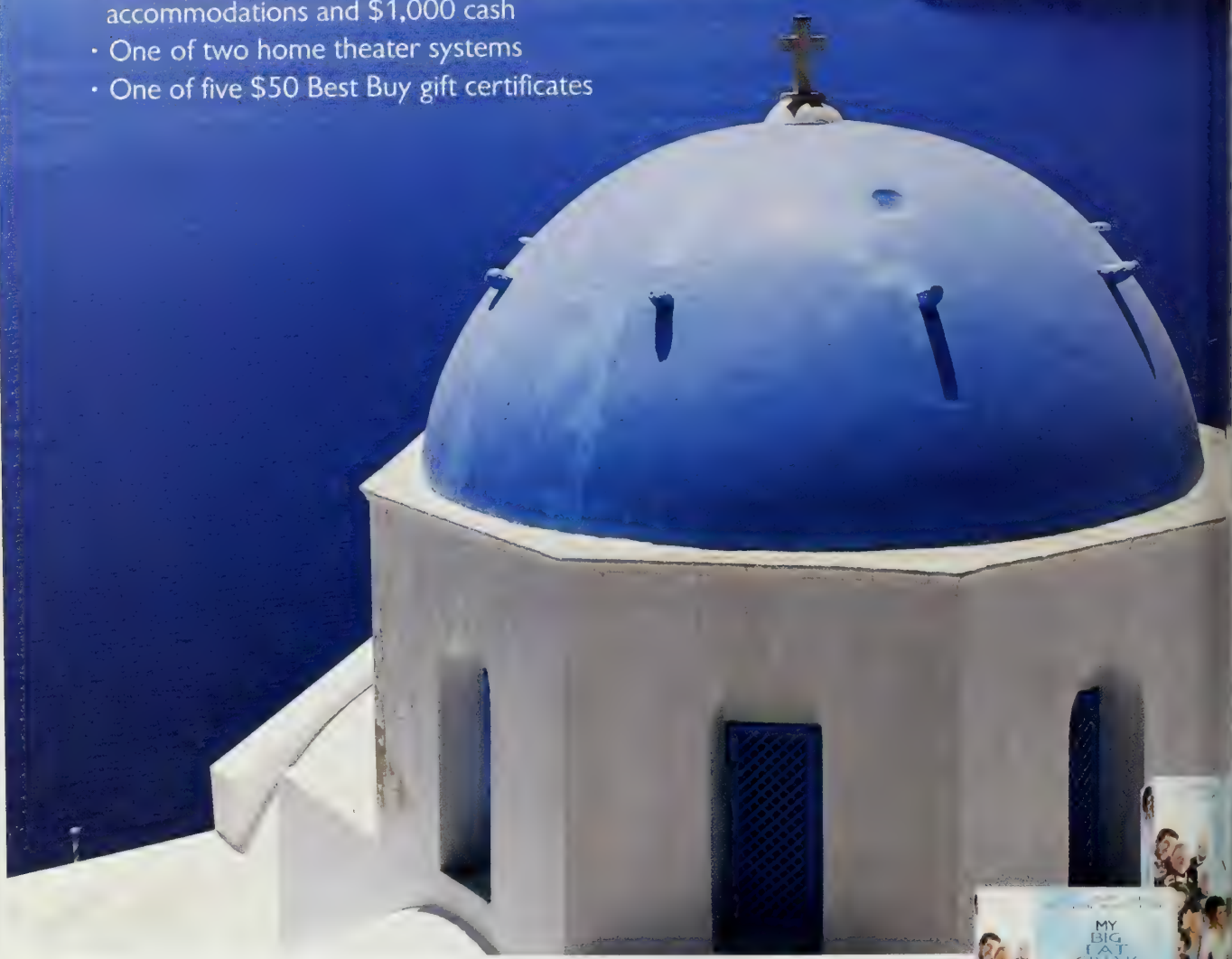
YOU COULD WIN

TWO TICKETS TO PARADI

STRIKE GOLD AT BEST BUY WITH MY BIG FAT GREEK WEDD

Look for a winning game piece inside your specially marked copy of ***My Big Fat Greek Wedding*** on DVD or VHS at Best Buy stores starting February 11th. If you find one, you could win one of several great prizes, including:

- A seven-day fantasy getaway for two to Greece, including air transportation, hotel accommodations and $1,000 cash
- One of two home theater systems
- One of five $50 Best Buy gift certificates





BRING THE CELEBRATION HOME ON DVD OR VHS

Pick up your copy of the new HBO release ***My Big Fat Greek Wedding*** on DVD or VHS at participating Best Buy stores and check for a game piece inside the box.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. PURCHASE DOES NOT ENHANCE CHANCES OF WINNING. Only open & offered to legal U.S. residents (except FL) 18 or older. Void in FL & where prohibited. Game ends 4/1/03 or when supplies are exhausted (whichever occurs first). Subject to full Official Rules. TO PLAY: Look for winning game pieces inside specially marked DVD & VHS packages of My Big Fat Greek Wedding sold at Best Buy stores (while supplies last). For a chance to win without purchase (while supplies last) & full rules, send hand printed self-addressed, 1st class stamped, envelope to: Two Tickets to Paradise Game, P.O. Box 3493, Young America, MN 55558-3493. Residents of VT may omit return postage. Requests must be postmarked by 4/2/03 & received by 4/16/03. Limit 1 request per outer stamped envelope. If you receive a game piece in a DVD or VHS copy of *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* or by mail that reads, "You are a winner. Redeem for prize. you win the stated prize (subject to verification). Non-winning DVD and VHS packages will not contain any type of game piece or message. If you receive a message by mail or [illegible] you haven't won. Please try again." you have not won. PRIZES/ODDS: Grand Prize (1): A 7-day/6-night trip for 2 to Athens, Greece, ARV $6,500. Odds 1:74,800. First Prize (2): A home theater system, ARV $1,000 each. Odds 1:187,000. Second Prize (5): A $50 Best Buy gift certificate. Odds 1:74,800. Unclaimed prizes [illegible], 110 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036-6737 & Condé Nast Publications, Corporate Sales, 4 Times Square, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10036-65

Neal Pollack's Having a Baby

The world's greatest living writer tackles fatherhood



n the near light of dawn, my infant boy sleeps. I've been watching him for only a couple of minutes, but he's so tender and peaceful that I could watch for at least a couple more. From this angle, he ts like me. Not as handsome, naturally, but the re- blance is there. I have reproduced.

efore this child, I didn't think at all about being a er. But now I think about it all the time, and I'm glad that I do, because it's given me an immense ount of amusing yet also touching material. The phean demands of time and energy that fatherhood loaded upon me like a basket onto the back of a mar- mule might prevent this column from appearing every ith. But I intend to write as often as possible about how changed as a man.

My son's mother, who I believe is named Laura, stirs in her bed.

"You're back," she says.

"Yeah," I say. "That party I went to tonight without you was kin'!"

"The boy missed you," she says.

"And I missed him," I say. "So much. I'll miss him even e while I'm in New York meeting with the television pro- er who wants to adapt my novel into a weekly series for ba- cable."

he begins to cry. I'm leaving again, but there's nothing I can My career means slightly less than it used to, but I still must for my family.

"Take it easy, babe," I say. "I'll be back in less than a ith."

write a check and leave it on my boy's chest. He breathes. The check rises and falls. Maybe he'll be a little more interesting next time I see him.

As soon as Jill opens the door, I can see she's pregnant. And I mean very pregnant. This is no beginning of pregnancy. She's ready to burst.

"It's mine, isn't it?" I say.

She throws her arms around my neck and weeps with joy.

"Of course!" she says. "The ultrasound showed an unusual amount of brain activity! Only you could sire such an intelligent little girl!"

Having a pregnant woman dependent on you really does something to a man. It's so remarkable to see the body of someone you kind of care about mutate into a hideous CONTINUED ON PAGE 230

NIGHT TABLE READING



CONOR OBERST
musician

Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, by Carson cCullers (Bantam). "I've spent a lot defending/explaining my age and how ffects the validity of my art. McCullers culates the desperation, ecstasy, and on of being human and nearly confirms owing older only pollutes one's concept uth, and proves a newborn is still the wisest creature on earth."

ANDREW MACKENZIE
fashion designer

Il Duce's Other Woman, by Philip V. Cannistraro and Brian R. Sullivan (Morrow). "It's about Mussolini's Jewish mistress. Peeking at those love letters and diaries is like discovering the unknown, softer side of the famous Italian dictator."





RUBÉN BLADES
musician, actor, activist

Ralph Ellison: Emergence of Genius, by Lawrence Jackson (John Wiley & Sons). "I didn't know much about the backgrounds of African-American writers. The book helped explain a critical period of social and political development and the relationship between black and white cultures. The way Ellison interpreted it proves that his was a very powerful intellect."

ROB THOMAS
singer, songwriter, Matchbox Twenty

Stupid White Men, by Michael Moore (Regan Books). "I think Moore is such a smart guy, and I've always been a fan of his point of view. This is the kind of book that can make you mad about the state of things in our country, and then make you want to do something about it."



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 229 parody of itself. Pregnancy is strange. It's certainly different than not being pregnant.

"I'm in town for only a couple of days," I say. "And I'm really busy."

"That's O.K.!" Jill says. "It's just so wonderful to see you! If you can play any part, even a small one, in our lives, we'll be grateful!"

I wonder if that gratitude extends to blow jobs on demand. Obviously, I hope so. In about an hour, I have to go to a movie premiere.

In a world as addicted to oil consumption as I am to hot sex, Venezuela plays a prominent role. I've come here to examine the truth about Venezuelan life, to find out if President-for-Life Hugo Chávez is really as much of a jerk in person as he appears to be when he gives interviews. The streets teem with anti-Chávez demonstrators. Other streets teem with pro-Chávez demonstrators. Man. This country is screwed.

> "Nealoberto! Come here and meet your father!"

Two hours later I'm at the coast, on the beach of a private estate to which I have an extra key. Consuela sits under a palm, fanning her perfect brown breasts with a frond. We need not say anything to each other. It's been years. I kiss her. My passion mixes with the cool breeze to create the perfect cocktail of love. Here on this beach, my true heart's desire percolates.

An hour later, we lie under a blanket. The stars have begun to appear in the sky, though it's not yet dusk. I look at my watch and wonder if I can catch the late ferry to Saint Vincent.

I hear a voice, in Spanish, call from the veranda.

"Mamacita!" it says.

I look around to see a boy, perhaps seven or eight, who looks exactly like me. Goddammit. When will these women stop trying to trap me? Suddenly, the immense responsibilities of fatherhood crush my chest like a cooler full of bottled beer. Where are my pants? I have to get out of here!

"Nealoberto!" Consuela says. "Come down here and meet your father!"

"Oh, boy!" says my son.

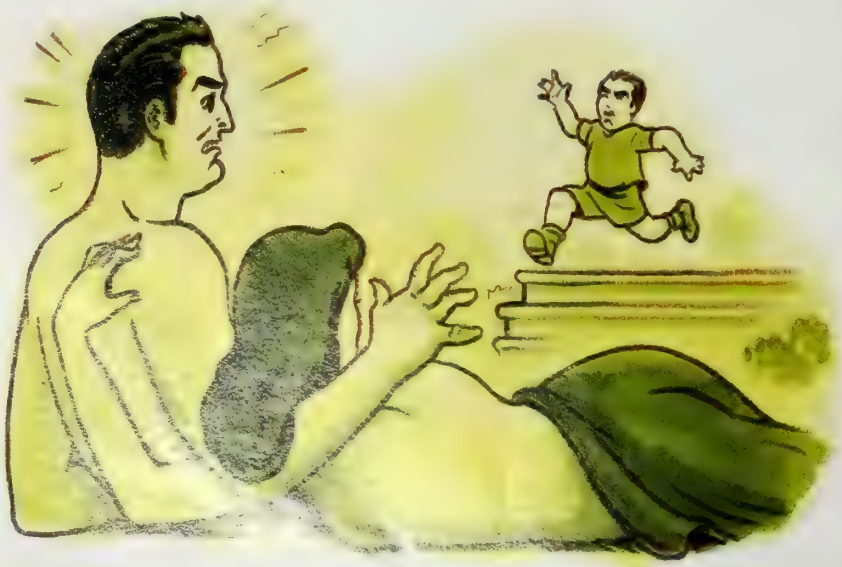
We meet. His skin is smooth, his grip firm. The ladies are going to love him, which, from my experience, is a curse. But it's my job to watch and let the kid make his own damn mistakes. My warnings will mean nothing. That's the irony of being a dad.

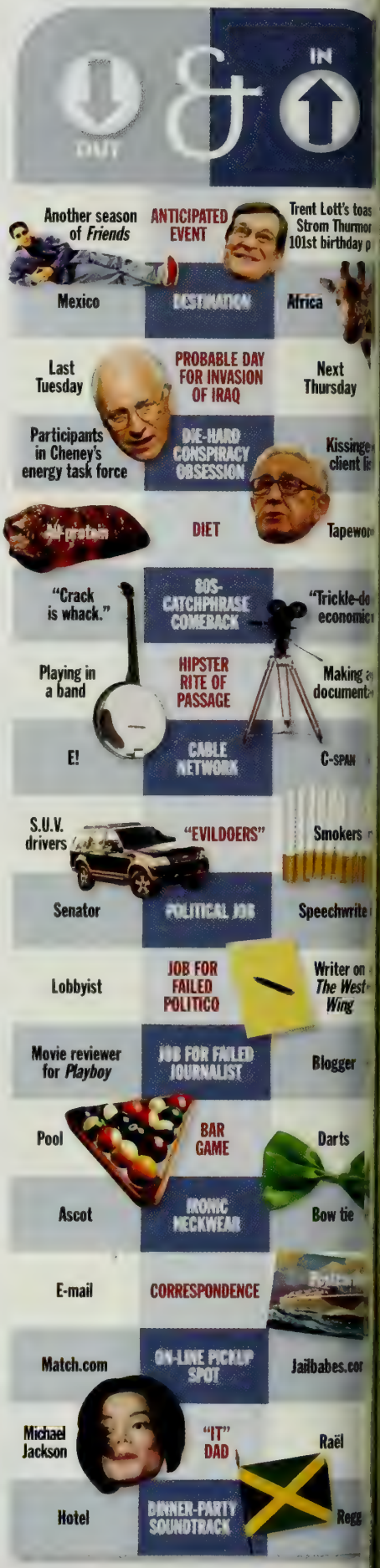
"I wrote a story," he says. "Do you want to see it?"

"Of course," I say.

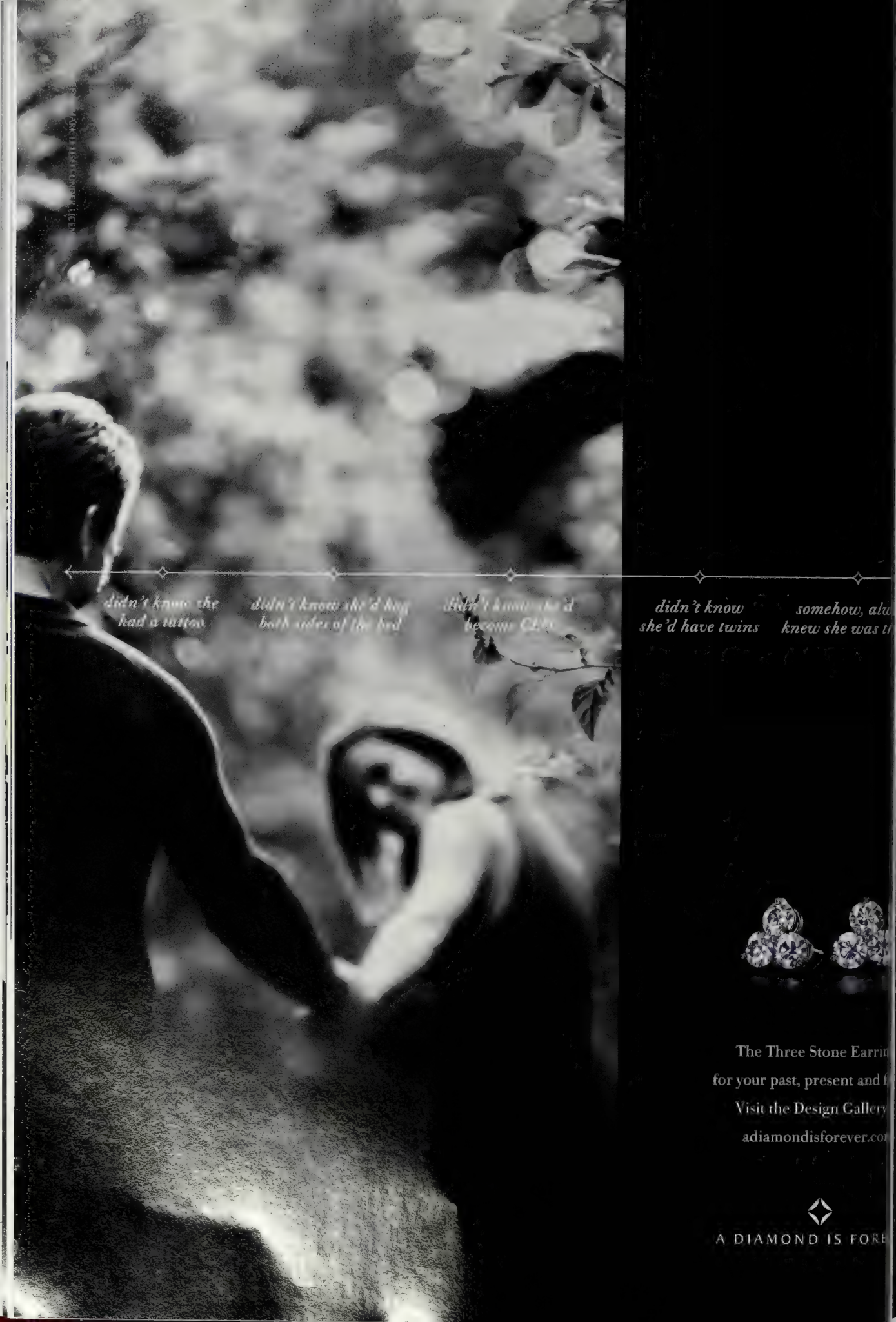
He hands me a two-page fable, which he's illustrated himself, beautifully. I read it and discover that, like me, he possesses magnificent literary talent. The piece is reminiscent of Kafka, Calvino, and Borges, yet it's also somehow completely unique. My Venezuelan son is a wonderful writer, and I'm so proud.

"Consuela," I say, "I think I'm going to stay over tonight."






ALTOIDS
LEMON WEDGIE
THE CURIOUSLY STRONG SOURS®



The Three Stone Earri
for your past, present and f
Visit the Design Gallery
adiamondisforever.co

A DIAMOND IS FORE

MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



OVER THE PAST TWO DECADES, A SINGLE NAME HAS BECOME SYNONYMOUS WITH *VANITY FAIR*'S VISUAL BRILLIANCE: ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, WHO HAS SHOT 104 COVERS AND COUNTLESS PORTRAITS FOR THE MAGAZINE. IN THIS 24-PAGE PORTFOLIO, ONE OF A SERIES OF 20TH-ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTES, *V.F.* HONORS THE ART OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER

ABOVE: ANNIE LEIBOVITZ AND CREW



ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, ACTOR
[illegible], CALIFORNIA, 1990





CHRISTIAN FLETCHER, SURFER,
AND MALCOLM MCLAREN, PRODUCER
PIPELINE, CALIFORNIA, 1988





JOHN MALKOVICH, ACTOR
NEW YORK CITY, 1984



SAM SHEPARD, ACTOR AND PLAYWRIGHT
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, 1984



WHOOPI GOLDBERG, COMEDIAN AND ACTRESS
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, 1984



MIKHAIL BARYSHNI
AND MARK MOR
DANCE INNOVAT
NEW YORK CITY



JESSYE NORMAN, OPERA SINGER
NEW YORK CITY, 1988



GREG LOUGANIS, OLYMPIC DIVER
LOS ANGELES, 1984



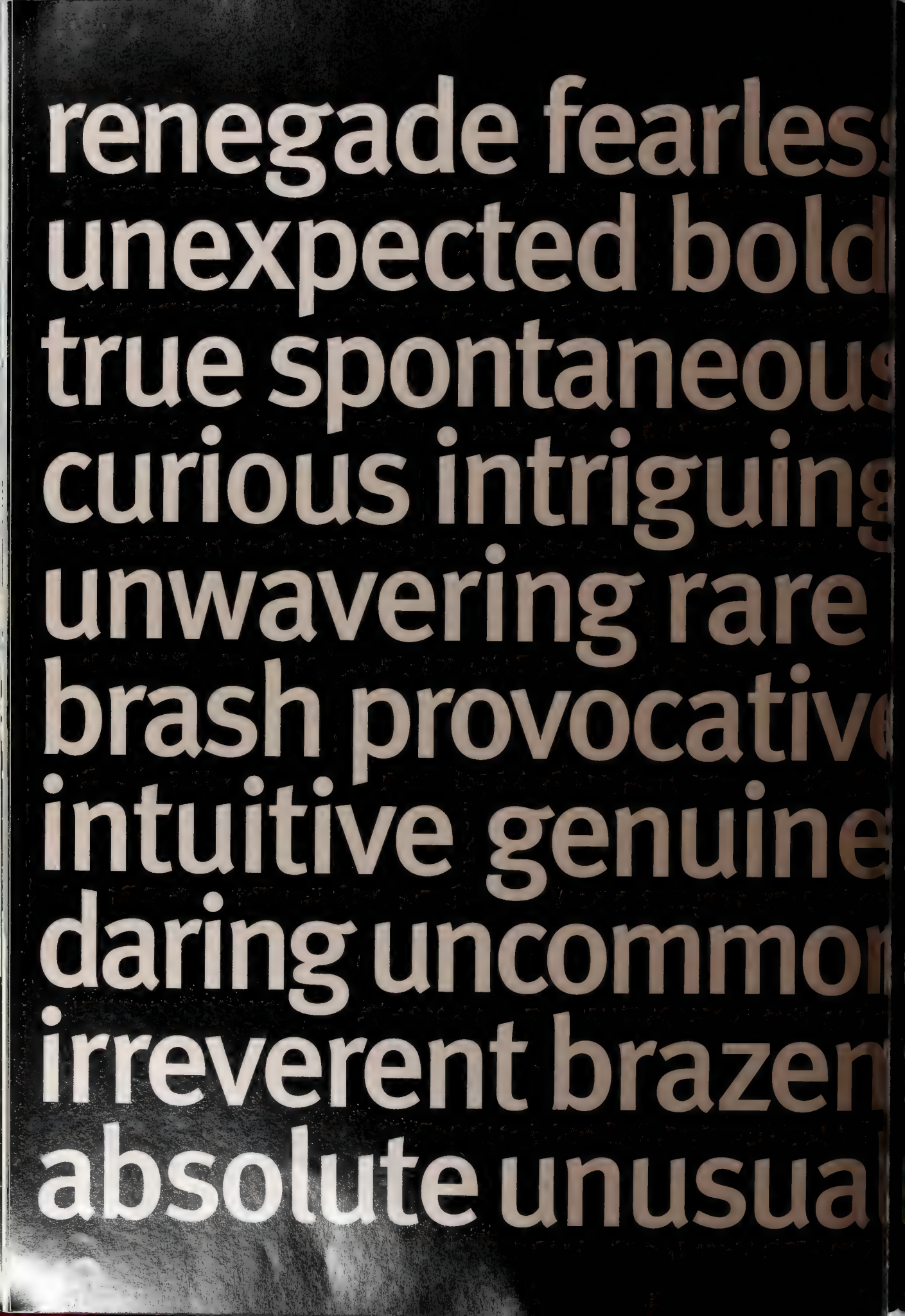
LEONARDO DiCAPRIO, ACTOR
TEJON RANCH, LEBEC, CALIFORNIA, 1997

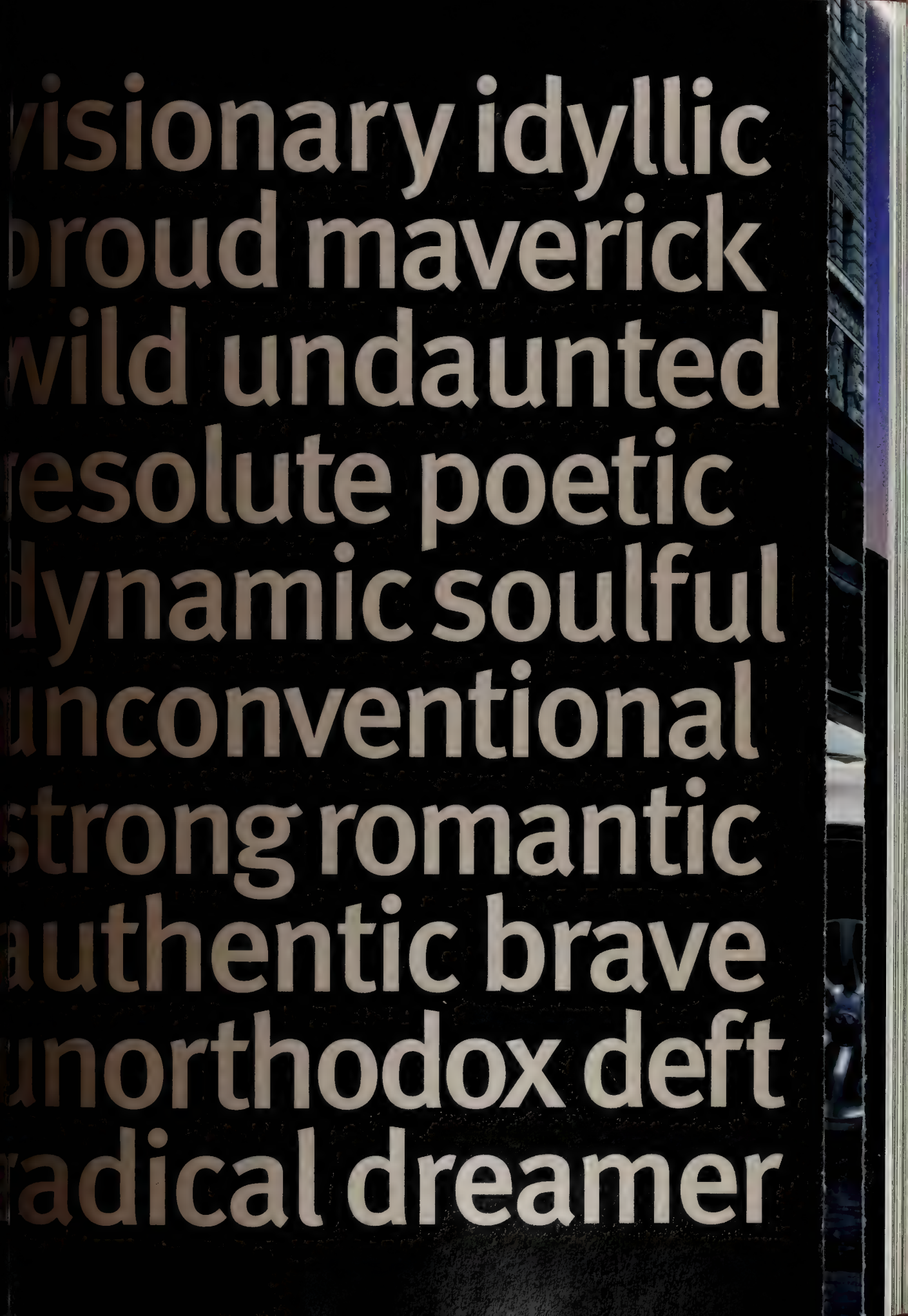


JERRY HALL, MODEL, WITH SON GABRIEL JAGGER
NEW YORK, 1983



SIGOURNEY WEAVER, ACTRESS
NEW YORK CITY, 1998


renegade fearles
unexpected bold
true spontaneou
curious intriguing
unwavering rare
brash provocative
intuitive genuine
daring uncommon
irreverent brazen
absolute unusua


visionary idyllic
proud maverick
wild undaunted
resolute poetic
dynamic soulful
unconventional
strong romantic
authentic brave
unorthodox deft
radical dreamer


Accelerating the future
INFINI


ou are. It is.™
s not easy being one of a kind. But with 20" wheels, SUV size, sports-car essence, all-wheel
ive and a 315-horsepower V8 monster under the hood, it sure is fun. Introducing the FX45.
t just an SUV, it's an S²UV. Exponentially more sport, and utility when you need it.
he new 315-hp FX45.

Welcome to the factory of "What if?"













What if an SUV put more emphasis on the S?

What if a muscle car had brains?

What if a sport coupe made you feel like a kid again?

Guided only by imagination and a healthy love for cars,

we set out to answer these questions.

After all, these are the cars we were promised.

Cars with the power to get our adrenaline flowing,

the ingenuity to get our minds racing

and the style to flat out turn heads.

Cars with DVD navigation, zero-lift aerodynamics,

voice-activated controls and horsepower to burn.

Cars you've only seen in your imagination.

Or your dreams.

"What if?"

At Infiniti, "What if?" has become "What is."

infiniti.com

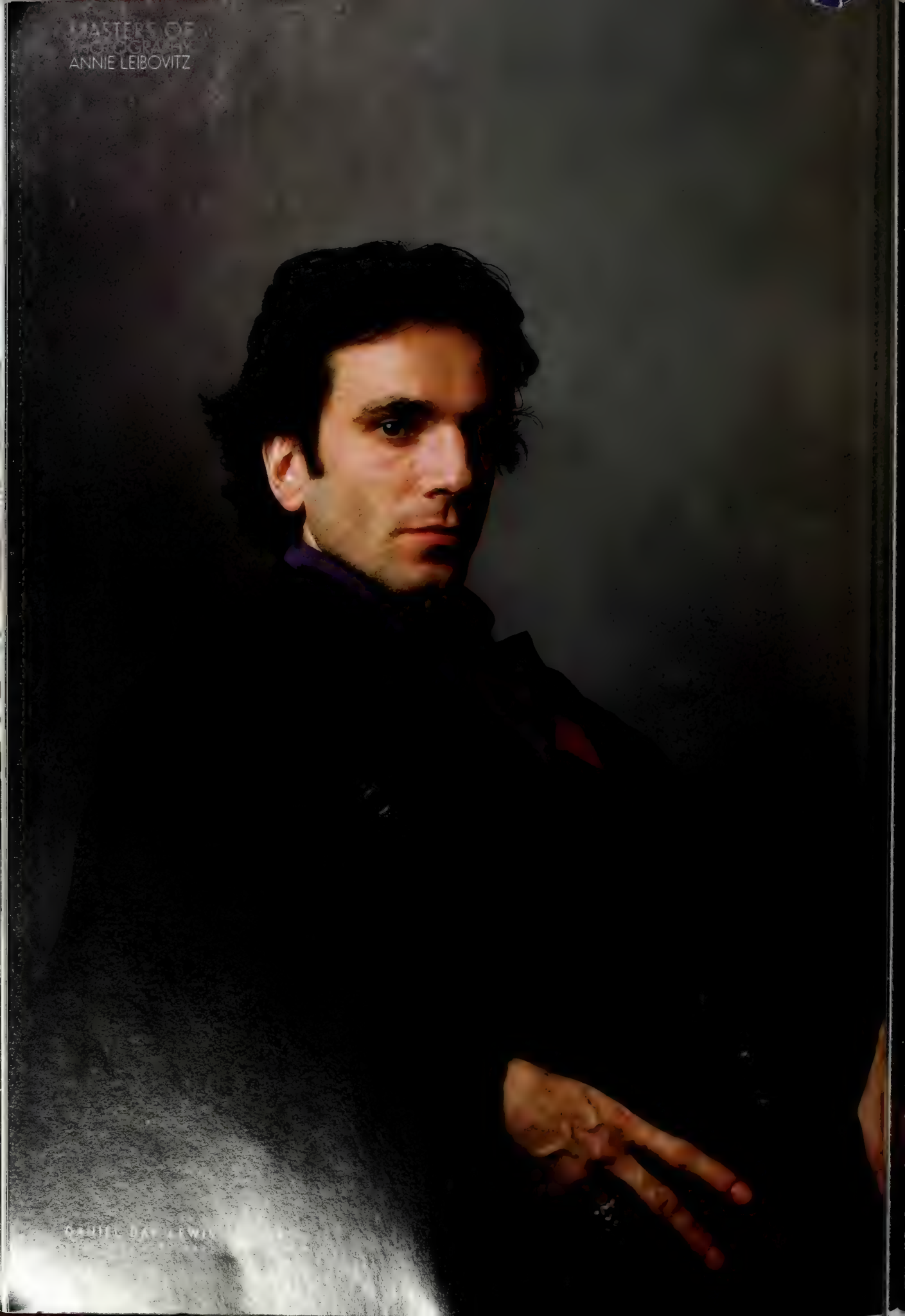
Accelerating the future

INFI



ISABELLA ROSSELLINI, ACTRESS,
AND DAVID LYNCH, DIRECTOR
NEW YORK CITY, 1986

MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ





DARCI KISTLER, DANCER, NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK CITY, 1990



KAREN FINLEY, PERFORMANCE ARTIST
NYACK, NEW YORK, 1992

MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



JIM CARREY, ACTOR
CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA, 2000

ST. JOHN
BY MARIE GRAY



ASSET ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO DALLAS HONOLULU HOUSTON LAS VEGAS NEW YORK ORLANDO PALM BEACH PALM DESERT SAN FRANCISCO SAN JOSE SHORT HILLS SOUTH COAST PLAZA



...KOANA MANHASSET BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO DALLAS HONOLULU HOUSTON



NEW YORK ORLANDO PALM BEACH PALM DESERT SAN FRANCISCO SAN JOSE SHORT HILLS SOUTH COAST PLAZA


ST. JOHN
BY MARIE GRAY
NEW MARBOUR
BEVERLY HILLS
CHICAGO
DALLAS
HONOLULU
HOUSTON



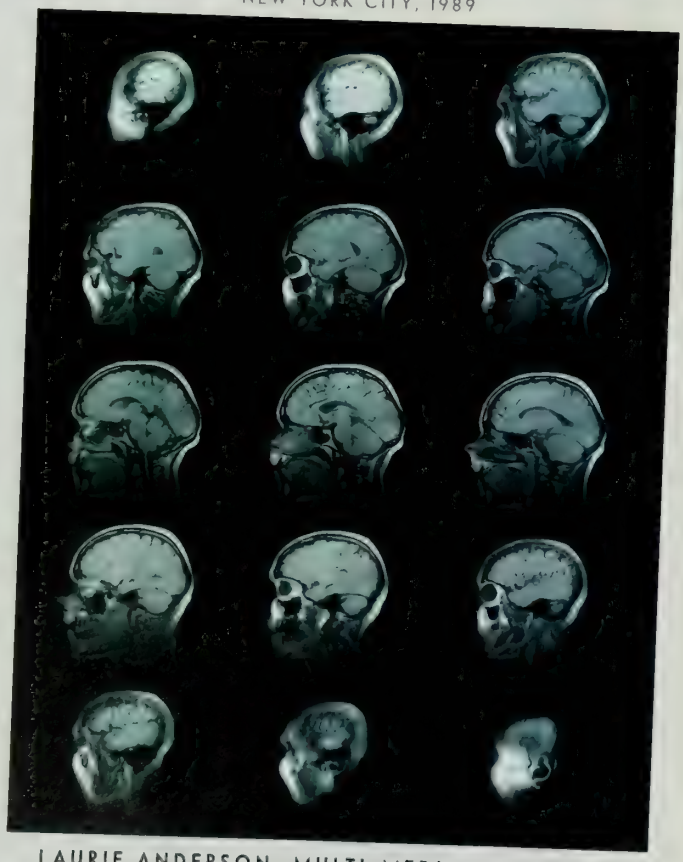
Kelly Gray is wearing St. John Evening in Santorini, Greece.


PHILIP GLASS COMPOSER



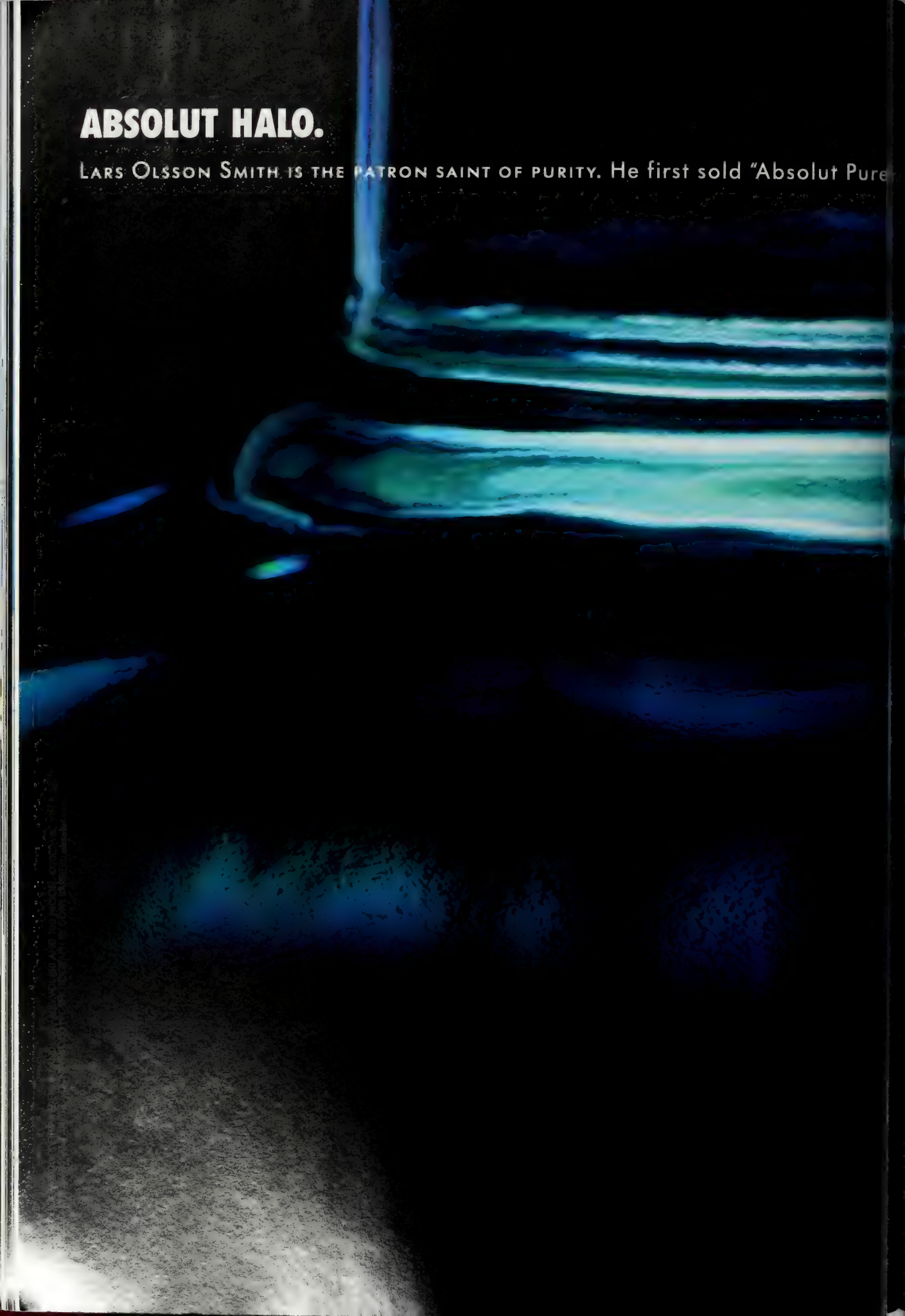


PETER SELLARS, THEATER DIRECTOR
NEW YORK CITY, 1989



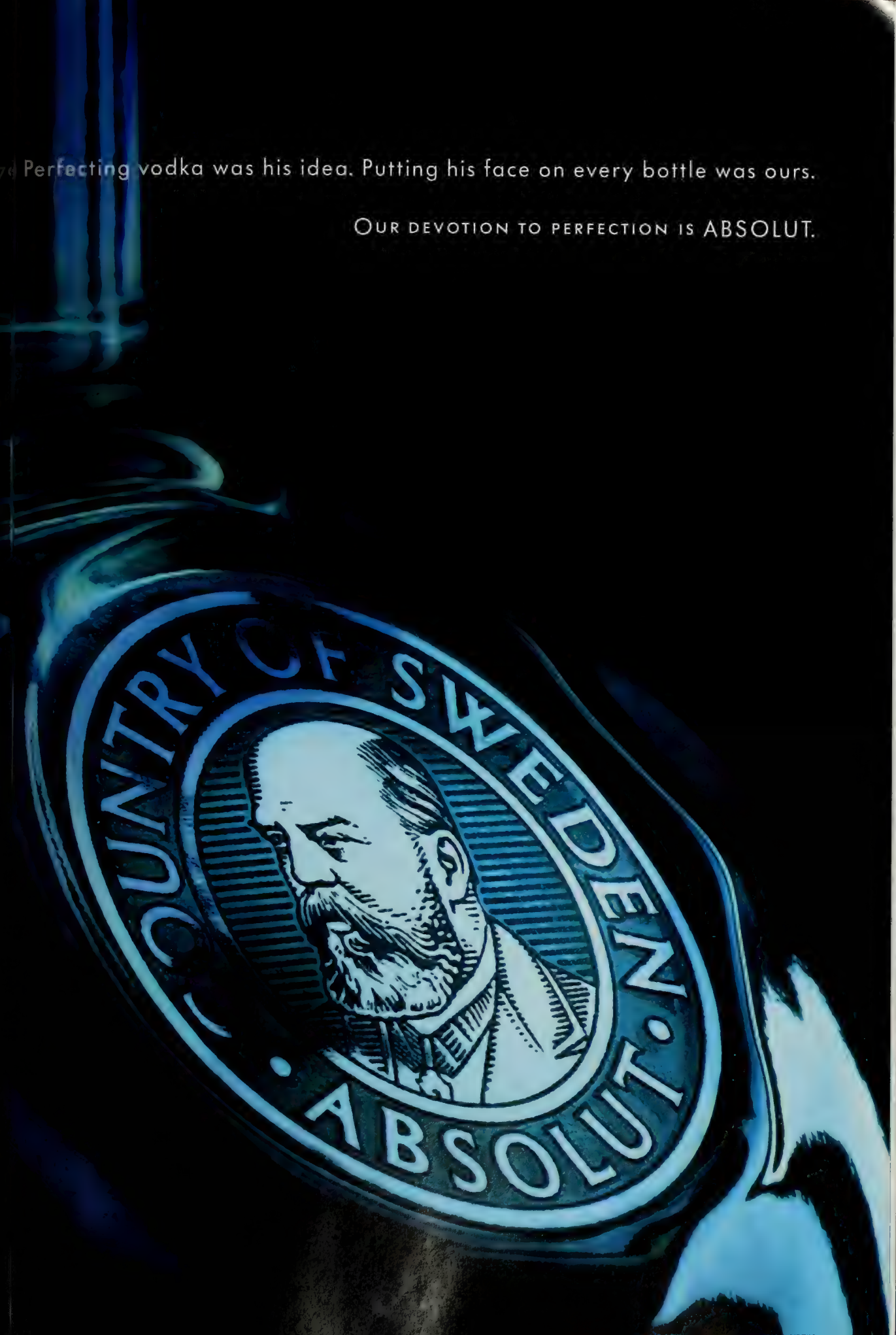
LAURIE ANDERSON, MULTI-MEDIA PERFORMER
NEW YORK CITY, 1991

2003

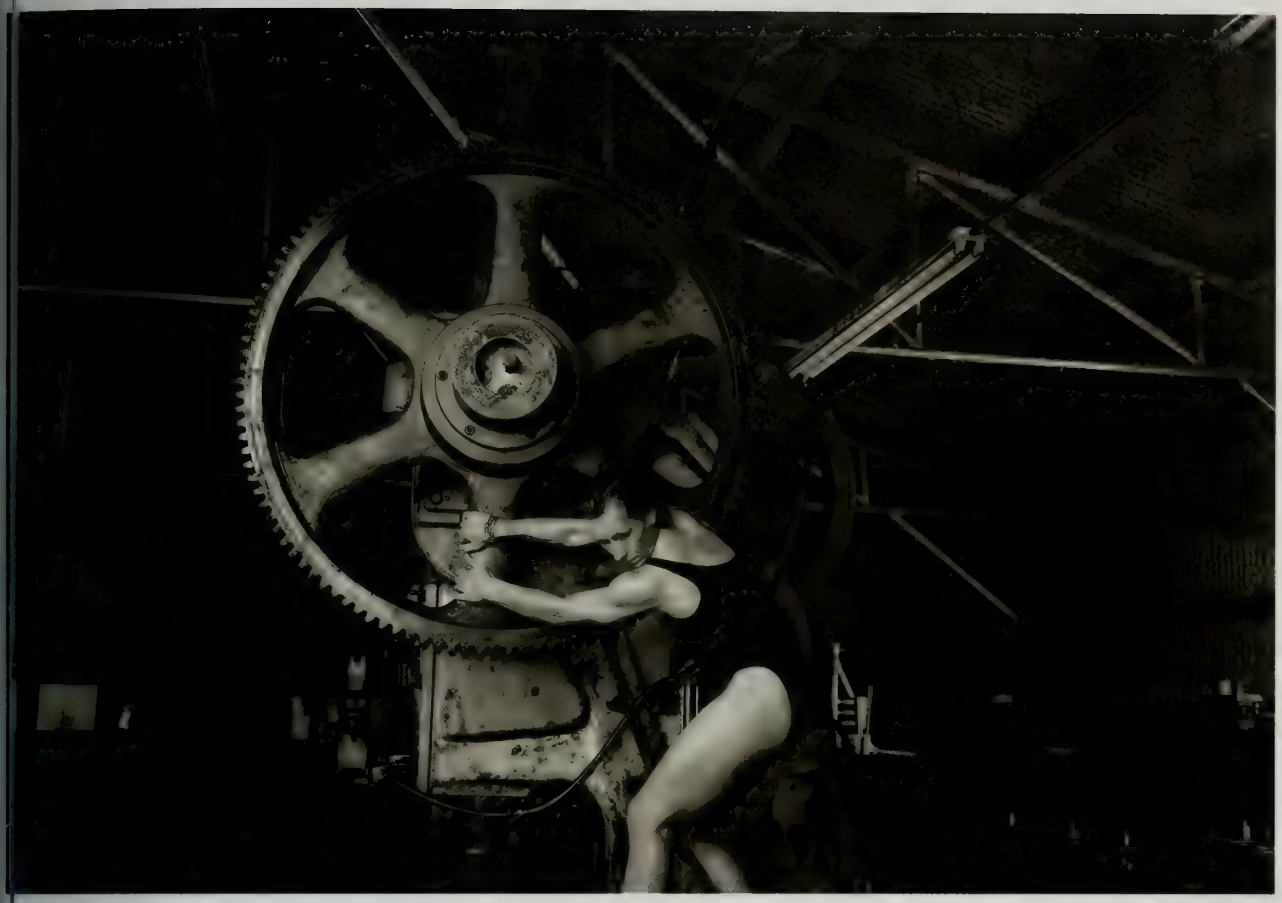

ABSOLUT HALO.
LARS OLSSON SMITH IS THE PATRON SAINT OF PURITY. He first sold "Absolut Pure

Perfecting vodka was his idea. Putting his face on every bottle was ours.

OUR DEVOTION TO PERFECTION IS ABSOLUT.




ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



MARTINA NAVRATILOVA, TENNIS PLAYER
DALLAS, 1994



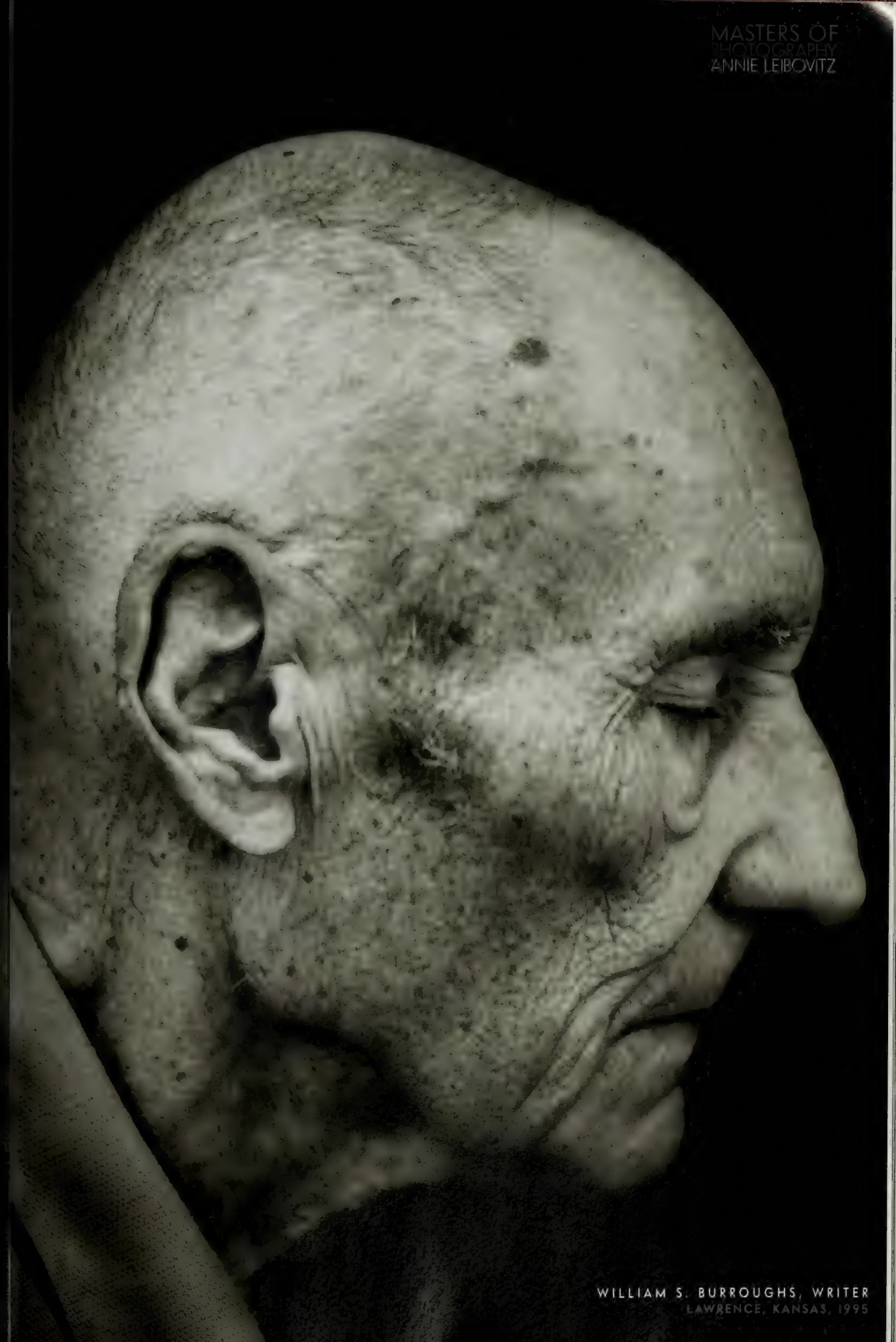
KRISTIN SCOTT THOMAS, ACTRESS
PARIS, 1997



DEMI MOORE, ACTRESS, WITH DAUGHTERS SCOUT, TALLULAH, AND RUMER
TEJON RANCH, LEBEC, CALIFORNIA, 2000



LANCE ARMSTRONG, CYCLIST
NEW YORK CITY, 1999



WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, WRITER
LAWRENCE, KANSAS, 1995




Can you wait?


Can you wait?
M2


Can you wait?



ke her maiden voyage January, 2004. To start your trip, call your travel agent or 1.800.7.CUNARD or visit www.cunard.com

Daniel Boulud The Planetarium Todd English

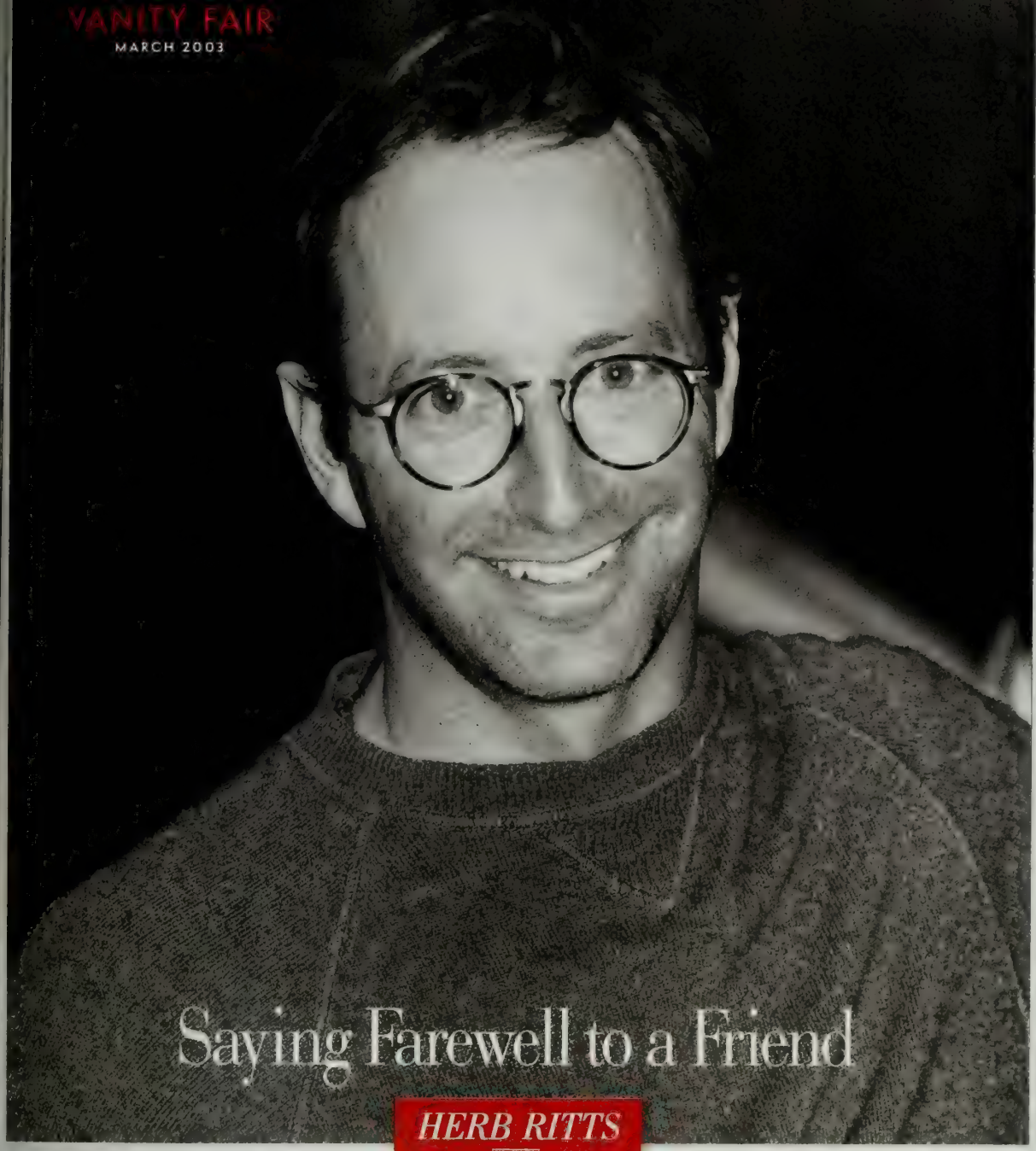


TONY CURTIS AND JACK LEMMON, ACTORS
LOS ANGELES, 1995


MASTERS OF
PHOTOGRAPHY
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
LEIGH BOWERY, PERFORMANCE ARTIST


No one dreams in beige.
Introducing the 280-horsepower G35 Sport Coupe.
For those who dream a thousand words at a time.
Accelerating the future
INFINITI


ST. JOHN
ACCESSORIES
www.stjohnknits.com
ST. JOHN
ST. JOHN
ASSET ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO DALLAS HONOLULU HOUSTON LAS VEGAS NEW YORK ORLANDO PALM BEACH PALM DESERT SAN FRANCISCO SAN JOSE SHORT HILLS SOUT



Saying Farewell to a Friend

HERB RITTS
1952–2002

Ask anyone who knew Herb Ritts and the first thing they will say about him is that, in the world of fashion and celebrity photography, he was the exception: never did a nasty word about anyone cross his lips. He just wasn't wired that way. Ritts's world, instead, was one of beauty, s simplest sense. Beautiful places, beautiful houses, beautiful n es—these were the things with which he surrounded himself. r ght up in privilege in Brentwood, where he was neighbors with e McQueen, he was never ashamed of his preference for the e r things in life. On a trip to a remote part of East Africa to c on his 1994 book, *Africa,* he showed up in a tiny plane and, l ue L.A. fashion, had his masseur and massage table in tow.

The main wellspring of beauty for Ritts was people. From the i re that launched his career, of a friend named Richard Gere a ing in the San Bernardino heat in 1978, it was clear that this o g photographer had a knack with gorgeousness. That's why, in l ate-80s fashion world, he became one of the premier photog- a ers of the Amazonian supermodels. When photographing en- e iners endowed with more human proportions, as he did for *Vanity Fair* beginning in 1984, he brought out their essential radiance, and the images became iconic: Michelle Pfeiffer in drag, Madonna in Mickey Mouse ears, k. d. lang getting a shave from Cindy Crawford. "He always saw the potential in everyone," says lang, "whether it was their profile, their sense of humor, or their spirit." As Gere puts it, Ritts's eye for loveliness "came from a delicacy of his heart and mind. He made everyone beautiful, because that's what he saw."

The Herb vibe was infectious. When Elizabeth Taylor agreed to pose, post–brain surgery, with a shaved head revealing a scar, when a very young Julia Roberts stripped down to baggy men's underwear, they did it because Herb asked them to. When they were with Ritts, the stars wanted someone *else* to be happy.

The photographs of Ben Affleck on the following pages were the last pictures Ritts took before he died, on December 26. It's a source of pride for *Vanity Fair,* this fact, and, it must be said, the cause of some regret. To those who worked with him, when it came to taking photographs, he couldn't be stopped. "He *sang* behind the camera," says stylist Sarajane Hoare, who worked with Ritts for 17 years. "His most famous quote was 'One more roll!'" □

BEN'S OPEN ROAD

In private, Ben Affleck is so laid-back—no hovering publicists, no entourage, no forbidden topics—it's hard to believe that he's the $15 million star with the screenwriting Oscar, or that he's engaged to the flashiest beauty in America. With Affleck playing blind superhero Matt Murdock in this month's *Daredevil*, LESLIE BENNETTS hears all about his geeky past, his stay in rehab, and why he wants J.Lo to be the mother of his kids



Y HERB RITTS • STYLED BY DEBORAH WAKNIN





This place seems way too quiet to be the red-hot center of a media maelstrom. All afternoon, Ben Affleck has been lounging on a leather sofa at his house in the Hollywood Hills, vigorously chewing Nicorette and talking about himself. Except for seven computers, the small room is unadorned. The walls are covered with tacky pine paneling and a series of photographs taken by Affleck's father of bullet-pocked debris in a junkyard. When I ask if we're sitting in some kind of den or office, Affleck looks surprised.

"This is my living room," he says.

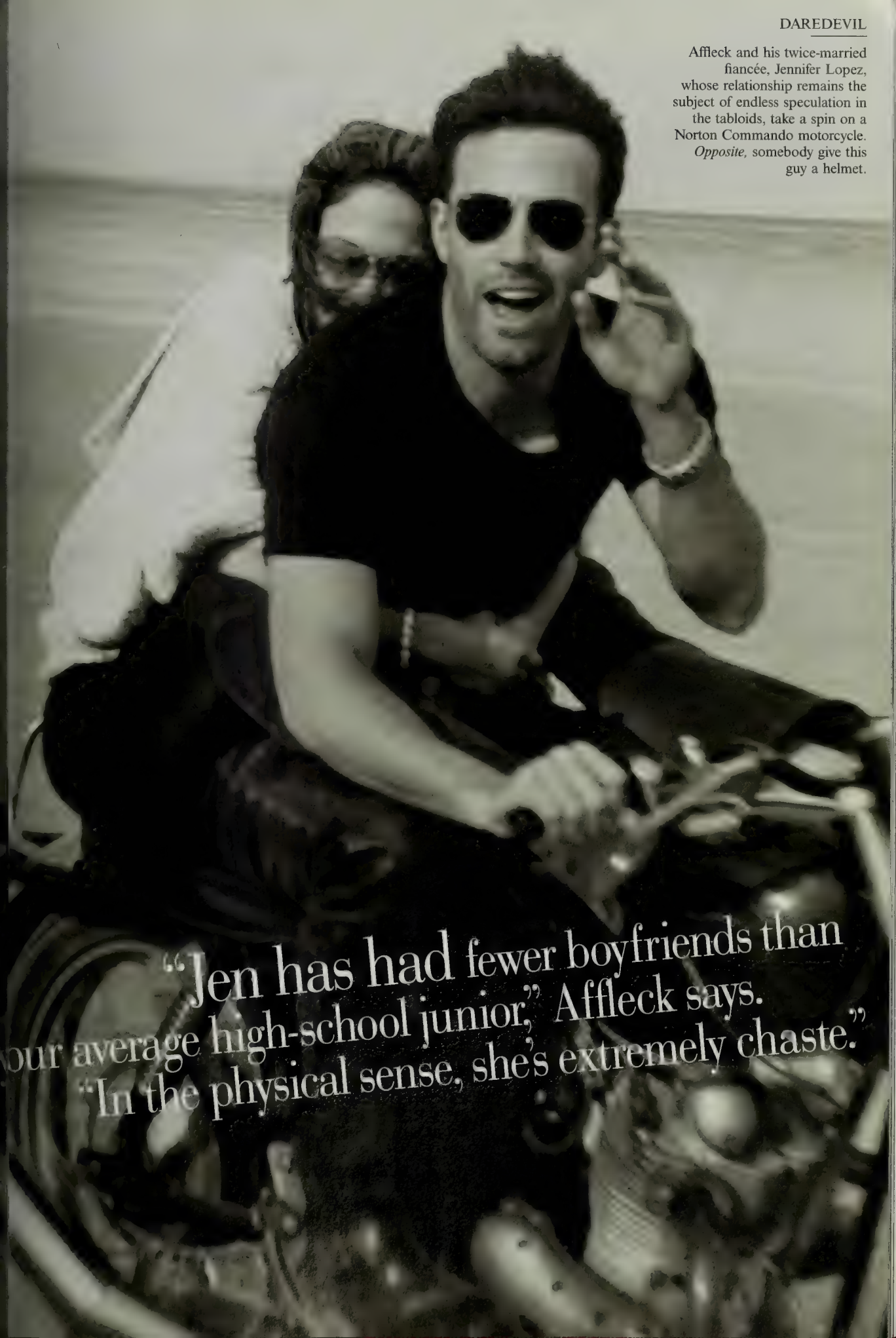
Oops. He shows me the kitchen and bedroom, both of which are smaller than my own in a New York City apartment. This techno-geek lair is actually the home of the hunky movie star whose price has skyrocketed to $15 million per picture? The epic hero of the next big comic-book blockbuster? The too-cool-for-school wunderkind who was only 25 years old when he and Matt Damon snagged an Oscar for the screenplay of *Good Will Hunting*?

But there's no sign of an Oscar here, let alone an entourage. Hours ago an assistant handed Affleck a small meal packaged in a plastic carton ("I'm trying to do the Zone diet," he explains, although he prefers

fast food) and then disappeared. The house is empty except fo
as our conversation ranges from Affleck's engagement to Jen
Lopez to his experiences with alcohol and rehab to whether
hair and imposing cleft chin are fake. Completely absent an
the usual trappings of celebrity. No publicists have strong-ar
me beforehand, prohibiting questions about Affleck's love
No handlers or sycophants lurk in the corner, having a hear
tack when he helpfully volunteers the extent of his homose
experience. No one pounces when we discuss the publishe
port of a secret tryst with ex-girlfriend Gwyneth Paltrow a
days ago. Paparazzi may lie in wait down the lane, hopin
Affleck to emerge with Lopez and ignite a firestorm of fl
bulbs, but she's at her own home a couple of minutes a
On Affleck's property the peaceful twilight is disturbed
by the rustling of palm fronds in the wind.

Finally he takes me into the last room of his ho
which was actually built as a guest cottage; he bought
whole place from Drew Barrymore after the main
dence burned down, but he never bothered to rebuil
Here, at last, is the sole evidence of Hollywood glam
a screening room furnished with comfortable chair
walls decorated with African movie posters painte
Ghana on flour sacks, advertising such attraction
Bad Girls Dormitory—No Man Is Safe! and *The In*
ous Bastard. With state-of-the-art editing equipm





DAREDEVIL

Affleck and his twice-married fiancée, Jennifer Lopez, whose relationship remains the subject of endless speculation in the tabloids, take a spin on a Norton Commando motorcycle. *Opposite,* somebody give this guy a helmet.

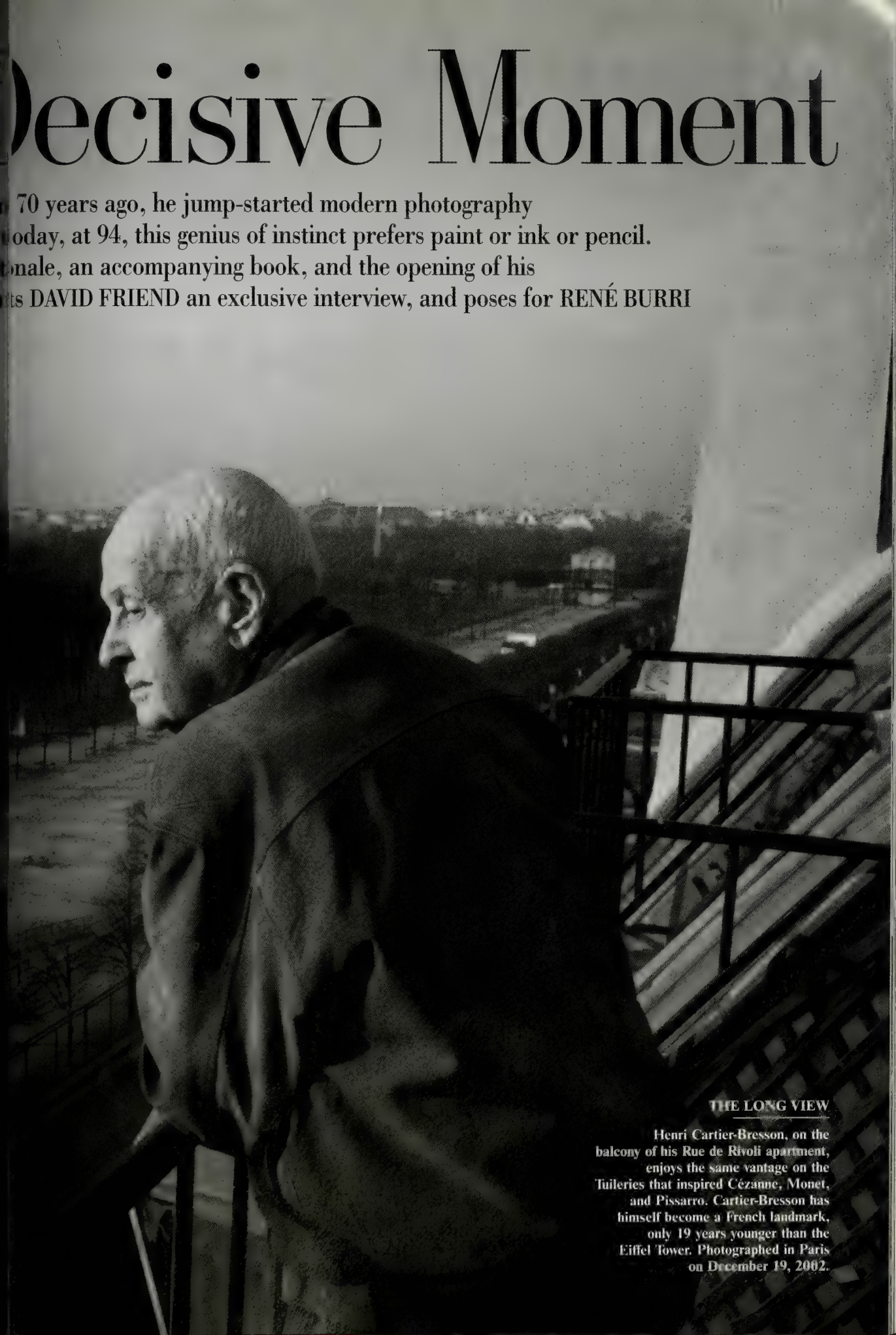
Cartier-Bresson'

When Henri Cartier-Bresson picked up a portable L
and produced some of the 20th century's most indelible camera im
With an April retrospective of his work at Paris's Biblioth
new foundation, the famously reticent (and camera-shy) Cartier-Bre



)ecisive Moment

70 years ago, he jump-started modern photography
oday, at 94, this genius of instinct prefers paint or ink or pencil.
nale, an accompanying book, and the opening of his
ts DAVID FRIEND an exclusive interview, and poses for RENÉ BURRI



THE LONG VIEW

Henri Cartier-Bresson, on the balcony of his Rue de Rivoli apartment, enjoys the same vantage on the Tuileries that inspired Cézanne, Monet, and Pissarro. Cartier-Bresson has himself become a French landmark, only 19 years younger than the Eiffel Tower. Photographed in Paris on December 19, 2002.

I was never interested in photography," says the godfather of photojournalism. "It's instant drawing, that's all." He is perched in his Paris lair on the Rue de Rivoli with its heaven's-eye command of the Jardin des Tuileries, five floors below. Outside his window people seem to scurry like amoebas, tiny flecks against the green. "Every Tom, Dick, and Harry is a photographer," he says with a shrug.

Playing the provocateur—and debunking his profession—is a favorite pastime of Henri Cartier-Bresson's. Photography, he insists, is too speedy a medium. He prefers the slow, old reliables—paint or ink or pencil lead—to the mad dash of light through a lens. "Drawings go further than photography," he says, then refers fondly to the women who ascend to his studio many quiet afternoons to pose for him in the nude. "My pleasure," he recently told a friend, "is to sketch my models. I am not very good at hands or feet. What I like to sketch are curves."

At 94, Cartier-Bresson is rosy-cheeked and blustery and vigorous, if unsteady on his feet. Today he wears a bright-red sweater and a Navajo bolo tie as he waves a long hand at the view he's enjoyed for 32 years. "Monet and Cézanne and Pissarro used to come to the fourth floor below us and draw from here," he says. "When you climb the staircase you think of Cézanne because there was no lift in those days." Indeed, two color postcards on the living-room table, showing scenes by Monet and Pissarro, replicate the very vista outside, as sublime today as it apparently was a century ago.

MY PLEASURE IS TO SKETCH MY MODELS. I AM NOT VERY GOOD AT HANDS OR FEET. WHAT I LIKE ARE CURVES.



"Matisse," he says of his long-go league, with uncharacteristic wistfi "Matisse had a model, Madame Lyd lectorskaya, who I thought was very tiful. She helped Matisse with th years of his life, when he couldn't anymore."

It is 11 A.M. and the late-autum has just poked through the gray. white wine?" he asks, summoning a of Bordeaux.

He pours, then lifts his glass, smi last. "To anarchy!"

Henri Cartier-Bresson ha a French fixture for thre erations now. As retic Garbo, famously averse ing his picture taken or interviews, he is the azure-eyed sph photography. H.C.B., as he is cal only 19 years younger than the Eiffe er out his window. But even thou created scores of classic images fr 30s through the 60s, then large aside the camera for the sketchpad, Cartier-Bresson's moment.

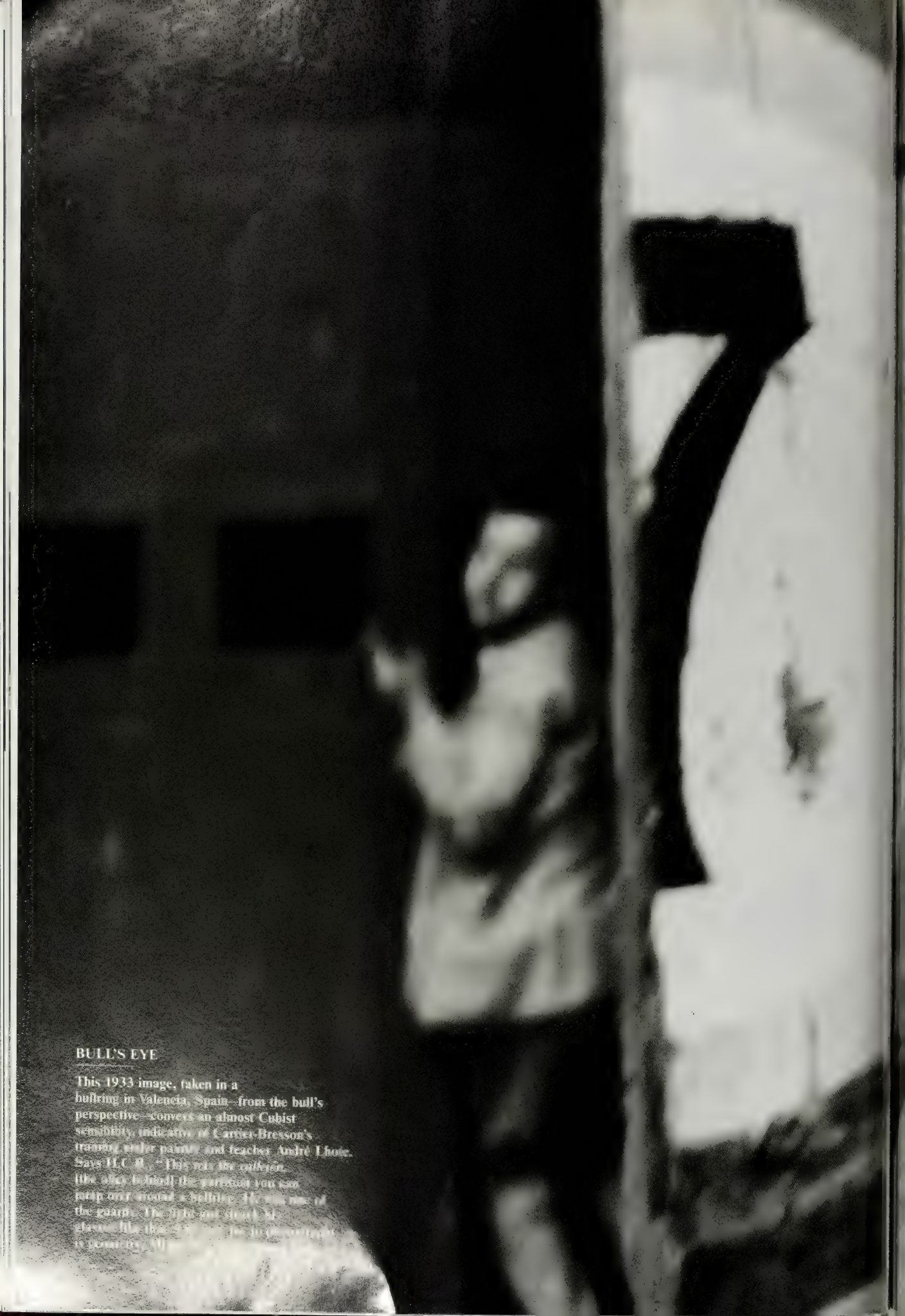
In April a retrospective of his photographs and drawings, curat Robert Delpire and Philippe Arbaïza be showcased at the esteemed Biblio Nationale in Paris. In conjunction w exhibition, he will publish a grandly book, *Henri Cartier-Bresson: The M Image, and the World.* And later in the doors will open at the new Fon Henri Cartier-Bresson in Montparn part archive, part cultural incubator, lished with his wife, photographer M Franck (stunning, vibrant, and 30 ye junior). The institute will honor C Bresson and promote the visions of artists and photographers on the ri mark the occasion, he has reluctantly to a round of verbal jousting, devotin hours and a hearty lunch to discussin topics he finds positively nettlesome: h tography, his life, and his career. (reer?!" he says with a grimace, aghas for a prime minister or an entrepren a funeral director. *That's* a career.")

Though he was born into one of F manufacturing dynasties—for decade ly a spool of thread in any French was not Cartier-Bresson—he grew u defiant designs on being an *artiste.* "I want to get into the family busines says. It represented "something ve pleasant to me. Duty and obligation." boy he was seditious enough to affix bedroom mirror a ransom-note-sty with letters clipped from a newspa form an accusatory question: WHERE THE MONEY COME FROM?) "My un



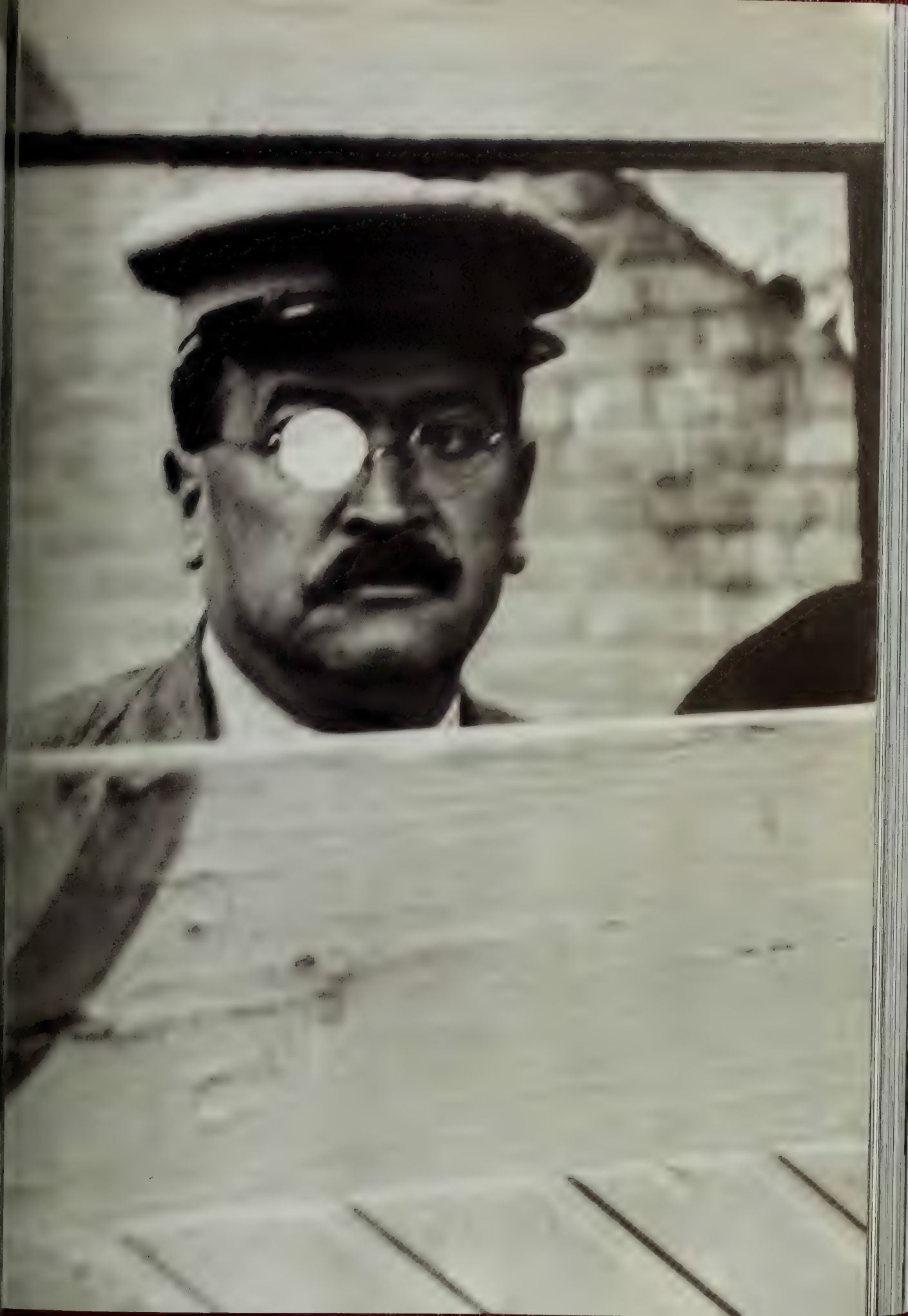
GNAZ LEWP

[illegible] Cartier-Bresson [illegible]
[illegible] by a slightly blurry hand—a gesture—[illegible]
[illegible] of the negative. "I just pulled the camera
[illegible] the railings." This 1932 shot of a Parisian
[illegible] across a puddle in the Place de l'Europe is
[illegible] photography's seminal images. The picture's
[illegible] timed animation and its magical lattice of
[illegible] lines (the jumping figure is mirrored in the
[illegible] and the poster in the background) have
[illegible] to symbolize "the decisive moment," a Zen-like
[illegible] fusion of observer and observed. *Opposite:* The
[illegible] photographer in his Paris living room.



BULL'S EYE

This 1933 image, taken in a bullring in Valencia, Spain—from the bull's perspective—conveys an almost Cubist sensibility, indicative of Cartier-Bresson's training under painter and teacher André Lhote. Says HCB, "This was the *callejon*, [the alley behind] the barricade you can jump over around a bullring. It's one of the gates. The bulls go [out] of [there] like that. [It's] the only [place] it's [completely] safe."



being a painter, represented freedom to me," he says, pointing out two of his Uncle Louis's landscapes on a far wall. "He was killed in World War I. Disgusting war." During a Christmas-week visit at age five, he says, he had an "epiphany, certainly, in my uncle's studio," overtaken in a proto-Proustian swoon by the smell of the canvases. He was set, then and there, on his life's course.

As a young man in the 20s and 30s, accustomed to the rarefied spheres that wealth and roiling curiosity brought his way, he studied art with Cubist painter André Lhote, drank in brothels with Surrealists ("We never went upstairs," he once said), and nearly died of blackwater fever on a sojourn in Africa, where he hunted professionally for a year, stalking hippo and crocodile, antelope and boar. Fueled by the avant-garde spirit of the times, he pursued his painting and, one day in 1931, ran across a picture in the journal *Photographies* showing three African boys splashing in the surf. Upon viewing the image, "I felt a sense of rhythm and a sense of life," he recalls, "a sense of liberty. You could catch that with a camera." He was smitten with photography's urgency: aesthetic ecstasy achieved in the sliver of a second. And like many of his restless contemporaries, he picked up Leica's newly invented portable camera, took to the street, and began opening the eyes of the world.

By 1932, at age 24, Cartier-Bresson had begun to devise a whole new manner of shooting pictures. He displayed an intuitive knack for choosing "the decisive moment," as it came to be called, that instant when a shutter click can suspend an event within the eye and heart of the beholder, an exhilarating confluence of observer and observed. His lyrical, loose, ingeniously composed images were a revelation. Previously, most photographers had used clunky, stationary cameras. They were like Romantic poets who looked back at time, recording the melancholy of a moment's having passed. H.C.B.'s images, many plucked from the everyday whirl of his beloved Paris, had the power and poetry of Zen and particle physics—smashing the atom of the present, bottling its spark, and generating flashes of life and light.

In short order his images of common men and women in France, Spain, Italy, and Mexico began appearing in publications and on gallery walls: a man suspended in mid-leap above a puddle—and the dark kiss of his reflection—in the Place de l'Europe; the blur of a bicyclist,





in Hyères, buoyantly poised as h
a stairwell's conch-shell swirl; a fa
nic on the sloping banks of the
Observed his friend Lincoln Kir
erudite arbiter of culture and t
"He is responsible for more in
memorable images than any other
rapher in his epoch."

His talents and reputation gre
with his vagabond's appetite. And
war came. Cartier-Bresson was im
by the Germans and escaped thre
While in Nazi hands, he taunted hi
continually. "Cheap labor, *bon m*
he says, giving his head a gleeful
was a very poor laborer. I woul
tage by doing things very, very sl
the least work possible. We use
the Germans, 'We can't work witl
wine.' They used to say, '*Scheiss*
means 'Shit!' They had no sens
mor. The Germans would say, 'T
thing Frenchmen are good at is t
walks with ladies.'"

Over the years, he befriended
and Beckett and Gertrude Stei
nard and Giacometti, filmmake
Renoir and Luis Buñuel. In
co-founded the premier phot
of the age, the Magnum coo
with fellow photographers
Capa, George Rodger, Da
mour, and William Vandivert.
Bresson trekked through
Kai-shek's China and Khru
Russia, and met with Gandh
hour before his assassination.
ered George VI's coronati



hill's funeral. He shot for *Life, Holi-arper's Bazaar, Vogue,* and Britain's and *The Illustrated Magazine.* He raphed Coco Chanel and Che Gue-nd Marilyn Monroe, who responded request to "bless" his camera by ng on it, ever so gently, with her der-Unfortunately, he wasn't able to cap-*hat* decisive moment.) He prowled nd invited some of its storied visitors sh at his place when they came to "One day I was working in his lab in *rçonnière,*" says photographer Tom "and he said to me, sort of conspir-ly, 'This is where [Roberto] Rossellini ving the affair with Ingrid Bergman.' Henri was loaning them his hideaway. He was very proud of that."

Today his apartment—much larger than his studio several blocks away—is bright and low-ceilinged, unpretentious and quirky (with a secret panel that, when opened, reveals a view of the Basilique du Sacré Coeur). The living room is adorned with paintings, drawings, Balinese tapestries, and African masks. The TV is draped in funerary fashion, hidden under a maroon Indonesian batik. ("The proportion of a television is all wrong," he says emphatically, by way of explanation. "Phooey!") Only one photo is anywhere in evidence: a shot, tucked in an alcove, of his granddaughter, Natasha. "She's three," he says, beaming. Otherwise, he claims not to own any pictures. "I can't imagine a photograph on a wall. I prefer to draw at the moment. In drawing, you feel the hand. In photography, you feel the head—and how!

"Drawing, yes!" exults the artist whose meditative landscapes, nudes, and still lifes, often done in lively pencil, have been described by art critic John Russell as "brisk, deft, highly energized . . . whisk[ed] lightly across the paper, as if carried this way and that by ferocious winter winds." Cartier-Bresson offers his own view: "That's the trouble with the present world: cerebral! We have too much up here." He points to his head. "[Not enough] down here," he says, pointing to his loins.

He raises his glass, again toasting anarchy. "I'm an anarchist, yes," he explains. "Because I'm alive. Life is a provocation. . . . I'm against people in power and what that imposes upon them. Anglo-Saxons have to learn what anarchism is. For them, it's violence. A cat knows what anarchy is. Ask a cat. A cat understands. They're against discipline and authority. A dog is trained to obey. Cats can't be. Cats bring on chaos. Libertarianism—*c'est la vie.*

"If you want to know why I'm a provocateur, you should ask Rimbaud." He glares, scowls inscrutably, then coaxes out a smile. He relishes being peevish, deflecting any semblance of conventional

ON PHOTOGRAPHY: "THERE'S NOTHING TO KNOW CATS KNOW MORE THAN HUMAN BEINGS ON THE SUBJECT."





ON THE PROWL

otography is physical," says Cartier-resson, explaining why he darts and aves while shooting. "I move like [a sculptor] going all the way around a ure. To see all the angles." *From far* a street scene in Madrid, 1933; two ersby peek in on a Brussels sporting match, 1932; Parisian children in the mbourg Gardens, 1933; philosopher -Paul Sartre in Paris, 1946; 23-year-Truman Capote, who accompanied B. on a *Harper's Bazaar* assignment, 1947. Recalls Cartier-Bresson, "Mrs. armel] Snow, who had been [fashion ditor] at *Vogue,* was now at *Harper's Bazaar.* She sent me to New Orleans. He was the writer. I called him T."





STOLEN GLANCES

Says Cartier-Bresson, of this cryptic trio he caught in Alicante, Spain, in 1932, "The brothel was opposite the hotel where I was staying. It was the woman pimp—the madam. The gay man. And the maid." Cartier-Bresson received some of the best advice of his career from another subject, Charles de Gaulle. As the French president said, "photographers are like artillerymen. Aim precisely, shoot quickly, and scram. We've seen enough of you already."



conversation. He enjoys being a very naughty boy of 94.

After a recent meeting with a magazine editor, for instance, Cartier-Bresson emerged from the Hôtel Ritz in Paris to confront a limousine curbside. Regarding the vehicle as a bourgeois eyesore to be reckoned with, he asked, "Shall I pee on the tire?" Last year, while inscribing a book for collector and curator Michael Gallagher, Cartier-Bresson stopped to jot a comment under a photo of Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill: "What a bunch of bananas!" Then, as they sipped whiskeys, Gallagher showed him a rare copy of an unauthorized H.C.B. biography, one Cartier-Bresson particularly hated. The photographer insisted that they destroy the book immediately. "So we stood there," recalls Gallagher, "and we just ripped it up together and threw it in the garbage. Ripped it to shreds."

Cartier-Bresson is nothing if not frank. According to a correspondent who has known him well, a [illegible] his

remembers, "showing a broken leg of a horse, a Madonna in tears, the tragedy of Catholicism in South America. Henri said, 'If I were you, I would stop doing that. The *merde!* This is shit!' The poor guy was demolished. Henri said, 'Read the writings of Matisse and you will understand what is art!'"

CELEBRITY IS VERY DANGEROUS. YOU'RE ALWAYS VERY WELL KNOWN BY YOUR CONCIERGE AND THE POLICE!



"He is the quintessential free mar
fellow Magnum photographer Gil
ress, "the free-est man I know." H
comfortable with peasants," says h
representative and agent, Helen Wrig
he is in the salon." In fact, Cartier-Br
personality embodies grand dichot
He has Chevalier's charm and Ralph
den's temper. He's an evangelist,
proselytizes for, of all things, noncon
ty. He's photography's Don Quixot
ing all his life against institutions—b
now establishing his very own. He's
born of privilege ("Equal parts ari
and rebel," says picture editor John
ris, a close colleague since 1941
made friends with photographers wh
often scrappy exiles, and whose wo
causes he would champion: Capa
fled Hungary and Germany, Gjon
an Albanian immigrant, and Josef
delka, who fled Czechoslovakia. "K
ka I used to see in the early 70s,
photo-agency chief Robert Pledge, "sl
in a sleeping bag on the floor of C
Bresson's apartment."

No living photographer has
grander impact on his
And yet, despite his h
made his name throug
tures, he despises sitti
his own. He claims it robs him of th
nymity he needs in the streets. "Peopl
on your feet—celebrity is very dange
he declares, then makes light of his p
ment: "You're always very well know
your concierge and the police!"

"He's completely allergic to flash
tography," says Peress, who remem
scene from the opening of a 1987
spective of Cartier-Bresson's work
Museum of Modern Art. "A woma
photographing him with a flash. He re
into his pocket and brought out a l
sheath and drew a knife. And he in
a movement to chase her. We had t
him." H.C.B.'s camera-shy nature
well accepted and generally resp
within photographic circles that whe
paparazzi had the temerity to tail h
a week or two, 15 years ago, their F
editor repressed the resulting im
which have never been published.

The man who defends the pad a
sel to the death is rumored to ha
stroyed most of his paintings in his
as an impulsive purge before taki
the camera in earnest. The story m
apocryphal; Cartier-Bresson, in any
refuses to address the topic. But i
late 1930s, by then a prolific pho
pher, he did dispose of a goodly sh
his photographic CONTINUED ON PA



CH TWISTS

ss one of my first pictures,
with a Brownie box," says
i-Bresson of the beach
opposite, top. "I would bicycle
meters from home to
—1926. I was 18." *Opposite,*
, a jubilant woman in a café,
)33 magazine cover. *This page,*
eman pauses in the Allées
do in Marseilles in 1932.

It's a Mad, Mad Miss World

Some people might have thought twice about flying 90 scantily clothed beauty queens into the capital of a predominantly Muslim country during the holy month of Ramadan. Not Julia Morley, organizer of the Miss World Pageant, who thought she had a lucrative deal in Nigeria. In the capital city of Abuja and in London, to which the horrified young contestants fled, JUDY BACHRACH discovers how a little ignorance led to bloody riots, with 250 dead, thousands injured, and a 21-year-old journalist running for her life





DIVA DANGER
A security guard stands by as, from left, Miss Argentina, Miss Gibraltar, and Miss Aruba watch a regatta in Calabar, Nigeria, November 17, 2002. The Miss World contestants were not allowed out of their hotels without chaperons.

"To tell you the truth, before I left I thought Sharia was a girl's name," says Julia Morley of the word for Islamic law.

It isn't turning out to be the usual sort of beauty contest. Lively Miss Canada, her thick blond hair swept into a ponytail, is startled by the meager hotel accommodations in Calabar, Nigeria, where, deprived of a fitness center, the young women have to run laps through the halls. There are seditious toilets and arid showers, mute telephones, a total absence of newspapers, and—in every room—a television set that features only one station, and that one devoted to music videos exclusively. "We were basically in isolation for 10 days," Miss Canada reports, and this perturbs her because she is by nature inquisitive. And different. In high school, Canada used to play tackle football on a boys' team and coach a boys' soccer team.

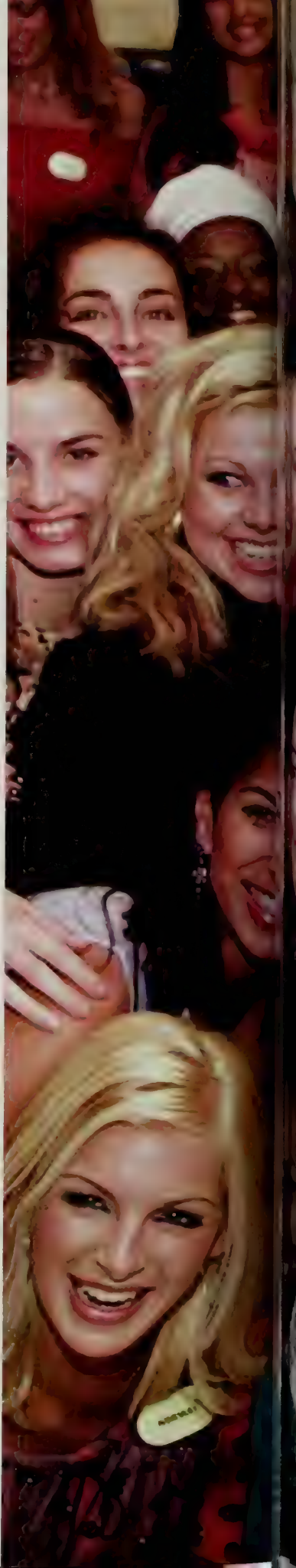
That, by the way, is how the 90 contestants refer to one another—they leave off the "Miss," so that during downtime, of which there is plenty, you hear cries from what sounds like a shrill oral primer in modern geography: "Hey, Czech Republic!"; "Hey, Slovakia!"; "Over here, Latvia and Kazakhstan!" Or still better—this from Germany, a small, scrappy model who favors running pants that read "NYC" across her small bottom—"South Africa, *thank God* you're here!" And with that, South Africa, a willowy blonde with a long tangle of curls, and a gentle smile, and wearing an incredibly tiny jeans skirt, patiently proceeds to apply a perfect coat of makeup to her charge—an application that takes a good hour.

Beauty competition though this is, rivalry is rarely in evidence among the girls. Generous grooming, the contemporary woman's sedative, becomes, in this charged and lonely atmosphere, practically a philanthropic activity. Colombia carefully ministers to Ecuador with layer upon layer of bright peach blusher and Chanel lip liner. Chile [illegible] electric eyelash curler. Gi[illegible] And France, a C[illegible] like, proudly shows o[illegible] because none of i[illegible] much. "The necklace Marché—*pas mal, n'est-ce pas?*" And the bracelets? France points to a host of delicately beaded bangles floating from one milky arm—"a gift from *Meees* India."

So this is where they all are: in the middle of the tropical and malarial rain-forest belt of West Africa. It is the holy Muslim month of Ramadan in Nigeria, where 50 percent of the population is Muslim. Quite ignorant of the country outside their hotel, the lovely women wait in heat and isolation for the chance to be crowned Miss World. Miss Argentina complains of nausea from malaria pills, but it's clear she thinks it is a sacrifice worth making. Miss England, an Oxford biology student, with a shroud of dark hair and a sweet placid face—deceptively placid, it will turn out—is of a similar opinion. She just assumes "it will be a very glamorous event, and we will be treated, you know, just like beauty queens."

Who can doubt it? "Welcome to Nigeria. Welcome to God's own country!" booms Jerry Gana, Nigeria's information minister, when the girls finally arrive in Abuja, the normally tranquil capital. This is where the actual beauty contest is supposed to be held, at the International Conference Center. A red carpet is rolled out on the tarmac of the Nnamdi Azikwe International Airport. It is 94 degrees. The girls examine their beautifully polished fingernails, and each considers the intricacies of her own particular situation. Miss Germany, who was in fact born in Bosnia ("My parents are German, I am not German," she explains), is longing for the arrival of her evening gown. This had to be obtained at the last minute by "running all over Germany" (she was second runner-up, and modeling in Turkey when word came down that the top two winners had bowed out for personal reasons).

Miss Belgium, a dark-haired economics student with exquisite bone structure and a



FREQUENT-FLIER SMILES
Miss World contestants face the media in a hastily arranged press conference at their London hotel on November 25, the day after they flew in from Nigeria. Pageant head Julia Morley, center, calls herself a "tough bitch."







OUT OF AFRICA
Above, Nigerian Muslims protest the pageant and the article mentioning Muhammad. *Right,* contestants check out of the Nicon Hilton in Abuja, Nigeria, November 23, 2002, before leaving for London. *Far right,* Miss Turkey, Azra Akin, who is Muslim, reigns as Miss World in London on December 7, 2002, while Miss Norway kisses her and Miss Peru looks on.

"Then [Miss] Canada came in, saying, 'They're chopping the hands off children.'"

job as a waitress back in Brussels, is counting pennies. She too was but a runner-up, and therefore, as she declares mournfully, "The original Miss Belgium won the car." Despite this, the winner refused to come to Nigeria, and here is Sylvie Doclot, car-deprived and spending weeks in a strange place without earning a single euro. But hoping—just hoping, as she points out—to win "and meet all sorts of important people, who might give me jobs."

But what people? Who is there to meet? The languor of their days leaves many of the girls distracted and faintly unsettled. Activities include weaving baskets with which they are supposed to fish, a visit to a governor's mansion, and pottery-making. There is a drop-by at Kwa Falls, where contestants pose elegantly, modeling unobjectionable swimsuits (nonetheless, this was not Lynsey Bennett's—Miss Canada's—"favorite thing," she tells me). But mostly, a great deal of time is spent languishing in hotel rooms, of which the contestants have become connoisseurs. The Nicon Hilton in Abuja boasts better TVs and a fitness center, but has its own peculiarities: vast rooms hemmed in by shiny red walls and equally brilliant black ceilings, all sealed cent orange doors, behind which stand, all times, stern-faced guards.

It is in one of these colorful chambers that Daniella Luan, Miss England, finds herself all alone at lunchtime during the third week of last November, whiling away the hours. No surprise to find her indoors. "We were not allowed to go to the swimming pool without a chaperon," Luan recalls. "I never went to the fitness center once." Every elevator ride is manned by a Nigerian guard, and at no time is anyone allowed to leave the hotel except for official activities.

On November 21, Luan switches on her TV set—CNN—and sees for the first time what's actually going on in Nigeria, some 100 miles away from her fluorescent orange door. Machetes. Blood. Churches set afire by enraged Muslims. Bystanders "necklaced" with burning tires. Mosques burned to the ground. "People attacking people," she says. Hundreds of them. All this is occurring in Kaduna, but it will spread the next day to Abuja. And it all seems, somehow or other, connected with the Miss World beauty pageant. "*Down with beauty!*" scream the rioters. "*Miss World is sin! Allahu Akbar!*"

"I've never felt so alone in my life," Luan tells me.

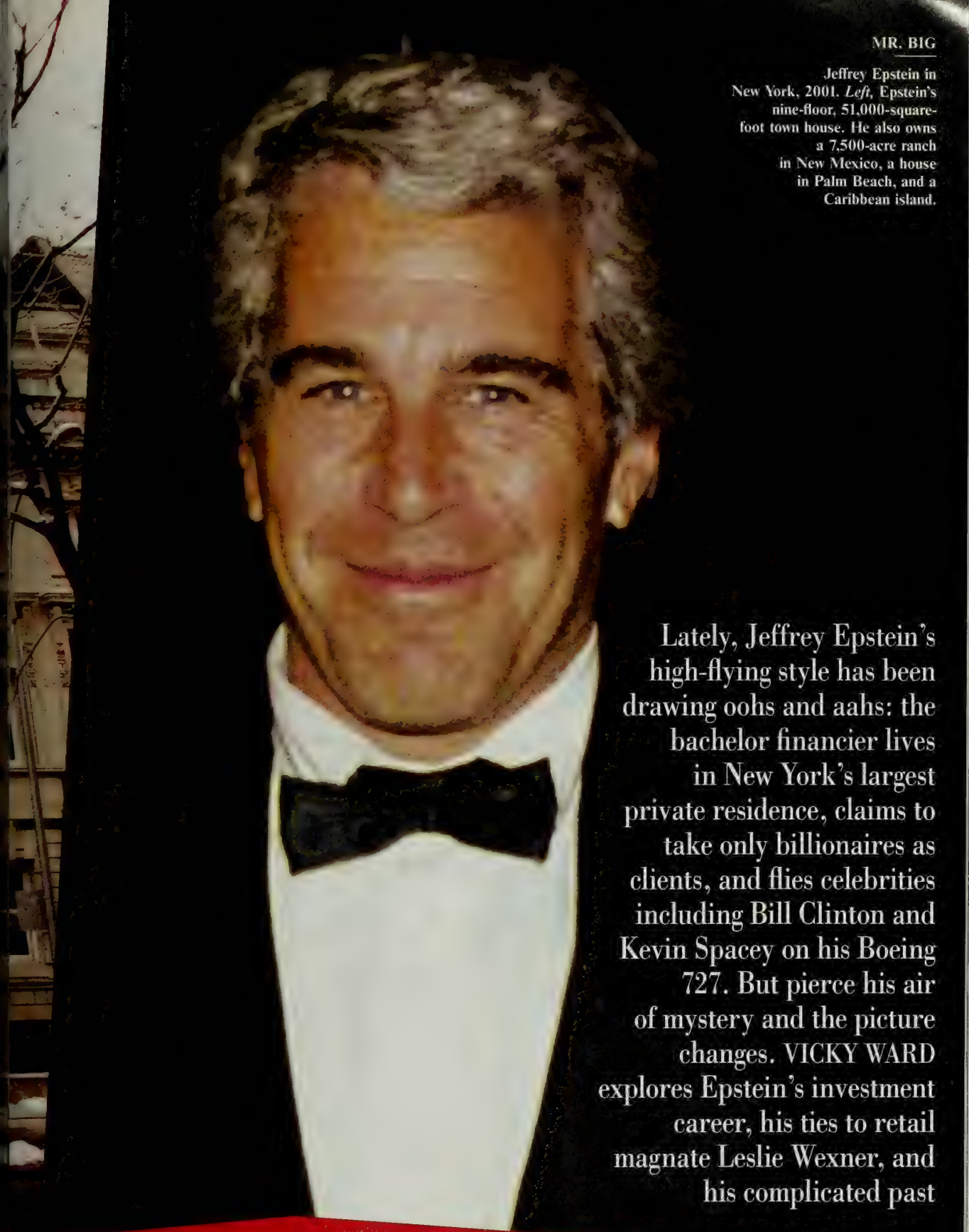
Miss England reveals what she has just seen on TV only to her roommate, the flabbergasted Rebekah Revels, Miss U.S.A., "because Mrs. Morley told us to keep our feelings under wraps," says Luan, referring to the pageant organizer, Julia Morley. Miss U.S.A., in turn, calls her father, J. D. Revels, back home in North Carolina. "Get home immediately," he orders.

But Miss U.S.A., a fairly short contestant with a round face, dark hair scraped in a French knot, and an armored demeanor, energized by frequent infusions of gospel music from her Walkman, clearly has other plans. None of these include flying home precipitately. Fresh from a disastrous attempt at becoming Miss North Carolina in the Miss America contest (an ex-boyfriend thwarted her winning bid by threatening topless CONTINUED ON PAGE 336





THE TALENT



MR. BIG

Jeffrey Epstein in New York, 2001. *Left,* Epstein's nine-floor, 51,000-square-foot town house. He also owns a 7,500-acre ranch in New Mexico, a house in Palm Beach, and a Caribbean island.

Lately, Jeffrey Epstein's high-flying style has been drawing oohs and aahs: the bachelor financier lives in New York's largest private residence, claims to take only billionaires as clients, and flies celebrities including Bill Clinton and Kevin Spacey on his Boeing 727. But pierce his air of mystery and the picture changes. VICKY WARD explores Epstein's investment career, his ties to retail magnate Leslie Wexner, and his complicated past

MR. EPSTEIN

On Manhattan's Upper East Side, home to some of the most expensive real estate on earth, exists the crown jewel of the city's residential town houses. With its 15-foot-high oak door, huge arched windows, and *nine* floors, it sits on—or, rather, commands—the block of 71st Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues. Almost ludicrously out of proportion with its four- and five-story neighbors, it seems more like an institution than a house. This is perhaps not surprising—until 1989 it was the Birch Wathen private school. Now it is said to be Manhattan's largest private residence.

Inside, amid the flurry of menservants attired in sober black suits and pristine white gloves, you feel you have stumbled into someone's private Xanadu. This is no mere rich person's home, but a high-walled, eclectic, imperious fantasy that seems to have no boundaries.

The entrance hall is decorated not with paintings but with row upon row of individually framed eyeballs; these, the owner tells people with relish, were imported from England, where they were made for injured soldiers. Next comes a marble foyer, which does have a painting, in the manner of Jean Dubuffet . . . but the host coyly refuses to tell visitors who painted it. In any case, guests are like pygmies next to the nearby twice-life-size sculpture of a naked African warrior.

Despite its eccentricity the house is curiously impersonal, the statement of someone who wants to be known for the scale of his possessions. Its occupant, financier Jeffrey Epstein, 50, admits to friends that he likes it when people think of him this way. A good-looking man, resembling Ralph Lauren, with thick gray-white hair and a weathered face, he usually dresses in jeans, knit shirts, and loafers. He tells people he bought the house because he knew he "could never live anywhere bigger." He thinks 51,000 square feet is an appropriately large space for someone like himself, who deals mostly in large concepts—especially large sums of money.

Guests are invited to lunch or dinner at the town house—Epstein usually refers to the former as "tea," since he likes to eat bite-size morsels and drink copious quantities of Earl Grey. (He does not touch alcohol or tobacco.) Tea is served in the "leather room," so called because of the cordovan-colored fabric on the walls. The chairs are covered in a leopard print, and on the wall hangs a huge, Oriental fantasy of a woman holding an opium pipe and caressing a snarling lionskin. Under her gaze, plates of finger sandwiches are delivered to Epstein and guests by the menservants in white gloves.

Upstairs, to the right of a spiral staircase, is the "office," an enormous gallery spanning the width of the house. Strangely, it holds no computer. Computers belong in the "computer room" (a smaller room at the back of the house), Epstein has been known to say. The office features a gilded desk (which Epstein tells people belonged to banker J. P. Morgan), 18th-century black lacquered Portuguese cabinets, and a nine-foot ebony Steinway "D" grand. On the desk, a paperback copy of the Marquis de Sade's *The Misfortunes of Virtue* was recently spotted. Covering the floor, Epstein has explained, "is the largest Persian rug you'll ever see in a private home—so big, it must have come from a mosque." Amid such splendor, much of which reflects the work of the French decorator Alberto Pinto, who has worked for Jacques Chirac and the royal families of Jordan and Saudi Arabia, there is one particularly startling oddity: a stuffed black poodle, standing atop the grand piano. "No decorator would ever tell you to do that," Epstein brags to visitors. "But I want people to think what it means to stuff a dog." People can't help but feel it's Epstein's way of saying that he always has the last word.

In addition to the town house, Epstein lives in what is reputed to be the largest private dwelling in New Mexico, on an $18 million, 7,500-acre ranch which he named "Zorro." "It makes the town house look like a shack," Epstein has said. He also owns Little St. James, a 70-acre island in the U.S. Virgin Islands, where the main house is currently being renovated by Edward Tuttle, a designer of the Amanresorts. There is also a $6.8 million house in Palm Beach, Florida, and a fleet of aircraft: a Gulfstream IV, a helicopter, and a Boeing 727, replete with trading room, on which Epstein recently flew President Clinton, actors Chris Tucker and Kevin Spacey, supermarket magnate Ron Burkle, Lew Wasserman's grandson, Casey Wasserman, and a few others, on a mission to explore the problems of AIDS and economic development in Africa.

Epstein is charming, but he doesn't let the charm slip into his eyes. They are and calculating, giving some hint steady whir of machinery running them. "Let's play chess," he said to ter refusing to give an interview for th cle. "You be white. You get the first It was an appropriate metaphor for who seems to feel he can win no what the advantage of the other sic advantage is that no one really see know him or his history completely o his arsenal actually consists of. He ha fully engineered it so that he remai of the few truly baffling mysteries New York's moneyed world. People snippets, but few know the whole.

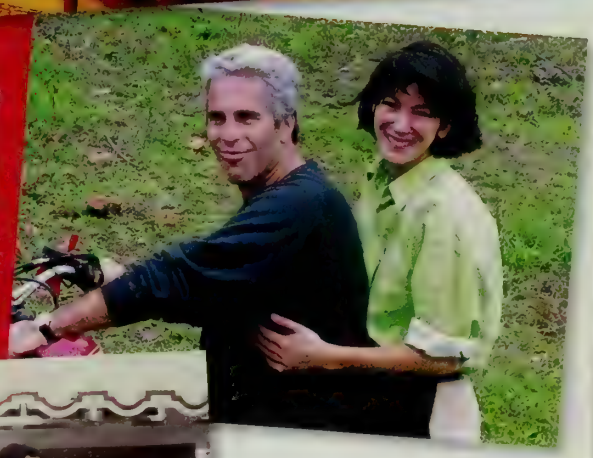
"He's very enigmatic," says Rosa M ton, the former C.E.O. of Tiffany & the U.K. and a close friend since th 1980s. "You think you know him an you peel off another ring of the onic and there's something else extraor underneath. He never reveals his ha He's a classic iceberg. What you see what you get."

Even acquaintances s curious dichotomy: lives like a "moder haraja," as Leah Kl one of his art dealers it. Yet he is fastidiou most obsessively priva lists himself in the phone book u pseudonym. He rarely attends societ erings or weddings or funerals; he co eating in restaurants like "eating on th way"—i.e., something he'd never do. are many women in his life, mostly but there is no one of them to wh has been able to commit. He descrit most public companion of the last d Ghislaine Maxwell, 41, the daughter late, disgraced media baron Robert well, as simply his "best friend." H she is not on his payroll, but she to organize much of his life—recent was making telephone inquiries to California-based yoga instructor fo (Epstein is still close to his two othe term girlfriends, Paula Heil Fisher, mer associate of his at the brokerag Bear Stearns and now an opera pro and Eva Andersson Dubin, a docto onetime model. He tells people that a relationship is over the girlfriend " up, not down," to friendship status.)

Some of the businessmen who din him at his home—they include news publisher Mort Zuckerman, banker Ranieri, Revlon chairman Ronald Per real-estate tycoon Leon Black, form crosoft executive Nathan Myhrvold Pritzker (of Hyatt Hotels), and real-

ality Donald Trump—sometimes
ot all that clear as to what he ac-
oes to earn his millions. Certainly,
n't find Epstein's transactions writ-
ut on Bloomberg or talked about in
ing rooms. "The trading desks don't
know him. It's unusual for animals
; not to leave any footprints in the
says a high-level investment manager.
ke such fund managers as George
nd Stanley Druckenmiller, whose
ists and stock maneuverings act as
alling cards, Epstein keeps all his
nd clients secret, bar one client: bil-
Leslie Wexner, the respected chair-
Limited Brands. Epstein insists that
ce he left Bear Stearns in 1981 he
naged money only for billionaires—
pend on him for discretion. "I was
person crazy enough, or
nt enough, or misplaced
, to make my limit a bil-
llars or more," he tells peo-
ly. According to him, the
s he receives from his clients,
hed with his skill at playing
rrency markets "with very
ms of money," have afforded
e lifestyle he enjoys today.
y do billionaires choose him
r trustee? Because the prob-
f the mega-rich, he tells peo-
e different from yours and
and his unique philosophy is
to understanding those problems:
few people need any more money
hey have a billion dollars. The key
o have it do harm more than any-
lse.... You don't want to lose your
."





"You think you know him and then you peel off another ring of the onion."



UNREAL ESTATE
From top: the "leather room" in Epstein's house, where "tea" is served to guests; Epstein at his Zorro ranch in 1991 with his "best friend," Ghislaine Maxwell; Epstein in 1979.

He has likened his job to that of an architect—more specifically, one who specializes in remodeling: "I always describe [a billionaire] as someone who started out in a small nd as he became wealthier had add- added on another addition, he built over the garage ... until you have a that is usually a mess.... It's a large that has been put together over time no one could foretell the financial fu- d their accompanying needs." makes it sound as though his job es the roles of real-estate agent, ac- nt, lawyer, money manager, trustee, nfidant. But, as with Jay Gatsby, and rumor swirl around Epstein. e are some of the hard facts about —ones that he doesn't mind people g: He grew up middle-class in yn. His father worked for the city's parks department. His parents viewed education as "the way out" for him and his younger brother, Mark, now working in real estate. Jeffrey started to play the piano—for which he maintains a passion—at five, and he went to Brooklyn's Lafayette High School. He was good at mathematics, and in his early 20s he got a job teaching physics and math at Dalton, the elite Manhattan private school. While there he began tutoring the son of Bear Stearns chairman Ace Greenberg and was friendly with a daughter of Greenberg's. Soon he went to Bear Stearns, where, under the mentorship of both Greenberg and current Bear Stearns C.E.O. James Cayne, he did well enough to become a limited partner—a rung beneath full partner. He abruptly departed in 1981 because, he has said, he wanted to run his own business.

Thereafter the details recede into shadow. A few of the handful of current friends who have known him since the early 1980s recall that he used to tell them he was a "bounty hunter," recovering lost or stolen money for the government or for very rich people. He has a license to carry a firearm. For the last 15 years, he's been running his business, J. Epstein & Co.

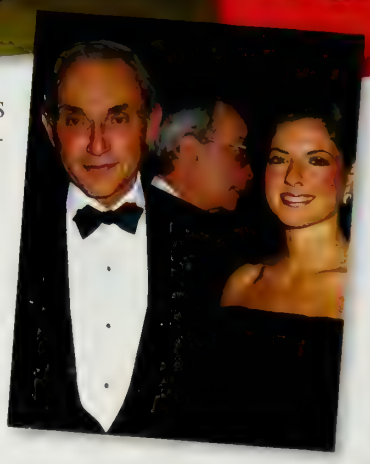
Since Leslie Wexner appeared in his life—Epstein has said this was in 1986; others say it was in 1989, at the earliest—he has gradually, in a way that has not generally made headlines, come to be accepted by the Establishment. He's a member of various commissions and councils: he is on the Trilateral Commission, the Council on Foreign Relations, the New York Academy of Sciences, and the Institute of International Education.

His current fan club extends to Cayne, Henry Rosovsky, the former dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences, and





"Jeffrey [knows] when he is winning.... He will let you choose your weapon," says Wexner.



SPOILS OF SUCCESS *From top:* Epstein's 70-acre island, Little St. James, in the U.S. Virgin Islands—he now calls it Little St. Jeff; Epstein with President Clinton in Brunei, 2002; Leslie Wexner with his future wife, Abigail, at the 1990 C.F.D.A. Fashion Awards, in New York, 1991.

Larry Summers, Harvard's current president. Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz says, "I'm on my 20th book.... The only person outside of my immediate family that I send drafts to is Jeffrey." Real-estate developer and philanthropist Marshall Rose, who has worked with Epstein on projects in New Albany, Ohio, for Wexner, says, "He digests and decodes the information very rapidly, which is to me terrific because we have shorter meetings."

Also on the list of [illegible] are former [illegible] a gaggle of distinguished scientists, [illegible] of whom [illegible] as a side."

Edelman and Murray Gell-Mann, and mathematical biologist Martin Nowak. When these men describe Epstein, they talk about "energy" and "curiosity," as well as a love for theoretical physics that they don't ordinarily find in laymen. Gell-Mann rather sweetly mentions that "there are always pretty ladies around" when he goes to dinner *chez* Epstein, and he's under the impression that Epstein's clients include the Queen of England. Both Nowak and Dershowitz were thrilled to find themselves shaking the hand of a man named "Andrew" in Epstein's house. "Andrew" turned out to be Prince Andrew, who subsequently arranged to sit in the back of Dershowitz's law class.

Epstein gets annoyed when anyone suggests that Wexner "made him." "I had really rich clients before," he has said. Yet he does not deny that he and Wexner have a special relationship. Epstein sees it as a partnership of equals. "People have said it's like we have one brain between two of us: [illegible] as a side."

"I think we both possess the s[illegible] seeing patterns," says Wexner. "B[illegible] frey sees patterns in politics and [illegible] cial markets, and I see patterns in b[illegible] and fashion trends. My skills are no[illegible] vestment strategy, and, as everyon[illegible] knows Jeffrey knows, his are not i[illegible] ion and design. We frequently d[illegible] world trends as each of us sees the[illegible]

By the time Epstei[illegible] Wexner, the latter [illegible] retail legend wh[illegible] built a $3 billio[illegible] pire—one that n[illegible] cludes Victoria's S[illegible] Express, and Bo[illegible] Body Works—from $5,000 lent him [illegible] aunt. "Wexner saw in Jeffrey the t[illegible] person who had the potential t[illegible] ize his [Jeffrey's] dreams," says [illegible] one who has worked closel[illegible] both men. "He gave Jeffrey th[illegible] and Jeffrey hit it out of the [illegible] Wexner, through a trust, h[illegible] the town house in which E[illegible] now lives for a reported[illegible] million in 1989. In 1993 [illegible] ner married Abigail K[illegible] a 31-year-old lawyer, a[illegible] newlyweds relocated to[illegible] in 1996, Epstein mov[illegible] to the town house. [illegible] documents suggest that the [illegible] is still owned by the trust that bou[illegible] but Epstein has said that he now ow[illegible] house.

Wexner trusts Epstein so comp[illegible] that he has assigned him the power [illegible] ciary over all of his private trusts an[illegible] dations, says a source close to Wexn[illegible] 1992, Epstein even persuaded We[illegible] put him on the board of the Wexner[illegible] dation in place of Wexner's ailing n[illegible] Bella Wexner recovered and deman[illegible] be reinstated. Epstein has said they [illegible] by splitting the foundation in two.

Epstein does not care that he con[illegible] tween family members. In fact, he [illegible] as his job. He tells people, "I am th[illegible] represent my client, and if my client[illegible] protecting—sometimes even from h[illegible] family—then it's often better that [illegible] hate me, not the client."

"You've probably heard I'm vic[illegible] my representation of my clients," h[illegible] people proudly; Leah Kleman descri[illegible] haggling over art prices as somethi[illegible] a scene out of the movie *Mad M*[illegible] *yond Thunderdome.* Even a former [illegible] says he's seen "the dark side" of E[illegible] and a Bear Stearns source recalls a[illegible] ing in which Epstein chewed out [illegible] making a presentation for Wex[illegible]

brutal as to be "irresponsible." porter, in fact, received three threats stein while preparing a piece. They ivered in a jocular tone, but the was clear: There will be trouble family if I don't like the article. e other hand, Epstein is clearly erous with friends. Joe Pagano, an ased venture capitalist, who has pstein since before his Bear Stearns n't say enough nice things: "I have ho's dyslexic, and Jeffrey's gotten him over the years.... Jeffrey got music. He bought him his first nd then as he got to school he had ... in studying ... so Jeffrey got rested in taking flying lessons." Monckton recalls Epstein telling her daughter, Domenica, who suf- Down syndrome, needed the sun, Rosa should feel free to bring her use in Palm Beach anytime. friends remember that in the late ein would offer to upgrade the air- ts of good friends by affixing first- kers; the only problem was that the urned out to be unofficial. Some- technique worked, but other times and the unwitting recipients found ves exiled to coach. (Epstein has that he paid for the upgrades, and nowledge of the stickers.) Many of o benefited from Epstein's largesse at his generosity comes with no ttached. "I never felt he wanted from me in return," says one old ho received a first-class upgrade.

Epstein is known about town as a man who loves women—lots of them, mostly young. Model types have been heard saying they are full of gratitude to Epstein for flying them around, and familiar face to many of the Victo- ret girls. One young woman recalls mmoned by Ghislaine Maxwell to rt at Epstein's town house, where hen seemed to outnumber the men "These were not women you'd see er East Side dinners," the woman "Many seemed foreign and dressed izarrely." This same guest also at- a cocktail party thrown by Maxwell nce Andrew attended, which was he says, with young Russian mod- me of the guests were horrified," han says.

s reckless," says a former business e, "and he's gotten more so. Mon- that to you. He's breaking the oath e to himself—that he would never hing that would expose him in the media. Right now, in the wake of the publicity following his trip with Clinton, he must be in a very difficult place."

According to S.E.C. and other legal documents unearthed by *Vanity Fair,* Epstein may have good reason to keep his past cloaked in secrecy: his real mentor, it might seem, was not Leslie Wexner but Steven Jude Hoffenberg, 57, who, for a few months before the S.E.C. sued to freeze his assets in 1993, was trying to buy the *New York Post.* He is currently incarcerated in the Federal Medical Center in Devens, Massachusetts, serving a 20-year sentence for bilking investors out of more than $450 million in one of the largest Ponzi schemes in American history.

When Epstein met Hoffenberg in London in the 1980s, the latter was the charismatic, audacious head of the Towers Financial Corporation, a collection agency that was supposed to buy debts that people owed to hospitals, banks, and phone companies. But Hoffenberg began using company funds to pay off earlier investors and service a lavish lifestyle that included a mansion on Long Island, homes on Manhattan's Sutton Place and in Florida, and a fleet of cars and planes.

Hoffenberg and Epstein had much in common. Both were smart and obsessed with making money. Both were from Brooklyn. According to Hoffenberg, the two men were introduced by Douglas Leese, a defense contractor. Epstein has said they were introduced by John Mitchell, the late attorney general.

Epstein had been running International Assets Group Inc. (I.A.G.), a consulting company, out of his apartment in the Solo building on East 66th Street in New York. Though he has claimed that he managed money for billionaires only, in a 1989 deposition he testified that he spent 80 percent of his time helping people recover stolen money from fraudulent brokers and lawyers. He was also not above entering into risky, tax-sheltered oil and gas deals with much smaller investors. A lawsuit that Michael Stroll, the former head of Williams Electronics Inc., filed against Epstein shows that in 1982 I.A.G. received an investment from Stroll of $450,000, which Epstein put into oil. In 1984, Stroll asked for his money back; four years later he had received only $10,000. Stroll lost the suit, after Epstein claimed in court, among other things, that the check for $10,000 was for a horse he'd bought from Stroll. "My net worth never exceeded four and a half million dollars," Stroll has said.

Hoffenberg, says a close friend, "really liked Jeffrey.... Jeffrey has a way of getting under your skin, and he was under Hoffenberg's." Also appealing to Hoffenberg were Epstein's social connections; they included oil mogul Cece Wang (father of the designer Vera) and Mohan Murjani, whose clothing company grew into Gloria Vanderbilt Jeans. Epstein lived large even then. One friend recalls that when he took Canadian heiress Wendy Belzberg on a date he hired a Rolls-Royce especially for the occasion. (Epstein has claimed he owned it.)

In 1987, Hoffenberg, according to sources, set Epstein up in the offices he still occupies in the Villard House, on Madison Avenue, across a courtyard from the restaurant Le Cirque. Hoffenberg hired his new protégé as a consultant at $25,000 a month, and the relationship flourished. "They traveled everywhere together—on Hoffenberg's plane, all around the world, they were always together," says a source. Hoffenberg has claimed that Epstein confided in him, saying, for example, that he had left Bear Stearns in 1981 after he was discovered executing "illegal operations."

Several of Epstein's Bear Stearns contemporaries recall that Epstein left the company very suddenly. Within the company there were rumors also that he was involved in a technical infringement, and it was thought that the executive committee asked that he resign after his two supporters, Ace Greenberg and Jimmy Cayne, were outnumbered. Greenberg says he can't recall this; Cayne denies it happened, and Epstein has denied it as well. "Jeffrey Epstein left Bear Stearns of his own volition," says Cayne. "It was never suggested that he leave by any member of management, and management never looked into any improprieties by him. Jeffrey said specifically, 'I don't want to work for anybody else. I want to work for myself.'" Yet, this is not the story that Epstein told to the S.E.C. in 1981 and to lawyers in a 1989 deposition involving a civil business case in Philadelphia.

In 1981 the S.E.C.'s Jonathan Harris and Robert Blackburn took Epstein's testimony and that of other Bear Stearns employees in part of what became a protracted case about insider trading around a tender offer placed on March 11, 1981, by the Seagram Company Ltd. for St. Joe Minerals Corp. Ultimately several Italian and Swiss investors were found guilty, including Italian financier Giuseppe Tome, who had used his relationship with Seagram owner Edgar Bronfman Sr. to obtain information about the tender offer.

After the tender offer was announced, the S.E.C. began investigating trades involving St. Joe at CONTINUED ON PAGE 341

© 2003

At the Breeders' Cup Classic, October 26, 2002, Volponi (ridden by Jose Santos, wearing No. 2) defeated the early favorite, War Emblem (No. 3), and Medaglia d'Oro (No. 7), who finished second, six and a half lengths back.



Winner

When Volponi, the 43-to-1 long shot, finished first in the 2002 Breeders'
ts worth $3.1 million. In fact, what Davis had was a tic
her Harn and club-hopping ne'er-do-well Glen Da
t that brought them down, BRYAN BURROUG



Lose All

: last October, it looked as if Derrick Davis held six winning
ummer, for himself and two of his college fraternity brothers: ace computer
Harn's masterminding of the scheme to the stunning
one of the richest betting scams in the history of American sports

It could have happened anywhere, at the Belmont, the Preakness, or even the Kentucky Derby. But when the histories are written, they will show that it happened instead at the climax of the American Thoroughbred season, the Breeders' Cup races, held that overcast Saturday afternoon, October 26, 2002, at Arlington Park, in the northwestern suburbs of Chicago.

To those in the capacity crowd of 46,000 and to the millions of bettors and racing fans watching Bob Costas narrate the action on NBC, everything appeared normal. Whitish-gray clouds hung low over the track. It was 46 degrees but seemed colder. In the owners' boxes, where fingers of cigar smoke curled up into a northwest breeze, women burrowed into their minks. Up in the green-glass-enclosed restaurants, waiters in white scurried to and fro. Out in the grandstand, the regular Joes shivered in leather coats, parkas, and Cubs jackets.

As the crowd returned from the betting windows to watch the centerpiece of the day's eight championship races—the $4 million, one-and-a-quarter-mile Breeders' Cup Classic—the television commentators rhapsodized about the early favorite: War Emblem, a sleek, muscular, three-year-old the color of dark Belgian chocolate. The temperamental horse, owned by the late prince Ahmed bin Salman of Saudi Arabia, had won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness before stumbling out of the gate in the Belmont. This [illegible] going to Japan, where a farm had paid $17 mil[illegible]

Bob Baffert, as he managed, on his second try, to saddle the jittery, tossing Thoroughbred. If War Emblem won today, he would no doubt be named Horse of the Year.

Minutes later the crowd buzzed as the 12 horses emerged onto the track and were paraded by the grandstand. War Emblem walked third, behind an uninspiring 43-to-1 long shot named Volponi, one of several horses the NBC commentators were treating as cannon fodder; if War Emblem faltered, they speculated, the race would probably go to one of only two serious challengers: Medaglia d'Oro, the winner of the Travers at Saratoga, or Came Home, the Pacific Classic winner.

As the rear doors of the starting gate closed, the horses pawed at the dirt and snorted. Then the bell rang, the green-and-white gates flipped open, and the horses shot forward toward the first turn. One of the long shots, E Dubai, running from the first position, lit out along the rail. War Emblem gave chase and nosed ahead at the far turn. The other horses fell into a pack, rounding the turn in unison, none breaking free, clods of dirt flying in their wake.

At the quarter pole, the horses began to separate. War Emblem and Medaglia d'Oro led a group of five that surged forward, Volponi struggling to keep up in fifth. At the top of the stretch, with jockeys furiously lashing their haunches, War Emblem and Medaglia d'Oro ran neck and neck, heading for what looked to be a classic photo finish.

And then, seemingly out of nowhere, Volponi, the chugging 43-to-1 long shot, squeezed past the two leaders on the inside and pulled in front. Suddenly the other horses faded. Volponi raced along the inside, his lead growing, as jockey Jose Santos leaned over his neck. "It's going to be a huge upset!" the announcer shouted. And then Volponi was at the finish line, six and a half lengths ahead of Medaglia d'Oro. War Emblem finished a sorry eighth. An NBC microphone was jabbed at Santos as cameramen and photographers struggled to find Volponi's elderly co-owner, P. G. Johnson, a veteran trainer who had worked with horses for nearly 60 years.

A few minutes later Johnson, white-faced and trembling, stood in the winner's circle, accepting his trophy from the gov[illegible]nor of Illinois. It was a moment destined to go down in horse-racing history, t[illegible] sons that had everything and noth[illegible] do with Volponi and his owner. Not [illegible] in that winner's circle, nor anyone [illegible] Arlington Park that day, realized h[illegible] just witnessed what is probably the [illegible] illegal-betting scandal in the ann[illegible] American sports.

At nine o'clock th[illegible] morning, a Sunda[illegible] Nader drove in fr[illegible] home in the Long [illegible] suburbs to his off[illegible] Aqueduct Racetr[illegible] New York City, just [illegible] the highway from John F. Kennedy [illegible] national Airport. As senior vice pre[illegible] of the New York Racing Association, [illegible] runs the Aqueduct, Belmont, and Sa[illegible] tracks, Nader, 45, had no formal [illegible] this year's Breeders' Cup races, othe[illegible] the fact that Aqueduct, like most t[illegible] had simulcast the race for its patr[illegible] sinewy, tightly coiled man, he wa[illegible] ous to see the Breeders' betting r[illegible] especially the Ultra Pick Six bets, [illegible] call for bettors to select the winners [illegible] of the eight Breeders' Cup races. [illegible] unlikely event anyone picked all si[illegible] ners, Volponi's long-shot victory [illegible] mean a gigantic payoff. More likely [illegible] would be a handful of consolatio[illegible] ners—people who had selected five [illegible] six winners.

When Nader got to his office, his [illegible]

DaSilva studied security. "Is there an eye in the sk[illegible]

was ringing. It was Glen Mathe[illegible] N.Y.R.A.'s communications direct[illegible] had just read of the winning bets [illegible] *Chicago Sun-Times*. There *had* been [illegible] ner in the Ultra Pick Six, six of th[illegible] fact, who collectively stood to take [illegible] a jaw-dropping $3.1 million. Then M[illegible] threw in the kicker: "Did you see [illegible] winners were at the Catskill OTB?"

Nader frowned. Six winners at o[illegible] track betting parlor in upstate New [illegible] "That doesn't sound right to me," I[illegible] Mathes.

Nader walked out into the carpete[illegible] way, which was lined with prints o[illegible] brated racehorses such as Seattle [illegible] Cigar, and Secretariat. Rounding th[illegible] ner, he stuck his head into Jim Gall[illegible] office. Gallagher was another N.[illegible] vice president.

"Did you see all the six winning [illegible] yesterday were from the Catskill [illegible] Nader asked.

's unusual," Gallagher said.
ably worth looking into," Na-

gher walked down to Aque-
te room, where a handful of
ans minded the computer
hat managed the track's bet-
em. He asked if they could
nformation on the Breeders'
ra Pick Six bets. It took an
two, but when he finally got
gher walked the printout up
r's office.

mer oddsmaker, Nader was
by what he read on the print-
six winning tickets had been
y a single person. Worse, the
de no sense: the bettor, who-
was, hadn't won by choosing
groups of horses on each
spreading his risk. The six
were all the same. Amazing-
d correctly chosen, or "singled,"
ners in each of the first four races,
ected "all" horses to win the last
r Pick Six a person can bet mul-
rses to win in a race, but the
reases exponentially as horses are
Singling four races was all but im-
, as two of those races had been

even if a bettor lucked into doing
"nobody makes that kind of bet
s," Nader says today. "If you're go-
a Pick Six player, you spread the
und. That's how everyone does it.







SMUG SHOTS

Clockwise from top left: Glen DaSilva, Christopher Harn, and Derrick Davis arrive at U.S. District Court in White Plains, New York, November 12, 2002. After Volponi won, Harn called DaSilva and said, "You need to get a lawyer."

sked. "Is this like a casino? Are we being watched?"

ances of making that bet, to me,
ro."

s is very bad," Nader told Galla-
This is very bad." He went over
once, then twice, then three times.
s very bad," he repeated. "Very,
d."

oon as I saw this bet, the enormi-
just knocked me down," Nader
t's not just that it was unusual. I
his is the first time I've ever been
in [an illegal bet], and I've been
usiness since 1979. But this? This
3.1 million fraud."

r and Gallagher began throwing
ne calls to friends at the Breeders'
e Thoroughbred Racing Protective
the New York State Racing and
g Board, and, finally, to Autotote
, whose computers handle about
ent of the nation's racetrack bets.
f those they called were equally sus-
others couldn't be bothered on a Sunday afternoon. At around four P.M., Nader sat down at his computer and typed out an E-mail detailing his suspicions. He sent it to everyone he had spoken to, then went home for dinner. If this was an illegal bet, he had done all he could do.

Officials at the Breeders' Cup read Nader's memo and agreed the bets looked suspicious. On Monday morning they announced they were freezing the winning Pick Six wagers and initiating an investigation. Because the bets were placed at a New York OTB, the initial responsibility for the probe rested with the New York State Racing and Wagering Board, which is located in a warren of neat cubicles on the second floor of a red-brick office building beside an expressway in Albany, the state capital. The board's chairman, Michael Hoblock, rolled his eyes when he heard the Catskill OTB was involved. In New York, OTBs function as semi-regulated fiefdoms, many run by cantankerous political appointees, and none was more cantankerous than the Catskill OTB Corporation president, Don Groth. Groth had actually sued the New York board over a regulatory matter a few years back and won. His Catskill OTB had a reputation as a throwback that resisted computerization and other elements of modern technology.

The Wagering Board's audits director, a meaty 38-year-old accountant named Tom Casaregola, was just sitting down in his corner office that morning to examine the strange bets when the press release was issued. Casaregola had someone phone Groth to see who had placed the bet. Groth said it was a Baltimore man named Derrick Davis, a new customer who had opened his account a week before. Groth said it looked like a legitimate bet, a hunch

he repeated to the reporters who called all that day. On the other hand, Groth told Casaregola's man, if this was a suspicious bet, it was the second he had seen in a month. The first was a Pick Six winner at Belmont on October 5. He checked his records. That bet had been placed by a man named Glen DaSilva, who had a Manhattan address.

Casaregola got on the Internet. He ran Nexis and Google searches of both names, Davis and DaSilva. Finding nothing, he tried a public-records search. In minutes he had a list of addresses for the two men. Immediately he noticed that they had shared a Philadelphia address in the early 1990s. Another Internet search identified the address as a fraternity house, Tau Kappa Epsilon, at Drexel University. Almost certainly the link between Davis and DaSilva meant that these were illegal bets. Casaregola picked up the phone and called the state police.

The next day Casaregola convened a strategy meeting with a group of state investigators led by a supervisor named Charles Sullivan. On a hunch that any illegal bet would probably have involved a manipulation of betting computers, one group would head to the Autotote computer facility in Poughkeepsie, in upstate New York, where the Catskill OTB bets were processed. Later that week, another group went to Manhattan, where they put Glen DaSilva's apartment building, on West 51st Street, under surveillance; and compared the list of names with a list of Autotote employees. One name leapt off the page: Christopher Harn. He had been a Drexel undergraduate from 1991 to 1997. And now he was a senior programmer at Autotote headquarters in Delaware.

In the 1985 film *The Falcon and The Snowman,* the actor Timothy Hutton portrays a disaffected clerk deep inside the American intelligence establishment. Working in a cramped back room at an aerospace company, surrounded by computers and Teletype machines that transmit all manner of covert information, he exploits gaping holes in corporate security to lift secrets he intends to sell to the Russians. Not wanting to expose himself to arrest, he persuades an old friend, a coke-sniffing party boy played by Sean Penn, to do his dirty work for him, and Penn passes the information to a Soviet Embassy.

Imagine those same two characters, substitute Thoroughbred-racing information for national-security secrets, and you have the basic outline of the Breeders' Cup betting scandal. The Timothy Hutton character is Chris Harn, a doughy computer programmer at Autotote Systems in Newark, Delaware. The Sean Penn character is Glen DaSilva, an unemployed refugee of New York's Silicon Alley, a club-hopping misfit who blows his share of their ill-gotten gains on cocaine, hookchatty, with gelled black hair and a ous lower lip. A hard-partying clothe and high-school soccer star, he grew son of Portuguese immigrants in Ne sey's Hamilton Township, just east of ton. The tall, ponytailed Harn was and studious and favored baggy cl He had grown up in Pasadena, Calif and Lexington, Kentucky; when his p divorced, he moved with his moth suburban Maryland, where he buried self in home computers.

Neither young man had a clear vis a path in life, but Drexel, a magnet for ing blue-collar techies that bills itself country's first wireless university, offe innovative work-study program in students attended class for half a yea worked the other. Each boy thou would help him find his way. As men, Harn and DaSilva would sit w speaking for hours in front of the tele passing each other the remote. Harn's hood stutter was still pronounced DaSilva never laughed at it or inter him. They were so-so students and their nights at the clubs downtown. va did well with girls, and he woul Harn over when he attracted compan

DaSilva had a friend from Trento had pledged Tau Kappa Epsilon, and visiting its sprawling Greek Revival sion, DaSilva found that the TKE br threw excellent parties. In the spri his freshman year he decided to p Harn did too, and they remained

"There's no record of what Harn did in the syst

for the moment, there was no sign of him.

Wednesday morning Sullivan led a group of investigators to Autotote's Poughkeepsie office. There were a half-dozen employees to interview, and all were helpful. No, each said, there had been nothing strange about Breeders' Cup Saturday. But then one programmer mentioned something odd. One of the tracks had phoned in a problem with its dial-up wagering system. It had been necessary to ask a senior programmer at the company's Delaware headquarters to step in and fix it. Sullivan took down the names of several programmers in Delaware. They would have to check them out, too.

Returning to Albany, a Wagering Board investigator named Pat Wade contacted Tau Kappa Epsilon's national office for a list of its Drexel chapter members from the early

ers, and hotel suites from Las Vegas to Miami's South Beach. Both are 29.

Today neither man is speaking publicly. In fact, remarkably little has surfaced to date about their historic scheme; there's been no *Sports Illustrated* cover story, no *Dateline,* no *60 Minutes.* At press time Harn had given precisely two interviews, to state and federal investigators. His co-conspirators have yet to be debriefed by authorities. His bosses at Autotote have retreated behind a wall of corporate silence, barring all employees from discussing the case. No one directly involved has much to say on the record. But from private conversations, one can put together quite a story.

It begins in the fall of 1991 in Philadelphia, where, as incoming freshmen, Harn and DaSilva were assigned as roommates in Kelly Hall at Drexel University. The two 18-year-olds made an odd couple; they were opposites, each finding solace in the ts of the other. DaSilva was hip and

mates. By their sophomore year both hitting their strides. DaSilva was TKE's social chairman and later its tr er, overseeing a rigorous round of Thu afternoon keggers. Harn, whose stutter as he acquired confidence in his skills, became the chapter's in-house puter expert, the "go-to guy," as on brother puts it, for anyone with a com problem. Thanks in part to Harn, the became the first Drexel fraternity to Ethernet connections in every bedro

Fraternity brothers reme Harn as kind, the ty "big brother" who d take hazing rituals too ously; one of his work assignments involved taining computers a University of Pennsylvania. DaSilva more of a player, always on the look the hippest clothes and hottest so

ough both Harn and DaSilva at-
raduation ceremonies, neither ac-
duated; both, it turns out, were
dits short. Not that it mattered.
ckly found work. DaSilva took a
y job for a few months, working
pus recycling project.
rch 1997, Harn took a job as a
mer at Autotote. There he found
n a prototypical American office
ent. He worked in a cubicle, sur-
on three and a half sides by five-
y dividers. There was a single
a phone, a bookshelf, and the
puter he worked on, which was
d to Autotote's Intel and Alpha
a secure computer room down
In no time Harn's superiors real-
vas a gifted programmer.
t of these guys have the skills,"
of his co-workers, who spoke on
dition of anonymity, "but what
good developer is the kind of
u have. It's like art. Either you
r you don't, and Harn had it. He
understood the rules [of our sys-
understood it all. He 'got it.' He
ry professional approach, very dili-
[Personally] he came off as a bit
iendly but kind of a loner, not the
guy who went out to lunch with
guys."
quickly moved up the corporate
king a coveted spot on the compa-
person research-and-development
is specialty was providing support
of suburban routine. There were signs, however, that Harn hungered for more. In 1999 he accepted a job with an Autotote competitor. But when the company said it wanted to transfer him to Europe, he balked. Autotote graciously gave him his old job back.

As Harn forged a life of suburban prosperity, Glen DaSilva trod a bumpier road. Several months after leaving school he moved to Manhattan, where he shared an apartment in Stuyvesant Town with his longtime girlfriend, a fashion major in college. He took an entry-level marketing job with the accounting and consulting firm Arthur Andersen on Sixth Avenue, writing up client proposals. Bored, he left a year later to join an Internet start-up called Medscape, which provides clinical information for doctors. DaSilva manned the company's booth at trade shows and wrote up marketing plans. Neither the work nor the subject matter thrilled him.

What excited him were the parties. In 1998, Silicon Alley was humming. Almost every night companies like Yahoo! or DoubleClick had parties in Manhattan with free food, free drinks, and comely young women attracted to the buzz. DaSilva ate it up. He developed a taste for cocaine and late-night club hopping, and he began to view his girlfriend, by this time his fiancée, as a drag on his social life. DaSilva broke off the engagement and moved into an apartment on his own.

In 2000, DaSilva left Medscape, landing at another small digital company. That job lasted less than a year and he was laid off in the fall. He managed to find work with Andersen Consulting (now Accenture), but when the economy worsened he was exiled to a facility in New Jersey, where he passed the days dreaming up new product ideas.

On September 4, 2001, the Tuesday before 9/11, DaSilva was laid off once more. He began collecting unemployment. As he sent out résumés and began interviewing for jobs, he fell into a deep funk. His cocaine use continued. He built a Web page for something he called DaSilva Digital, a shell company he hoped might attract some work; it didn't. Looking for something to do, he walked down to Ground Zero, hoping to help, but was turned away. He had no usable skills, they told him.

One night DaSilva crept out of his apartment and walked down 51st Street, where he found a dealer who sold him a bag of cocaine. An undercover policeman witnessed the purchase and placed DaSilva under arrest. It was his only drug conviction, and a judge gave him probation, under which he agreed not to leave New York City. He was at the end of his rope. Unemployed, alone, and soon to be under the supervision of a probation officer, he had no idea where to turn.

It was at this low point that DaSilva received an odd call from his old roommate Chris Harn. Harn, who bunked at DaSilva's apartment on his occasional trips to New York, said he was coming north and had something in mind; he wouldn't say more over the phone. When DaSilva pressed, Harn said he might know a way for DaSilva to make some money. It was something, he said, they could "do together."

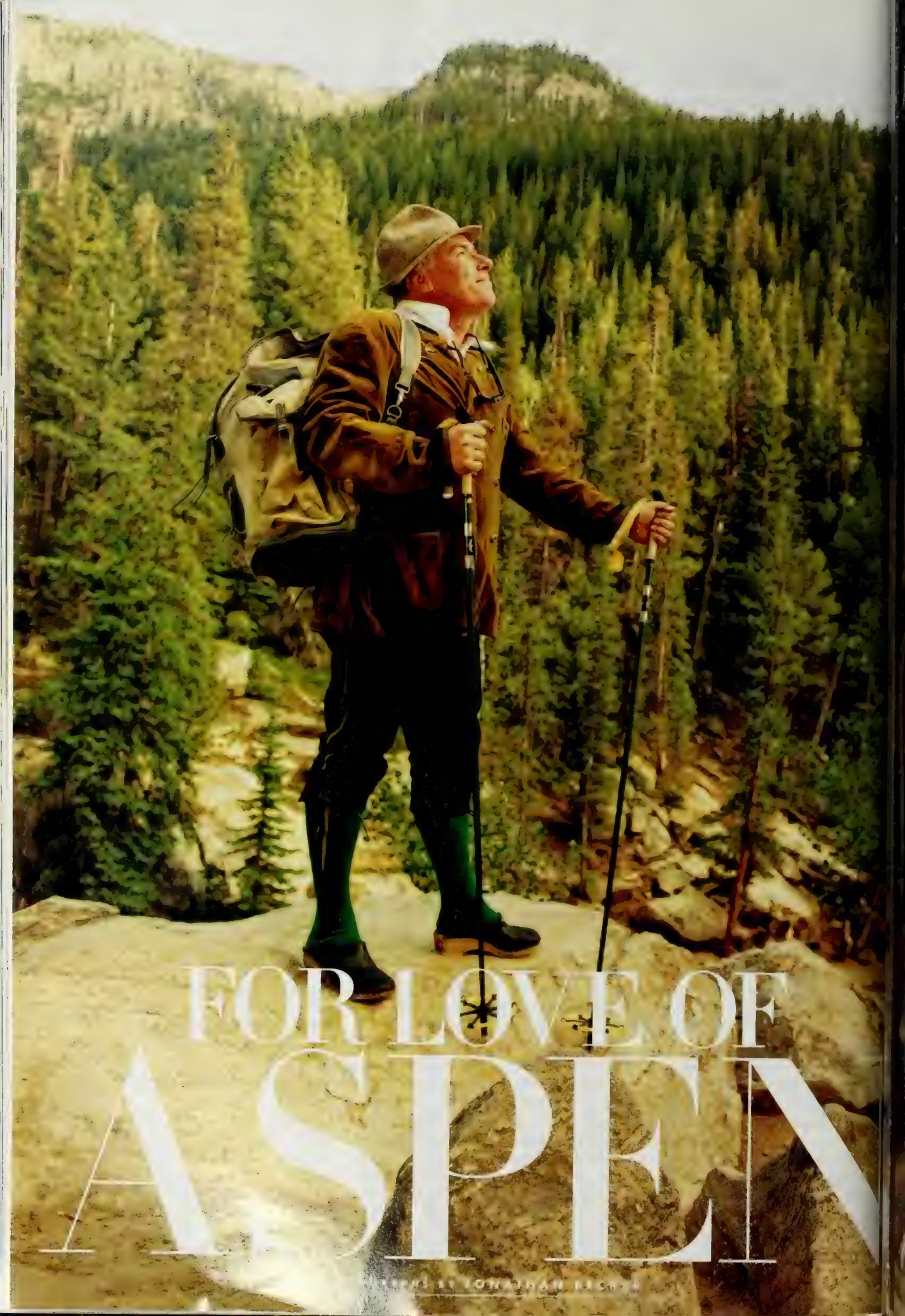
No one but Chris Harn knows why he decided to break the law, and he's not saying. One investigator, pointing to a second mortgage on his home, speculates that Harn was financially overextended. That may be. Harn clearly had his eye on finer things. Later, when police searched his home, they discovered a real-estate brochure for a dozen acres of beachfront property in Peru. But people who know Harn doubt money was the deciding factor. "I'll tell you why he did it—because he could," says one. "He has that hacker mentality."

Whatever his motivation, Harn needed a partner to make his idea work. Today, investigators debate whether he turned to DaSilva because he was his most trusted friend or his most vulnerable. Whatever the case, the moment Harn sat down in DaSilva's apartment that autumn day, his old roommate was all ears. Harn took out a wad of paper slips. DaSilva picked up one and examined it. It was white, about four inches square. At the top was the word "Autotote"; below, the words "Test Ticket" and "Void Not for Sale." At the bottom was a bar code.

They were racetrack betting slips, Harn explained. The slips themselves were actually unusable test slips; Harn said they lay all over the Autotote office. What he had done, Harn explained, was access a computer database listing CONTINUED ON PAGE 312

y have no evidence that the bet was changed."

tote's I.V.R. systems, the dial-up pro-
ost racetracks and OTB parlors
alled so that bettors can place wa-
r the phones. Harn worked long
ften coming in on weekends, when
s did much of their business. After
a stringent certification process—
nabled him to work on all major
ems—he was named a senior devel-
programmer, one of only five in
oration.
time to time Harn was sent to
ks to tinker with their Autotote
On one such trip, to Lima, Peru,
young woman named Mercedes.
ng to one source, she was the daugh-
Peruvian track employee. They
ove and married, and Mercedes
Delaware to live. They bought a
Newark, and two years ago had
ter.
is known of life inside the Harn
ut from all appearances it was one



FOR LOVE OF ASPEN

BY JONATHAN BROOK



On major holidays, a private plane lands or takes off at the Aspen airport every six minutes. The average Aspen house costs $2.7 million. Just what has made this Colorado mountain town so irresistible to Kevin Costner, Robert McNamara, Jack Nicholson, Goldie Hawn, Michael Eisner, and Prince Bandar, to name just a few of its A-list homeowners, as well as a cultural mecca for artists and intellectuals? Talking with everyone from anti-growth activist Hunter Thompson to go-go entrepreneur Harley Baldwin, MARK SEAL surveys the legends of Aspen's past, the eye-popping wealth of its present, and the battle for its future

NATURAL BEAUTY

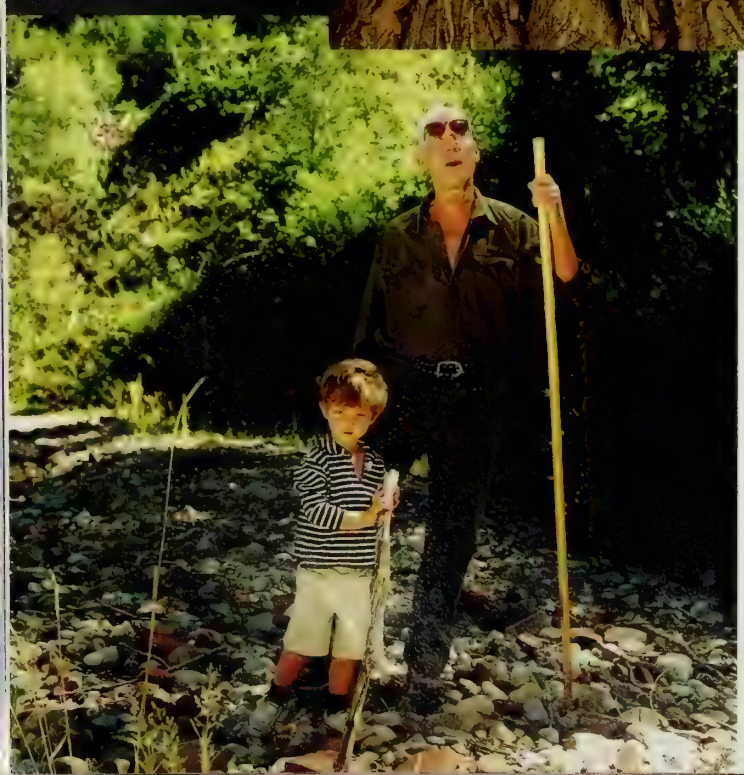
Kate McBride Puckett with her dog in a barn on the McBride-family ranch. *Opposite,* Tim Mooney, professional skier and real-estate broker, hiking in Independence Pass outside Aspen in July 2002.





GONE NATIVE

From above: **Kevin Costner, whose boyhood dreams came true when he bought land in Aspen, with Christine Baumgartner; a sign outside the house of artist Robert Oxenberg; film director Bob Rafelson, a longtime Aspenite, with his son, Ethan-Otis, on the bank of Castle Creek.** ***Opposite,*** **landmark resident Hunter Thompson with Anita Bejmuk at the gonzo writer's house in Woody Creek.**

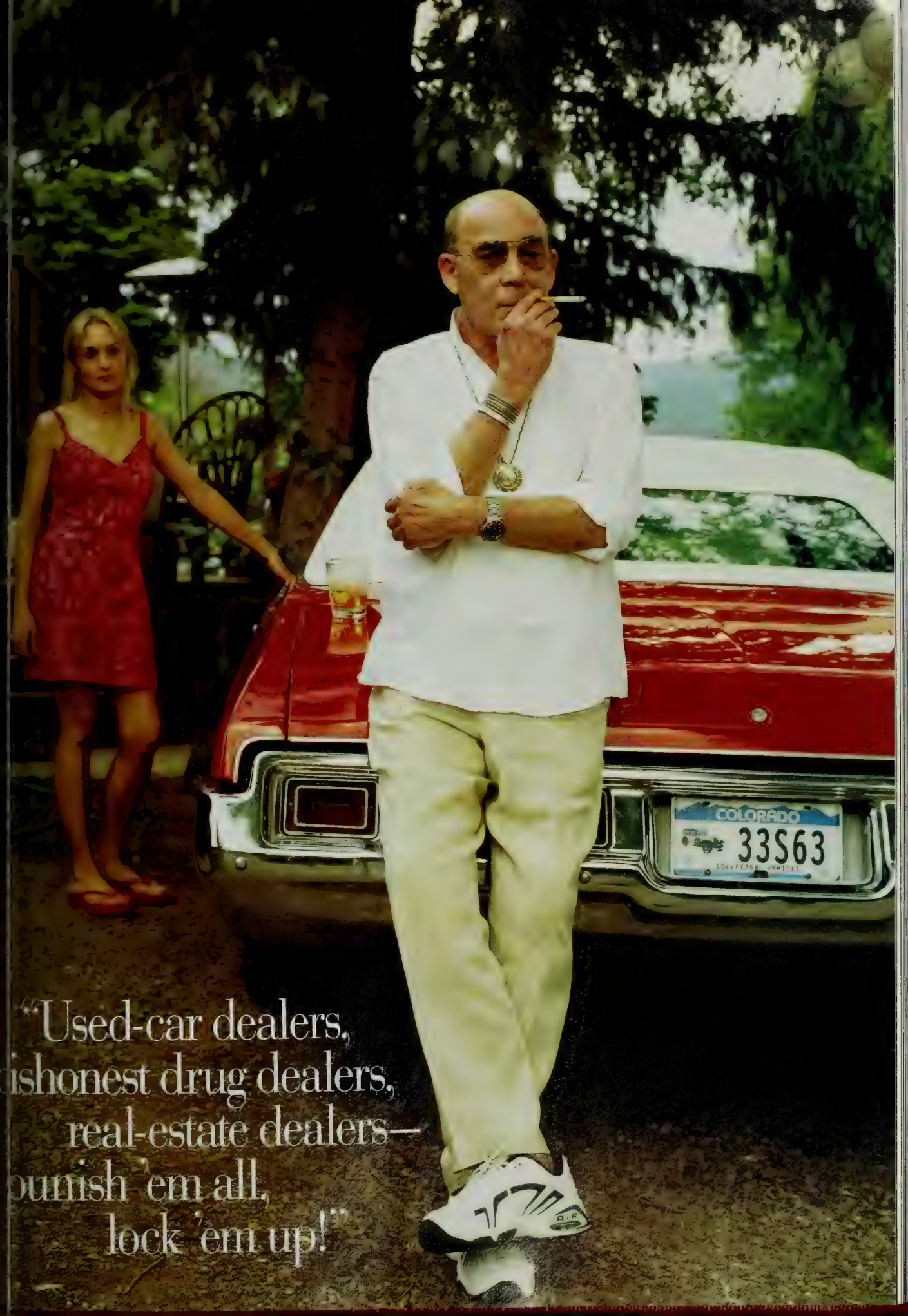


"This is the place I dreamed a
when I was little," says Kevin Costner, sitting down to chili
and a glass of milk in his log house on a huge piece of
right outside Aspen, Colorado. Just in from Los Angeles o
G III, he is wearing jeans and a cowboy hat. Costner's h
made of weathered wood, is cra
painted and faux-finished. It's go
autumn outside, and with Costner's
friend, model Christine Baumgar
and his four matching white Lab
the picture, the place, which overl
a lake, is a Ralph Lauren ad sp
to life.

"I grew up in Compton, Califor
Costner says. "When we went on
tion, we never stayed in motels.
couldn't afford them. My earliest e
riences were with canvas tents a
Coleman stove, and I found somet
in that that spoke to me." With the
cess of his 1990 Oscar-winning *Da*
with Wolves, he began searching fo
place of his childhood dreams. "I lo
in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and M
tana," he remembers, "and I fo
places that were so beautiful, but
were always isolated. Interestingly eno
I had been coming here for six y
and didn't even know that this really existed."

All his time in Aspen had been spent in the Warner Ho
where Warner Bros. sends its stars and executives for R&R
loved the town, but I didn't find a place where I could go
and not be disturbed," says Costner. Then one day he esca
the mansion and took a drive. "I was going to go to the C
nental Divide, to see where the rivers run to the Mississip
When the two-lane road opened into a pass, he saw a perfec
tle valley spreading out between walls of mountains. "I lo
down and saw that lake, and that was it," he says.

Costner had experienced the same jaw-dropping sens
wonder shared by everyone from Aspen's first residents, the
Indians, to the silver miners of the 1880s, to the hordes of
pies and celebrities of the 1970s and 80s, to the current cro
billionaires. The land Costner saw was the old Tagert L
Ranch, once a potato farm and a Pony Express changing
tion, with a mile and a half of Roaring Fork River front
Costner launched what would eventually be 12 years of neg
tions with the owner, director-writer-producer Lee Lacy,
had been Costner's boss when he first went to L.A. to work



"Used-car dealers,
ishonest drug dealers,
real-estate dealers—
unish 'em all,
lock 'em up!"





4



5



6



9



8



10





TAIN PEOPLE

cy Baldwin, the king of
n Aspen, in his apartment with
tributing editor Wendy Stark
cy and his wirehaired terriers.
n's mountain-rescue service.
aurateurs Nobuko Kang and
latsuhisa with Jada Pinkett and
ith. (4) Impresario Gunnar
son of European playboy Gunther
(5) Birches along Independence
) Social leader Lita Heller
ittle Nell Hotel. (7) NetJets
ne telephone at the Caribou Club.
en Klanderud, Aspen's mayor,
oon Creek Valley. (9) Ivana Trump
ssano Rubicondi on the slopes.
lanie Griffith and Antonio
as at their home on the back of
Mountain. (11) Arts patrons
and Lynda Resnick, in blue shirts
ns, with guests Michael York
photographer wife, Patricia.





stage manager. Lacy sold Costner 35 acres and, two weeks before my visit, the rest of the ranch, a total of 165 acres. "I want my ashes scattered here," Costner says.

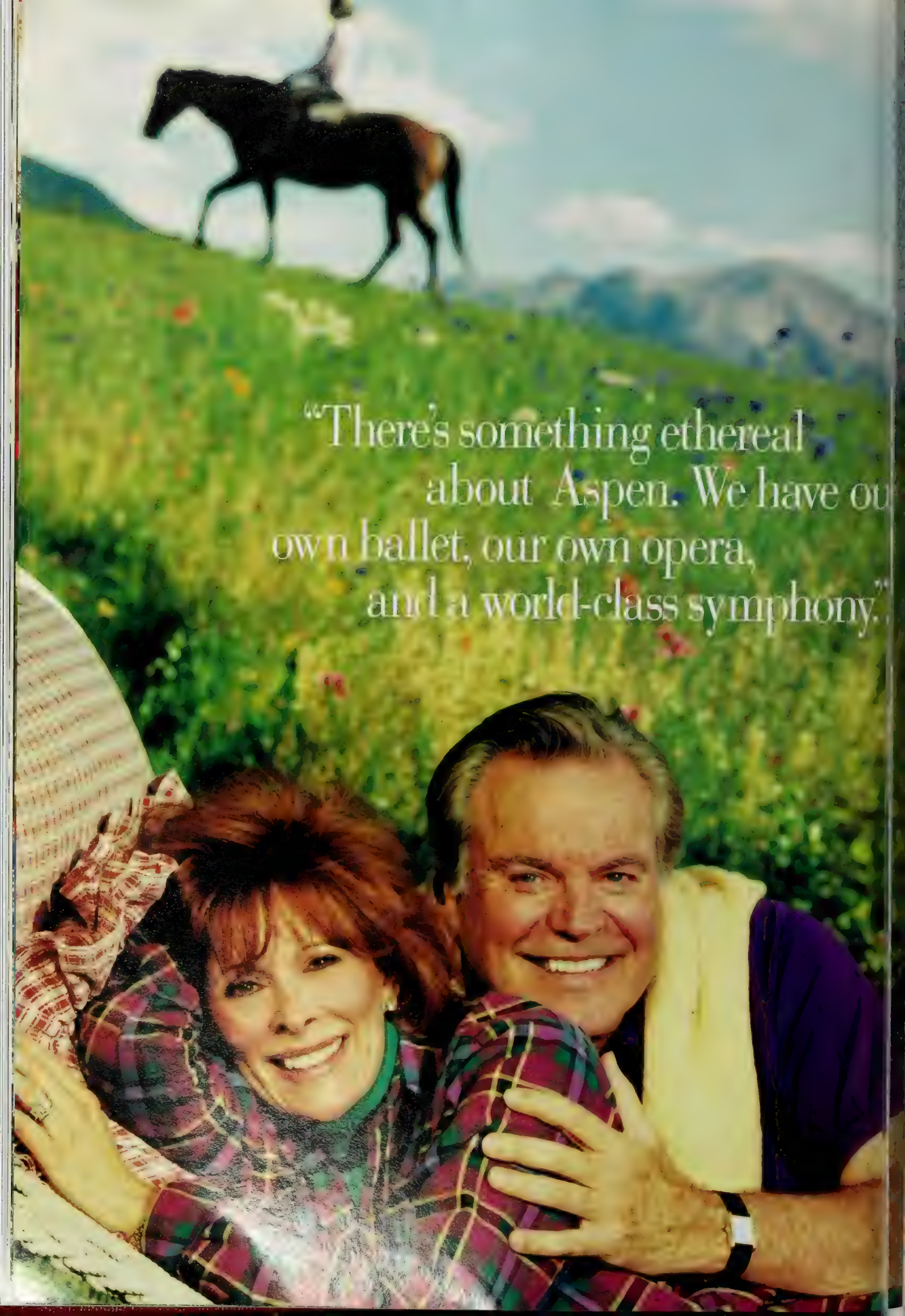
Five miles down the highway from Costner's house sits the town of Aspen. "It's not what everybody thinks, just a glitzy town—it's much more than that," says former secretary of defense Robert S. McNamara, a veteran of 55 ski seasons here. What Aspen has become—and what it should be—is a matter of intense debate. But every Aspenite agrees on one thing: there's no better place.

"I go to sleep at night in New York with my window open and I can hear buses, cars, boom boxes, alarms," says *60 Minutes* co-host Ed Bradley. "I go to sleep in Woody Creek with my window open and all I hear is the river."

"It's so beautiful, compared to Los Angeles with all the rushing around and the nastiness," says Melanie Griffith. It took her seven years to get her husband, Antonio Banderas, to Aspen, but once she did, for Christmas 2001, he fell so hard for the skiing that they bought two houses and a cabin on the *back* of Aspen Mountain, where, in deep snow, the only way into town is via snowmobile.

"There's something ethereal about Aspen, sort of a magnetic energy," says Jill St. John, who came here in 1959, when she was married to Lance Reventlow, the son of Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, and who now shares a magnificent house on a large tract of land with her current husband, Robert Wagner. "In the last 50 years so many people have come here who are involved in music, art, literature, government, and culture. We have our own ballet, our own opera, and a world-class symphony." She looks over at Wagner, who first came here in 1949, and then out at the wall-to-wall view of Hayden Peak and the area's four ski mountains. "We open the sliding screen doors to our bedroom when there's bad weather coming, and we lie on the bed and hold hands and watch the rain come in," she says. "And we say how lucky we are to be here." Robert Wagner adds wryly, "We had to put on a lot of makeup to pay for this motherfucker."

"What would you do if the engine stopped now?" flight instructor J. P. Hutter asks Domenico De Sole, who is at the controls of the small plane in which we are skimming the tops of 10,000-foot peaks on a summer flight into Aspen. A part-time resident for a decade, De Sole, the president, C.E.O., and chairman of Gucci Group N.V. and a student pilot, wearing shorts, deck shoes, and a T-shirt, sits grinning beside Hutter. Every morning during the summer, he leaves his wife and two daughters at their modern resi-

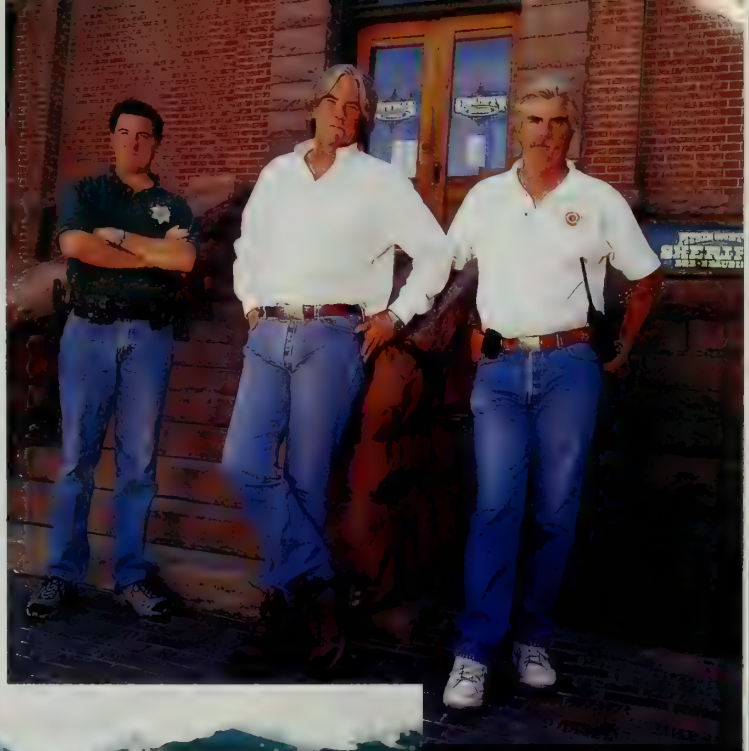

"There's something ethereal
about Aspen. We have ou
own ballet, our own opera,
and a world-class symphony."

n Snowmass, where Tom Ford is a regular visitor, to fly. "I ok for a place to land," De Sole responds to Hutter's questinking the plane sharply, following the Roaring Fork Valley town. From this altitude, Aspen looks like a tiny dot nes- 2.5 million acres of the White River National Forest. Now ver Aspen Mountain, once described by writer Spalding s "an 11,000-foot giant frozen tsunami about to crash on the town." We can see details of the village of 6,500 e residents—which swells to 30,000 in peak seasons—laid an orderly grid. Its four-lane Main Street is a reminder of l settlers' grand aspirations, when Aspen was the richest nining town in the world.

Sole parks the plane at Aspen's private airport, called Ase Operations. The summer season is in full swing, and the is wingtip to wingtip with G IIIs, G IVs, G Vs, Challengers, rs, Citations, and everyday Lears. A private plane lands or ff every six minutes on the airport's 17 "monster days," which July 4, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's. The jets ge a stream of leaders in film, sports, business, finance, and , all seeking to be humbled by somegreater than themselves. They're here e, bike, fly-fish, picnic, camp out, d party, but Aspen's most precious odities are peace and privacy.

You see them and you don't, the bigs who call Aspen their first, second, or third home: Don Johnson in blue jeans and sunglasses, pushing his baby uggy in town; Texas billionaire Sid nd his wife, Mercedes, strolling hand d to a summer concert at the Aspen Festival and School; Jack Nicholskiing with his kids every day from tmas through New Year's; Prince ar bin Sultan bin Abdul Aziz, the Arabian ambassador to the U.S.—32-room, 55,965-square-foot Aspen e, valued at $36.6 million, takes the prize for size—riding a packhorse on with one of the venerable judges of Colorado; Disney chief ael Eisner, who lives in a landmark Robert Stern–designed bin in Snowmass, braving the altitude despite having suffa heart attack several years ago; Martina Navratilova, playing at the Aspen Club and Spa; Kurt Russell, Goldie Hawn, heir kids, cross-country skiing for lunch at the Pine Creek house, near the old ghost town of Ashcroft. "Under the always under the radar," says Jimmy Buffett as he slips on a nd goggles with his layers of ski clothes and disappears.

ere's also every stripe of corporate C.E.O., from Leonard er of Estée Lauder to Michael Dell of Dell Computer to Bill o-founder of Sun Microsystems. "Hike through this place and e God has created candy for your eyes," says producer Peter r, whose 1,000-acre Mandalay Ranch is home to a herd of It's a tiny little town, six square blocks, with 105 restaurants, movie theaters, 13 venues of live entertainment every single of the week. But the best thing about it is being left alone." spen is an island in the sky, at 7,945 feet," says professioner and real-estate broker Tim Mooney. "Jack Nicholson







WILD WEST

From above: Sheriff Bob Braudis, flanked by deputies Joe DiSalvo and Tom Grady outside Pitkin County Courthouse; tennis star Chris Evert with her husband, champion skier Andy Mill, and their children, Nicky, Alex, and Colton; producer Irving Azoff with his wife, Shelli, and son, Cameron. *Opposite,* Jill St. John and her husband, Robert Wagner, on a hammock outside their house, with the Rocky Mountains for a backdrop.











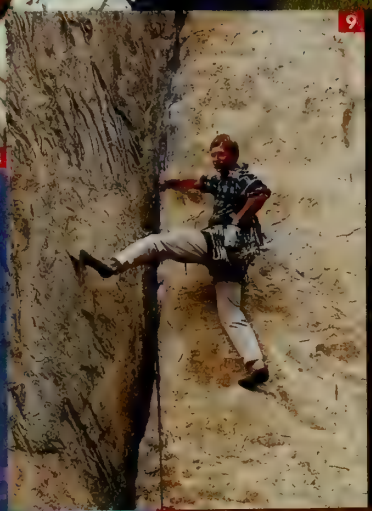
















ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

(1) Former secretary of defense Robert McNamara at his home in Snowmass. (2) Athletes Steven Marolt, Asia Jenkins, Gretchen Bleiler, Cyndy Hanle, and Michael Marolt by Castle Creek. (3) Barbi Benton and George Gradow in bed in their Copper Palace. (4) The grounds of the Copper Palace. (5) Amanda Boxtel in Snowmass at a "Challenge Aspen" event for disabled skiers. (6) Mountain view. (7) Harley Baldwin with actors Charlie Hunnam and Anne Hathaway at the Caribou Club. (8) Society columnist Mary Eshbaugh Hayes in the *Aspen Times* office. (9) Mountain climber Neil Beidleman. (10) Art activists Nancy and Bob Magoon. (11) John and Aimee Oates, who raise turkeys, with their son, Tanner. (12) The entrance to Mandalay Ranch, Peter and Tara Guber's estate. (13) The Guber family at the front door of Mandalay.



comes in on whatever studio corporate jet he can hitchh
on, and as soon as he gets on the plane he calls me
'What's shakin' in Aspen?' Everybody wants to leave the
jungle behind, to shed their armor, go native. Teddy Forst
the Forstmann Little & Co. buyout firm, whose annu
conference brought everyone from Tom Brokaw to Tour d
winner Lance Armstrong and the Eagles to town last sum
get on his G V, and he can't wait to put on a flannel
cowboy boots and disappear into the anonymity of a lo

The story of Aspen is all about real esta
Dennis Scholl, a Miami real-estate investo
collector, who has a condominium in to
all everybody talks about. Who has wh
tors and lawyers are eligible for affordat
ing. If you earn less than $133,000, you're
Aspen is America's fourth-most-expensive resident
estate market, with a median home price last year of
lion, just behind Jupite
Florida, and Montec
Atherton, California. T
three are bedroom cc
ties for Miami, Los
and Silicon Valley, resp
but Aspen is "a suburb
metropolitan area in th
according to veteran
tor Steve Hansen, w
built everything from
Prada store to Prince
palace.

Aspen's real-estate bo
continues the pattern of
three decades, will eclip
the silver boom, when
was blessed with a vei
30 miles long. Betwee
and 1894, $51 millio
of silver was extracted f
mountain, and Aspen's
tion swelled to 12,000.
paraded the world's lar
ver nugget—carved down to 1,842 pounds so that it w
in a wagon—through the streets.

"It's careening out of control!" says *Aspen Times* soci
umnist Mary Eshbaugh Hayes of the current climate of
charity events and private parties. She is sitting in the co
miner's cabin she has shared with her silversmith husba
since 1954. "We bought it for $7,500 in '56," she says. "
ily worth $2 million now."

"Buying real estate in Aspen is like buying in Londo
Gerald Hines. "You get on the ladder and the ladder
every year, but you've got to get on the ladder." The de
of Aspen's massive new base village at the Aspen Highla
signed by Robert Stern, Hines has been climbing the ladd
1958, when he bought a condominium in town for $100,0
sold it seven years later for $500,000. His great-uncle,
here in the 1860s, had returned to his native Nova Scotia a
"I've been to the prettiest place in the world, and I th
should name our village Aspen." Hines's mother was
Aspen, Nova Scotia, and told him tales of the glorious





ALL KINDS

From above: musician Jimmy Buffett with his wife, Jane, outside their Aspen town house; Gaylord Guenin and Mary Doyle, happy patrons of the Woody Creek Tavern; *60 Minutes* correspondent Ed Bradley outside his home on the Roaring Fork River. *Opposite,* Domenico De Sole, president and C.E.O. of Gucci Group N.V., with his wife, Eleanore, and their daughters, Laura and Rickie, in the living room of their modern house in Snowmass.



"The people in the community here have been given a lot in this lifetime, and they really want to give back."

Colorado, before he began developing shopping centers and office complexes in Houston and other cities.

We're sitting on the terrace at his Charles Moore–designed home on four prime acres at the convergence of Hunter Creek and the Roaring Fork River. He bought the land for $500,000 in 1975. The cottage next door, former home of embattled Enron chairman Ken Lay, on the ironically named Shady Lane, just sold for $10 million, and it has only *three* acres of riverfront property. "Ken called me, because I'd helped him get the property [five years ago, for $1.7 million]," says Hines. "He told me it was $10 million and asked, 'Would you like to buy it, Gerry?' I said no."

Lay sold the property to Bradley Bell, the producer and writer of the soap opera *The Bold and the Beautiful,* who immediately turned down two chances to sell it at a substantial profit. "It's the Roaring Fork River, and it's a limited commodity," says Bell. "I'd been waiting for riverfront property that's a walk to town for 10 years."

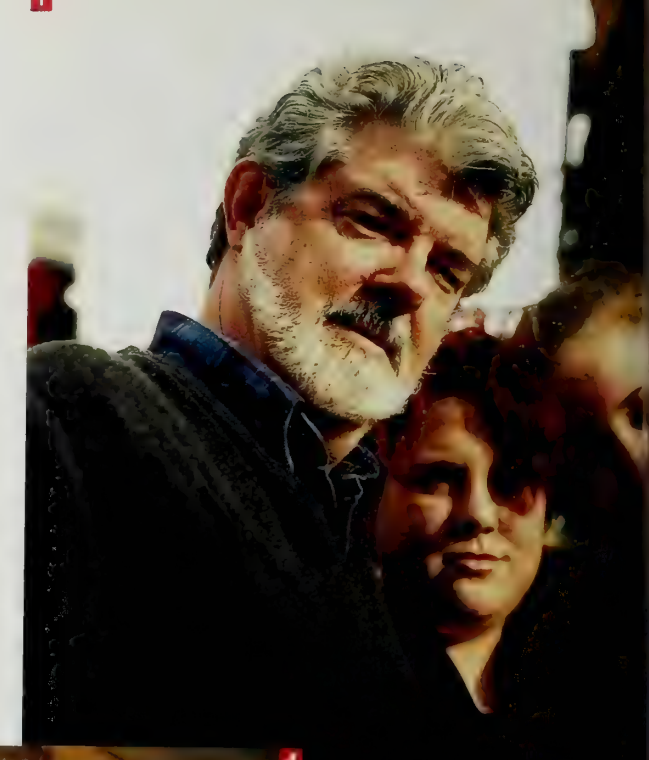
"Aspen goes through the same cycles as new money: oil, high tech, mergers and acquisitions," says real-estate agent Heidi Houston of the Houston & Gorog Company as we ride the Silver Queen Gondola up to the Aspen Mountain Club, whose members pay an $80,000 initiation fee, basically for a place to have lunch during ski season. "I don't know what our next money will be, but we'll soon see. Whenever there's new money, the first thing they do is flock to where other money is. Aspen is one of those places."

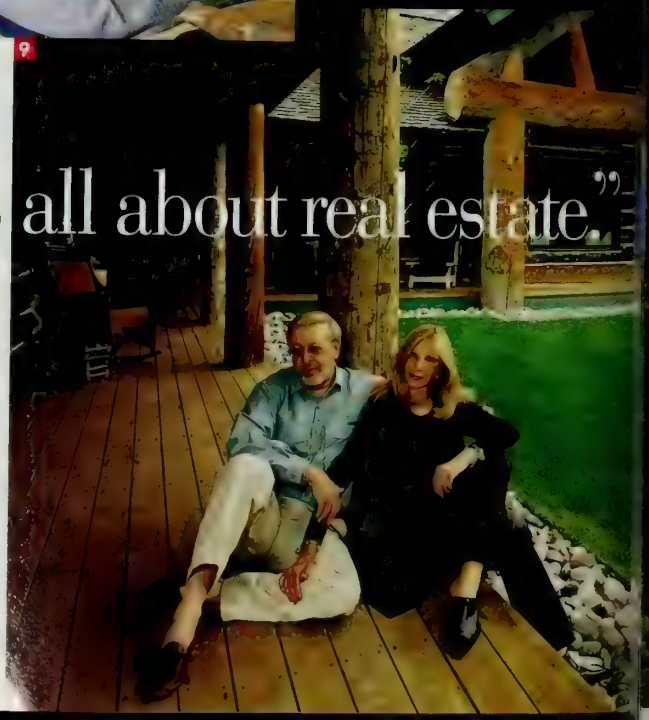


Aspen has 564 licensed agents and brokers, including Carol Dopkin, who shows real estate on horseback, all-around athlete Gayle Morgan, who takes clients with her on ski slopes, hiking trails, and mountain-bike terrain, and Joshua Saslove, president of the Aspen Jewish Congregation, who is Ken Lay's broker and was once quoted in *USA Today* as saying, "We don't sell houses. We sell ego, sex and fun." Commissions on sales—often shared by agents within an agency—run as high as $600,000.

"The story of Aspen is all about real estate."

As we rise in the lift, we can see the mansions on Red Mountain, opposite the ski mountain, where most buyers prefer their second homes to be "toothbrush-ready," meaning with everything already in place, from furniture to washcloths to bath soap. Houston recently sold the Peak House, a 23,000-square-foot mountaintop Red Mountain, to Priceline.com C.E.O. Rick Braddock for $22 million. Rentals here range from $15,000 to $1[illegible] a month, she says.





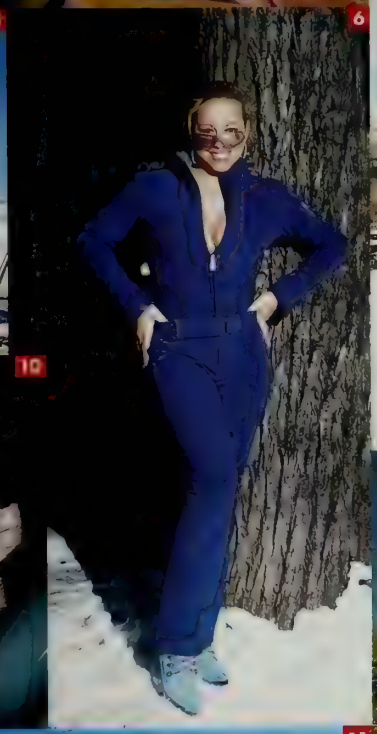
HAPPY CAMPERS

(1) George Lucas with daughter K[illegible] her friend Kara Kethum. (2) Dale [illegible] and Traci Lambrecht at home in [illegible] Creek. (3) Producer Lorne Micha[illegible] on Ajax Mountain. (4) Former am[illegible] Henry Catto and his wife, Jessica, in their Woody Creek living room. (5) Savannah Buffett, Eric Trump, Ivanka Trump at the airport. (6) S[illegible] Mariah Carey. (7) Thomas Steirer[illegible] Suzy "Chapstick" Chaffee on Asp[illegible] Mountain. (8) Socialite Denise Ri[illegible] opening of the J Mendel store. (9) entrepreneur Marc Nathanson and Jane. (10) Sepp Kessler, Al Myers[illegible] and Klaus Obermeyer at the unvei[illegible] of a Freidl Pfeiffer sculpture. (11) [illegible] at dusk in winter. (12) Music mogu[illegible] Jim Fifield and his wife, Betsy.





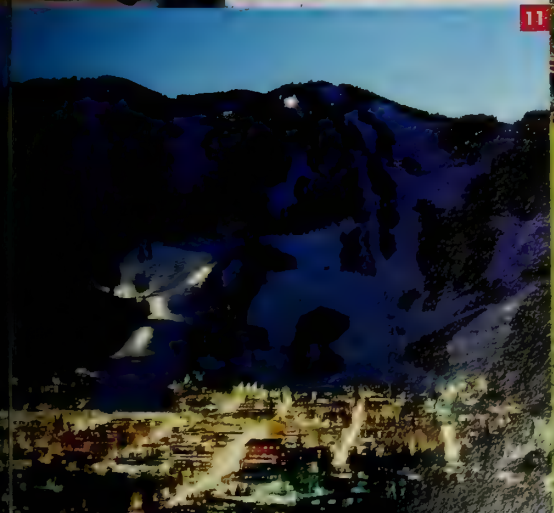




















FIXTURES

From above: **music producer Lou Adler, with five of his seven sons, at the airport; business magnate David Koch and his wife, Julia; Jimmy Ibbotson with his dog on the porch of his log house.** ***Opposite,*** **larger-than-life citizen Jack Nicholson on Maroon Creek Road on New Year's Day, 2003.**

and for some places, like the Peak House, they car
$18,000 a day.

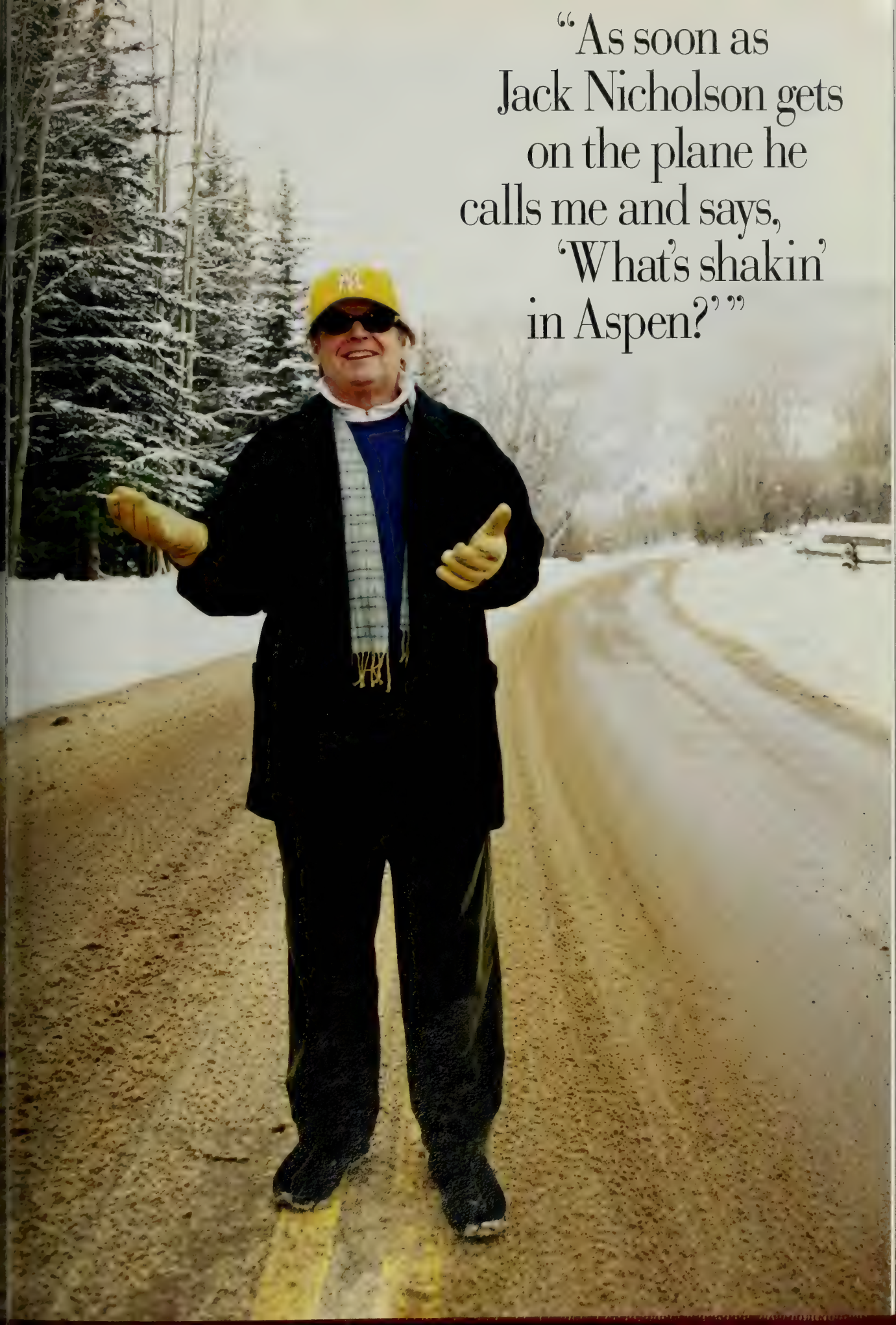
"The first law of Aspen real estate is never prejudge an
Houston continues. "They'll say, 'I'm not going to spend a
more than . . . '—well, let's say $3 million. You show th
actly what they're going to get for their $3 million. Sinc
prices have dropped off as much as 35 percent in some a
you get a little more for your money, but usually it's a
home that needs to have work done on it. Anyplace el
home would sell for no more than probably $400,000.
say, 'Well, no, we really wanted at least 7,000 square fee
land!' The next thing you show them is the $4 million
slightly bigger, a little bit better finishes. By the time they'r
they've spent $8 million.

"One of the things people don't realize is we are com
surrounded by national forest, so there's no land left," H
explains. "Because of the new land-code issues [limiting
sizes to 5,750 square feet in some areas], you can't build an
big houses. We sold more hous
are over 10,000 square feet in t
eight months than in the last five

Harold Ross, the
ing editor of *Th*
Yorker, was b
Aspen, and his
were scattered
the mountains
Steve Martin performed his early
up comedy here, and his first filı *Th*
Jerk, was produced by the Aspe
Society. Claudine Longet, former
girl and ex-wife of Andy William
and killed ski champion Vladimi
der" Sabich here, and she still l
Aspen, married to her attorney
the murder case. In 1989, Marla M
and Ivana Trump got in their fa
catfight over Donald on Ajax l
tain. Dewi Sukarno, former First
of Indonesia, slashed the face of s
Minnie Osmena with a champagn
here in 1991. Kato Kaelin met l
Brown Simpson outside the Ritz Carlton (now the St. Re
New Year's Eve in 1992. Ethel Kennedy and her relative
regularly included J.F.K. Jr. and Teddy, liked to take a da
group run down Aspen Mountain, until Michael Kennedy,
ing a football while skiing backward there, fatally crashed
tree on December 31, 1997.

"I was flying with a friend in his new plane with two v
tractive girls," says George Hamilton of his first trip here
had come from Mexico and were en route to Chicago, a
started to have engine trouble over Rifle, Colorado. I saic
into Aspen. If I'm going to die, I think that would sound l
I decided that I'd go into town and see what it was like.
was in Shangri-la or in an old Western. I kept wandering a
thinking, Is this real? Then I went and bought blue jeans
pair of boots and said, 'I'm going to stay here.' Two weeks
bought a house with a swimming pool, a firing range, and
co—proper for the 1970s. It was $700,000, I think."

I myself became a part-time resident in 1990, splitting time b


"As soon as
Jack Nicholson gets
on the plane he
calls me and says,
'What's shakin'
in Aspen?'"

Dallas and Aspen. My wife, Laura, and I built a small house off Cemetery Lane. Now I think of Aspen as home and the city as a time clock I have to punch.

"Talk to Dick Durrance," I was told by Maria Cooper Janis, daughter of Gary Cooper, Aspen's pioneer celebrity, who built one of the first houses on Red Mountain. Durrance, now 89, was America's first Olympic skier and also the first vice president of the Aspen Ski Company, which operates the four Aspen-Snowmass ski mountains. I visit him in an assisted-living center 30 minutes down valley in Carbondale. He puts a tape of *Aspen Snow Carnival,* a short film he produced and directed in the late 1940s, in his VCR, and suddenly there he is, flying through untracked powder over Aspen Mountain. "Watch him go!," Gary Cooper exclaims on the voice-over. "There's quite a history about this place," Cooper adds. The screen fills with pictures of Aspen as boomtown, with four schools, 30 saloons, and its own opera house (built by Jerome B. Wheeler, a Macy's-department-store partner turned silver miner, who snowshoed into town and changed its name from Ute City to Aspen). "But the silver market crashed, and almost a ghost town was left," Cooper says. "Until they found new riches here! Yep. *Snow!*"

But it wasn't just snow; it also took a man, Walter Paepcke, without whom Aspen might have become just another pretty ski resort. "One hell of a businessman" is all Durrance can say about Paepcke. A third-generation German-American intellectual who graduated from Yale and built an empire out of his family's business, the Chicago-based Container Corporation of America, Walter Paepcke was a visionary. In 1939 his wife, Elizabeth, whom everyone called Pussy, took some houseguests to Aspen for a ski weekend. It was a dusty little town then, with drunks in the streets; the Victorian houses from the silver bust were boarded up. She and her guests rode in a miner's truck to the top of Aspen Mountain. "And as she looked toward the slumbering town, she thought to herself, 'If ever a place looked like Sleeping Beauty, awaiting Prince Charming's kiss, this is it,'" James Sloan Allen wrote in *The Romance of Commerce and Culture: Capitalism, Modernism, and the Chicago-Aspen Crusade for Cultural Reform.*

"It's the most beautifully untouched place in the world!," Pussy Paepcke told her husband, who finally saw Aspen in 1945. On his first day, he announced that he'd bought his wife a former mayor's Victorian for a few hundred dollars. Assisted by local judge William Shaw (whose green Victorian is now owned by Jack Nicholson and producer Lou Adler), Paepcke snapped up prime Aspen properties, most of them for back taxes, and soon had a 25-year lease on the Jerome Hotel and the Wheeler Opera House.

At first Paepcke saw Aspen as a real-estate development for high-minded intellectuals like himself—"No riffraff," he liked to say—but soon he became lost in what would be called the Aspen Idea. "He envisioned a kind of American Athens of the golden age, which would unite art and ideas: architecture, music, sophisticated people interacting in a highly cultivated way," James Sloan Allen told me.

"Pussy will be in charge of taste and culture," Paepcke decreed to his brother-in-law, arms-control adviser Paul Nitze. "I'll be in charge of business and mind, and you be in charge of the body, i.e., skiing." He founded the Aspen Ski Company in 1946, and Aspen soon claimed to have the world's longest ski lift. Paepcke imported Bauhaus architect Walter Gropius to develop a municipal plan.

By the early 50s, Paepcke had founded the Aspen Institute (now an international think tank and leadership organization with offices in the Washington, D.C., area and satellite campuses around the world), the Aspen Music Festival and School, and the International Design Conference. In 1949, to celebrate the bicentennial of the birth of Goethe, the German poet, he hired Chicago architect Eero Saarinen to design a music tent with seating for 2,000, engaged the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (with pianist Arthur Rubinstein) to perform, and arranged for author Thornton Wilder, theologian Martin Buber, and Spanish philosopher José Ortega y Gasset to speak. He even lured Albert Schweitzer from Africa to receive the $5,000 Goethe Prize—Schweitzer's only visit to the United States. Aspen was soon on the map, not only as a winter ski resort but also as a year-round cultural center, attracting business leaders, intellectuals, and celebrities ranging from Lana Turner and Lex Barker, Norma Shearer, and Ethel Merman to Andy Warhol, Clint Eastwood, and Jacqueline Kennedy.

Philosopher Mortimer Adler, who spent more than 30 summers here, once wrote that the Aspen experience is proof "that, in the scale of values, the Platonic Triad of the true, the good, and the beautiful takes precedence over the Machiavellian triad of money, fame, and power."

In 1960, the year of Paepcke's death, a new force blew into town, invited not by the Aspen Institute but by an interior designer, who had paid the individual $50 to drive a car full of bamboo birdcages from San Francisco. He needed the money; he was down to his last $2 and arrived in Aspen "drunk as a loon." His name was Hunter Thompson.

"This is Woody Creek, a whole ent country," says a weathere intellectual, cupping a shot glass bar of the Woody Creek Tavern, 1 utes from Aspen in the trailer-pa ranch community of Woody Creek is where trailer-park trash rubs elbo the rich and famous," adds residen Veal.

It's late afternoon, and up the roa the tavern at Owl Farm, Hunter T son, the outlaw journalist who tur cessive drugging and drinking into form, is just waking up. His wooden on 100 acres, festooned with iron v guarded by screeching peacocks, a tified with untold stores of ammo ready filled with friends, ready for S football on TV, but so far the pa reached only a simmer. Thompson deep drink of Chivas, swallows two swigs a can of Hansen's energy drin up the first cigarette of the day, spre arms across his kitchen counter, and "Goddamn!" he says, and the party to approach a slow boil.

You get the feeling that the 60s a ly 70s were so wild in Aspen that who lived through them have spe rest of their lives trying to recaptu old atmosphere. As spiritual leader, Thompson has not let his consti down, either as a hell-raiser or as a ronmentalist, leading the charge growth in all forms, from the propo pansion of the Aspen airport run accommodate larger jets to the debated plan to create a straighter h route into town. "I'm against any ations," he says.

In 1970, Thompson ran for Pitkin ty sheriff on a Freak Power ticket most won. Waging a savage war agai pen's heavily Teutonic establishment, responded with death threats and p ed assassination attempts, Thompso that he was going to use his office rass real estate developers."

"Oh, yeah!," Thompson bellow wheels around to a big man watchin ball on the sofa. "What was my pl Bob?" he asks.

Sheriff Bob Braudis, a refugee Dun & Bradstreet who as a kid in dreamed of becoming a marshal Wild West, is Thompson's political the sheriff of Pitkin County, so belo the electorate that he's into his fift year term. "Prosecute dealers of bad says Braudis. "Sod the streets. De greedheads."

Back then, Thompson sought to constituency of "freaks, heads, crir anarchists, beatniks, poachers, Wo bikers and persons of Weird Persua help him whip the "hopeless bums"

shment. "I'd do the same thing today o back then," he says. "Used-car deal- shonest drug dealers, real-estate —punish 'em all, lock 'em up!"

hen it comes to Aspen real estate, how- ever, Thompson is no rube. Around rm is a group of dwellings belonging minded souls: Ed Bradley's simple on the river, rocker John Oates's little farm across the street, Nitty Gritty and leader Jimmy Ibbotson's rustic —prime property despite the fact sits in the middle of a junkyard. But llionaires are encroaching on all Just around the corner is Little y Creek Road, seven sprawling s run well into llions. Residents e rock 'n' roll Don Henley, titans and Bush rters Sam and s Wyly, and Don on, who shared nch first with Streisand, then Melanie Griffith, ow with his wife,

the ridges above me, Thompson e the homes of rnia senator Di- einstein and her nd, Richard C. and J. C. Penney nan Allen Que- Hanging off the tainside in the development of ood is the futur- extravaganza of *layboy* Playmate *Vee Haw* star Bar- nton and her hus- mobile-home- developer George Gradow. Hidden view is the big daddy of them all, the of Prince Bandar. "He's a good neigh- says Thompson of Bandar.

ompson has lived at Owl Farm since at first he rented for $125 a month af- ving gotten evicted, while his wife was ant, from a cabin down the road. "Fi- it occurred to me, What the hell? I'm g this money on paper anyway from blisher [of his first book, *Hell's Angels: ange and Terrible Saga*]. Why don't I to work somehow? I just got tired of g. I said, 'I'm going to buy the place.'" e bought the property from George ahan, a physicist who co-founded the n Center for Physics, and whose fami- ned the Champion Spark Plug Com- pany. Stranahan became Woody Creek's biggest landowner, proprietor of the Woody Creek Tavern, a philanthropist, and one of Thompson's closest friends. He says Thompson made an unforgettable first impression. "He said, 'Here, eat one of these,'" remembers Stranahan of his first dinner with Thompson. "I said, 'What's that?' He said, 'That's mescaline.' And that shit came on like a sledgehammer."

Flashback to Aspen, circa 1970. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band was packing the Aspen Inn, and its opening act was Steve Martin, who had replaced Robin Williams. Ph.D.'s, corporate dropouts, and Haight-Ashbury refugees were driving taxis and loading ski lifts. John Denver had moved to town. Then the Eagles came, along with the Byrds and Jimmy Buffett, but it was Denver who caught the magic mountain in a song, much to the consternation of those who wanted to keep it a secret. One night in 1972, Denver went camping to watch a meteor shower, took a midnight leak, stared up, and saw it raining fire from the sky. "Rocky Mountain High," his Aspen anthem, was soon in the Top 10.

It was during this time, when ski instructors taught while tripping on LSD and their students found it essential to hug trees and count snowflakes, that Jack Nicholson came to visit his old buddy Bob Rafelson, who had directed him in *Five Easy Pieces.* Rafelson took Jack and his girlfriend Anjelica Huston for a ride in his Jeep. Some of them "took a little something to enhance the ride," remembers Rafelson, now a full-time Aspenite. The ride was such a blast that his guests begged Bob to do it again. "We took some more," says Rafelson. And there they were, roaring across Taylor Pass at 12,000 feet, Jack and Anjelica standing up in the backseat, hands to the heavens, when suddenly the Jeep lurched off a gravel road and started rolling "like a drunken fat lady," according to Rafelson. "I went through the windshield. Anjelica was thrown 20 feet in the other direction. By the time Jack got finished moaning and crying, Anjelica had come over on her knees and taken out two Percodan, which she carried for such emergencies, and shoved them down Jack's throat."



HEAVEN ON EARTH
A long view of Maroon Creek Valley, just outside of Aspen, with Maroon Lake in the foreground.

Nicholson had found his spiritual home. He bought two houses, a landmark green Victorian in town, which he filled with Impressionist art and Picasso pots, and a modest place out in the high country with a swimming pool overlooking a beaver pond.

Michael Douglas followed Nicholson, first to work with him on *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest,* which Douglas produced, then to launch a decades-long quest to buy an Aspen house, which, he says, he could never afford. Art Garfunkel came to study harpsichord at the Aspen Music Festival and School, and Sally Field and Arnold Schwarzenegger came for the 1976 preview of Rafelson's film *Stay Hungry.* Field bought a house and remains a part-time resident; Schwarzenegger remains a regular visitor.

In 1981 a new godfather arrived on the scene: Marvin Davis. The Beverly Hills billionaire had acquired the Aspen Ski Company as part of a $735 million deal when he bought Twentieth Century Fox. "It took us about six months to figure out what the hell we wanted to do," says Davis. "We decided to build a beautiful hotel,

the Little Nell. Then some French firm came to me with the idea of having gondolas [for 15-minute rides from the bottom to the 11,000-foot peak at the Sun Deck] so a guy didn't have to freeze his ass going up the hill. We wanted to make it one of the best places in America, and I think we did."

The news spread fast in Hollywood that Marvin Davis's Aspen was the place to play. The Little Nell, Aspen's premier luxury hotel, which now starts at $850 a night at Christmas and is lined with pricey boutiques, was immediately packed. "Sean Connery, Suzy Pleshette used to come up with us, and Stallone, and Streisand," says Davis. "There's a picture that was taken at Mike Ovitz's house, a great picture of all of the celebrities. You name 'em, they were there."

Once again, Aspen's houses reflected the times. No more miners' shacks or pothead cabins. The new Aspen house was a trophy, a statement to be displayed, with a cubby for the hubby to run his empire from the slopes. (I watched music producer Irving Azoff play a rough cut of Christina Aguilera's new CD in his mountainside office last summer.) That's when the term "toothbrush-ready" entered the local lexicon.

When Kurt Russell, who had long had a modest little cabin here, hooked up with Goldie Hawn, they built a sprawling Tyrolean-style log house in Snowmass with fake lakes and rolling lawns. Cher bought the McClain Flats adobe owned by Sheila Lukins, co-author of *The Silver Palate Cookbook*, and began expanding. (Now on the market, the 9,500-square-foot building is valued at $6.7 million.) Martina Navratilova built a modern mansion out Castle Creek; it is also on the market.

Today, Bob Rafelson sees ruination in the landscaping that producer Jon Peters ordered after he bought socialite Lita Heller's ranch in Woody Creek ("rocks perfectly shaped in Hollywood, where they were made of plastic"); in the mega-mansions with the 16-foot-high fireplaces ("Imagine three people having a beer by the fireplace, which takes two servants to light and another two to bring the wood"); in the Rodeo Drive boutiques in town. "I'm appalled, because it means the disappearance of the soul of the place," he says.

In many ways the Battle of Aspen is over, says Hunter Thompson, and the "greedheads" have won. "Yeah, but they won at a level that I never considered," he says. The seed of the new Aspen was planted during Thompson's failed 1970 bid for sheriff, not by the victor, incumbent Carrol Whitmire but by his campaign manager, Harley Baldwin, a Syracuse University–educated New Yorker who had abandoned a potential career in politics or the C.I.A. Today Baldwin is so secure in Aspen that he laughs when he tells me what he heard Thompson said about him years ago: "Of all the dirt pimps I've ever known, Harley Baldwin is the worst."

"When I first came here, someone told me, 'There is a king in Aspen,'" says Domenico De Sole. He is raising his glass to his host before a seated dinner party of 50 of Aspen's leading arts patrons at the Caribou Club. "I said, 'Is he the mayor?,' and my friend said, 'No, even better.'"

The object of his affection, Harley Baldwin, the boyish, blond, apple-cheeked entrepreneur of the new Aspen, is sitting among the guests, grinning. Baldwin's empire, composed of the 1893 Brand Building and Collins Block, is "almost an entire city block," he says. "It's known as Harleywood locally," says Richard Edwards, a former London attorney and Baldwin's longtime companion, who runs the Baldwin Gallery. On top of Harleywood is the couple's multi-level apartment, a treasure trove of 40s French furniture and wall-to-wall art.

The ground level is ringed with Baldwin's tenants, a bonanza of high-end boutiques. "First I got Dior," he says. "And because of Dior I got Gucci, and because I had Gucci I got Tod's and Frette and Fendi and Brioni." Around the corner is the Baldwin Gallery ("We're twice the size of the Aspen Art Museum, and we do six times the business of most galleries").

On the lowest level, which once housed a hardware store and a mortuary, is Baldwin's Caribou Club, Aspen's first private club. Believing that "it's the women who really control life," Baldwin opened the Caribou in 1988 by inviting seven women, "all with interlocking Rolodexes," as charter members. The list included Aspen social queen Lita Heller, cultural leader Merrill Ford, and Elizabeth Paepcke, and "the Boo" has been packed ever since.

Baldwin laughs as he tells me, "There was a woman of a certain age that once said, sniffily, to me, 'Harley, there are a bunch of prostitutes in the Caribou Club,' and I said, 'I hope there are!' I think that the Caribou Club should be part of the whole world. If it was just the investment types from New York or just the oil guys or the celebrities—or just a bunch of prossies, for that matter—it would be a bore." The current initiation fee is $3,000, although a weekly pass can be bought for from $500 to $1,000, and members of the Aspen Volunteer Fire Department and other honored local agencies pay a $250 fee.

"Aspen is the No. 1 center in A for the world elite," says Baldwin. "T sic festival makes the music festival burg look like the B string. There ar musicians here in the summer. If y the Aspen Institute of Humanistic the Aspen Music Festival, the Physi tute, the Design Conference, the As Museum, etc., there's no place li mean, in East Hampton—which I they're talking strictly about the p real estate or the last party they've b In Aspen they talk about Socrates ar totle. They talk about Mahler's the quantum physics."

To Baldwin, the idea that Aspen ing its soul is ludicrous. "Aspe the most successful people in the he continues. "It so happens that t to wear Gucci. Where's the problem year I try to do something to ann professional whiners. This year we'r to install a desk in the Caribou Club red-phone direct line to NetJets." He ring to the fractional-share jet co from which you can buy jet time—fo ple, 50 hours on a G IV for $2,040,2 additional fees.

When Baldwin came to Aspen i he had $1,200. He rented a trailer Woody Creek Trailer Park and spe to rent a popcorn wagon in tow stead of selling hot dogs, he sold "Four months later," he says, "I bo ranch."

Two years after that he got into politics. "At the time, I smoked do it struck me that if Hunter Thomps the sheriff the Colorado Bureau of I gation and the F.B.I. would move in and turn Aspen into a police stat says. "So I went in and introduced to Carrol Whitmire, this country-bo iff, who was half Indian and had a fu grade education. I said, 'I think you to stay sheriff. You're running the pla fine.'"

By 1971, Baldwin had bought the Building and Collins Block from Atlantic Richfield chairman and Paepcke Aspen Institute leader Rob Anderson for $165,000 and was run hippie emporium. Asked its value he says, "You want a nice big nu Forty million."

For a while in the 70s, the anti-develc forces, which included Hunter Thon put a stop to the town's growth. Ra were salivating over the prospect o ing up their land into 1,500 hom but the anti-growth commissioners, i ing Joe Edwards, for whom Thomps campaigned (and about whom he ha ten in his first piece in *Rolling Stone*, " Power in the Rockies"), stopped ever

Declared a moratorium," Braudis
No more subdivisions."
ey Baldwin retreated and moved back
York. In 1988, after a 13-year exile,
rned. By then the anti-growth forces
nwittingly made Baldwin, who had
n to his holdings, rich.

Unwhile, Michael Douglas was still
oking for a house in Aspen. One
r day in 1988, he and his then wife,
ra, were riding horseback through
kcountry between Aspen and Snow-
with some local guides. A bee stung
a's horse, which reared up, and Di-
crash-landed in her new home: the
acre Wildcat Ranch, the largest re-
g single piece of property in Pitkin
.
uglas had heard about it from his ski
tor, real-estate broker Tim Mooney.
Mooney had gotten word that the
was for sale, he called his friend Jack
son. "Jack, the greatest piece of prop-
Aspen is on the docket!" he said.
said, 'I've got everything I need, but
ickey D. He's coming off an Acade-
ward for *Wall Street,* and he's got the
.' So I called Michael and said, 'You
do this for the community. We can't
s ranch get flushed into the market.'"
uglas figured that if he could develop
t into a choice subdivision, he could
get a home out of the deal. He called
artner, Houston real-estate developer
Morgan, and by the sale deadline the
was theirs. "The people before were
planning another Snowmass with the
s and malls," says Douglas. "I just
see it that way. I knew I wasn't going
able to afford to have the whole thing,
came up with a plan that we felt was
nmentally sensitive and made some
mic sense."
uglas put in excess of $10 million into
ructure and then divided the ranch
5 homesites that averaged 500 acres
e—the size of Central Park. "It's the
-density subdivision in the world,"
Morgan. Douglas, however, recently put
ouse on the market; he and his new
Catherine Zeta-Jones, now spend most
ir time in L.A. and Bermuda. "I don't
myself there enough to justify having
d somebody else should be there
an enjoy it," he says. The price: $15
n.

he 60s, when the arts in Aspen des-
rately needed an angel, Lita Heller,
nter of Warner Bros. chief Sam War-
nd silent-film star Lina Basquette,
the bill. She and her banker husband,
moved to Aspen in 1967 and bought
h on Little Woody Creek Road, which
eventually sold to producer Jon Peters,
who recently sold it to Mary and Patrick Scanlan, whose cousin is married to Pulitzer Prize–winning *New York Times* columnist Tom Friedman, a regular Aspen Institute speaker. "Everybody gave me three months," says Lita. "Now it's 35 years later."

She threw the town's first black-tie charity ball in her husband's bank, and the parties and fund-raisers haven't stopped. She groans at the thought of even trying to list Aspen's current social groups. "I'm abdicating," she says, laughing. "We have the Houston group, the New York group, the Miami/Palm Beach group, the Aspen Institute group. The Washington group's big here. Stuart Bernstein, our ambassador to Denmark. Joseph Gildenhorn—he's a former ambassador to Switzerland—lives here. Henry Catto, former ambassador to the Court of St. James's. We have a nice European group. We have a lot from Mexico . . . "

She misses the days when Aspen was a come-one-come-all town, when she would invite everybody and anybody to her parties. "My husband used to say, 'You have to draw the line at convicted felons!'" Soon, however, there were carefully combed guest lists, and valet parkers to check the lists, and security squadrons to double-check them. Heller shakes her head. "What's happened to our downtown is a real problem," she says. "I don't mind seeing the high-profile stores here, but the local businesses have gone out, losing the charm." Princess Haifa, Prince Bandar's wife, used to be a regular at the tabletop store Heller ran in the 90s. "She would come in with her bodyguards and sit on the floor, picking out dishes," says Heller. "Then the bodyguards would peel off hundred-dollar bills."

The ruination of Aspen has been the subject of endless discussion since the first traffic light was installed, in the 70s. Recently there has been a concentrated trend to return to Paepcke's Aspen Idea: culture first, accompanied by ample conspicuous consumption. Last summer was studded with the Food and Wine Magazine Classic, which brings America's top chefs, vintners, and restaurateurs to town, Jazz Aspen Snowmass, which offers concert series featuring everyone from Macy Gray to Bob Dylan, and the Aspen Music Festival. The Aspen Institute's stellar symposiums are scheduled throughout the year, interspersed with programs by the Aspen Film Festival, the Aspen/Santa Fe Ballet, the Aspen Design Conference, the Aspen Center for New Medicine, and the Aspen Center for Physics.

Arts doyenne Merrill Ford, whom Walter Paepcke tapped as the first director of the Aspen Design Conference, takes me on a golf-cart tour of the Aspen Institute, Paepcke's campus of contemporary architecture and culture. Ford came to Aspen in the 50s as the wife of Aspen ski legend Stein Eriksen and now shares her Herbert Bayer–designed house on the Aspen Institute campus with retired air-force general and C.I.A. veteran Robert Taylor. "Everything the Paepckes started has expanded," she says. "Walter's now reaching the people he wanted to reach: intellectuals involved in commerce. But they can't escape the culture. It's right outside their door."

I join a group discussing conservation at former ambassador Henry Catto's ranch house. "In this very room Margaret Thatcher said the most unnecessary thing in history, namely, 'George, this is no time to go *wobbly!*'" says Catto, referring to the time in 1990 when President George H. W. Bush and Margaret Thatcher, speakers at the Aspen Institute, held the first, impromptu summit leading up to the Gulf War. "Behind the glitz and glamour is a dynamic group of people dedicated to finding land- and energy-conservation solutions," says Jessica Catto, who serves on a variety of local and national conservation boards.

I sit with Tara and Peter Guber at their ranch, with its screening room and giant lending library from which guests can borrow every type of sports equipment imaginable, and listen to Tara discuss the fight of her life: introducing a yoga program to the Aspen schools. "We used to have huge parties where half of Hollywood was here, but then something happened to this town," she says. "The people in the community here have been given a lot in this lifetime, and they really want to give back."

"Look at the people you have a chance to interact with here! Madeleine Albright, Tom Friedman, Robert McNamara, and [deposed AOL Time Warner chief] Gerald Levin," says Aspen Institute board member Lynda Resnick of the community's healthy, small-town atmosphere. She is sitting in her 19,000-square-foot Arts and Crafts–style lakeside lodge, where everything is always perfect, from the staff wearing the lodge logo on their polo shirts (de rigueur in Aspen's grandest homes) to the silver-service buffet dinner. Lynda and her husband, Stewart, who made a fortune with TeleFlora and the Franklin Mint, call Aspen "a grown-up summer camp." "The institute's executive seminar is a life-changing experience," Lynda says. "We study philosophers through the ages, from Aristotle to Milton Friedman and Václav Havel."

This spirit of culture and philanthropy has even invaded the Copper Palace, the 27,500-square-foot, 40-acre trophy home of

Aspen

Barbi Benton and George Gradow, who at 62 is one of the fittest citizens in town. Barbi has lived in Aspen since the 70s, and she's a force to be reckoned with: a hostess with a formidable love-it-or-loathe-it spaceship of a house whose interiors she designed largely in her sleep, waking George to deliver design dispatches from her dreams. It has a disco, twin lap pools, labyrinthine hallways, balustrades composed of marbles encased in Plexiglas, and a wisteria-decorated bed that swivels to provide maximum mountain viewing. George insists that the phantasmagoric palace, often used for benefits, is grounded in local culture. Barbi organized the first charity event at the Snowmass Conference center, and they have been regular supporters of charities ever since.

At four P.M. on December 24, as if on cue, snow begins to fall. Colored lights twinkle on the trees downtown, where boutique windows burst with fur, satin, silver, and gold. Carolers in Victorian dress sing outside the Hotel Jerome, and horse-drawn carriages hung with sleigh bells sail through the snowy streets. Jack Nicholson comes trundling out of Cashmere Aspen, weighed down with shopping bags. Kurt Russell and Goldie Hawn riffle through the racks at Boogie's. The town is teeming with skiers—Will and Jada Pinkett Smith and the Mariah Carey, Ivana Trump, Barr ler and Diane Von Furstenberg, Jo Jovi, and NBC Entertainment pre Jeff Zucker.

On New Year's Eve, every light i mansion is on. Will Smith rents the Institute and throws a bash that tu conference center into a nightclul guests include heavyweight champior der Holyfield, home-run king Barry *Saturday Night Live* producer Lor chaels, and Jack Nicholson with Lara Boyle. By 1:30 A.M., a big snow has in, delivering fresh powder for New Day, and everybody rushes home to early for first tracks. □

Breeders' Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 311 serial numbers for the hundreds of uncashed winning tickets from tracks around Philadelphia and New York. Uncashed tickets are an age-old fact of betting life; at most tracks, you can see a half-dozen characters sorting through discarded tickets at the end of the racing day, hoping to find a bet thrown out by someone who didn't realize he had won. Harn had simply printed out the bar codes from dozens of these bets and grafted them onto the test tickets. Slip one of these into a betting machine, he told DaSilva, and we get the cash.

DaSilva peppered Harn with questions. Wouldn't the Internal Revenue Service notice? Not if they kept their winnings low, Harn said, $2,000 or less. Wouldn't track workers find the bogus tickets in the betting machines at the end of the day? Harn grinned. He knew the system well; the betting slips were simply dumped into garbage bags. The bags were supposed to be searched, but they never were. It was too much work. What Harn didn't tell DaSilva was that it was precisely the same scheme another Autotote employee had tried in 1999, at the Delaware Park racetrack; that employee was caught printing out bogus winning tickets and was immediately fired. The incident wasn't reported to authorities. By all accounts, there was little discussion of the scheme's legality; both men knew exactly what they were doing

Afterward, Harn drove DaSilva out to Aqueduct, where he showed him how they would do it. They watched a few races, placed a handful of $10 bets for the fun of it, then strolled to a betting machine. Harn [illegible]. The word "Balance" ap[illegible] of [illegible]

chine, they used the balance to place a bet or two of their own, and then the machine spit out a voucher for the remaining cash. They took the voucher to a window and got the money.

DaSilva studied track security. "Is there an eye in the sky?" he asked Harn. "Is this like a casino? Are we being watched?" Harn just smiled. The security, he said, was "a joke." There were cameras. He pointed them out. But who would regard the two of them as suspicious? They were just out for a day at the track. After a while, they returned to one of the betting machines, and DaSilva used another of the bogus tickets. It worked again—"like a charm!" DaSilva enthused.

They returned to Manhattan that evening with about $2,000 in their pockets and enjoyed a celebratory steak dinner. Harn explained how they should proceed. He slid DaSilva a wad of tickets for future cashing. They shouldn't be greedy, Harn said. DaSilva should go to one of the tracks only twice a month, and on weekends, when they were crowded. They would split the proceeds 50-50. When they had used all the slips, Harn said, he would print out some more.

A few days later, after Harn had returned to Delaware, DaSilva called a car service and returned to Aqueduct. He did just as Harn had showed him and returned to his apartment that night with several thousand dollars in his pocket. The next time Harn visited Manhattan, DaSilva gave him his share of the cash. It was foolproof. No one suspected a thing. The only hitch, DaSilva explained, was that about half the time the machines would say, "Ticket Not Found." Harn explained that this probably meant the original bettor had cashed the ticket.

DaSilva was jubilant. He lost no sleep over the ethics of the scheme, rationalizing that this was "found money," which no one wanted. They weren't really stealing. It was like picking up dollar bills you on the sidewalk. He would take a car out to the track every week or two, ret to his apartment each time with an from $1,000 to $5,000. Usually he gav his share in person, but once he Fe him a few hundred in the pages of a zine. Harn was having his baseme ished and hardwood floors installed house in Delaware, and he used the c pay his contractors.

Nothing so mundane for DaSilv partied and still used cocaine. Most he lingered at clubs such as Bunga chasing models till four. When l bored he traveled, ignoring the restri of his probation. In Miami he hit Beach, taking a suite at the Delano in Las Vegas it was a suite at the Mir Beverly Hills a suite at L'Ermitag bought cocaine and hookers and h time of his life. He was free. His onl mitment was a meeting in New Yor his probation officer on the first Tues every month. All thought of finding evaporated.

Months passed. Winter gave v spring, and then spring to summer. was never a whisper that anyone susp what they were doing. Every few n Harn would hand DaSilva a new ba betting slips. By Labor Day the tw had made roughly $100,000 between It was so easy that Harn began to nate on ways they could make even Lying in bed one night, he had an i was risky, but if it worked they make a fortune. And if he was as g programmer as he thought he was, was no way anyone would know. He a few hours fiddling on his compu work and by October was certain he do it.

The first inkling DaSilva received new plan was a phone call from H early October. According to one s

ade the call from a car, driving to
o catch a flight to visit Mercedes's
in Peru. "Look at Interbets.com,"
id. It was an Internet site for the
rlor in the Catskill region of New
)pen an account, Harn told him.
ould talk when he got back.

ward, DaSilva visited the site, but
cided against opening an account;
ted to see what Harn had in mind
week later DaSilva was at a bache-
y in Philadelphia for an old TKE
when Harn returned from Peru and
o say he couldn't make the party.
ed whether DaSilva had opened the
t. When DaSilva said he hadn't,
aid they should talk the next day. In
nversation Harn told DaSilva how
an account over the phone. Use
from our proceeds, he said—each
ould chip in $700. Harn refused to
at he was up to, but DaSilva opened
count anyway. He relayed the ac-
number to Harn in Delaware.
w days later Harn called again.
worked," he said.
hat worked?" DaSilva asked.
eck the account," Harn said.
ilva got on the Internet and found
e account was almost $1,800 richer.
ad won a Pick Four bet at the Bal-
Park harness-racing track in Illinois.
explained how he had placed a bet
set of horses, then changed the bet
computer system to the winning
after the races. He didn't go into
cal detail, and neither Autotote offi-
or state investigators are eager to
ate. But what Harn did involved a
ulation of what is called the ITSP, or
ote Systems Protocol. In layman's
the ITSP is a set of rules the tote
nies built during the 1980s that al-
eir far-flung computers to share in-
ion quickly on complicated bets. Harn
tood the ITSP system well enough to
there was a gap of about 20 minutes
when a race was won until the com-
locked in the winning bets. He was
o enter the system, manipulate the
and thereby change a horse he had se-
to the one that had actually won the
He had to do it quickly, in that 20-
e window, and he did.
Silva was amazed: he asked Harn
er he had left any electronic foot-
and Harn said he hadn't. There was
y they could be caught, he insisted.
he was just warming up.
ook at the Pick Six purse at Belmont
turday," Harn said. That was Satur-
October 5. DaSilva checked a newspa-
The purse was listed as $438,000.
think we can take that?" Harn asked.
oly shit, dude," DaSilva said, the enor-
mity of Harn's scam sinking in. "Can we?"

"Sure we can," Harn said.

On Saturday afternoon, as DaSilva waited by the phone, Harn called to say he had done it again. They were one of several bettors to hit the Ultra Pick Six at Belmont. DaSilva called the Catskill OTB and discovered they had won about $80,000 after taxes. The man on the phone actually congratulated him on his betting strategy. DaSilva thought it was too good to be true. And, in a way, it was.

What Chris Harn never told the gullible Glen DaSilva was that DaSilva wasn't his only partner in the scheme. In June 2002, about nine months after approaching DaSilva, Harn had reached out to one of their old fraternity brothers, a 29-year-old named Derrick Davis. Rangy and pale and, like DaSilva, a high-school soccer star, Davis was a self-employed computer consultant who lived in Baltimore, wiring networks for small businesses. It was a good line of work, but not very, and Davis may have been as vulnerable to Harn's approach as DaSilva had been. Davis's marriage was crumbling; he and his wife had separated, and he had moved out of their row house in blue-collar East Baltimore. When Harn explained the scheme, he said he and DaSilva had been doing it for months and hadn't gotten caught. So Davis agreed to go along.

Then, just as he had with DaSilva, Harn took Davis to a racetrack—this time Delaware Park, in Stanton, Delaware—and showed him how to slip bogus tickets into the betting machines. When they were finished, Harn gave Davis about a hundred of the tickets. All were from Philadelphia Park, a track in the city's suburbs. Over the next few months, Davis drove to Philadelphia four or five times, each time hitting the machines. All told, he made about $22,000, of which he gave Harn half.

At first Harn didn't tell Davis about his new scheme to alter large bets electronically. But after winning the two bets with DaSilva, at Balmoral and Belmont, Harn faced a problem. He couldn't keep stealing enormous purses with DaSilva; it was unusual to win a Pick Six, and if he used DaSilva's account to hit another, someone was likely to get suspicious. A few days after hitting the Belmont purse, Harn called Davis in Baltimore and briefed him on what he and DaSilva had done. He said he wanted to hit the Breeders' Cup. Davis was game. Harn instructed him to telephone the Catskill OTB and open an account.

On Friday, October 18, Davis downloaded an account application from the Internet, filled it out, and sent it to the Catskill OTB along with about $2,000. Harn did the rest. Eight days later, on Breeders' Cup Saturday, October 26, Harn showed up at the Autotote offices on Bellevue Road in Newark. It would be a heavy day, and, according to one source, he told co-workers he was there in case anything went wrong with Breeders' Cup wagering. As it happened, something did go wrong with one track's IVR dial-up system, and Harn fixed it. Co-workers congratulated him on his impromptu work.

What his co-workers didn't see was what else Harn was doing in his cubicle. Fifteen minutes before the first race, Harn telephoned the Catskill OTB and, using Davis's account, bought six Ultra Pick Six tickets for $1,152; he also bought one ticket that would lose, presumably to construct an alibi. The horses he chose remain unknown, as does much of what he did in his computer that afternoon. "What Harn did was completely untraceable," explains an attorney involved in his case. "There's no record whatsoever of what he did in the system. They have no evidence that the bet was even changed. None. They don't even know what the original bet was."

Harn sat back as the first four races were run. It was at that point, after Vindication won the fourth championship race, that Harn made his move. He knew that the Ultra Pick Six bets were locked down, or unchangeable, after the fourth race. In a span investigators guess to be about 20 minutes, Harn entered Autotote's computer system and altered his bets, changing them to reflect the winners of the first four races. It was all he had to do. On the last two of the six races he had already "bet the wheel," circling every horse to win. When Harn pushed back from his computer, he knew he had already won.

It was then that Harn rejoined his coworkers and watched NBC's telecast of the Breeders' Cup Classic. To Harn it didn't matter who won, or so he must have thought. But then, as he sat in his office watching the race, the unthinkable occurred. Volponi, the 43-to-1 long shot, crossed the finish line first. Harn had just won $3.1 million. The moment it happened, he knew he was dead.

As Harn later told investigators, he realized immediately that the incredible size of the Breeders' Cup Pick Six would attract scrutiny. He knew he had gone too far. Within minutes, investigators say, he was at his computer, furiously erasing every trace of every bet he and Davis and DaSilva had made. When he returned home, he told Mercedes nothing. Davis went to a party on Sunday night; though he had just won $3 million, he didn't mention his windfall to a soul. Monday morning Harn arrived at his office to await the inevitable. By noon Breeders' Cup officials, prodded by Bill Na-

der's suspicions, announced an investigation and froze the purse. Harn got on the phone.

DaSilva was in Miami. Blissfully unaware of Harn's machinations, he had flown down to South Beach the previous Friday, taking a suite at the Delano. That Monday he remembered he had yet to forward to Harn his half of the Belmont Pick Six winnings, about $40,000. He went to a Citibank branch, had two cashier's checks issued, and mailed them to Harn in Delaware. He was returning to his hotel when his cell phone rang. It was Harn. He spoke quickly, his voice strained. "Derrick's involved," he said. "We hit the Breeders' Cup. You need to get a lawyer."

DaSilva was stunned, then combative. "They can't prove a thing!" DaSilva said. But Harn had hung up. DaSilva's mind raced. Derrick? He had known nothing of Davis's involvement. He felt betrayed. "That greedy motherfucker!" DaSilva said aloud. Then he thought: What evidence was there linking him to Harn and Davis?

The checks. He raced back to Citibank and managed to get the checks canceled, but it was too late to retrieve them from the mail. He returned to the Delano, checked out, and moved to another hotel, paying in cash. He decided to lie low until he could plan his next move. Soon he heard from his roommate that state police were watching his apartment. He called Edward W. Hayes, the noted Manhattan trial lawyer.

In Delaware, meanwhile, Autotote officials wasted no time in checking their computer system. By studying what programmers called "audit paths," they were able to identify everyone on the system at the end of the fourth race. It took only hours for suspicion to fall on Harn, who had no reason for being in the office that day. By Monday evening, sources say, his superiors were fairly certain Harn was behind the illegal bets. Publicly, though, and this is curious, Autotote officials insisted there was no evidence of wrongdoing.

The next day, while Autotote officials eliminated other suspects, the hapless Derrick Davis was forced to field phone calls from reporters. His name, as winner of the Breeders' Cup Pick Six, had been leaked to an Albany turf writer named Bill Heller, who reached him in Baltimore. "I didn't do anything wrong," Davis said. "I don't want any attention." By the time a *New York Post* reporter reached him later that same day, Davis realized he needed some kind of cover story. "I did some research," Davis explained, adding that he had intended to wager so much. His fi[illegible] on his phone's touch-tone pad, he insisted, resulting in his purchase of six $12 tickets, which had actually cost $1,152 because of betting "all" horses in the last two races, instead of $2 tickets, which would have cost $192.

By Wednesday afternoon Autotote executives had eliminated all suspects but Harn. According to one source, they called him into a conference room, where he was asked if he had an explanation for his activity that Saturday. Autotote executives considered his response nonsensical. He was given a period of time to reconsider, apparently about an hour, and was then reinterviewed. Once again Autotote executives didn't believe his explanation. He was fired, then told to leave the building. The next morning, just as New York State investigators homed in on Harn themselves, Autotote executives issued a press release to announce their actions to the world.

After all three suspects retained lawyers, prosecutors sent out the word: the first man to cooperate would get the lightest sentence. "If it hadn't been for two smart prosecutors," says Edward W. Hayes, "they never would have made this case." While DaSilva continued to insist there was no proof against him, Harn immediately took the deal. On November 12, two weeks after his firing, he turned himself in at the F.B.I. office in White Plains, New York. Davis and DaSilva went, too, and promptly flunked routine drug tests; both, the tests indicated, had cocaine in their urine.

That same day Harn sat down to brief a roomful of F.B.I. agents, state investigators, and federal prosecutors. With him was his Long Island attorney, Daniel Conti. "When Harn came in, he and his attorney seemed so anxious, on the edge of their seats," recalls Charles Sullivan of the New York State Police. "We had heard they were bringing in something new. So after the [prosecutors] laid down the ground rules, the procedural stuff, Chris couldn't wait to tell us about the ticket-cashing scheme. He went on to explain that. I don't know why. It was a way he had beaten the system. He was almost bragging."

It was the first that investigators had heard of the bogus-ticket scheme Harn had run for nearly a year. Harn talked nonstop, quickly filling in several blanks for investigators. For instance, he said he had directed Davis and DaSilva to open accounts at the Catskill OTB because it was one of the few in the country that doesn't tape-record phone-in bets; at this, the men from the Racing and Wagering Board exchanged knowing glances. As Harn spoke, the investigators couldn't help but like him. He seemed utterly without guile and proud of what he had done. He admitted to everything. At one point, he reached [illegible] pocket, withdrew a cashier's check [illegible] had sent him, and handed it ov[illegible] seemed more amused than anythin[illegible] livan recalls.

Harn's attitude may have reflecte[illegible] ure to grasp the seriousness of his s[illegible] The session's most surprising que[illegible] fact, came not from the officers b[illegible] Harn. Police had seized his home cc[illegible] At one point, according to Sullivan[illegible] he asked his interrogators, "Hey, w[illegible] I getting my computer back? I war[illegible] my résumé to a headhunter." Reca[illegible] van, "We all looked at each other lik[illegible] are you thinking? You're going to j[illegible] terward, I remember we all asked[illegible] was that about?'"

Harn was released that day on a $[illegible] bond, as were Davis and DaSilva. A[illegible] have since pleaded guilty to federa[illegible] charges. Today, as they await sent[illegible] their lives are in disarray. Both I[illegible] and Harn are unemployed. DaSilva,[illegible] broke, is trying to turn his trava[illegible] cash by hawking a movie deal. H[illegible] sold his house and moved in with[illegible] ther in Kentucky. His wife, Merced[illegible] their daughter have returned to P[illegible] three men are scheduled to be se[illegible] in March. Their lawyers estimate t[illegible] each receive a federal prison sente[illegible] between two and six years; there is[illegible] role in the federal system. Ironica[illegible] cause he was the first to coopera[illegible] authorities, Harn could end up w[illegible] most lenient sentence of the three.

As their cases inch through the [illegible] the Thoroughbred-racing cor[illegible] ty scrambles to find ways to pre[illegible] scheme like Harn's from happening a[illegible] The National Thoroughbred Racing [illegible] ciation has hired Rudy Giuliani's c[illegible] ing firm, Giuliani Partners, to stu[illegible] association's security measures, but [illegible] ber of top racing officials admit the[illegible] only themselves to blame for Harn's s[illegible] Two years ago IBM issued a review[illegible] industry that found its compute[illegible] computer-related procedures hopele[illegible] tiquated; it recommended a sweepin[illegible] haul. But racing officials, who are so fi[illegible] that they instituted an industrywid[illegible] association only two years ago, deeme[illegible] expensive.

Chris Harn is the price the rac[illegible] dustry paid for its shortsightedness. [illegible] more progressive executives, in fact, th[illegible] chilling part of Harn's scheme was the[illegible] luck that uncovered it. "If Volponi [illegible] won that race," says Steven A. Aller[illegible] rick Davis's attorney, "if the purse wa[illegible] large, there's no way we would have [illegible] these guys." They'd probably still be [illegible] bets today. □



The chefs here know how to make the most of Sonoma County's gifts. Fresh vegetables from the farms, fresh seafood from the coast, plus duck, lamb, goat cheese and olive oil that are among the best in the world.



surprise that there are any superb restaurants Where food is concerned. a real shared pride, from umers and ranchers to the e breadmakers and chefs.



County is where California's industry began, and today it's some of the world's premiere Thy personal favorites are not Nouns and the Zinfandels.



"SONOMA COUNTY on 10,000 CALORIES A DAY."

– Wendy Brucker, owner & chef, Rivoli, Berkeley



Thanks to the critically acclaimed dishes and carefully selected wines at Rivoli restaurant, chef Wendy Brucker has become one of the Bay Area's culinary stars. During a recent visit to Sonoma County, Wendy explained why food lovers such as herself find spending a few days here such a delicious experience.









So many great dishes, so few meals in a day. Stay a few extra nights!

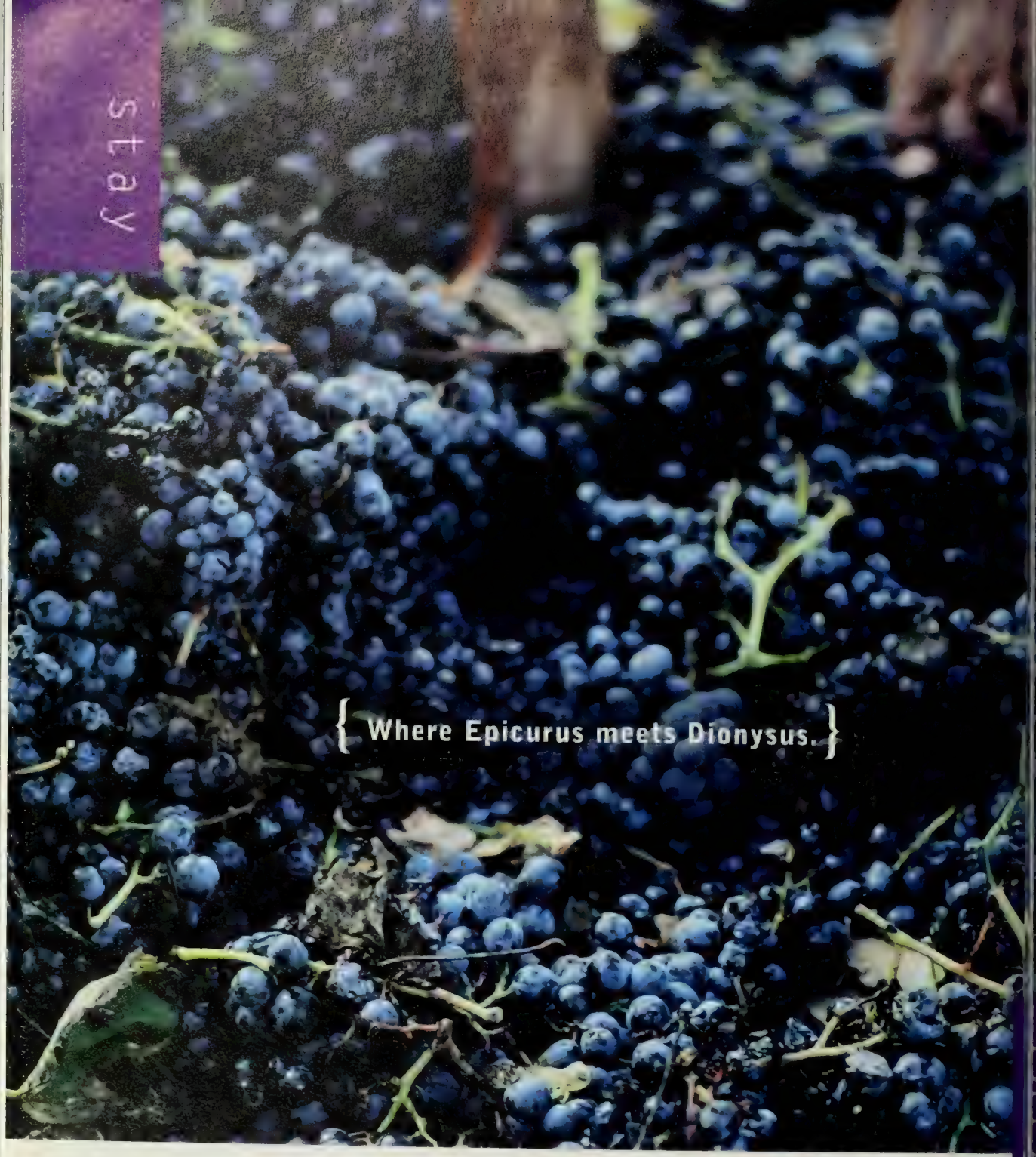


SONOMA COUNTY

Good wine, good food, good natured.



r a free guide to Sonoma County, visit sonomacounty.com or call 1-800-576-6662.



The philosopher of indulgence and the wine-loving spirit of celebration would agree. Sonoma is the perfect place to satisfy your every desire. The Lodge at Sonoma is the ideal place to do it. Experience wine making first hand or savor the local vintages and artisan cuisine of our Restaurant Carneros. Plus, our own Raindance Spa rejuvenates body and soul with invigorating massages and revitalizing therapies. Wine country and The Lodge at Sonoma Valley make for a getaway even legends would approve.

THE LODGE AT SONOMA
A RENAISSANCE® RESORT & SPA
SONOMA, CALIFORNIA

For reservations call 1-707-935-6600
www.thelodgeatsonoma.com

ier-Bresson

ED FROM PAGE 292 work. "Just be- war," he recalls, "I wanted to put nive of photographs in one shoe- o he cut up his negatives, leaving egative of each that I liked. And e rest away. And threw away all the sheets. So that it would all fit in one & Palmers biscuit box. I thought, were the good ones. If something e preserved, I thought, That's that. pidity was that I didn't keep the on the right or the left, so for the now it's very difficult."

g with Martine, he embraces Bud- She admits, however, with a loving and what seems like mild exaspera- le's not a complete- ne person." Says Pledge, "There's a f Jean-Paul Sartre in 's a serious thinker. n of Jacques Tati—a g Hulot when pho- ing in the street. A of Dada. A bit of ldhist, but a bit too of a hedonist to be er] Buddhist."

hen I met him for st time, in 1965," élène Véret, a jour- friend from their gether in *Life* mag- boisterous Paris . "he looked very dressed in tweed and ere with a silk scarf l his neck. He car- mself with a real touch of British ele- But he had that look that leaves ladies Piercing, clear-blue eyes with a glint chievousness."

ough it all, there has been the prevail- g H.C.B. ethic: Instinct always tri- s over Mind. "You mustn't *know* too " he says, describing how he captures decisive moment" on film. "There's g to know. Cats know more than hu- eings on the subject. Cats sniffle: sniff- ntuition. People use brains too much. are not used for making love."

fact, his shooting style has sometimes escribed in sexual terms. Lincoln Kir- alled it "a complex chemistry of moral uscular explosions, like an orgasm." r-Bresson himself has written, with a rate nod to Joyce's Molly Bloom, "I pack of nerves while waiting for the nt, and this feeling grows and grows rows and then it explodes, it is a phys- y, a dance, space and time reunited. es! Yes! Yes!"

Sexual or not, the photographic act, to Cartier-Bresson, clearly invigorates. In an old film clip included in a 1994 documentary by director Sarah Moon, Cartier-Bresson can be seen, camera in hand, at a parade, bobbing and dipping, darting and weaving, focusing and refocusing, balancing on one reed-thin leg like some stork with a beret and a Leica, hurriedly trying to view all perspectives before the perfect one passes. "His style is a combination of a rumba dancer and a toreador," says photographer Tom Haley. "He was like a *papillon,* a little butterfly," says Véret, who joined him on his last magazine shoot—a portrait of photographer Helmut Newton for *Vanity Fair* in 2000, part of Cartier-Bresson's first major assignment in 29 years. "He was shooting away at Helmut Newton [who had just turned 80], who was like a little grain for his meal, sitting on a statue, smiling and posing. Newton called him Master. 'Well, Master, tell me what you want me to do.'"



LOVE AND LEICAS

Cartier-Bresson relaxes with his wife, photographer Martine Franck, who is spearheading his new foundation, which opens in Montparnasse in April. Franck helped coordinate the site's first exhibition, "Henri's Choices," showcasing images by others that have inspired him over the years. Photographed in Paris on December 19, 2002.

Many of his compatriots are dead now. The previous week, in fact, his younger brother, Claude, passed on. "In recent years," says his friend John Morris, "I've been seeing him mostly at funerals, I'm sorry to say."

Cartier-Bresson, though, seems content as he sits in his Parisian perch, with winter coming on. He claims to know how and when he will die—though he prefers not to share that one secret among many revealed by Madame Colle, a sometime fortune-teller who read his tarot cards in the 1930s. "It's uncanny what she told me," he says. "She told me I would travel a lot. That I would marry someone who was not white, not black. In fact, [my first wife] was Javanese. That I would have a certain authority in what I did. That I would live a long life. And that I would marry someone younger than I was." It has all come to pass.

What gives him the courage to face the end of life, or the afterlife? "The spirit of a person remains, even though they are no longer here," he says of death—and, perhaps, of photography. "Because I think of them." For Cartier-Bresson, Buddhism helps to warm the chill. (He and his wife consider the Dalai Lama a friend.) As he's grown older, "Buddhism has become important. It helps you look at death straight on. To be less fearful. It's not the idea that you can be reborn that is comforting, but the fact of facing death directly—an open way of looking at things with no heaven or hell or guilt. No culpabilities. Unabashed. You're responsible for what you've done, and that's comforting and what helps me going on living."

What gives him the greatest pleasure now, this man who, in summer, likes to fly his kites in the brisk mistral above the melon and lavender fields of the Lubéron? "*La révolte!*" he says. "When you're facing someone head-on, when you don't agree."

He hesitates, then adds, "And to live!"

As a hedge against the future, Cartier-Bresson is now erecting his new institute in a five-story landmark building, its vast bank of skylights as open and vaulting as the great man's eyes. Every other year he will award $30,000 to an up-and-comer shooting with vision and passion. And month after month, on the museum's walls, the work of young photographers will blossom and grow.

What advice, then, can he offer to those whose photos might hang there?

He makes a fist, slams the other hand on his biceps, then thrusts the fist upward toward his chin: an obscene and universally understood gesture of insult and, of course, provocation. Then he bursts into smile. A salutation straight from the eye and heart and spleen of Paris. □

Miss World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 298 photographs of her, which, she claims, had been taken without her consent), she is evidently not the type to abandon this second bid for stardom. She has her dreams—among them, as she would later confide to the entire Miss World audience: "I would love to know that when I come back home, New York was waiting for me." She also has her strategy mapped out—a rendition of "Kumbaya" and an especially tender plea to the judges. "I *admonish* you to pick me," Revels would eventually plead with them. "I have the faith, strength, and determination to be the best Miss World—*ever!*"

By the end of the contestants' stay, charred bodies lie in the streets, and plumes of smoke rise from burning cars two miles away from the hotel. Apparently a Nigerian journalist has written an article, bitterly offensive to Muslim fundamentalists, about the beauty pageant, and this is what has set off the riots. Miss Canada finds out about the carnage only because she happens to call her parents back home on her cell phone to say hi. "Are you all right?" are the first words from her frantic parents.

"What do you mean, am I all right?" she wonders.

After Miss Canada's second call home, the next morning, she is not at all inclined to keep what she has learned to herself—or to stick around Nigeria. She pours out the details to Paula Murphy, Miss Scotland, who has porcelain skin and a medical degree.

"If you're going, I'm going," announces Miss Scotland. Word gets around. More and more teary-eyed girls huddle together, wanting to leave. More and more Nigerians die.

"So first 15 deaths," recalls Miss Belgium, who, like her fellow contestants, gapes ceaselessly at CNN, "and then, *non!*—it's 50 deaths." And then, as she will later discover, 250 dead. Miss Belgium spends a sleepless night. The next morning, everyone notices, the hotel is ringed by yet more guards. "If something really bad is going on, I'm going to be the first one out of here," she tells her chaperon. "I don't want to be the pretext for these killings." She is told not to worry. But the death toll keeps mounting, more and more killings. And still they aren't leaving Nigeria.

"It all had to do with . . . ," says Caroline Chamorand, Miss France, rubbing her thumb against her other fingers in the classic gesture for money. The two young women share, aside from language, a kind of genial cynicism about their experiences abroad.

"So I said, 'Ah, *non!* That's too much,'" Miss Belgium continues. "And I made a reservation for a plane out that night. But the Belgian ambassador came for over three hours to convince me to stay. Because he felt journalists had exaggerated the situation, and Belgium wanted me to stay. And why should we leave just to please a small minority? It wouldn't be good for the people of Nigeria." The ambassador's pitch leaves Doclot quite unconvinced. But she has missed her plane.

There are those—lithe Miss Israel is one—who are willing to stay on and face whatever comes. "You know what's happening in Israel," Carol Lowenstein says by way of explanation, with a light shrug. But she is an exception. It isn't merely fear that drives many contestants. There is a sense of shared responsibility. What are they all doing here in Nigeria? What possessed them to come, in their tight skirts and jeans, during the month of Ramadan? Miss Canada asks and asks, "but no one really had a clear answer," she says.

The pageant starts to resemble a wake. Gone Miss Canada, who is whisked off by the Canadian high commissioner. Gone Miss Korea, equally distraught. As riots spread, the pageant decides to fly the remaining girls to London on a chartered jet. Immediately. And none too soon. Miss Belgium speaks for a fair number of the contestants when she says: "I mean, look, I know we weren't responsible for the killings, but we were tied to them."

It's a notion she still can't shake when she arrives safely in London. A few missteps borne of ignorance leading to ineradicable tragedy. All the goodwill in the world can't change that.

Two weeks later, Julia Morley glances, stricken, at her watch and frantically punches in a series of numbers on her cell phone. It is 1:40 P.M., and Azra Akin, the freshly crowned Miss World (favorite hobbies: belly dancing and playing the flute), is about to be introduced at her first official function, a large London charity event.

Except that Miss World, a tender, docile girl (which must be a real plus in Morley's eyes, considering the mutinous nature of some of Akin's fellow contestants), is now 90 minutes late and nowhere to be found. This in itself is astonishing, since she is hard to miss: five feet ten inches, with a torrent of black curls falling past luminous shoulders she highlights with skin cream. But she is not in the lobby of the Hilton, where the charity event is taking place: we have searched every corner. Not in the ladies' room. Not in her hotel, across town. Hastily, charity staffers are dispatched to all hotel entrances, only to straggle back, blank-faced. Where in the world is Miss World?

Morley is an amiable 61-year-old with the unlined face and almost impenetrable innocence of a very young girl. Right now, however, her large eyes appear bri
the threat of tears. Before her, unt
lies a plate of smoked salmon, a d
ening reproach. Everything, but eve
that could possibly go wrong has
She is the object of unrelenting s
the press, blamed for all catastroph
and small. The deaths in Nigeria.
ence to human rights. Religious stri
raged contestants. Even Prince E
who was supposed to show up at a
gala, swiftly bowed out.

Morley likes to call herself a
bitch," but she is in fact nothing of
Over the years, her organization ha
more than $240 million for charity.
she wonders, did she go wrong? S
to Nigeria, a country she loathed
inspection, only because, she say
second visit she realized "it was
democracy" with inhabitants "I felt
for." And, of course, the money. Th
a considerable amount of that await
In theory.

"I've had a lot of pressures this
Morley says between sips of Bordeau
had the nasty sort of freaky underly
sibilities, which is never really what I
to. It was"—her beautiful hands le
wineglass to convey the universal ge
helplessness—"beyond our control."

"Nasty" is frankly a euphemis
Aside from the hundreds who died i
ria, thousands were injured, and th
more displaced. Isioma Daniel, a terr
year-old journalist, is currently under
Muslim death decree, issued by the N
state of Zamfara, because she dared t
of Morley's lovely charges, "What wo
hammad think? In all honesty, he wou
ably have chosen a wife from one of
That is when, as Daniel's mother, N
calls, the riots started, and "all hell let
It was, declared a top official, "bindin
Muslims . . . to consider the killing of th
as a religious duty."

Morley doesn't think she's resp
for any one of these tragedies—
viction not shared by the British t
("swimwear dripping with blood"
one writer described the competition
MISS WORLD, read one typical hea
How was the pageant chairman t
what some journalist was going to
Or that Nigeria's Muslim populatio
of whom live in the North, abide
harsh strictures of Sharia law? Or tha
people, 66 percent of whom live
the poverty line, might take umb
the appearance of 90 beauties, th
bellies bared over tight jeans duri
holy month of Ramadan?

"To tell you the truth, before I
thought Sharia was a girl's name," say
ley. "I did! I swear to you! I was to

I got into big-shit trouble because I realized what I was letting myself in it's the honest truth."

iptly her face crumples again. The about to present an invisible Miss o 300 guests. It is a measure of the ation and panic now besetting her orley signals me with a hissed plea: . When they announce Miss World, you to stand up and wave!"

, this is about as inspired a notion as cores of pretty girls to Nigeria during an. Miss World is 21, Turkish, olive- l, generally dressed in gown, and as slim as a hope. She has been claims the pageant's te, by roughly two bil- eople worldwide, not g her appearances af- e coronation on the CNN, and ITV. These are raised with Morley. esn't matter. You just ip when they call Miss " Morley is adamant. o, one can see her eyes v as they sweep the or more eligible substi-

unately, at this moment Akin wafts in, draped ength of stormy gray n. She and her grim- chaperon went to the London Hilton, it turns here they waited pa- Despite this, the beau- en appears as tranquil nrattled as though she n holiday, her face shin- th quiet triumph. She her bow.

appeased, Morley mur- "Next time they do some- like that, they're going l themselves at the bottom of the sea air of concrete shoes."

orley cannot believe this avalanche f misfortune. Bad enough that, once ubles started, she had on her hands ous beauties who actually snubbed or ed from the pageant. "It's disgusting eople have lost their lives because of World," said Masja Juel, Miss Den- who boycotted the event. Added to y's other woes is the delicate matter ney. Silverbird, a Nigerian media com- hat created a consortium to sponsor ageant, has not paid her most of a sed £5 million ($8 million). "I haven't ed five million pennies," complains y. She has just spent $1.6 million res- her bevy of girls from the riots and up an alternative pageant in London.

And to top it all off, she is being sued in London's High Court by a Nigerian businesswoman who insists Morley owes her $800,000 for the charity dinner at which Prince Edward failed to show.

"It really is awful to see this vast country and realize the people are not very honest," Morley concludes glumly about Nigeria. And yet "I talked to the government, I talked to the ministers. They all said, 'Come to Nigeria!'"

A fatal invitation, in the opinion of Donald Trump, who should know. It was he who purchased the rival Miss Universe contest six years ago for $10 million, turning it into the cash cow he now claims is worth 10 times the purchase price. And he marvels over Morley's decision to fly her girls to Nigeria. "They've been so tarnished by the stupidity of the location!" he tells me. Once, Trump says, he tried to buy Miss World, either to run it himself or to kill it outright. But he wouldn't consider such a purchase now. Not unless the price was ridiculously low. "You can't go to Nigeria—everyone knows that. Because of the religious situation," he says. Besides, "how are they supposed to get £5 million? The Nigerians don't have it to pay!"



BARELY THERE
Competitors in the first Miss World contest, in London in 1951. Julia Morley eliminated the swimsuit competition, which, she says, made her cringe.

And the worst of it is that Morley knows that much of what people are saying about her decision to go to Nigeria is horribly true. "I'm not blaming anyone else, mind you. I blame only myself. I'm the asshole here," she says. "But"—her childish green eyes widen further—"I only had a year in which to learn!"

From time to time, Morley and her financial adviser wonder what her late husband, the shrewd entrepreneur Eric Morley, who founded the event, might make of her latest adventure. They can practically hear his words as he looks down on them: "What a fine mess you've got yourselves into now!"

As the Miss World Pageant is 52 years old, one would think that by now it might be well versed in the ways of selecting suitable host countries and sponsors. But Julia Morley is right in a way: she had to learn fast. During her husband's lifetime she wasn't given all that much power within the organization, and whatever influence she had was generally wielded through stealth by quietly circumventing her husband's desires: bikinis, bosoms, heels. "The fun was going around and sabotaging this male ego," she says. "That sounds awful, but it's true."

Two years ago her husband died at 82. Eric, orphaned as a Cockney child ("Nobody wanted me," he once said), grew up to be a slick impresario. In 1951 he devised the pageant as a patriotic swimsuit tribute designed to lift England out of its postwar doldrums. He also liked to claim that the show was a kind of Olympic decathlon, although the comparison left many puzzled. Girls back then were judged almost exclusively on their proportions and their facility at swiveling in heels and bathing suits while Morley shouted, "A quarter-turn! And turn! And turn again!"

"It used to make me cringe," recalls his wife of 40 years, who got rid of that onstage swimsuit rotation (as well as the onstage swimsuits themselves, eventually) by telling the contestants to remain mulishly still when the commands to turn came. Eric Morley, says Julia, who married him when she was 19, was "a complete chauvinist pig."

This, however, is said with affection. Julia, whose maiden name is Pritchard, was

Miss World

an unwed mother, a graduate, as she puts it, "of the university of hard knocks," when the marriage proposal came from the suitor more than two decades her senior. But Eric considered Julia's child as much his own as the four who came after the wedding. The fifth, an adopted girl named Kathryn, died at 17 of a progressive central-nervous-system disease.

So their marriage survived a lot—among other things a long-standing affair between Eric and a much younger woman. "Oh, so he had leg-overs with the birds—I'm sure he did," Julia Morley says dismissively. "I mean, he was a bloke, wasn't he? That's what blokes do. But he never had one"—she holds up a warning hand—"with a Miss World contestant."

Indeed, it was the very blokiness of the contest creator, says his widow, that accounted for the way his brainchild was handled in its earlier days. Eric's secretaries had to wear very short skirts, no pantsuits allowed. His widow grins. "You have to remember the show was run by a production team that was all male. The BBC was all male. ITV was all male. Looking back, it must have been really comfortable because everyone knew their place."

By 1970, however, that place became a messy and confusing arena. That year a group of feminists stormed the Miss World stage in London, carrying placards, stink bombs, and tomatoes, just as the show's M.C., Bob Hope, was informing the Royal Albert Hall audience, "It's been quite a cattle market and I've been out there checking calves." Hurled bags full of flour greeted this observation, and it was only because Julia Morley's hands were gripped tightly around Hope's ankles that the startled comedian didn't turn heel and flee the stage.

One could argue that the pageant never wholly recovered, although it certainly had its moments. In 1972, Lynda Carter (eventually TV's Wonder Woman) competed in its finals. That same year, Gay Mei-Lin, who competed as Miss Hong Kong, was revealed to have been born a man. A decade ago, the actress Joan Collins, a pageant judge, was heard to whisper to a colleague, "For young girls they've got the worst bottoms I've ever seen. I would rather die than have to do this." And just four years ago, Miss Angola, asked what she would do if she won, erupted with "Party! Party! House! Mercedes!"

By then, in any event, Miss World seemed to have run out of steam in its home country, where more than 20 million had once watched it. The show vanished from the BBC, then from ITV (which cited sexism). And the problem is, says Donald Trump, who currently revels in a five-year, $78 million contract with NBC for Miss Universe, "you need a major network to broadcast. No one saw Miss World in the United States."

This is amazingly disingenuous on his part, since, as Morley tells me, "every single time I'd try to put my head up, Trump used to try and blow it off. He actually took action against me." Trump, significantly, doesn't deny having ruined Morley's American prospects, but then, compared with him, she is such a babe in the woods. Let her cringe over the sensibilities of contestants parading onstage in swimsuits and heels. Trump, for his part, is enthusiastic on the subject: "All I can say is, when I took over, the heels got higher and the bathing suits got smaller, and the ratings went through the roof."

Undeterred, the Morleys looked elsewhere: to satellite television, Third World countries, vast markets in Latin America (where franchised Miss World beauty schools still flourish), Asia, and Africa. Pageants were held in the Seychelles, South Africa, and India, where—shades of the nightmare to come—a man was reported to have burned himself in protest in 1996.

"Beauty with a Purpose" was how Julia Morley described the revamped contest. At the same time, a number of the pretty contestants actually turned out to be more purposeful and sophisticated, and as a result often less tractable, as Morley swiftly discovered this year.

In fact, practically the first call Miss Scotland made on winning her title was to Amnesty International. Should she boycott the pageant in Nigeria? she wondered. She had heard about a Nigerian woman named Amina Lawal, who had borne a child out of wedlock and was consequently sentenced last March to be "buried up to her neck and pelted with heavy rocks until she dies." This sentence, passed by the northern state of Katsina under Sharia law, is supposed to be carried out in 2004, after the mother has weaned her child. And Lawal is not the only woman facing death for such an offense in Nigeria. Should I avoid such a country? Murphy asked at the time.

It was a question Julia Morley, almost four decades Murphy's senior, would have been wise to ask herself at the outset. But she knew nothing when the contract with Nigerian television was signed. Later, naturally, the press peppered her with questions. "And I said, 'Who is Amina Lawal?'" Morley recalls with dull emphasis. "It's like everything I do is wrong!"

Certainly, it was an early warning. One by one, title-winning beauties, reading about the plight of the Nigerian mother, sent in their regrets: Miss Costa Rica, Miss Switzerland, Miss South Africa, Miss De
Miss Austria, and Miss Panama wo
be going to Nigeria.

Amnesty International doesn't s
the least surprised to have hea
Miss Scotland about the moral impl
of flying to Nigeria. But, as Enrique
who does research on Nigeria for
ganization, tells me, "it's not our p
support boycotts. We tell governmer
to do, not people."

And indeed, right from the start,
Nigerian-government ministers, ea
the pageant to promote tourism, i
their business to assuage everyone'
objections. No, Amina Lawal wo
be stoned, they assured Morley a
charges. No, there would be—no
what anyone said—no amputations
Muslim North of the country, even
reports had it that two children wer
thus dealt with for stealing a cow. T
tral government of the Christian pr
Olusegun Obasanjo, would never
such outrages. "The federal law tak
cedence over . . . Muslim law," said a
ministry official.

And Morley believes these assu
The spotlight shining on scores o
ties, she says, has done its work.
Lawal was sorted out," she declar
the briskness of a tidy housekeepe
she will never, never be stoned."
over, "there aren't going to be any
tations."

But Restoy of Amnesty Interr
isn't so sure. "Basically you can't tru
they say in Nigeria," he tells me. "
the federal government—they don't h
trol over what is done in differen
The states do what they want." The
an president is in no position to
down on the harsher verdicts of Isla
Restoy adds, because "the presider
the support of the northern govern
the northern states. He has an electi
ing up, so he's not going to do a
to undermine his power. So if th
have the power to implement Sha
it will be implemented. There is n
about it."

In the last three years, he co
there have been four people sente
death for adultery in Nigeria, and
four, one a 16-year-old boy, have
had amputations for theft. And alm
tainly these figures are low. Sente
Muslim courts are often carried ou
diately on illiterate defendants who
attorney.

And the northern Muslim portio
country is not the only area whe
outrages occur. "To give you an
how twisted things are, in the sout
Nigeria there is a group of vigilantes

called the Bakassi Boys," says Res- someone is suspected of a crime, lantes make a cross out of two ma- placing it in front of the suspect's f the face reflected turns red, the victim is set on fire and burned to

oy saw just such an instance on a st spring, inside the compound of ernor of the Nigerian state of Anam- man in his 40s was kneeling down, rounding him, 10 to 15 boys dressed k with a lighter," the official recalls. hey were pouring gasoline on the

glimpsing the group from Amnesty, s flung the body of their victim in- n and sped away. That was the last saw of them.

1999, the year Islamic law was in- luced in the North, the nation has turmoil. Of the country's 36 states, which has considerable autonomy, ly Sharia law. Long before the beau- ant arrived, thousands were killed lim-Christian fighting and churches urned. Morley and her girls were al- certain to become pawns in some or other in the interreligious strife s beset the fledgling democracy. The t came under the auspices of, among Stella Obasanjo, the jolly wife of gerian president (to whom, Morley e, she gave $80,000 for one of her es).

ks before the pageant was due to lace, there had been rumors of im- g Islamic protests. So when the girls in early November, a red carpet wasn't y thing that awaited them. "They get plane, these beautiful young girls, all nodelly-looking girls, and they were g tank tops and low-riding jeans show- lly buttons," recalls *Vanity Fair* outing editor Janine di Giovanni, who itten about Nigeria for the London "They should have shown a little bit sitivity."

ma Daniel, writing in Lagos for *This- arguably the most influential paper eria," its editor, Simon Kolawole, in- me), was among those aware of how matory the pageant's presence might aroused dissent from many groups ple," she wrote in her fateful article. Muslims thought it was immoral ... l in vanity."

n she speculated on the prophet mmad's marital choices. As he was t to have had about a dozen wives his lifetime—among them a spouse by his own adopted son, Zaid, who ivorced her—that wasn't entirely pre- ous. (Daniel's parents, Christians from found the passage, as her mother says, "completely innocent. Muslims are allowed to have several wives.") It was simply, given the religious passions raging in her country, an unmitigated disaster.

"That came from not knowing the implications," explains Ali M. Ali, *ThisDay*'s associate editor. "When it comes to certain things, like the complexities of Nigeria, given Isioma's own background, she is a bit inexperienced. People here in Nigeria take religion very seriously." Daniel had worked on the paper exactly eight months, after passing her A levels and graduating from the University of Central Lancashire in Britain. Her bosses marveled at her talent and ambition.

"From the first day she could speak and say 'Mummy,' my daughter wanted to be a journalist. A print journalist," recalls Ndidi Daniel, a telecommunications businesswoman. "She said, 'Mummy, I'm a print woman.'"

In vain did the girl's parents beg their oldest child to choose another career. "In Nigeria, there is nothing like the freedom of speech you have in America," says Mrs. Daniel. "If you live in a country where the military has ruled so long, where democracy is young, journalism is very dangerous."

As it happened, the young woman witnessed firsthand the limits of what she was allowed to write, when she interviewed Amina Lawal's lawyer and learned certain passages were to be stricken from the final version of the article—for fear, evidently, of offending the readership. Mrs. Daniel recalls her daughter bitterly complaining about such self-censorship. "It was 'Remove this, remove that'—she didn't like that," says the mother.

Even worse, in Daniel's eyes, was the apology issued by her newspaper after her article on the pageant appeared. Apologize for what? wondered the journalist.

She soon found out how necessary protective measures were. "The minute the newspaper hit the stands, the security police came looking for her," recalls Isioma's mother. "And in my country that's bad news. They lock you up—no courts, no bail, no lawyer. And your family doesn't know where you are. Isioma was tipped off about the security services coming for her from a colleague. Until then she wasn't prepared to go into hiding. But that's when my husband said, 'That's it! You're going into hiding. You're young, no more than a baby yourself.'"

All this horror was very nearly averted. The offending paragraph on Muhammad and his probable selection of a pageant beauty had actually been edited out of the article. "But the problem is by then the article had already gone to the mainframe computer—we don't have the technical facilities of other cultures," Ali says mournfully. "And by then it was too late."

Ali, a Muslim, was sent around the North to do what he calls "damage control," but it was too late for that as well. Offices rented by *ThisDay* were burned, but it is still publishing. "My daughter was a pawn," says Mrs. Daniel. "There were elements just using her article to get at a Christian president." By the end of the riots, Daniel was under fatwa. "Like Salman Rushdie, the blood of Isioma Daniel can be shed," declared Mamuda Aliyu Shinkafi, Zamfara's deputy governor.

As it happens, religious leaders in Saudi Arabia and Nigeria disagreed with that verdict, along with the federal government of Nigeria. But, as Restoy of Amnesty International notes, "although it is totally illegal, it has been issued by the government of a state. I don't see what the authorities can do about that.... There will be many, many radicals trying to get ahold of her and kill her."

Restoy has been in contact with the frightened journalist. "The first thing we tell someone who is under fatwa," he explains, "is to get out of the country."

Isioma Daniel E-mails me plaintively, every word edged with desperation. "Please write that I am currently in hiding in Europe," she writes. But she longs to come to the United States to pursue her career.

"Physically, my daughter is in good health," says Mrs. Daniel. "But emotionally she is not. Not at all. She is crying."

The calamities are unceasing. Julia Morley rolls her eyes. From the beginning, she says, there were contestants who believed any calumny concerning Nigeria. "There was Belgium going around weeping" over reports of amputations. "Then Canada came in, saying, 'Omigod, they're chopping the hands off children.' Followed hotly by, I think, Northern Ireland and then England." And Miss Wales as well. "She's the telegraph pole!" says Morley. "And suddenly it was like a spreading disease!"

So it must have come as no big surprise that when riots began Miss Canada and Miss Scotland were not the only girls anxious to book a plane out. "Then the other U.K. girls wanted to leave as well," Miss Canada recalls. "And the next thing I knew I was gone," Miss Canada concludes. "The Miss World Organization—they just sort of wanted to get me out of there."

Morley was, not for the first time, in a quandary. The Nigerian authorities were begging her to stay. There was $8 million at stake, not to mention the problem of relocating contestants, many of whom had brought along hundreds of pounds of clothing. But even some of the television crew due to fly in were balking at the notion. Ian Stewart, the pageant's executive producer, discovered that "the girlfriend of one of my crew mem-

Miss World

bers had burnt his passport." A glance at the faces around her told Morley exactly what was written there. They had to get back to London—fast.

At 11 P.M. on Friday, November 22, Morley gathered the remaining contestants around her and said they were leaving. "Everyone cheered," says Miss Scotland. A jumbo jet was wrangled from Cameroon: that set Morley back $400,000. The vast 19th-century Alexandra Palace in North London was booked for the televised pageant: another $160,000. All in all, the relocation cost Miss World $1.6 million. At three A.M. Sunday, the jumbo lifted off for Britain, and everyone breathed a collective sigh of relief. Morley had extricated her girls. Now she has to do the same for herself.

There was good news and bad news after the pageant's successful conclusion before a crowd of 2,000 almost two weeks later. The good news was that the newly crowned Miss World is Muslim ("A very good political move," an Iraqi politician recently informed Morley, although the organizer swears religion had nothing to do with the judges' decision). Also, Miss Canada had returned when the venue changed. And Miss South Africa joined the fold. The bad news was money. Michael Macario, the financial director of Miss World for the last 18 years, doesn't think Morley will have to sell her $9.6 million house in London's Dulwich neighborhood. "It isn't necessary at this moment in time," he says cautiously. "If it becomes necessary, Julia will be very supportive."

He was still crunching numbers when we met. Television rights have netted them just $800,000. A few Nigerian governors have honored their debts: $2.5 million more. But most of the promised millions they can kiss good-bye. And in 2001, Macario adds, "we lost around a million pounds." He does not look happy. "In a good year we would expect to produce a million pounds' profit," he says. "We've had mixed years.

"But we're still here."

Undaunted, Morley has plans. S never sell Miss World, she insi deed, she is full of energy, envisaging to come. She intends to launch son she calls the World Broadcasting N She wants to stretch the Miss Wor vised spectacle from one night int week. She will launch a Miss Wor metics line. This year contestants competing in China!

And the issue of human-righ lations in that country does not her.

"Who am I to judge China?" asks solemnly.

Who indeed? The Olympics are to be held there in 2008. Even I Trump's Miss Universe girls will be i in two years' time. "And they're pa $10 million to go there," Trump a umphantly.

I tell him of Morley's strikingly plans for the coming year.

"Oh, really? Hmmmmm," says his voice drained of joy. Across the lines, I can hear his mind whirring

Ben Affleck

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 280 that made me happier. Because I feel very comfortable and good about where I am and the choices I'm making, the very idea of hiding or misrepresenting anything I'm doing makes me really uncomfortable. And that's not something that's in Jennifer's character, either. Both of us wanted to err on the side of doing the right thing."

Not that he was unaware of his growing attraction to his co-star, with whom he went on to film *Jersey Girl* last summer. "I believe that more or less from the beginning of a relationship you have an accurate sense of how far it could go, what the possibilities are," Affleck says. "With Jen, I thought, Even though it can never happen, it was nice for me to know I was capable of feeling that way—that I could love somebody in a way where what I really wanted was for them to be happy, even more than I wanted what I wanted. That was a new experience for me."

But Lopez wasn't happy, although Affleck maintains she was discreet. "I got the sense that she thought it would have been inappropriate to do too much bad-mouthing of her situation," he says. "We would hang out, but I talked about me all the time: 'Enough about you!' I was vaguely aware she had something going on, but I was too busy running off my mouth." He flashes a [illegible] ways [illegible] when she told me she was getting separated. At that point, it became a possibility; doors were opened."

How that will translate on film remains to be seen. "Part of the fun of watching *Gigli* is deciding where and when they started falling in love," says Joe Roth, the head of Revolution Studios, which will release the film in August.

When the engagement was finally revealed last fall, the Ben-and-Jen story immediately turned into front-page tabloid fodder (and launched a new fad for pink diamonds like the six-carat rock Affleck selected at Harry Winston). "I'm in the middle of the media carnival," Affleck says with resignation. "After having been in a relationship with Gwyneth, it's not something that's new to me; it's just an escalation. But I really don't understand it. I can promise you that our life together doesn't warrant it. We watch movies; we sit at home; we go out to dinner. It's more or less what everyone else does. There is a war looming in the Middle East. Europe is redefining itself. America is in a recession. Sure, we're getting married, but I just can't understand why this isn't a page-20 item. Because of the degree to which it's been discussed, it has to have to do with something deeper than just two actors who are romantically involved, because how interesting is that, really? That has a shelf life of about two weeks. I think it has to do with race and class, the fact that I'm white and she's Puerto Rican. That's what's underneath, although nobody says it, because it's not politically c

Although Lopez flaunts her sexu every turn, Affleck claims that her image is misleading. "Jen has ha boyfriends than your average high junior," he says. "In the physical sens extremely chaste. She's had a much more easily explainable, more clean r history than I have. She can tell the story in 15 minutes, whereas I alwa ace the whole story with 'It was co ed . . . ' I think this also has to do wi There's a kind of language that's use her—the spicy Latina, the tempestuo She's characterized as oversexed. I the woman's had five boyfriends in he life! She's a deeply misunderstood in my opinion."

As one listens to the starry-eyed rhapsodize about his fiancée, it cult to reconcile his adoring view w pez's flamboyant public persona. T friend of Puff Daddy during his ar trial on bribery and weapons char was shrewd enough to show up at the mys wearing a translucent dress tha so much of her breasts that the que how she kept her nipples from popp generated international headlines. Th she is posing nude for her own fr ads. Although she is a canny mani of her public image, sordid tidbit her past keep slithering out from un carded rocks like nasty little snake of them supplied by Lopez's first h a former waiter named Ojani Noa,

aunched an ugly broadside in the tab-
Describing Lopez as "a cold, heart-
odern-day Elizabeth Taylor" who is
e with herself," Noa charged, "Wed-
ows mean nothing to her.... She
on when she gets tired of sleeping
ie same man." Noa accused his for-
fe of betraying him with Puffy Combs,
ded, "Ben Affleck better beware be-
s too late."

eck is unperturbed about Noa's at-
I suspect he feels pretty shitty about
says. "Jen says great
about him."

hen's the Ben-Jen wed-
g? "I think it will be
me next summer," he
n the meantime, the
less gossip continues,
ildly contradictory. De-
r brought the published
that J.Lo had called
'alentine's Day wedding
ury after learning that
Damon had tried to talk
k out of marrying her.
:," says Affleck's publi-
avid Pollick.) January's
gossip proclaimed that
n, who is allegedly en-
to Affleck's former as-
actually wanted to make
uble wedding. Both the
ement and the double
ng plan were denied.

the hype has catapult-
m to the top of the A-
opez's *Maid in Manhat-*
came a box-office hit in
nber, following up the
ss of her latest album,
Me ... Then. With Af-
on the cover, *People*'s
"Sexiest Man Alive" is-
atsold those of the previ-
ur years, which had fea-
Brad Pitt, Pierce Brosnan,
son Ford, and Richard
Affleck's asking price
mped from the $12.5 mil-
e received for *Gigli* ($500,000 more
Lopez got) to the $15 million he'll earn
e aptly titled *Paycheck,* a John Woo
shooting later this year.

ch bounty reflects Affleck's growing
at the box office; even his clunkers
made money—the much-reviled *Pearl*
r earned $450 million worldwide. Last
The Sum of All Fears pulled in $200
n worldwide, $300 million counting
d video, and *Changing Lanes,* a dark
hat Affleck says he "thought was basi-
an art movie," has made $70 million
U.S. alone. *Armageddon* made half a
n dollars.

"I knew he was going to be a big star when I saw his screen test for *Armageddon,*" says Joe Roth. "Ben's got all the things people want to see. He's charming, handsome, smart, savvy, and he's the guy next door."

He is also extremely motivated. "There's a lot of work that goes into becoming a major movie star, and Ben was very much up to doing the work," says Gus Van Sant, who directed *Good Will Hunting.* "He always had that affable charm. Matt wasn't as warm; he was more guarded, but Ben was just like Mr. Chummy."



P.D.A. TOUR

Affleck and Lopez, who is wearing her engagement ring, can't keep their hands off each other while shooting the video for "Jenny from the Block" in Los Angeles.

Affleck is nevertheless bemused by the metamorphosis of his image. "I never really thought of myself as a beefcake kind of guy, nor was I treated like one until recently," he says. "I was never pretty. I always thought my head looked like one of those statues on Easter Island—I'm a member of the Big Forehead Club. I wasn't this guy who everyone lusted after. I got dumped. I got cheated on. I had to pursue girlfriends who didn't really want to be with me. I always had difficulty getting roles. I was gangly, sort of uncoordinated, and not in control of my body. I was big; I was tall; I had baby fat. My tooth was cracked—"

From what? "From being stupid, getting in trouble. I went up for one TV show where they said, 'He's fine, but he'll never be on the cover of a magazine.'"

When he agreed to make *Pearl Harbor,* director Michael Bay "started griping about my teeth," Affleck reports. "I said, 'I'm happy to get them fixed if you guys will pay for it.'" But aside from the teeth and his abdominal muscles, which he has worked hard on, today's Affleck is the same guy who had so much trouble getting cast when he first arrived in Hollywood that he and Damon wrote *Good Will Hunting* to land a decent job.

No, Affleck didn't get his chin re-done, contrary to published reports. No, he does not wear a toupee. "Of all the bizarre rumors that have been started about me, that was the most bizarre," he says, tugging on his unruly thatch of thick brown hair, which at the moment is sticking straight up in the air. Affleck is happy to shoot down other tabloid stories as well. Eminem's lyrics on the subject notwithstanding, Affleck says he did not have a fling with Britney Spears, let alone break up her relationship with Justin Timberlake. Lopez took off her clothes for the ads for her women's perfume, Glow by JLo, but Affleck is not going to do a nude ad to promote any companion men's fragrance: "You'd have to call it Blow," he cracks.

Clad in a terry-cloth bathrobe, he did costar in Lopez's video for her hit song "Jenny from the Block," but he complains that everyone missed the point. "The reason I did the video was as a commentary on the crazy tabloid paparazzi attention," he says. "But it was covered without any irony whatsoever. We were trying to say, 'Look how silly this is!' while at the same time have it be fun and sexy."

Oh, and about those rumors that Affleck is gay? "I'm not stylish enough to be gay. I have too much trouble trying to pick out which shoes go with which pants." He chor-

Ben Affleck

tles, then realizes I'm wondering if he's being evasive. "I'm not gay. I've never even had a gay, you know, thought. The only man I've ever kissed is Jason Lee, in *Chasing Amy*. The only thing I regret is that I had such a hard time with that scene. The kiss wasn't very convincing, which reflects poorly on me. I just couldn't do it all the way. It was a closed-mouth kiss, a bullshit false moment. I just blew it."

While we're at it, Affleck also did not spend $1.1 million on former C.I.A. and F.B.I. agents to guard Lopez; she has one bodyguard, he says. Nor did Lopez demand a pre-nuptial agreement requiring Affleck to fork over $5 million for every act of infidelity and make love to her at least four times a week. "Whoever writes that stuff for the tabloids ought to consider writing avowed fiction," he says, not without admiration. "There is no pre-nup. You can't legislate behavior. You've got to believe in the person and believe you can meet the challenges you face. Neither of us are stupid or naïve. It would be nice if you could have 'The Rules,' but you just can't write it down. I don't believe in the French model of marriage. I believe in monogamy and making it work, because otherwise what's the point?"

His own parents split up when Ben was 11, and his mother raised him and his younger brother, Casey, by herself in Cambridge, Massachusetts, after their alcoholic father drifted out of the picture. Although Affleck has since resumed communication with his father, who got sober years ago, he seems to be yearning for the domestic stability he never had as a child. He talks a lot about having children. "He's a natural around kids," says Meryl Poster, co-president of production for Miramax. "He'd sit with my one-year-old daughter and talk with her. He treats them like equals, and he's very caring."

Affleck claims he's ready for commitment: "I had a good time. I'm not going to look back and say, I wish I could go out to clubs. That's pretty empty." But until I showed it to him, Affleck was unaware of the recent Liz Smith column alleging that he and Paltrow had been "caught in a Manhattan apartment bathroom downtown" in a steamy tryst in December. Although the item coyly withheld their names, there was no mistaking their identities. "This is clearly about me," he agreed after reading it. "There's no truth in it whatsoever. Gwyneth is in London. The last time I saw her was at the memorial service for her father. While we're friends, you would not find us in any compromising position."

Paltrow has been described as horrified by Affleck's engagement, and there is a history of bad blood between her and Lopez, who has openly dissed her in past interviews. But according to Affleck, Paltrow took pains to deny that she dislikes his fiancée: "Gwyneth is one of the most gracious and well-mannered people I've ever met, and when I saw her at the, what's it called, the shivah, in the middle of what had to be the worst time of her life, she said, 'You know that's not true. Please tell her it's not true. I wish you guys only the best.'"

But Paltrow hasn't been able to resist getting her digs in. "Marriage isn't something that should be taken lightly," she told Britain's *B* magazine in January. "I don't want to be married for six months and then say, 'Oh well, never mind. On to number two.'" Or number three?

The unflappable Affleck also dismisses rumors that his gambling has spiraled out of control. Two years ago, a lucky streak that won him $800,000 helped spur his decision to enter rehab, but Affleck says recent reports about a half-million-dollar Vegas spending spree were exaggerated: "I spent about $18,000, which was money we had won playing blackjack. That's about six outfits at Gucci and Dolce & Gabbana."

While that may be Affleck's idea of budget shopping, the papers have stayed full of reports on his profligate spending, although Affleck says Lopez actually paid for the Mercedes he was credited with purchasing for her mother. "The excesses are much more modest than are portrayed by 'Page Six,' although I appreciate their looking out for my well-being," he adds dryly.

Some commentators have suggested that Affleck's appetite for gambling and conspicuous consumption represents another manifestation of the excessiveness that once characterized his drinking. Sober for 17 months, he describes his stay in rehab as a "pre-emptive strike." Given his family history of alcoholism, he knew he was headed for major trouble down the road. "I just didn't want it to get to that point," he says.

"Most people have to really hit bottom before they realize they have a problem," observes Phil Alden Robinson. "Ben didn't wait for that. That's a level of maturity few people have."

"I was really unhappy," Affleck says. "I wanted to break the cycle of going out drinking, feeling hung over and tired in the morning, not remembering conversations you had, being vaguely aware you were obnoxious. It was really depressing me. It felt vapid and meaningless and stupid. Because I have money, I went to this place and did some therapy. I feel like I became a much better actor and a person who thinks about what's important to them more: Wh of person do I want to be? What work do I want to do? Going out, r around mindlessly in a haze every wasn't helping me do that. I re-evalu lot of things. I'm not a monk; I do in the house. But it makes me a m sponsible, more accountable person closer attention."

He smiles ruefully. "It's amazin many blunders you can make sober like to think I make fewer. In terms structive behavior, the barometer I us this hurting my life? Am I creating lems in my life?"

In his opinion, excesses at the bling table or the cash register aren' the problem. "The shopping and th ing things are not it. What's it is th to continually be in motion and things and working," he muses. "W to make this relationship a priority. that's really the issue. I stopped dr and became much more productive a greater capacity for living and worki I used it mostly for working. As ar you're always worried that it will go that you'll never get hired again. Ma manic energy that was medicated by ing. That's the biggest issue I'm dealin personally. There's a natural-born r ness. I think I moved 14 times in n six or seven years in L.A. I always to see what was over the next hillto never been particularly good at beir It's hard to slow down. If you're a c sive like me, I've got to know I'm have a job. It's not so much about as it is about your own neuroses. have work."

Affleck may be a college dropout– the University of Vermont after le one semester—but he is also capable ing off quotes from A. E. Housman (the journey's over / There'll be time to sleep . . . ") and Andrew Marvell t trate his points. His journey is far fro but he recognizes that he's made with the devil. "I understand why paying me what they do," he says "It's the price of my privacy—the p my life. It has to do with internatio posure. It's somebody who can get papers, be on television, and draw at to the movie. You have to become a Nobody's paying anybody money the goodness of his heart. What is it to whore your private life and have aspect of it totally exposed? When yo sider that, I feel like I'm underpaid."

The blockbusters notwithstandi fleck has charted a highly personal in Hollywood, alternating his big-bud dio pictures with small independent In *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back,*

a parody of Affleck and Matt Da-
king *Good Will Hunting II,* Affleck
amon, "What do I keep telling you?
a do the safe picture, then you do
icture. Then sometimes you gotta
ayback picture because your friend
owe him. Then sometimes you got-
k to the well."
etimes you do *Reindeer Games,*"
says derisively.
's just mean," Affleck whines.
's a pretty accurate description of
r to date. "Ben takes these franchise
es so he can go and experiment,"
rvey Weinstein.
believes in trying to stretch himself
keep doing the same thing," ob-
ruce Willis, who starred with Affleck
geddon. "He's an awesome actor,
ink he's going to do great things."
al years ago, in a televised interview
e the Actors Studio, Affleck said that
was to make big commercial movies.
since revised his ambitions. "That's
lescent aspiration, in a way. I'd
e in movies like *Magnolia,* which I
a towering achievement. I'll con-
act, but I won't act in a way that
s me to hang my name out there
a lot of publicity. I'll do character
d focus on writing and directing. It
require the same kinds of sacri-
terms of quality of life and person-
nd it's a more holistic approach to
cess. It's become increasingly frus-
for me to have my role in the story-
rocess limited to one character. You
be respectful and judicious about
your input when it's somebody else's project."

Affleck has always impressed colleagues with his voracious appetite for information and skills. "He has made it a point to learn everything he can about how the business works—not just the craft of acting, but from the producing standpoint, from the studio standpoint," says Jon Gordon, executive vice president of production at Miramax. "He knows how deals work. It's what sets him apart. If he wanted to run a studio at some point, he could. He's about as sharp as they come."

Affleck is already juggling his acting with screenwriting and such other commitments as Project Greenlight, the contest he and Damon started to help launch the careers of young filmmakers. Affleck's friends are certain he'll be directing soon. "There's no question," Weinstein says. "Both he and Matt. I think they're going to rewrite the rules. These guys can fix anything. There'll be home runs in both instances."

But there are other thoughts tickling the back of Affleck's mind as well. A passionate liberal, he campaigned for Al Gore, cares deeply about political issues, and is extremely well informed. He entertains himself by writing imaginary political speeches in his head. He would rather discuss AIDS in Africa than his movie career.

When Lopez goes to Affleck's mother's house for dinner, Weinstein reports, "J.Lo told me that the conversation at the table is always about politics—about government initiatives, educational initiatives, what's going on in the day."

So is Affleck planning to become the liberals' answer to Ronald Reagan? He admits that he entertains the thought of someday running for Congress, at least: "I think there's a real nobility to public service. It would be fun to run on a platform I really believed in, without any of the kind of compromises people make—without being beholden to the win-at-all-costs mentality."

And the invasion of privacy would be nothing new. "What are you going to say about me that hasn't already been said? I don't cheat, I don't drink, I don't do drugs, I live a clean life," Affleck says, his eyes twinkling.

"He's only 30 years old," says Jennifer Todd, who co-produced *Boiler Room.* "He still has an enormous amount of time to do things."

Time, and drive. "I think he's incredibly hungry," says Sean Bailey, who founded the media and production company Live-Planet with Affleck, Damon, and Chris Moore. "I think the guy has very grand aspirations. I don't think he's going to be content with just being a movie star. He knows he has the potential to do very big things."

Such ambitions could be derailed by any number of miscalculations, including a private life that generates too many sensational headlines, but Affleck has a clear idea of the ultimate goal. "On my deathbed, I have to be one who looks back and feels I lived a good and substantial and meaningful life," he says.

In the meantime, however, there's a wedding to plan. □

---

rey Epstein

LED FROM PAGE 305 Bear Stearns
er firms. Epstein resigned from Bear
on March 12. The S.E.C. was tipped
Epstein had information on insider
at Bear Stearns, and it was therefore
to question him. In his S.E.C. testi-
given on April 1, 1981, Epstein claimed
had found "offensive" the way Bear
management had handled a disci-
action following its discovery that he
mmitted a possible "Reg D" viola-
idently he had lent money to his clos-
nd. (In the 1989 deposition he said
'd lent approximately $20,000 to War-
enstein, to buy stock.) Such an action
have been considered improper, al-
Epstein claimed he had not realized
til afterward.
ording to Epstein, Bear Stearns man-
nt had questioned him about the loan
March 4. The questioners, Epstein
ere Michael (Mickey) Tarnopol and Alvin Einbender. In his 1989 deposition Epstein recalled that the partner who had made an "issue" of the matter was Marvin Davidson. On March 9, Epstein said, he had met with Tarnopol and Einbender again, and the two partners told him that the executive committee had weighed the offense, together with previous "carelessness" over expenses, and he would be fined $2,500.

"There was discussion whether, in fact, I had ever put in an airline ticket for someone else and not myself and I said that it was possible, ... since my secretary handles my expenses," Epstein told the S.E.C. In his 1989 testimony he stated that the "Reg D" incident had cost him a shot at partnership that year.

What the S.E.C. seemed to be especially interested in was whether there was a connection between Epstein's leaving and the alleged insider trading in St. Joe Minerals by other people at Bear Stearns:

Q: Sir, are you aware that certain rumors may have been circulating around your firm in connection with your reasons for leaving the firm?
A: I'm aware that there were many rumors.
Q: What were the rumors you heard?
A: Nothing to do with St. Joe.
Q: Can you relate what you heard?
A: It was having to do with an illicit affair with a secretary.
Q: Have you heard any other rumors suggesting that you had made a presentation or communication to the Executive Committee concerning alleged improprieties by other members or employees of Bear Stearns?
A: I, in fact, have heard that rumor, but it's been from Mr. Harris in our conversation last week.
Q: Have you heard it from anyone else?
A: No.

A little later the interview focuses on James Cayne:

Q: Did you ever hear while you were at Bear Stearns that Mr. Cayne may have trader or insider information in connection with St. Joe Minerals Corporation?
A: No.
Q: Did Mr. Cayne ever have any conversation with you about St. Joe Minerals?
A: No.
Q: Did you happen to overhear any conversa-

tions between Mr. Cayne and anyone else regarding St. Joe Minerals?
A: No.

And still later in the questioning comes this exchange:

Q: Have you had any type of business dealings with Mr. Cayne?
A: There's no relationship with Bear Stearns.
Q: Pardon?
A: Other than Bear Stearns, no.
Q: Have you been a participant in any type of business venture with Mr. Cayne?
A: No.
Q: Do you have any expectation of participating in any business venture with Mr. Cayne?
A: No.
Q: Have you had any business participations with Mr. Theram?
A: No; nor do I anticipate any.
Q: Mr. Epstein, did anyone at Bear Stearns tell you in words or substance that you should not divulge anything about St. Joe Minerals to the staff of the Securities and Exchange Commission?
A: No.
Q: Has anyone indicated to you in any way, either directly or indirectly, in words or substance, that your compensation for this past year or any future monies coming to you from Bear Stearns will be contingent upon your not divulging information to the Securities and Exchange Commission?
A: No.

Despite the circumstances of Epstein's leaving, Bear Stearns agreed to pay him his annual bonus—which he anticipated as being approximately $100,000.

The S.E.C. never brought any charges against anyone at Bear Stearns for insider trading in St. Joe, but its questioning seems to indicate that it was skeptical of Epstein's answers. Some sources have wondered why, if he was such a big producer at Bear Stearns, he would have given it up over a mere $2,500 fine.

Certainly the years after Epstein left the firm were not obviously prosperous ones. His luck didn't seem to change until he met Hoffenberg.

One of Epstein's first assignments for Hoffenberg was to mastermind doomed bids to take over Pan American World Airways in 1987 and Emery Air Freight Corp. in 1988. Hoffenberg claimed in a 1993 hearing before a grand jury in Illinois that Epstein came up with the idea of financing these bids through Towers's acquisition of two ailing Illinois insurance companies, Associated Life and United Fire. "He was hired by us to work on the securities side of the insurance companies and Towers Financial, supposedly to make a profit for us and for the companies," Hoffenberg [illegible]

ecuting the schemes, although, having no broker's license, he had to rely on others to make the trades. Much of Hoffenberg's subsequent testimony in his criminal case has proven to be false, and Epstein has claimed he was merely asked how the bids could be accomplished and has said he had nothing to do with the financing of them. Yet Richard Allen, the former treasurer of United Fire, recalls seeing Epstein two or three times at the company. He and another executive say they had direct dealing with Epstein over the finances. And in his deposition of 1989, Epstein stated that he was the one who executed "all" Hoffenberg's instructions to buy and sell the stock. He called it "making the orders." He could not recall whether he had chosen the brokers used.

To win approval from the Illinois insurance regulators for Towers's acquisition of the companies, Hoffenberg promised to inject $3 million of new capital into them. In fact, in his grand-jury testimony Hoffenberg claimed that he, his chief operating officer, Mitchell Brater, and Epstein came up with a scheme to steal $3 million of the insurance companies' bonds to buy Pan Am and Emery stock. "Jeffrey Epstein and Mitch Brater arranged the various brokerage accounts for the bonds to be placed with in New York, and I think one in Chicago, Rodman & Renshaw," Hoffenberg reportedly said. Then, said Hoffenberg, while making it appear as though they were investing the bonds in much safer financial instruments, they used them as collateral to buy the stock. "Epstein was the person in charge of the transactions, and Mitchell Brater was assisting him with it in coordination on behalf of the insurance companies' money," Hoffenberg claimed at the time.

At one point, according to Hoffenberg, a broker forged the documents necessary for a $1.8 million check to be written on insurance-company funds. The check was used to buy more stock in the takeover targets. Meanwhile, in order to throw the insurance regulators off, the $1.8 million was reported as being safely invested in a money-market account.

United Fire's former chief financial officer Daniel Payton confirms part of Hoffenberg's account. He says he recalls making one or two telephone calls to Epstein (at Hoffenberg's direction) about the missing bonds. "He said, 'Oh, yeah, they still exist.' But we found out later that he had sold those assets ... leveraged them ... [and] used some margin account to take some positions in ... Emery and Pan Am," says Payton.

Epstein's extraordinary creativity was, according to Hoffenberg, responsible for the purchase by the insurance companies of a $500,000 bond, with no money down. "Epstein created a great scheme to purchase a $500,000 treasury bond that would not be shown ... [as] margined or collateralized,"

he reportedly told the grand jury. "It ... like it was free and clear but it a... wasn't," he said.

Epstein has denied he ever had an... ings with anyone from the insurance... panies. But Richard Allen says he ... talking to Epstein at Hoffenberg's di... and telling him it was urgent they r... the missing bonds for a state exami... According to Allen, Epstein said, "W... them back." He had "kind of a flippa... tude," says Allen. "They never came...

Epstein, according to Hoffenberg, ... came up with a scheme to man... the price of Emery Freight stock in... tempt to minimize the losses that oc... when Hoffenberg's bid went wrong a... share price began to fall. This was all... have involved multiple clients' accoun... trolled by Epstein.

Eventually, in 1991, insurance regula... Illinois sued Hoffenberg. He settled th... and Epstein, who was only a paid c... tant, was never deposed or accused ... wrongdoing. Barry Gross, the attorne... was handling the suit for the regulato... of Epstein, "He was very elusive.... ... hard to really track him down. There ... substantial number of checks for sign... dollars that were paid to him, I r... ber.... He was this character we neve... handle on. Again we presumed that ... involved with the Pan Am and Eme... that Hoffenberg made, but we neve... chance to depose him."

"From the government's discovery ... main sentencing against Hoffenberg it ... seem the government was perhaps a b... says David Lewis, who represented M... Brater. "They went for what they kne... could get ... and that was the frau... promissory notes [i.e., the much larg... unrelated part of Hoffenberg's fraud ... in New York State].... What they c... get, they didn't bother with."

Another lawyer involved in the c... prosecution of Hoffenberg says, "In ... inal investigation like that, when th... guilty plea, to be quick and dirty al... discovery is always incomplete... don't have to line up witnesses; the ... have to learn every fact that might co... on cross-examination."

Epstein was involved with Hoffen... other questionable transactions. ... cial records show that in 1988 Eps... vested $1.6 million in Riddell Sports ... company that manufactures football h... Among his co-investors were the ... mogul Robert Nederlander and a ... Leonard Toboroff. A source close ... transaction claims that Epstein told ... lander and Toboroff that he had rai... share of the money from a Swiss ...

dentity they could not be allowed to
ut Hoffenberg has claimed the mon-
e from him, and Towers's financial
nts for that year show a loan to Ep-
f $400,000. (Epstein has said he
emember the details and has dis-
he accuracy of the Towers financial
)

nd the same time, Nederlander and
f let Epstein come in with them on a
to make money out of Pennwalt, a
vania chemical company. The plan
group together with two other parties
a substantial declared position in the
According to a source, Epstein was
d to help Nederlander and Toboroff
5 million. He seemed to fail to find
nvestors, say those familiar with the
pstein has said he was merely an in-
He invested $1 million, which he
s co-investors was his own money.
his 1989 deposi-
said that he put
$300,000 of his
oney. Where did
come from? Hof-
has said it came
im, in a loan that
nder and Toboroff
now about.
things happened
rmed Nederlander
boroff. After the
signaled a possible
er, the Pennwalt
ement threatened to
would-be raiders.
was reluctant ini-
give a deposition
his share of the
, telling Toboroff
were "reasons" he
want to. Then, after the opportunity
v investors was closed, co-investors
Epstein announcing that he'd found
last: Dick Snyder, then C.E.O. of
blisher Simon & Schuster, who want-
ut up approximately $500,000. (Nei-
pstein nor Snyder can now recall
estment. Yet in the 1989 deposition
n said that he had recruited Sny-
hom he had met socially, into the

ording to a source, Toboroff and Ne-
der told Epstein that Snyder was too
ut, without their realizing it, Hoffen-
as claimed, Snyder wrote a check to
nberg and bought out some of his in-
nt. But then Snyder wanted out.
ederlander started to get these irate
rom [Snyder,] who wasn't part of the
saying he was owed all this money,"
omeone close to the deal. Toboroff
ederlander were baffled.
ntually, a source close to Hoffenberg
Hoffenberg paid Snyder off.

Just as Nederlander and Toboroff were growing wary of Epstein, he became increasingly involved with Leslie Wexner, whom he had met through insurance executive Robert Meister and his late wife. Epstein has told people that he met Wexner in 1986 in Palm Beach, and that he won his confidence by persuading him not to invest in the stock market, just as the 1987 crash was approaching. His story has subsequently changed. When asked if Wexner knew about his connection to Hoffenberg, Epstein said that he began working for Wexner in 1989, and that "it was certainly not the same time."

Wherever and whenever it was that Epstein and Wexner actually met, there was an immediate and strong personal chemistry. Wexner says he thinks Epstein is "very smart with a combination of excellent judgment and unusually high standards. Also, he is always a most loyal friend."



OFFICE SPACE

The "office" in Epstein's house. It has no computers, but it does have a desk that Epstein tells people once belonged to banker J. P. Morgan, and "the largest Persian rug you'll ever see in a private home."

Sources say Epstein proved that he could be useful to Wexner as well, with "fresh" ideas about investments. "Wexner had a couple of bad investments, and Jeffrey cleaned those up right away," says a former associate of Epstein's.

Before he signed on with Wexner, Epstein had several meetings with Harold Levin, then head of Wexner Investments, in which he enunciated ideas about currencies that Levin found incomprehensible. "In fact," says someone who used to work very closely with Wexner, "almost everyone at the Limited wondered who Epstein was; he literally came out of nowhere."

"Everyone was mystified as to what his appeal was," says Robert Morosky, a former vice-chairman of the Limited.

Much of Epstein's work is related to cleaning up, tightening budgets, and efficiencies. One person who worked for Wexner and who saw a contract drawn up between the two men says Epstein is involved in "everything, not just a little here, a little there. Everything!" In addition, he says, "Wexner likes having a hatchet man.... Whenever there is dirty work to be done he'd stick Jeffrey on it.... He has a reputation for being ruthless but he gets the job done."

Epstein has evidently been asked to fire personal-staff members when needed. "He was that mysterious person that everyone was scared to death of," says a former employee.

Meanwhile, he is also less than popular with some people outside Wexner's company with whom he now deals. "He 'inserted' himself into the construction process of Leslie Wexner's yacht.... That resulted in litigation down the road between Mr. Wexner and the shipyard that eventually built the vessel," says Lars Forsberg, a lawyer whose firm at the time, Dickerson and Reily, was hired to deal with litigation stemming from the construction of Wexner's *Limitless*—at 315 feet, one of the largest private yachts in the world. Evidently, Epstein stalled on paying Dickerson and Reily for its work. "It's probably once or twice in my legal career that I've had to sue a client for payment of services that he'd requested and we'd performed ... without issue on the performance," says Forsberg. In the end the matter was settled, but Epstein claims he now has no recollection of it.

The incident is one of a number of disputes Epstein has become embroiled in. Some are for sums so tiny as to be baffling; for instance, Epstein sued investment adviser Herbert Glass, who sold him the Palm Beach house in 1990, for $13,444—Epstein claimed this was owed him for furnishings removed by Glass.

In 1998 the U.S. Attorney's Office sued Epstein for illegally subletting the former home of the deputy consul general of Iran to attorney Ivan Fisher and others. Epstein paid $15,000 a month in rent to the State Department, but he charged Fisher and his colleagues $20,000. Though the exact terms of the agreement are sealed, the court ruled against Epstein.

Wexner offers some insight into his friend's combative style. "Many times people confuse winning and losing," Wexner says. "Jeffrey has the unusual quality of knowing when

Jeffrey Epstein

he is winning. Whether in conversations or negotiations, he always stands back and lets the other person determine the style and manner of the conversation or negotiation. And then he responds in their style. Jeffrey sees it in chivalrous terms. He does not pick a fight, but if there is a fight, he will let you choose your weapon."

One case is rather more serious. Currently, Citibank is suing Epstein for defaulting on loans from its private-banking arm for $20 million. Epstein claims that Citibank "fraudulently induced" him into borrowing the money for investments. Citibank disputes this charge.

The legal papers for another case offer a rare window into Epstein's finances. In 1995, Epstein stopped paying rent to his landlord, the nonprofit Municipal Arts Society, for his office in the Villard House. He claimed that they were breaking the terms of the lease by not letting his staff in at night. The case was eventually settled. However, one of the papers filed in this dispute is Epstein's financial statement for 1988, in which he claimed to be worth $20 million. He listed that he owned $7 million in securities, $1 million in cash, zero in residential property (although he told sources that he had already bought the home in Palm Beach), and $11 million in other assets, including his investment in Riddell. A co-investor in Riddell says: "The company had been bought with a huge amount of debt, and it wasn't public, so it was meaningless to attach a figure like that to it . . . the price it cost was about $1.2 million." The co-investors bought out Epstein's share in Riddell in 1995 for approximately $3 million. At that time, when Epstein was asked, as a routine matter, to sign a paper guaranteeing he had access to a few million dollars in case of any subsequent disputes over the sale price, Wexner signed for him. Epstein has explained that this was because the co-investors wanted an indemnity against being sued by Wexner. One of the investors calls this "bullshit."

Epstein's appointment to the board of New York's Rockefeller University in 2000 brought him into greater social prominence. Boasting such social names as Nancy Kissinger, Brooke Astor, and Robert Bass, the board also includes such pre-eminent scientists as Nobel laureate Joseph Goldstein. "Epstein was thrilled to be elected," says someone who knows him.

After one term Epstein resigned. According to *New York* magazine, this was because he didn't like to wear a suit to meetings. A spokesperson for the Rockefeller board says Epstein left because he had insufficient time to commit; a board member recalls that he was "arrogant" and "not a good fit." The spokesperson admits that it is "infrequent" for board members not to be renominated after only one term.

Still, the recent spate of publicity Epstein has inspired does not seem to have fazed him. In November he was spotted in the front row of the Victoria's Secret fashion show at New York's Lexington Avenue Armory; around the same time the usual coterie of friends and beautiful women were whisked off to Little St. James (which he tells people has been renamed Little St. Jeff) for a long weekend.

Thanks to Epstein's introductions, says Martin Nowak, the biologist finds himself moving from Princeton to Harvard, where he is assuming the joint position of professor of mathematics and professor of biology. Epstein has pledged at least $25 million to Harvard to create the Epstein Program for Mathematical Biology and Evolutionary Dynamics, and Epstein will have an office at the university. The program will be dedicated to searching for nature's algorithms, a pursuit that is a specialty of Nowak's. For Epstein this must be the summit of everything he has worked toward: he has been seen proudly displaying Harvard president Larry Summers's letter of commitment as if he can't quite believe it is real. He says he was reluctant to have his name attached to the program, but Summers persuaded him. He rang his mentor Wexner about it, and Wexner told him it was all right.

An insatiable, restless soul, always on the move, Epstein builds a tremendous amount of downtime into his hectic work schedule. Yet there is something almost programmed about his relaxation: it's as if even pleasure has to be measured in terms of self-improvement. Nowak says that, when he goes to stay with Epstein in the Caribbean, they'll get up at six and, as the sun rises, have three-hour conversations about theoretical physics. "Then he'll go off and do some work, re-appear, and we'll talk some more."

Another person who went to the island with Epstein, Maxwell, and several beautiful women remembers that the women "sat around one night teasing him about the kinds of grasping women who might want to date him. He was amused by the idea. . . . He's like a king in his own world."

Many people comment there is something innocent, almost childlike about Jeffrey Epstein. They see this as refreshing, given the sophistication of his surroundings. Alan Dershowitz says that, as he was getting to know Epstein, his wife asked him if he would still be close to him if Epstein suddenly filed for bankruptcy. Dershowitz says he replied, "Absolutely. I would be as interested in him as a friend if we had hamburgers on the boardwalk in Coney Island and talked about his ideas." □

CREDITS

FASHION

Cover: Ben Affleck's **Double RL** T-shirt from RL, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to www.polo.com; for jeans, call 800-USA-LEVI; Deborah Waknin for Mix (the Agency)

Page 96: **Chrome Hearts** shirt from Chrome Hearts, N.Y.C., or call 212-327-0707; for **Ray-Ba** sunglasses, call 888-LUXOTTICA.

Page 123: Peter Cincotti's **Emporio Armani** shirt from Emporio Armani boutiques nationwid **Ralph Lauren** suspenders from selected Polo Ralph Lauren stores; Kim Meehan for Walt Schupfer Management.



Page 140: Peter Cincot by **Thomas Pink;** suit by **Giorgio Armani;** tie by **Brioni** coat by special or from selected Brioni store

Page 151: **Lev Glazman Alina Roytberg** styled by Herships.

Page 160: Styled by Angela Groff for Ennis, Ir

Page 214: For **June Havoc's Gina Simonelli** scarf, available by special order, call 978-499



Page 220: **Bernadette Peters's Donna Karan New York** dress from Donna Karan New York stores nationwide and Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; **Paul Smith Women** coat from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C., and Traffic, L.A.; **Chanel** jewelry and gloves from Chanel boutiques nationwide, or call 800-550-0005; **Narciso Rodriguez** shoes from Jill Kohl, Santa Monica, Calif., and Capital, Charlotte, N.C.; **Lambertson Truex** handbag by special order Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; **Ghurka** luggage Ghurka, N.Y.C., or call 800-587-1584.

Page 223: **Agnes Bruckner's Tom Ford for Saint Laurent Rive Gauche** dress from Yves S Laurent Rive Gauche bo N.Y.C. and Houston.



Page 226: **Dyan Can** styled by Linda Medven and pants by **Dolce & Gabbana,** from Dolce Gabbana, Beverly Hills; by **Wendy Walker,** fron Walker, L.A.; shoes by **Jimmy Choo,** from Jir Choo, Beverly Hills.

Pages 276–77: Ben Affleck's **Guess** shirt fro Guess stores nationwide, or go to www.guess.c



Versace boots from Versace boutiques worldwide, or go to www.versace.com, or call 888-3VERSACE.

Pages 278–79: **Double RL** T-shirts from Double RL, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to www.polo.com; **Chrome Hearts** long-sleeve from Chrome Hearts, N call 212-327-0707; for **Ray-Ban** sunglasses, cal LUXOTTICA.



Page 281: **Tommy Hilf** jacket from Tommy Hilfig worldwide, or call 800-TOMMY4U; **Double RL** from Double RL, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to www.polo.com; for **Levi's** jeans, call 800-USA-LEVI.

TY AND GROOMING



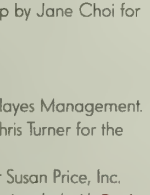
Cover: Ben Affleck's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Sumotech from www.bumbleandbumble.com. All grooming products by **Clarins Men,** from fine department stores nationwide, or go to www.gloss.com; on his face, Balm, Fatigue Fighter, and Undereye Serum, te Powder Compact Foundation; on his lips, Replenishing Lip Balm; Frankie Payne for Luxe.
0: Bryan Burrough's grooming by Assumpta for Susan Price, Inc.
23 and 140: Peter Cincotti's hair styled **cho** Pomade Green from Ricky's, N.Y.C., or ww.diamondbeauty.com. ming products by from Kiehl's and Barneys k stores nationwide; ce, Lycopene Facial zing Cream; on his lips, n No. 1; Gigi Hale tsbytimothypriano.com.



51: Top: **Philippe Starck's** grooming by Anjelik o Zero. Center: **Erno Laszlo** products eiman Marcus, Bergdorf Goodman, Saks Fifth and Nordstrom stores nationwide; for products, go to www.shiseido.com; **Yves aurent** products from Neiman Marcus, h Avenue, and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. Bottom: All hair and makeup products by **Fresh,** from Bacara Spa, Santa Barbara, Calif., and Fresh stores nationwide, or go to www.fresh.com. **Alina Roytberg's** hair styled with Styling Gel and Shaping Foam.



face, Fresh Face Primer with Fresh Face tion and Powder in Seventh Veil; on her eyes, ter in Miss Magenta and Violet Heather with pact Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Blush in Tropic of Nectar; on her lips, Sheer Stain in Touch of Velvet. On **Lev Glazman's** face, ore Rice Face Cream with Absolute Concealer 3, on his lips, Lip Balm in Sugar. Hair and by Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.
52: Grooming by Michael Thomas for ndent Artists.
60: Special-effects makeup by Jane Choi for nc.
68: Helene Macaulay for ytimothypriano.com.
74: Sharon Ive for Carol Hayes Management.
84: Kate Best for MAC; Chris Turner for the roup.
214: Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.
220: Bernadette Peters's hair styled with **Paul ell** Heat Seal from drugstores nationwide, or go .paulmitchell.com for salon locations. Makeup ts by **La Mer,** from Neiman s and Saks Fifth Avenue stores wide, and **Vincent Longo,** ergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., meys New York stores wide; on her face, Crème de . La Mer Foundation and aler in Oyster Creme, and r Powder in Translucent Shell; on her eyes, t Longo Eyeshadow in Ima with the Curl Mascara k; on her lips, Vincent Longo Creme Powder Lip Stain in Americana and Lip & Cheek Gel Stain in Cupid's Breath; Landy Dean for Trafik NYC/Vincent Longo.



Page 223: Agnes Bruckner's hair styled with **Artec** Kiwi Blow Serum from londonhairproducts.com, and **Kérastase** Lumi Extract from selected hair salons, or go to www.kerastase.com. All makeup by **Chanel,** from Chanel boutiques and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; on her face, Sheer Brilliance in Transparent with Multi-Vitamin Natural Makeup Foundation S.P.F. 15 in Beige No. 2; on her eyes, cheeks, and lips, Aqualumières No. 34 Exaltation; on her eyes, Drama Lash Mascara in Black; Darrell Redleaf for Art Mix (the Agency)/Cargo.



Pages 276–81: See credits for cover.
Pages 312–27: Stephanie Daniel for Cloutieragency.com.
Page 350: Bill O'Reilly's grooming by Suzanne Forster for Fox News.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

Cover: Production by Dave Radin for SoCal Productions.
Page 50: From the Ramey Photo Agency.
Page 60: From *Sports Illustrated.*
Page 96: Norton Commando motorcycle from Executive Productions, L.A.
Page 102: Top, from Magnum Photos.
Page 118: From Ron Galella, Ltd.
Page 123: Anna Holmes Hurley for the Marnie Rose Agency.
Page 126: Courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art (March 1); by Doug Peters/Allaction/Retna (3); © by Seydou Keïta/Courtesy of the Contemporary African Art Collection/The Pigozzi Collection, Geneva (5); by Robert Cianflone/Getty Images (7); Cynthia Hart/Corbis (8); Vince Bucci/Getty Images (9); Michael S. Yamashita/Corbis (16); from the workshop of Nicholas Hillard/Wood River Gallery/PictureQuest (19); from Wegner/Premium Stock/PictureQuest (21, left); from DigitalVision/PictureQuest (21, right); by Charles Graham/E-Stock Photography/PictureQuest (trees); from Key Color/Index Stock Imagery/PictureQuest (picnic); copy photo by Oren Slor/Courtesy of Gorney Bravin & Lee, New York (Rockman painting).
Page 130: Clockwise from top left: from Fox Searchlight Pictures, by Robert DiScalfani/Photonica, from Paramount Pictures, from Sony Pictures Classics.
Page 140: Top, from Camera Press/Retna; bottom, Anna Holmes Hurley for the Marnie Rose Agency.
Page 146: Top right, all from Rex Features.
Page 151: Center, by Edward Holub/Corbis.
Page 159: Bottom, from Globe Photos; others from Magnum Photos.
Page 162: Left, from A.P. Wide World Photos; right, from Reuters/Landov.
Page 164: From Reuters/Landov.
Page 174: Production by Maconochie Photography.
Page 176: Left, from WireImage; right, from the Ramey Photo Agency.
Page 178: All from WireImage.
Page 181: From left: from Photofest; from Ron Galella, Inc.; from Reuters/Getty Images.
Page 188: All from the Ramey Photo Agency.
Page 192: From the John O'Hara Papers; reproduced with the permission of the Special Collections Library, the Pennsylvania State University Libraries.
Page 194: Top, from Photofest; bottom, copy work by Eileen Travell.
Page 198: Top, from the Everett Collection; inset from Photofest.
Pages 203–4: All from June Havoc.
Page 206: All from Bettmann/Corbis.
Pages 207–8: All from Photofest.
Page 210: From top: from the Everett Collection, from John Springer/Corbis, from Photofest.
Page 214: Bottom, from June Havoc.
Page 219: From Photofest.
Page 220: Anna Holmes Hurley for the Marnie Rose Agency.
Page 224: By Bill Bachman/Index Stock Imagery/PictureQuest (Beverly Hills); Tom Brakefield/Corbis (jungle cruise); from Burke/Triolo/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest (Garden Room, overlords); from Corbis (smoking patio); from Corbis/PictureQuest (grosses); from C Squared Studios/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (tie); by Jules Frazier/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (memoirs); from Hulton Archive/Getty Images (Plimpton); by David Hum/London Features (De Niro); from London Features (80s); from PhotoLink/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (salmon); by Alan Schein Photography/Corbis (Midtown); Joe Skipper/NewsCom (Rove); Joe Sohm, Chromosohm/Stock Connection/PictureQuest (D.C.); Dennis Van Tine/London Features (Paltrow, Smith); Stefan Zaklin/Getty Images (Bush I).
Page 230: Clockwise from top left: by Kevin Mazur/London Features, Hyungwon Kang/NewsCom, Ralph Reinhold/Index Stock Imagery/PictureQuest, Stefan Zaklin/Getty Images, from PictureQuest, from Stockbyte/PictureQuest, from PictureQuest, by Steve Cole/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest, Joe Atlas/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest, from Corbis, by Frazer Harrison/NewsCom, from C Squared Studios/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest, from NewsCom, from C Squared Studios/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest, by Dennis Lane/Index Stock Imagery/PictureQuest, Alex Wong/Getty Images.
Pages 276–81: See credit for cover.
Pages 276–77: Nineteen sixty-nine Pontiac GTO from Picture Cars, Burbank, Calif.
Pages 278–79: See credit for page 96.
Pages 285–87: All from Magnum Photos; prints courtesy of the Howard Greenberg Gallery, N.Y.C.
Pages 288–92: All from Magnum Photos.
Page 293: From Magnum Photos; print courtesy of the Howard Greenberg Gallery, N.Y.C.
Pages 294–95: From A.P. Wide World Photos.
Pages 296–97: From *The Times*/NI Syndication.
Pages 298–99: Clockwise from right: from A.P. Wide World Photos, from A.P. Wide World Photos, from AFP Photo.
Pages 300–301: Left, from *The New York Times.*
Page 304: Bottom, from Globe Photos.
Pages 306–7: From A.P. Wide World Photos.
Page 309: Top left, from Reuters/Getty Images; others from A.P. Wide World Photos.
Page 335: By René Burri/Magnum Photos.
Page 337: From Hulton Archive/Getty Images.
Page 341: Bottom left, from Big Pictures, U.S.A.; all others from Rex USA.
Page 348: Clockwise from top left: by Dennis Van Tine/London Features, Steve Granitz/WireImage, from Hulton Archive/Getty Images, by Caroline Torem Craig/London Features, Laura Pearl/NewsCom, from Big Pictures/NewsCom, from Bettmann/Corbis, by David Fisher/London Features, Chris Pizzello/ImageDirect/NewsCom, from Hulton Archive/Getty Images, by David Fisher/London Features, Dennis Van Tine/London Features.

Michael Lutin wonders whether Pisceans should hang on or let go



Elizabeth Taylor

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

There's no question that you are preparing to make an enormous, life-changing decision. With Saturn reversing its direction in your solar 4th house, the family scene you have sought to create, develop, and protect is undergoing certain transformations. Meanwhile, the odd motion of Uranus during 2003 can only add to the complexity of your situation. Highly evolved members of your sign recognize this period as an opportunity to exercise compassion and unconditional love. Many others, however, are teetering on the edge of insanity. Pick your category.



Daniel Boulud

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Try not to interpret recent developments as a sign that you have lost your power and become an old horse who's ready for the glue factory. Even the most prescient among us have been finding it impossible lately to predict which way the political wind will blow next. The ruler of your solar 10th house will be moving from retrograde to direct later this month, which should help clear up any indecision, restlessness, communication issues, or questions about what you're doing with your life. Not that any of that stuff could ever happen to *you*.



Enrique Iglesias

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Only God knows where you'll end up professionally a year from now, but two things are certain: economics will always factor into your decision-making, and you will always have bills to pay. Considering the responsibilities that have been piled on your head lately, it wouldn't be prudent to get uppity and play the diva now. While you don't want anyone to think you would sell out your ideals for a few measly dollars, with Saturn transiting your 2nd house you'd have to be an idiot to walk away from a good offer on principle alone. You can't afford the luxury.



Wallis Simpson

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

You've been so quiet lately that it sometimes seems as though only a vestige of your former social self remains, but don't think you have lost your youthful zest for life, even if you do feel as if you were 400 years old. This seemingly endless transit of Saturn through Gemini has cut you off and shut you down, leaving you to bear too many of life's burdens on your poor, tired shoulders. Although the problems that you thought would never get solved will soon be on their way to resolution, it's no wonder you've been in such a bitchy mood.



Brandi Chastain

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Sometimes life deals you such impossible choices that, no matter what you do, you end up driven nuts by voices in your head insisting that you've made a ghastly mistake. With your 12th house so active that it's clear a sacrifice is being demanded of you and a spiritual crisis is occurring deep in your soul, take comfort in the knowledge that we are all trapped by the choices we have made in the past, and accept that, for all anyone knows, fate may have set us all up at the outset. Pray for guidance and you won't be misled. Guilt is the mind killer.



Philip Seymour Hoffman

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

In order to explore parts of yourself you never knew existed and become a full-fledged member of the human race, sometimes you have to lose your professional focus, drive, and motivation. Thanks to a transit of your 6th house through your 11th, you've been able to do that. The irony is that for the past two years, your nervousness about not having a goal made you go anywhere. Although some friends have been lost along the way, that a sense of belonging grows naturally and cannot be hand e. You do see that, don't you?



Chris Tucker

VIRGO AUG. 23–SE

Now that everyone knows you are not the paragon of perfection you have always billed yourself as, you might as vote all your energy to preserving (or rescuing) the reputation y gled for so many years to build. Although you have done your u destroy your career out of fear that you'd be married to it and wo have a personal life, your work remains your main focus. If you s it now and re-establish your credibility, you will be able to walk sunset and lead a more or less normal life. Not yet, however.



Gandhi

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

While it's very romantic to believe that the human heart cannot be tamed and that love conquers all, the consequences of such notions can be disastrous, though admittedly exciting. The truth this month, your solar 9th house, which rules higher consciousne to start exerting at least as much influence on your affairs as your house, which supplies the thrills and chills. Teacher-student o patient relationships in any form should teach you the benefits of healthy boundaries, as well as the dangers of eroding them. Take



Ivanka Trump

SCORPIO OCT. 24–N

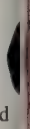
In astrology the 8th house belongs to Scorpio, so when planet tenants that house, you usually end up either hoot pleasure or writhing in pain. Since the current period of int examination and personal crisis is almost over, you can now beg flect on the past two years and see how profoundly your attitud money has changed, not to mention how deeply you've benefi your amazing sexual transformation. You are such a private perso er, that we should probably not be mentioning such things.



Dolly Parton

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–J

Even the wealthiest Capricorns are growing weary o with wild fluctuations in their bank accounts. After nomic instability is against your religion, which value ty above all else. With your planetary ruler now moving ahead solar 6th house, there is one sure way to raise your net worth a your blood pressure. It's called work. You'd be surprised at the w consistency and diligence can steady your cash flow and restore y tal and physical health. You're right, though. It *is* damned boring.

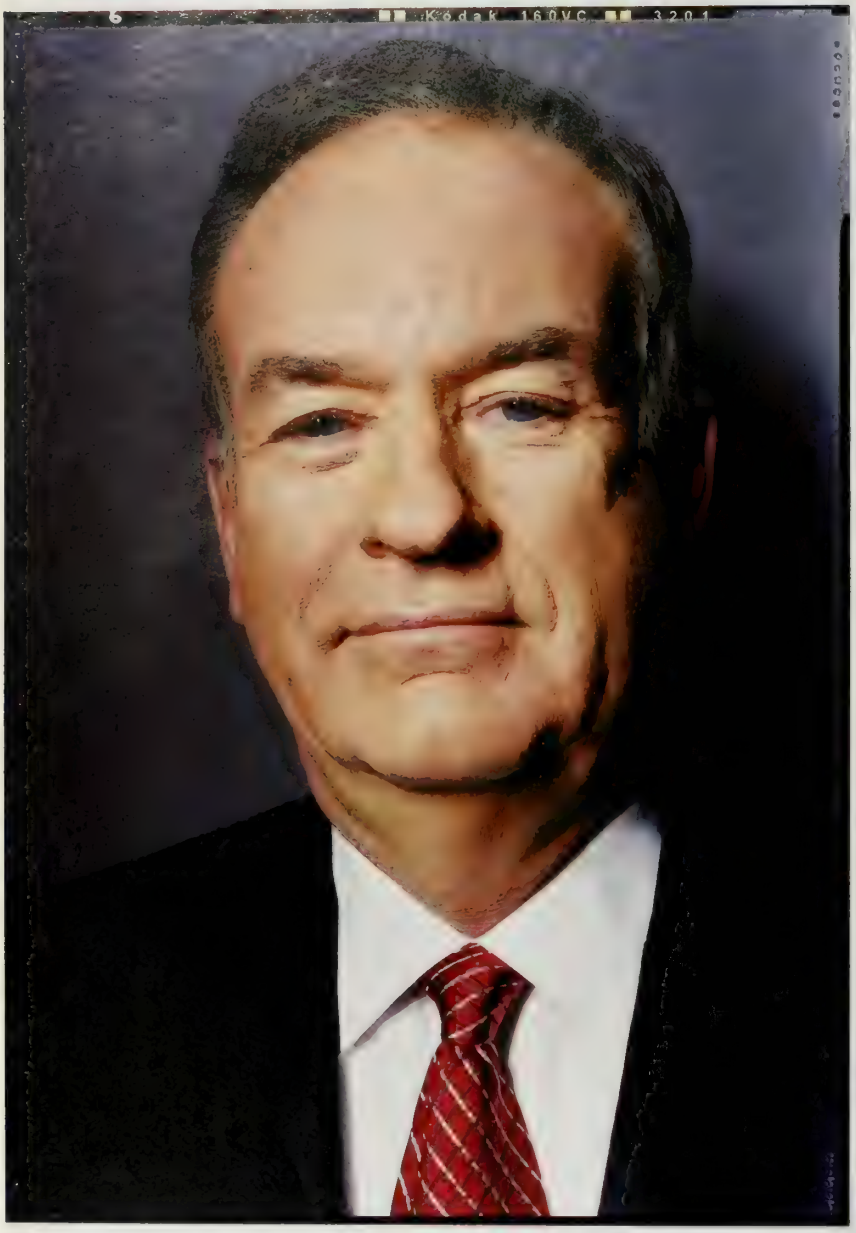


Edith Wharton

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

At times like these, when you feel as if your heart has been broken once too often, it would be easy to become embittered and lose faith in love. As Saturn goes direct, however, your belief in l to be stronger than ever, even if you are sick and tired of the Maintaining control over your affairs has become an exhausting job, mainly because defending your independence has begun to s attractive than simply giving up and allowing the universe to where it will. It eventually will, you know.


rins Creates the
deal Mascara.
ur lashes will clap for joy!
oluptuous, curved lashes
at stay perfectly curled for
rs on end. Lashes are visibly
ckened, definitely noticeable.
Pure Curl
Mascara
It's a fact. With Clarins,
life's more beautiful.
CLARINS
PARIS
www.clarins.com
Discover the Art of Perfect Colour.
Enjoy a Complimentary Professional
Make-Up Session @ Lord & Taylor



BILL O'REILLY

It takes guts to appear on Bill O'Reilly's Fox News talk show, where the guests struggle to get a word in edgewise, and the only star is the one behind the anchor desk. As the pundit goes into his seventh year hosting *The O'Reilly Factor,* he takes a break from tormenting the powerful and pompous to give his no-spin take on his desire to sing like Jim Morrison, a confessed penchant for alienating people, and his admiration of R.F.K.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Seeing little kids having a great time.

What is your greatest fear?
Failure.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Robert Kennedy. My mother comes from the Kennedy clan, and R.F.K. had the fire of a reformer and the determination to get things do He was one of the few politicians who actually got angry at social injustice.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
I am impatient and intractable at times.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Cowardice.

What is your favorite journey?
Tahiti, especially Bora Bora.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Conformity—it destroys the creative spirit.

On what occasion do you lie?
To protect the feelings of others in trivial matters

Which living person do you most despise?
Osama bin Laden.

What is your greatest regret?
That my father didn't live long enough to see his son take the fight to the bad guys. He would hav loved the crusading aspect of *The O'Reilly Factor*

Which talent would you most like to have?
The ability to sing like Jim Morrison.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My penchant for alienating people.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it b
President of the United States.

What is your most treasured possession?
My family—although I don't possess them. Worldly possessions don't much interest me.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Drug addiction.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Irish temper, but it's not my fault. You can't fight genes.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Sense of humor.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Sense of humor about sex.

Who are your favorite writers?
James Lee Burke, James M. McPherson, Washington Irving, Graham Greene, James Ellroy, Mario Puzo.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Dirty Harry Callahan.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Jesus of Nazareth, Mother Teresa, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Winston Churchill, Eliot Ness, Paul Newman, and Nathan Hale.

What is your motto?
"Embrace good, confront evil.

PORTRAIT BY HENRY LEUTWYLER


As I See It, #1 in a series
by Jean Claude Maillard.
The Serpentine Bronze
Vessel™ lavatory. May your
bathroom have great drama.
1-800-4-KOHLER, ext. NG3
kohler.com/serpentine
THE BOLD LOOK
OF KOHLER.


DKNY

VANITY FAIR

APRIL 2003/$4.50

'S REIGNING MEN!

TOM, HARRISON, BRAD, JACK, UM, TOM...

AND THAT'S JUST THE FIRST PANEL!



THE 2003 HOLLYWOOD ISSUE

450 PAGES OF STARS AND STAR-MAKERS, OSCAR FAVORITES AND OLD-TIMERS, GLAMOUR AND CLAMOR, LEGENDS AND LEADING LADIES, HISTORY AND MYSTERY



"The only reason they
come to see me is that I know life is great—
and they know I know it."
—CLARK GABLE



THREE KINGS

FRIENDS AND RIVALS: CARY GRANT,
JIMMY STEWART, AND RONALD COLMAN

BY WILLIAM FRYE

GROWING UP MIRAMAX

BY BOB WEINSTEIN

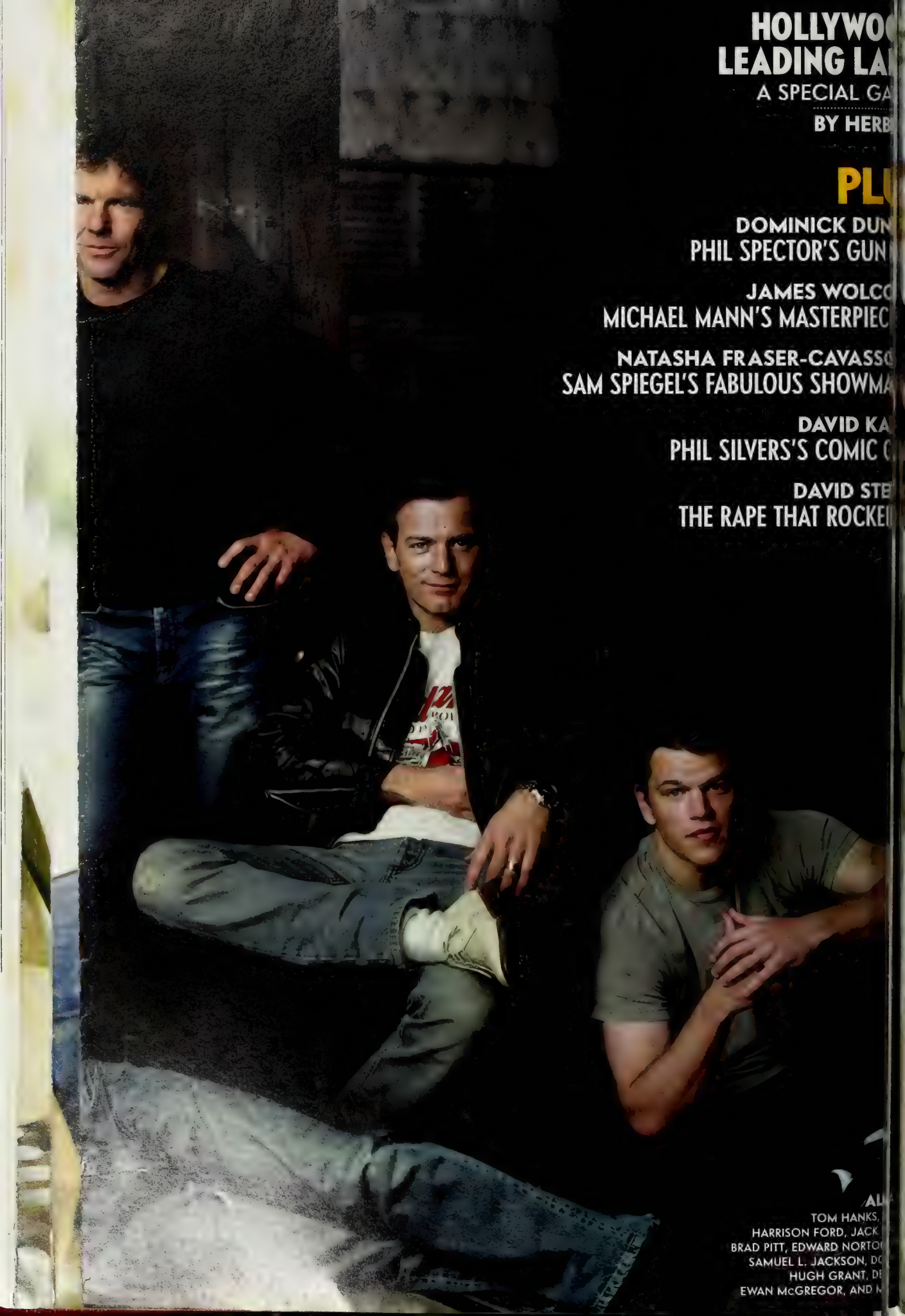
MICHAEL JACKSON: YOU CAN'T MAKE THIS STUFF UP

NEW DETAILS ON: THE BOYS,
THE BUSINESS, THE BIZARRE BLOOD RITUALS

A SPECIAL INVESTIGATION BY MAUREEN ORTH







HOLLYWO
LEADING LA
A SPECIAL GA

BY HERB

PL

DOMINICK DUN
PHIL SPECTOR'S GUN

JAMES WOLCO
MICHAEL MANN'S MASTERPIEC

NATASHA FRASER-CAVASS
SAM SPIEGEL'S FABULOUS SHOWMA

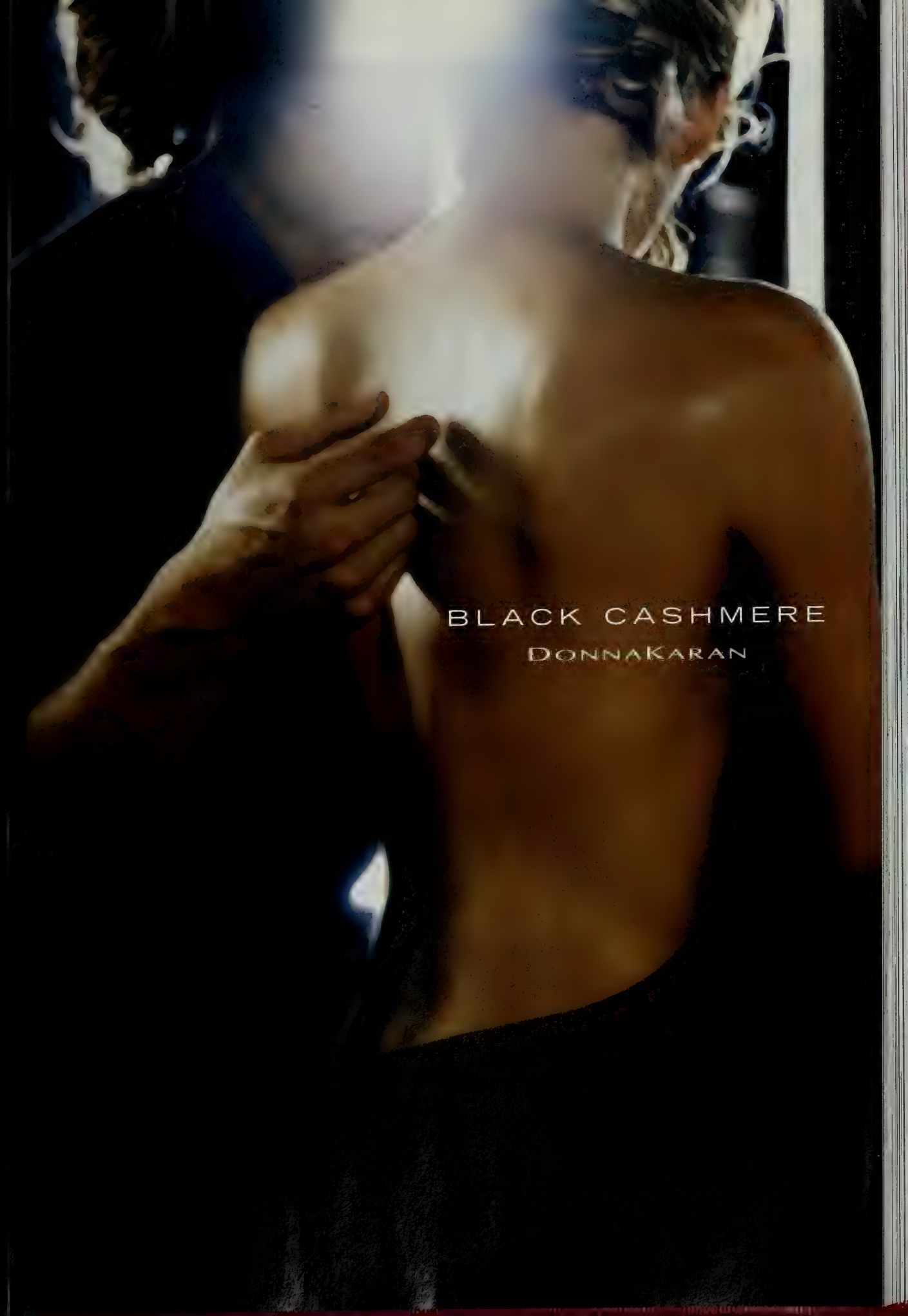
DAVID KA
PHIL SILVERS'S COMIC

DAVID STE
THE RAPE THAT ROCKE

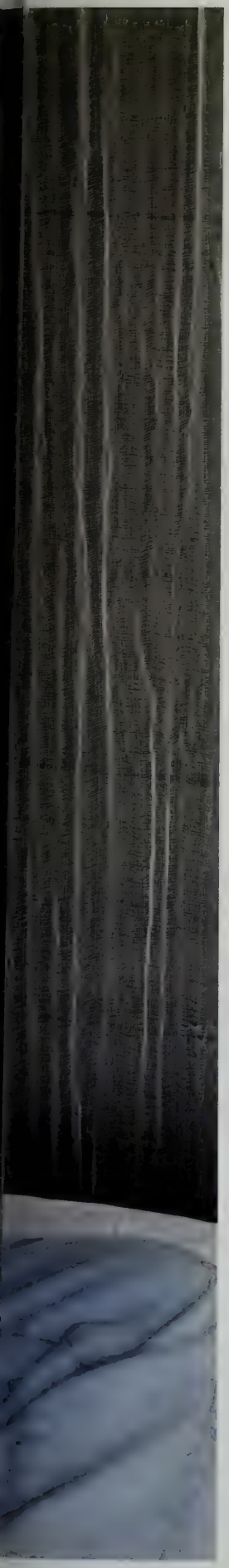
AL
TOM HANKS,
HARRISON FORD, JACK
BRAD PITT, EDWARD NORTO
SAMUEL L. JACKSON, D
HUGH GRANT, D
EWAN McGREGOR, AND


DKNY


INTRODUCING THE SCENT OF LUXURY


BLACK CASHMERE
DONNAKARAN



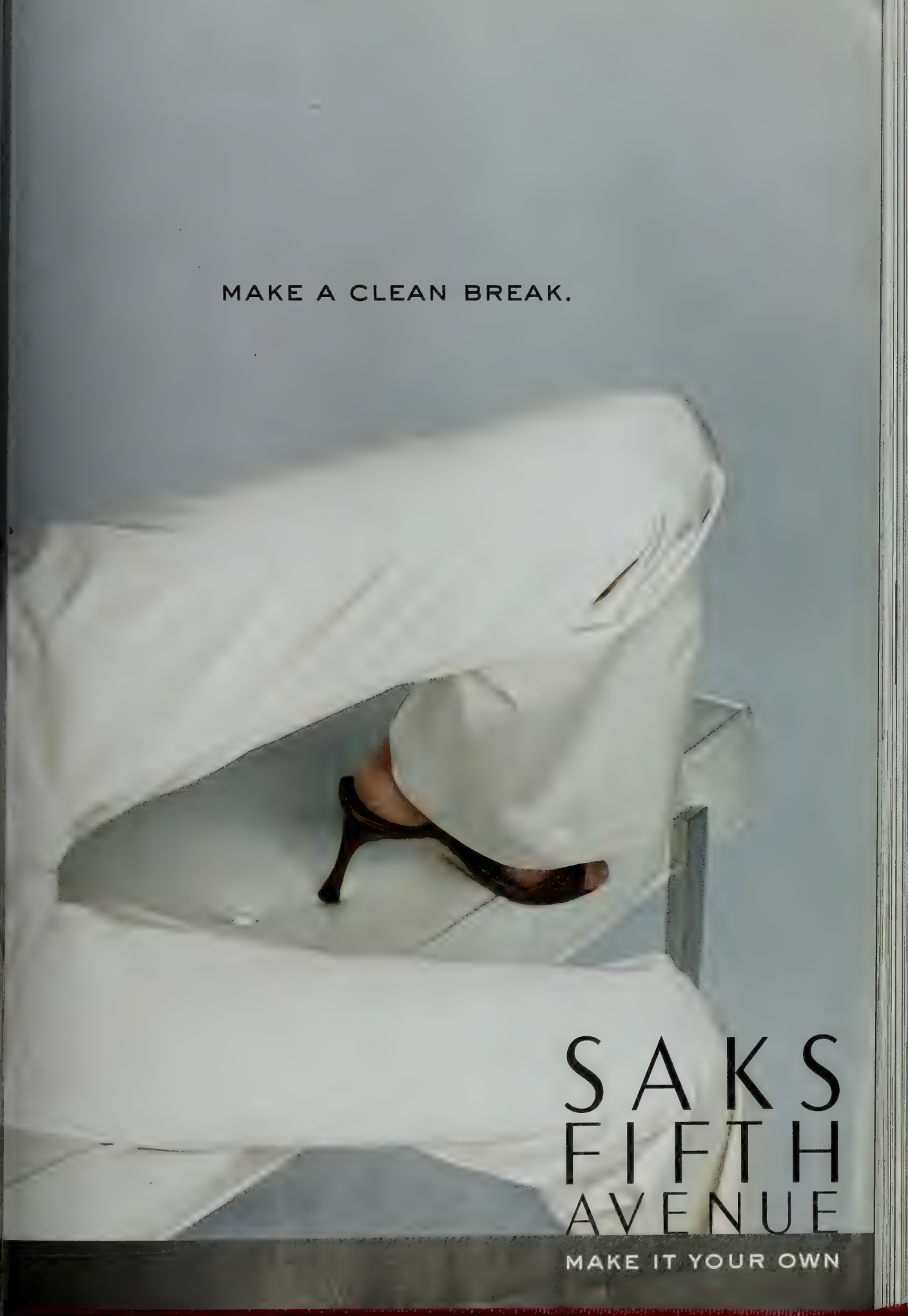




cK Calvin Klein Jeans

CALL 1.800.429.0996 SAKS.COM

© SAKS FIFTH AVENUE 2003


MAKE A CLEAN BREAK.
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE
MAKE IT YOUR OWN


GUC






GIORGIO ARMANI


BAL HARBOU
BOSTON CHICAGO LAS VEGAS MANHAS


GIORGIO ARMANI
W YORK
PALM BEA
SAN FRANCISCO
SOUTH COAST PLAZA


ST. JOHN SPORT
BY MARIE GRAY
ATLANTA
BEVERLY HILLS
BOSTON
CHARLESTON
CHARLOTTE


CHICAGO
DENVER
HONOLULU
HOUSTON
KANSAS CITY
LAS VEGAS
MAUI


ST. JOHN
BY MARIE GRAY
PALM DESERT
PLANO
PORTLAND
SAN FRANCISCO



Kelly Gray is wearing St. John Sport and Couture at Pink Sands, Harbour Island, Bahamas

JOSE SCOTTSDALE SEATTLE SHORT HILLS SOMERSET COLLECTION SOUTH COAST PLAZA TAMPA

WWW.DIOR.COM
NEW YORK,
TAMPA, DALLAS,
SAKS
RANCISCO, LAS VEGAS, BAL HARBOUR,
FER'S, SAKS JANDEL AND SELECT
LOCATIONS. (800) 929 - DIOR.


Dior

Dior


ior
RK, BEVERLY HILLS, SOUTH COAST PLAZA, SAN FRANCISCO,
DALLAS, BOSTON, ASPEN, HONOLULU, HIRSHLEIFER'S,
TH AVENUE, NEIMAN MARCUS AND
T eluxury


9 EAST 57TH STREET
BURBERRY





©2002 Target Stores. The Bullseye Design is a registered trademark of Target Brands, Inc. All rights reserved.

EVI'S® TYPE 1™ JEANS | BOLD SINCE 1853 2003™


Some people just make
you feel at ease.
The same goes for cloth



Confident
Comfortable
Possibilities

Stores
1-800-TALBOTS
talbots.com

Talbots

It's A Classic

It's been said that variety is the spice of life. Which is something you'll certainly discover in the Lexus ES, given the four different settings of its available Adaptive Variable Suspension (AVS).

This option is just one of the thoughtful features and amenities that help the ES carve out a unique position in today's luxury automotive world. How exactly AVS work? Picture yourself out spin, on a road that quite cl demands to be driven. Si select the "Sport" setting tighter, more precise feel. you happen to be driving a route that has seen better days, choose "Comfort" setting, for the incredibly sm

YOU'VE BEEN DOWN
THIS ROAD
BEFORE. JUST DON'T TELL YOUR
SUSPENSION.



Lexus reminds you to wear seatbelts, secure children in rear seat, obey all traffic laws and dri

hat has become one of the hallmarks of
s luxury. Should you be in a more
valent mood, rest assured: there are two
ional settings to suit your needs.

ever content to leave well enough alone,
s engineers also gave the ES suspension
bility to "read" the road. Which means
fissures, divots and bumps are continuously detected, allowing the suspension to react accordingly. (Hence, the "Adaptive" part of Adaptive Variable Suspension.)

Clearly, there's never a dull moment with AVS at your command. But then, who on earth ever grew bored driving a Lexus?

an automobile delight, comfort, fascinate and energize you?
lexus.com for a test drive. The Passionate Pursuit of Perfection.

LEXUS



s, a Division of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. For more information, call 800-USA-LEXUS (800-872-5398).


NEW YORK SOUTH COAST PLAZA HOUSTON LAS VEGAS SAN FRANCISCO BAL HARBOUR HONOLULU WASHINGTON D.C. CHEVY CHASE
OPENING SOON: BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO MANHASSET AND 57TH STREET TEL 1.800.832.3485 www.ysl.com
YVES SAINT LAURENT
rive gauche



VANITY FAIR®
April 2003 No. 512

THE HOLLYWOOD ISSUE



FAR FROM ORDI
Todd Haynes and Julianne M

Features

HOLLYWOOD 2003 *VF* pulls out all the stops this year, adding giant lollipops, pink rosebushes, and a grim-faced butler to a lineup that includes Martin Scorsese, Kathy Bates, Daniel Day-Lewis, Diane Lane, Chris Cooper, Julianne Moore, Ice Cube, Adrien Brody, John C. Reilly, Kieran Culkin, and the reunited casts of *The Big Chill* and *Deliverance*. Who wants popcorn? Portraits by Annie Leibovitz and other top photographers 365

ALL THANKS TO MAX In a deeply personal essay, Bob Weinstein, the younger and, well, more *reticent* half of Miramax Films, recaptures the hard, happy world of his father, a Queens diamond cutter who gave Bob and Harvey everything they needed to build a movie empire. Portrait by Annie Leibovitz 412

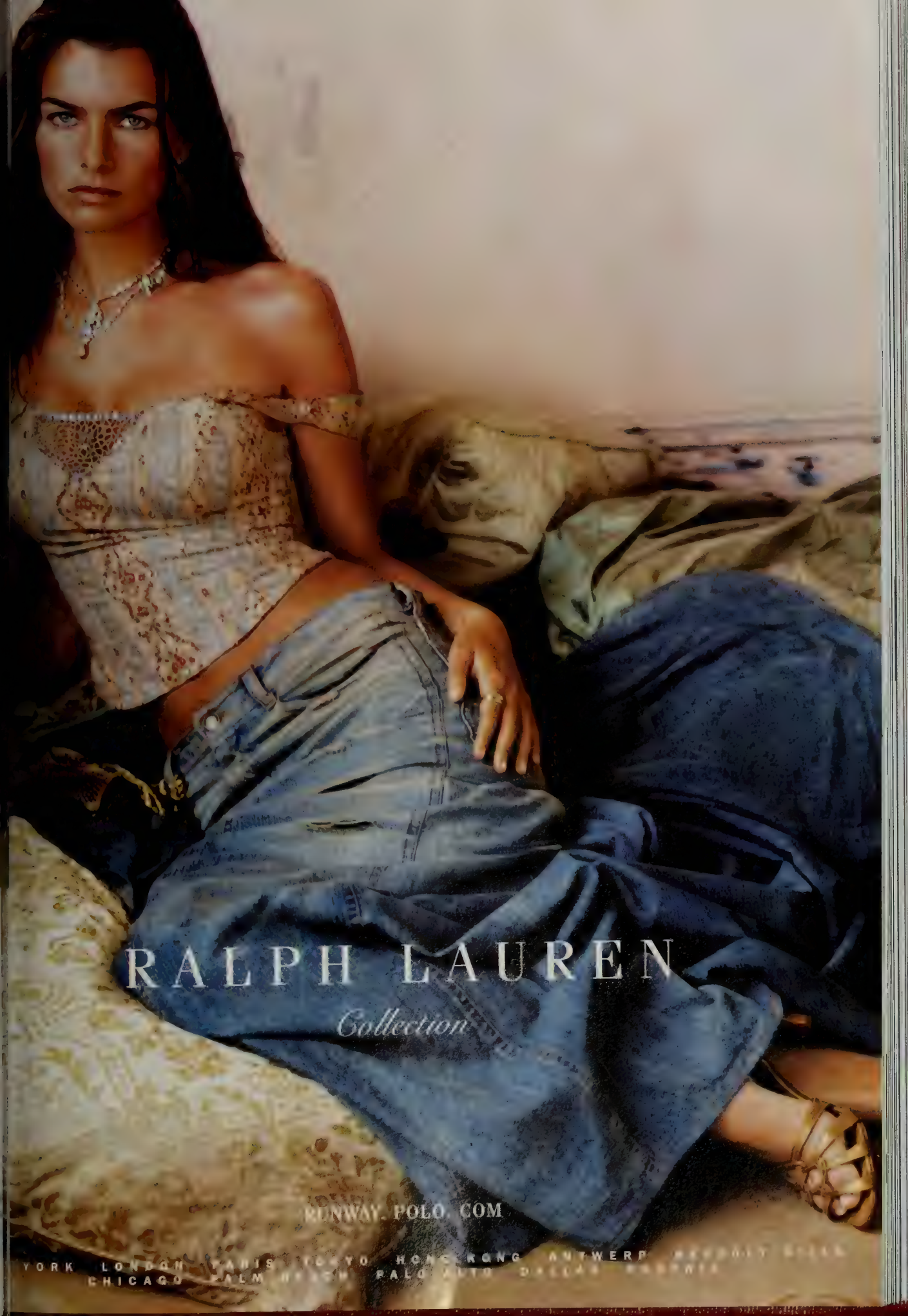
IN COLD MOUNTAIN COUNTRY Brigitte Lacombe [illegible] spotlight Anthony Minghella's adaptation of the best-selling Civil War novel, with Jude Law, Nicole Kidman and Renée Zellweger .....

LOSING HIS GRIP Michael Jackson's face reflects his life: a fascinating, horrifying wreck. What lies behind the baby-dangling, the cries of racism, the confessions on British TV? Maureen Orth talks to prosecutors, estranged associates, and the author of a minutely detailed exposé, who say that, when it comes to money and kids, "Wacko Jacko" is crazy like a fox .....

ANGELS WITH PRETTY FACES Jason Schmidt and Michael Hogan spotlight the magnificently shameless *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle* .....

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT Three of America's best-looking, classiest, most talented screen idols shared a frien in producer William Frye, who remembers the way Cary Grant Ronald Colman, and Jimmy Stewart really were .....

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46


RALPH LAUREN
Collection
RUNWAY.POLO.COM
YORK LONDON PARIS TOKYO HONG KONG ANTWERP
CHICAGO PALM BEACH PALO ALTO DALLAS




RALPH LAUREN
Collection



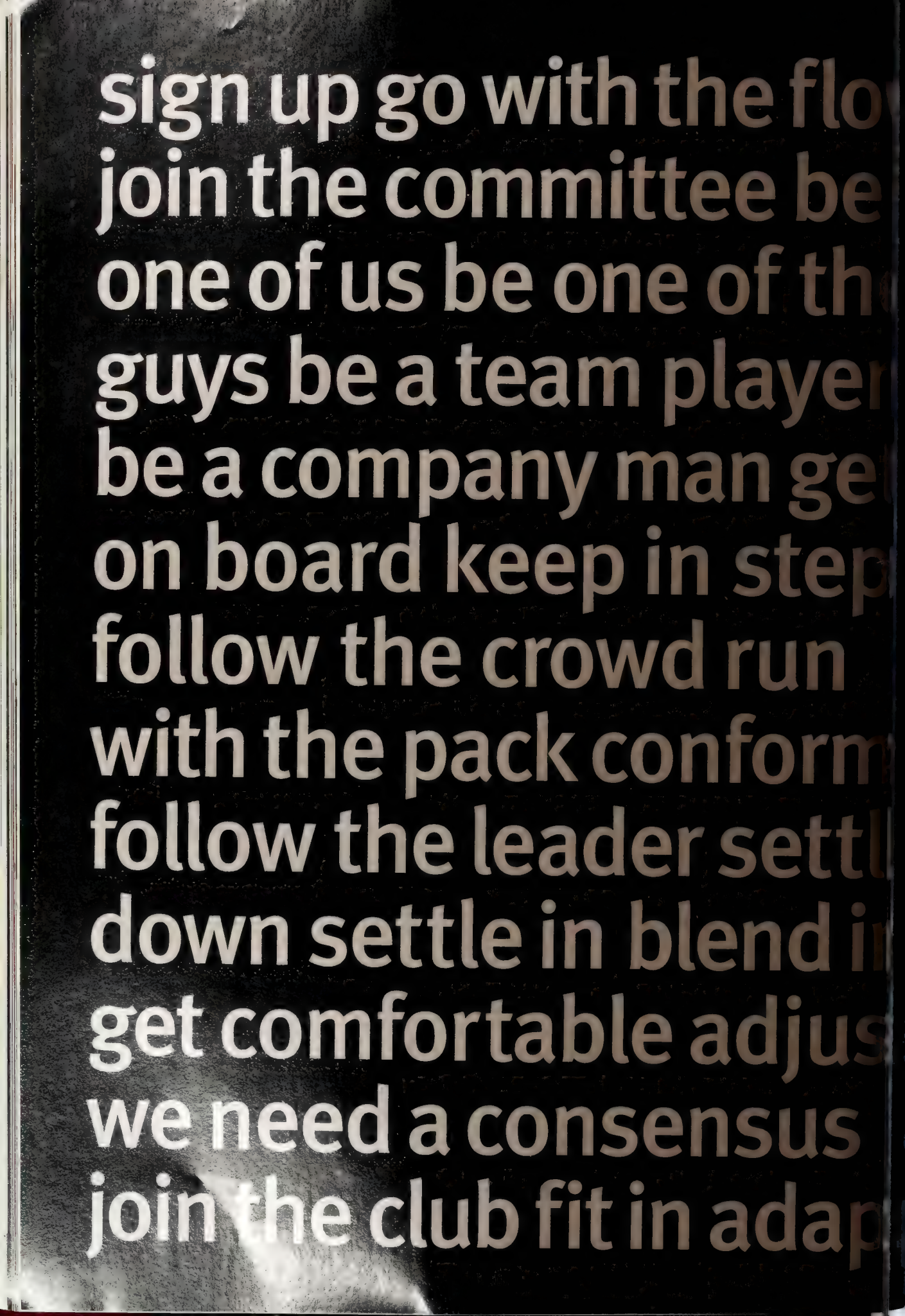

PRADA
Prada Tel: +1 888 97

MARC JACOBS

385 BLEECKER STREET NEW YORK NY 212 924 6126
163 MERCER STREET NEW YORK NY 212 343 1490 WWW.MARCJACOBS.COM
125 MAIDEN LANE SAN FRANCISCO CA 415 362 6500

WINONA RYDER PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUERGEN TELLER




sign up go with the flo
join the committee be
one of us be one of th
guys be a team player
be a company man ge
on board keep in step
follow the crowd run
with the pack conform
follow the leader sett
down settle in blend i
get comfortable adjus
we need a consensus
join the club fit in adap


not.
s to being unlabeled, unclassified and unconventional. To fusing size and
rmance. To having the power of a 315-horsepower V8. To being an S²UV,
exponentially more sport, and utility when you need it. Here's to the FX45.
Accelerating the future
INFINITI

VANITY FAIR®
April 2003 No. 512
THE HOLLYWOOD ISSUE



PRETTY IN PINK
Yvette Mimieux in Bel Air, California.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

Fanfair

30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Drawn to Life—Helen Schulman on Eloise's TV movies. Hot Reels: Bruce Handy reviews *A Mighty Wind* and *Assassination Tango.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. A. M. Homes on L.A.'s cultural doyennes; remembering Rudolph Valentino in Emily Leider's *Dark Lover.* *The Miracle Worker* returns to Broadway; Richard Rushfield on Club Largo's latest variety spectacle. Sonic boom: Michael Hogan introduces the Polyphonic Spree and Hot Hot Heat. My Stuff: L.A.'s original retail king, Fred Segal; Hot Looks; Margaret Kemp on Paris's beauty treatment du jour 153

Columns

OF VICE AND MANN Time after time, Michael Mann's 1995 movie, *Heat*—with its blazing performances by De Niro and Pacino—is capable of hooking James Wolcott, who analyzes the director's addictive powers 1

THE SOUND OF MURDER Dominick Dunne packs this month's diary with Phil Spector's arrest, the 911 call by O. J. Simpson's daughter, and Ted Maher's Monaco prison escape. Portrait by Jason Schmidt 18

CONFIDENTIAL'S REIGN OF TERROR Long before "Page Six," there was *Confidential,* devoted to catching celebrities in compromising positions. But, with an epic 1957 libel and obscenity trial, publisher Robert Harrison had exposed his last scandal. Neal Gabler charts the rise and fall of the magazine that stalked the stars 19

THE MAN WHO MINTED STYLE Orson Welles accused him of ruining the movies. Louis B. Mayer tried to destroy him. Jean Howard called him "the best-looking man I have ever seen." So why hasn't anyone under 50 heard of Charlie Feldman? Peter Biskind reconstructs the lusty, subversive reign of the first superagent 20

HALL OF FAME Patti Davis nominates 12-year-old Tessa Wick, whose battle with juvenile diabetes inspired a courageous quest for a cure. Portrait by Harry Benson 23

KING BANANA Phil Silvers, the beloved comedian and star of *Sergeant Bilko,* pulled himself up by the bootstraps—from Brooklyn to vaudeville to that 1950s sitcom smash. With shows such as *Curb Your Enthusiasm* revealing a debt to Silvers, David Kamp pauses to rerun his genius 24

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT . . . AT MGM So almighty was MGM in its heyday that nothing—not even the brutal rape of a 20-year-old dancer at a debauched Wild West studio party—was allowed to sully its image. Sixty-six years later, David Stenn digs up a dirty secret that Hollywood almost forgot 28

EVERYONE INTO THE BOOTH! Director Brett Ratner (*Rush Hour*) has gotten Britney, Leo, P. Diddy, and a host of other celebrity pals to mug for his home photo booth. To Robert Evans, the result is priceless 30

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59



Find more colourful ideas at **clinique.com**


VICTORIA'S SECRET
VictoriasSecret.com



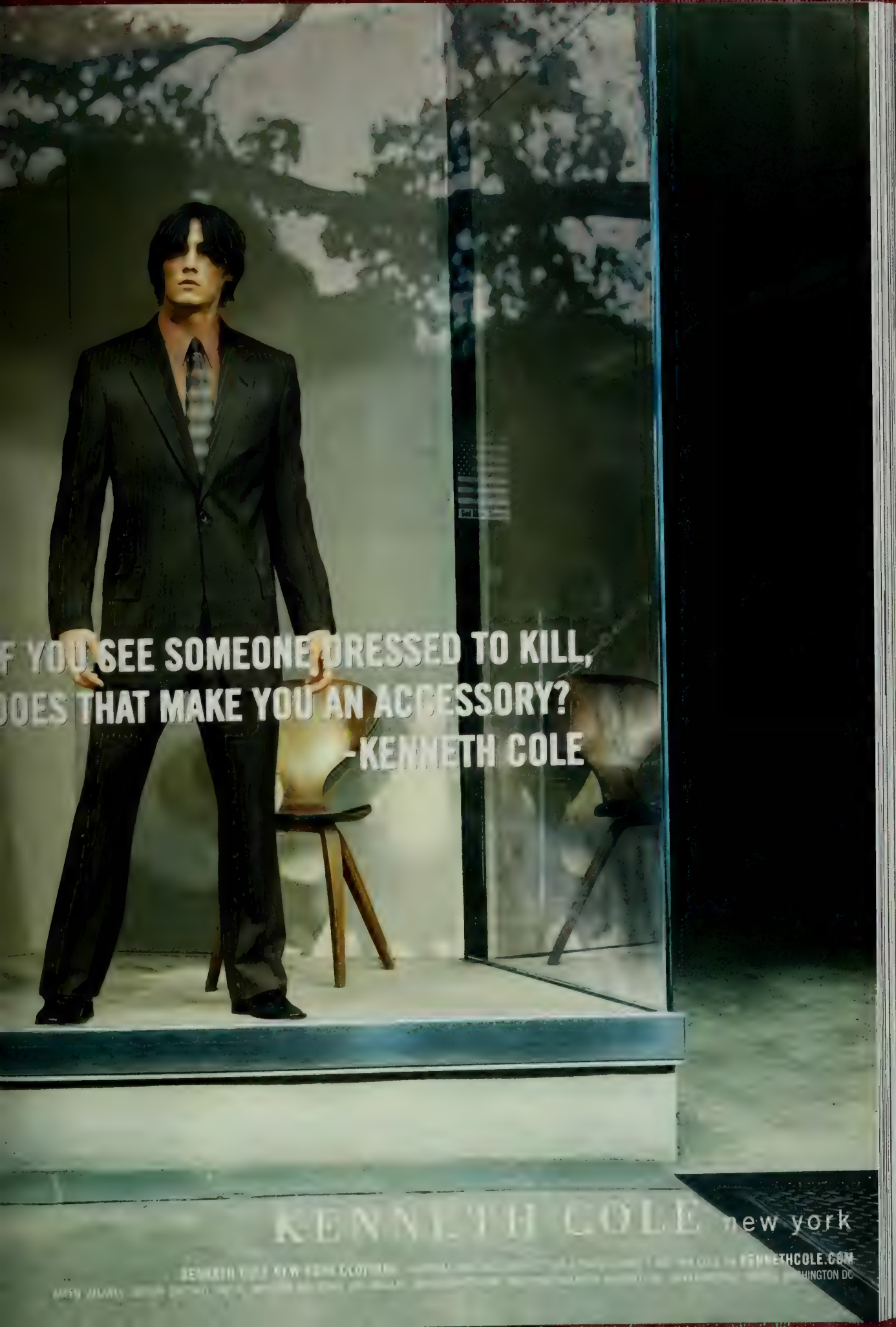

PRADA

JIL SANDER

t 57th Street, New York






F YOU SEE SOMEONE DRESSED TO KILL,
OES THAT MAKE YOU AN ACCESSORY?
-KENNETH COLE
KENNETH COLE new york
KENNETHCOLE.COM

You may want to read this if:

Your billing statement requires bulk postage.

The people who watch the economy follow you around.

Catalogue companies recognize your voice.

You can play 52 pick-up with your credit cards.

"Is this going to be on a credit card?" has become a rhetorical question.

You sign your name more times than most celebrities.

The shopping channel considers you a cast member.

The raised numbers on your card are no longer raised.

People refer to you by your credit card number.

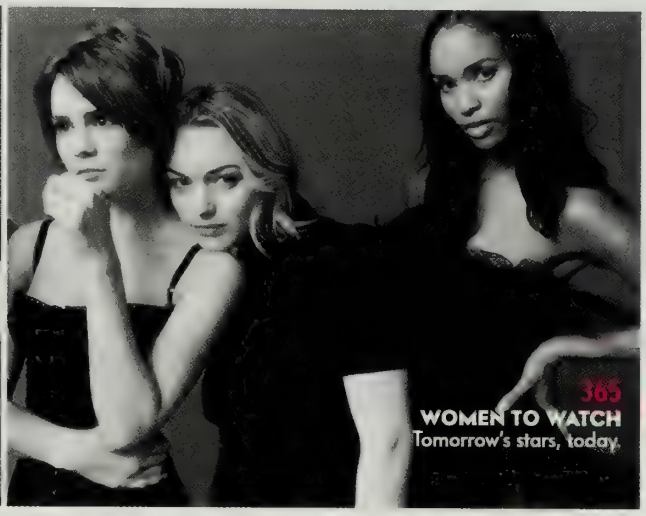
The Federal Reserve sends you thank-you notes.

VANITY FAIR®

April 2003 No. 512

THE HOLLYWOOD ISSUE





TINUED FROM PAGE 46

EGEL'S MIGHTY SHADOW Unscrupulous businessman, impossible as a collaborator, and eless as a husband, Sam Spiegel was also the tiple-Oscar-winning producer of *The African Queen, the Waterfront, The Bridge on the River Kwai, Lawrence of Arabia.* In an excerpt from her new graphy, Natasha Fraser-Cavassoni profiles owbiz legend 304

pecial Section

RB RITTS'S LEADING LADIES Nobody otographed Hollywood's great beauties like the Herb Ritts. In this special 20th-anniversary portfolio, celebrates that gift with a collection of Ritts's st memorable portraits 324

he Movie Sets

VE ACTUALLY Lorenzo Agius and Evgenia Peretz e a look at Richard Curtis's directorial debut, ich features Alan Rickman, Emma Thompson, and gh Grant 208

EVERLAND Julian Broad and Krista Smith eview Marc Forster's look at *Peter Pan* author M. Barrie, which stars Johnny Depp, Kate Winslet, ie Christie, and Dustin Hoffman 276

LE DIVORCE Snowdon and Sara Switzer check in on the Merchant Ivory film of Diane Johnson's best-seller, with Naomi Watts, Leslie Caron, and Kate Hudson 278

BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS Hugh Stewart and Doug Stumpf focus on Stephen Fry's directorial debut, based on Evelyn Waugh's exquisitely cruel *Vile Bodies,* with a cast including Peter O'Toole and Stockard Channing 280

Vanities

PARÉ OF STARS Ed Coaster hits Hollywood. David Kamp and Steven Daly's guide to film snobbery. Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield's Intelligence Report: Hollywood 2003. *V.F.* Camera: Courtside stars cheer on the Lakers. What are the odds? Handicapping the Oscars; the Out & In list 343

Et Cetera

EDITOR'S LETTER 104
CONTRIBUTORS 108
ON THE COVER 120
LETTERS: The Great Debate, Continued 136
CREDITS 449
PLANETARIUM: Tread lightly, Aries 452
PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE: Don Rickles 454

TO FIND CONDÉ NAST MAGAZINES ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB, VISIT www.epicurious.com

ITY FAIR IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., WHICH PUBLISHES THE MAGAZINE THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE CONDÉ ST PUBLICATIONS. COPYRIGHT © 2003 BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A

ity Fair No. 512 (ISSN 0733-8899). The magazine is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications (4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036), which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers *Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.*: S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Chairman; Charles H. Townsend, C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, Executive Vice President–C.F.O.; Jill Bright, Executive Vice Presi- t–Human Resources; John Buese, Executive Vice President–Chief Information Officer; David Orlin, Senior Vice President–Strategic Sourcing; Robert Bennis, Senior Vice President–Real ate; David B. Chemidlin, Senior Vice President–General Manager, AMG Shared Services Center. Periodicals postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. 10001, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as rnational Publications Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. For back-issue inquiries, call 800- -0635 or write to *Vanity Fair,* Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to *Vanity Fair,* Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714. The first copy new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks of receipt of order. Eight weeks is required for change of address; please give both new address and old as printed on last label. Editorial, pro- tion, and business correspondence should be sent electronically to vfmail@vf.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and ices we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or this information, please advise us at Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714.

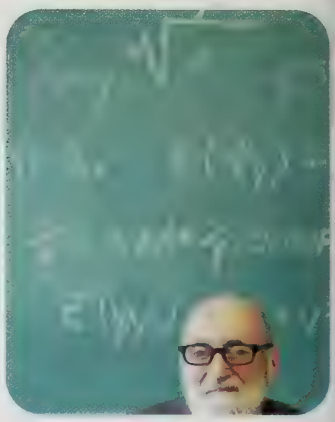
ostmaster: Send address changes to *Vanity Fair,* Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A

Visit usecreditwisely.com and take our Credit 101. Just like college, only we don't as of yet have a football team.

SPEND RESPONSIBLY:

Remember, you manage your account, not the other way around. You can do it online and use a debt calculator to figure out how best to pay your balance as well as automatic bill pay so you never have to worry about being late. Some Citi® Cards come with a monthly categorized statement so you can see what categories you spend your money on.



Cards Wisely.

You Point That Thing.]

GET SOMETHING BACK:

You give some, you get some back. It's the retail version of karm

Be sure to take advantage of rewards programs. Consolidating lar purchases and even monthly bills onto credit cards is a nice w to get an extra bonus from things you pay for anyway. Reward programs can help you earn money towards college savings, airlir miles, and even get cash back. In short, be good with your money, a your money will be good to you.



Remember, carrying a heavy debt load does not count as exercise.

citi

Live richly.℠



Shop till you drop. But remember, your credit rating can go down with you.

BE INFORMED. BE VERY INFORMED:

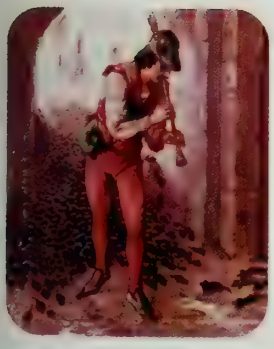
To get the most out of your credit cards you need to know the rules. Usecreditwisely.com is a good way to get to know the ins and outs of credit. It has tools to help you — from debt calculators to a piece titled Credit 101. It's a straightforward, honest guide to help you learn the rules of the credit card game.

Using Credit

[Or, Be Careful Where

BE PROTECTED:

It's like carrying a superhero in your pocket. When you make a purchase with your Citi® Card, it may be protected from theft/damage for 90 days. Fraud Early Warning also alerts us of suspicious activity on your card. For shopping online, we'll give you a virtual account number to protect your account. On top of that, when you make a purchase with your Citi® Card, you may get double U.S. manufacturers warranty on your purchases (up to one year). Few things can offer you this much security. At least things that don't wear tights.



You always have to pay the piper.
Keep in mind, the piper charges interest.



Citi Diamond Preferred* Rewards Card:

Earn free rewards like brand-name merchandise, travel, dining certificates and more with no annual fee.



Citi® Dividend Card:

Earn automatic 1% cash back on purchases with no annual fee.*



Citi® AAdvantage® Card:

Earn AAdvantage miles to redeem for travel, hotels, and more.

[illegible] maximum of $40 [illegible] ** The maximum amount of contributions into your Upromise account is $300 per credit card per calendar year. For complete details about the AAdvantage program, visit www.aa.com. American Airlines and AAdvantage are marks of American Airlines, Inc.

© 2003 Citibank (S.D.), N.A. and Citibank USA, N.A. Citi and Citi with Arc Design are registered service marks of Citicorp. Live richly is a service mark of Citicorp.

We have a variety of credit cards tailored around your lifestyle.

Which probably works better than having you tailor your lifestyle around our credit cards.



Citi Upromise™ Card:
Earn 1% toward college savings everywhere you shop.**



The Citi® Platinum Select® Card:
A great card for your everyday life with no annual fee and a competitive APR.

Keep in mind that every Citi® Card provides you with access to tools to help you stay organized and protected.

- Virtual Account Numbers
- Fraud Early Warning
- Purchase Protection
- $0 Liability on unauthorized charges
- Usecreditwisely.com
- Paperless statements
- Online account management

It's easy to learn more or apply. Just visit us at citicard.com or call 1-888-CITICARD.

citi

Live richly.℠

surf wetsuit skeleton Paris New York, N.Y. **HELMUT LANG** - S/S 03



978.925.800 • www.pepin


LINDA ALLARDELLEN TRACY

Land Shark.



including destination and handling charges. Price excludes license, registration, taxes and options. Actual pr

The New 4

e roadster once again roams the earth. The Z4 evolves with an aggressive 6-speed
ual and agile new suspension. Add a spacious trunk, a premium sound system, and a
one-touch top with heated rear window, and satisfy your insatiable appetite for the road.

The New
BMW Z4 roadster
From $33,795*

bmwusa.com
1-800-334-4BMW

The Ultimate
Driving Machine®




Lord & Taylor • Hecht's • Strawbridge's


JNY
JONES NEW YORK
CITY COLLECTION

VANITY FAIR

Editor GRAYDON CARTER

Managing Editor CHRIS GARRETT
Design Director DAVID HARRIS
Executive Literary Editor WAYNE LAWSON
Features Editor JANE SARKIN
Senior Articles Editors DOUGLAS STUMPF, AIMEE BELL, BRUCE HANDY
Editor-at-Large MATT TYRNAUER
Legal Affairs Editor ROBERT WALSH Articles Editor JIM WINDOLF
Associate Managing Editor ELLEN KIELL
Fashion Directors ELIZABETH SALTZMAN WALKER, ANNE McNALLY Photography Director SUSAN WHITE
Director of Special Projects SARA MARKS
Copy Editor PETER DEVINE Research Editor JOHN BANTA
London Editor HENRY PORTER West Coast Editor KRISTA SMITH
Special Correspondents DOMINICK DUNNE, BOB COLACELLO, MAUREEN ORTH, BRYAN BURROUGH, AMY FINE COLLINS
Writer-at-Large MARIE BRENNER
Photography Editor LISA BERMAN Deputy Art Director JULIE WEISS
Photography Research Director JEANNIE RHODES Vanities Editor DANA BROWN
Fanfair Editors ANNE FULENWIDER, JOHN GILLIES
Associate Editors MICHAEL HOGAN, PUNCH HUTTON
Senior Production Managers DINA AMARITO-DeSHAN, MARTHA HURLEY
Associate Copy Editor DAVID FENNER Deputy Research Editor MARY FLYNN
Reporter-Researchers ALIYAH BARUCHIN, JUSTIN BISHOP, JAMES BUSS, JUDY DE YOUNG, DAVID GENDELMAN, ERIN GLADNEY, CHRISTOPHER HICKMAN, ADAM LAUKHUF, EAMON LYNCH, KRIS McNEIL, MICHAEL SACKS, GABRIEL SANDERS, MICHELE SHAPIRO, NATASHA STOVALL, MADISON VENZA
Research Assistant JACQUELINE NEISS
Assistant Art Directors LISA MEIPALA KENNEDY, CHRISTOPHER ISRAEL, CHRIS MUELLER, LEE RUELLE, ADAM BOOKBINDER
Senior Photography Producer KATHRYN MacLEOD Senior Associate Photo Editor SARAH CZELADNICKI
Senior Photo Research Editor ANN SCHNEIDER Photo Research Editors KATHERINE BANG, ROSANNA SGUERA Features Associate LAUREN TABACH-BANK
Editorial Business Manager MERSINI FIALO Editorial Coordinator DORI AMARITO
Senior Fashion Market Editor MARY E. BRAEUNIG Fashion Editor PATRICIA HERRERA Market Editor CHRISTINE HAHN
Editorial Promotions Associates AUDREY CAMPIGOTTO-ELLAR, MELISSA GONZALEZ
Paris Editor VÉRONIQUE PLAZOLLES
Art Production Manager CHRISTOPHER GEORGE Copy Production Manager ANDERSON TEPPER
Production Associates LESLIE HERTZOG, TRINA ROBINSON
Research Associate HEATHER FINK
Photo Research Associates IAN BASCETTA, MATTHEW LEVINSON
Editorial Associates MARC GOODMAN, LAURA KANG, KATIE SHARER, MATTHEW TRAINOR, FRED TURNER
Editorial Assistants CAROLYN BIELFELDT, LINDSAY BUCHA, ABBY FIELD, KELLY FRIEDMAN, DAISY HO, JENNIFER MASSONI, CAITLIN MORLEY, EMILY POENISCH, MANYA RUBINSTEIN
Photo Department Coordinators KATHRYNE HALL, SARAH SMART Assistant Editorial Business Manager EILISH MORLEY
Photo Assistant DEIRDRE QUINN Fashion Assistant AGNES LE NART

Editor, Creative Development DAVID FRIEND

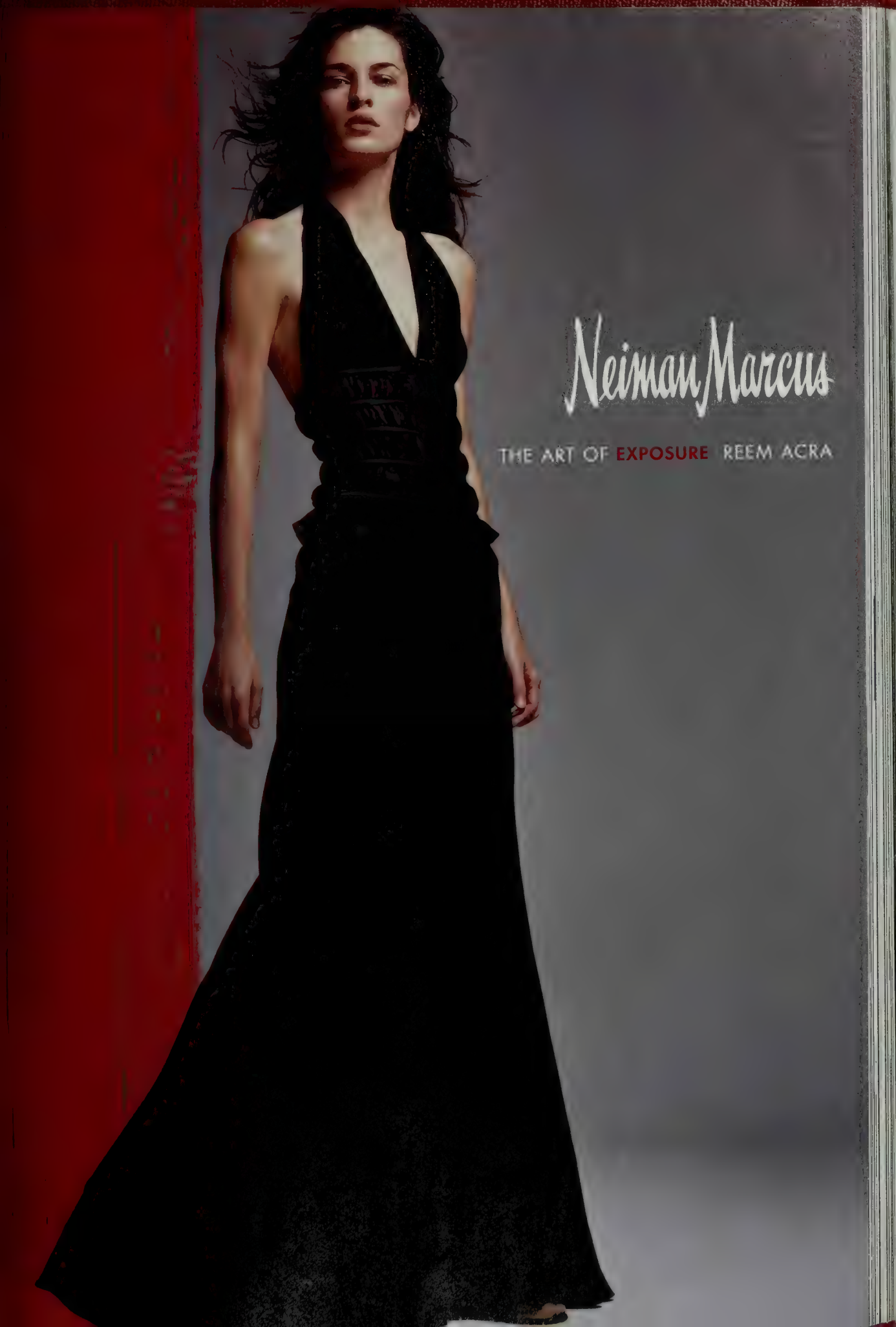
Contributing Editors
HENRY ALFORD, SUZANNA ANDREWS, ROBERT SAM ANSON, JUDY BACHRACH, LESLIE BENNETTS, CARL BERNSTEIN, PETER BISKIND, BUZZ BISSINGER, HOWARD BLUM, PATRICIA BOSWORTH, EDWIN JOHN COASTER, JOHN DALY, STEVEN DALY, BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE, JANINE DI GIOVANNI, LISA EISNER, RUPERT EVERETT, JULES FEIFFER, BRUCE FEIRSTEIN, STEVE GARBARINO, DAVID HALBERSTAM, REINALDO HERRERA, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, A. M. HOMES, LAURA JACOBS, SEBASTIAN JUNGER, DAVID KAMP, WALTER KIRN, EDWARD KLEIN, FRAN LEBOWITZ, ADAM LEFF, MICHAEL LUTIN, DAVID MARGOLICK, BRUCE McCALL, PATRICK McMULLAN, RICHARD MERKIN, FREDERIC MORTON, NINA MUNK, DEE DEE MYERS, ANDREW NEIL, BETSEY OSBORNE, ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY, EVGENIA PERETZ, GENE PRESSMAN, WILLIAM PROCHNAU, LEE RADZIWILL, KATE REARDON, JOHN RICHARDSON, LISA ROBINSON, DAVID ROSE, RICHARD RUSHFIELD, NANCY JO SALES, ELISSA SCHAPPELL, KEVIN SESSUMS, GAIL SHEEHY, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON, INGRID SISCHY, SALLY BEDELL SMITH, SAM TANENHAUS, NICK TOSCHES, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG, VICKY WARD, HEATHER WATTS, GEORGE WAYNE, MARJORIE WILLIAMS, JAMES WOLCOTT, NED ZEMAN

Contributing Photographers
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
HERB RITTS, HELMUT NEWTON, BRUCE WEBER, MARK SELIGER
JONATHAN BECKER, HARRY BENSON, TODD EBERLE, LARRY FINK, TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS, JONAS KARLSSON, DAVID LaCHAPELLE, MICHAEL O'NEILL, SEBASTIÃO SALGADO, SNOWDON, FIROOZ ZAHEDI
Contributing Artists TIM SHEAFFER, ROBERT RISKO, HILARY KNIGHT

Contributing Editor (Los Angeles) WENDY STARK MORRISSEY Contributing Beauty and Photography Editor SUNHEE C. GRINNELL
Contributing U.K. Coordinator JULIA WACHTEL Contributing Stylists KIM MEEHAN, SARAJANE HOARE
Contributing Market Editor (Accessories) STACEY LAPIDUS
Contributing Photography Producers RON BEINNER, RICHARD VILLANI Contributing Production Associate SUSAN M. RASCO

Executive Director of Public Relations BETH KSENIAK
Deputy Director of Public Relations ALEXA CASSANOS Assistant KATHERINE WORDEN Contributing Associate DARRYL BRANTLEY

Editorial Director JAMES TRUMAN


Neiman Marcus
THE ART OF EXPOSURE REEM ACRA



Above: Peter O'Toole accepts the silver medallion of the 29th Telluride Film Festival.

CALLING ALL FILM FANS

Roger Ebert calls it "one of the best experiences a film-lover can have." Embracing all aspects of the art of film—from gems of the past to the cutting-edge movies of today—the Telluride Film Festival is a world-renowned celebration of cinema. *Talk to Her, Bowling for Columbine, Auto Focus, Rabbit-Proof Fence,* and *City of God*—some of the most critically acclaimed films of the past year—all had their world or North American premieres at the last Telluride Film Festival. The festival program, which is kept secret until opening day, includes premieres, new features, rèmarkable re-discoveries, tributes, documentaries, shorts, and much more, amid breathtaking mountain scenery. Join other movie fans in a truly unique experience and be the first to see the films—brand-new and masterfully restored classics—that everyone will be talking about. Sponsors of the 30th Telluride Film Festival include Polo Ralph Lauren (Presenting Sponsor), Volkswagen, *Vanity Fair,* Neutrogena, Starz!, Polo Jeans, Turner Classic Movies, Eastman Kodak, Dolby Digital, Academy Foundation of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, Edouard Foundation, La Paz Foundation, and Lucky Star Foundation. For information on the 30th Telluride Film Festival, August 29 through September 1, please visit or call 603-433-9202. For travel and lodging, contact Ski.com at 800-921-9463.

MusiCares® Foundation

STRIKING A CHORD FOR COMPASSION

Founded by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, Inc., MusiCares provides a dependable, compassionate safety net of resources for those in the music community who are in need of assistance, including emergency financial assistance, addiction recovery services, health fairs, financial-wellness workshops, health-and-wellness panels, presentations, and more. For more information, call 800-687-4227 (West Coast), 877-303-6962 (Northeast), or 877-626-2748 (Central).

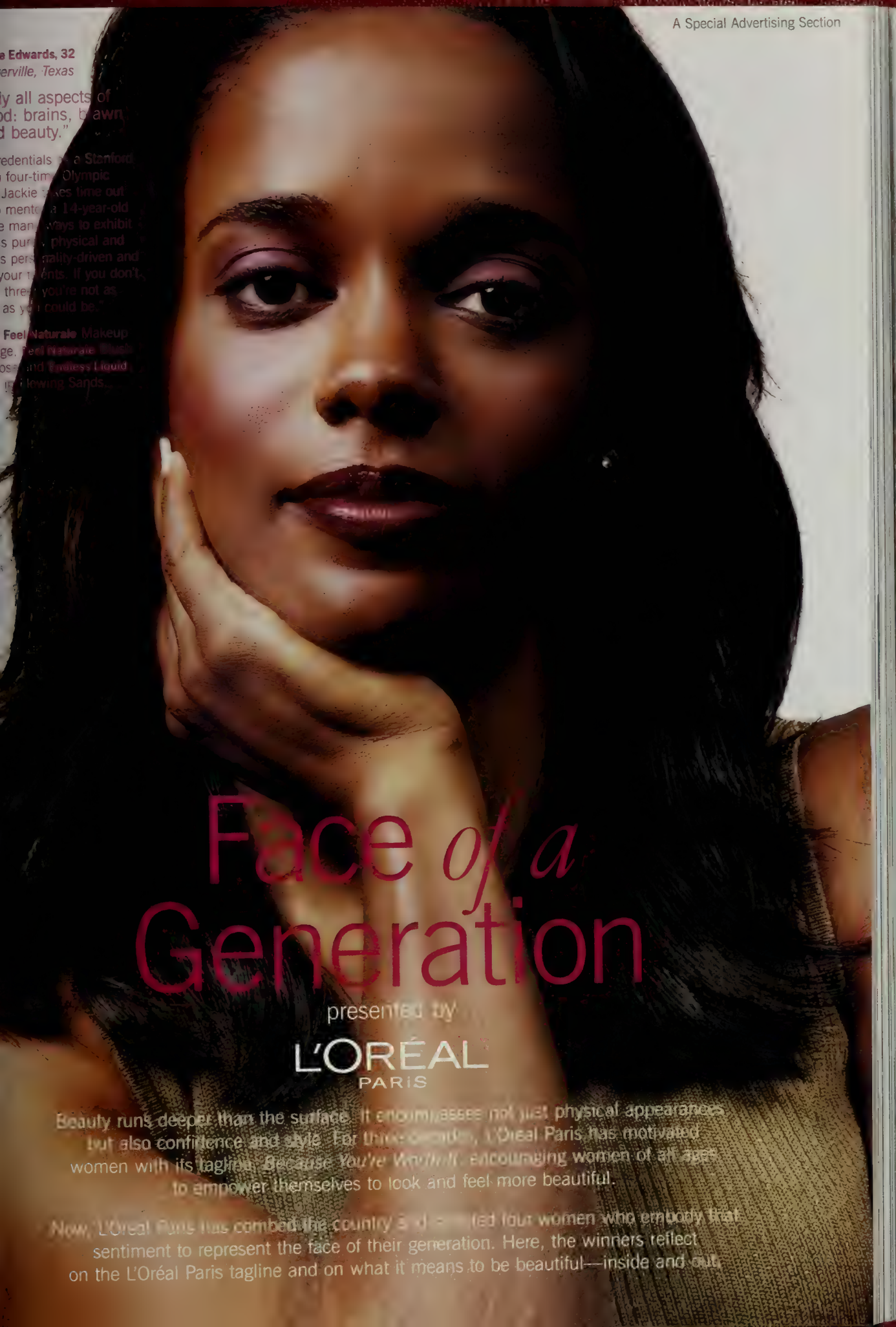
AN INVESTMENT IN WOMANKIND

Count Me In, a nonprofit, Internet-based microlender that helps finance women's small businesses, offers a unique opportunity to individuals and institutions who want to invest in the economic independence of women. The new Invest in Women Notes program seeks investments through the purchase of Invest in Women Notes, a security with a value of $2,000 or greater, for one-, three- or five-year terms. The assets are lent directly to women entrepreneurs—particularly those who've had difficulty securing a first loan—who use the capital to start or expand their small businesses. For more information, visit www.count-me-in.org.

ONE ON ONE WITH L'ORÉAL PARIS

Experience beauty up close and personal with the L'Oréal Paris "One on One" Mall Tour, featuring L'Oréal's haircolor breakthrough—Couleur Experte. A world of state-of-the-art beauty, from haircolor cyber-imaging and skincare consultations to cosmetic mini-makeovers. Personalized attention, expert advice, and complimentary samples (while supplies last). Visit www.lorealparis.com/1onl for more details.

Houston Galleria, Houston, TX: Feb. 22-23
Dallas Galleria, Dallas, TX: Mar. 1-2
Cherry Creek, Denver, CO: Mar. 8-9
Chandler Fashion Center, Phoenix, AZ: Mar. 15-16
Fashion Show, Las Vegas, NV: Mar. 22-23
Mission Viejo, Orange County, CA: Mar. 29-30
Glendale Galleria, Los Angeles, CA: Apr. 5-6
Valley Fair, Santa Clara, CA: Apr. 12-13
Pioneer Place, Portland, OR: Apr. 18-19
Southcenter, Seattle, WA: Apr. 26-27
Mall of America, Minneapolis, MN: May 3-4
Mayfair, Milwaukee, WI: May 10-11
Woodfield Mall, Chicago, IL: May 17-18



Face of a Generation

presented by

L'ORÉAL PARIS

Beauty runs deeper than the surface. It encompasses not just physical appearances but also confidence and style. For three decades, L'Oréal Paris has motivated women with its tagline, *Because You're Worth It*, encouraging women of all ages to empower themselves to look and feel more beautiful.

Now, L'Oréal Paris has combed the country and selected four women who embody that sentiment to represent the face of their generation. Here, the winners reflect on the L'Oréal Paris tagline and on what it means to be beautiful—inside and out.

20s

The Age of Individuality

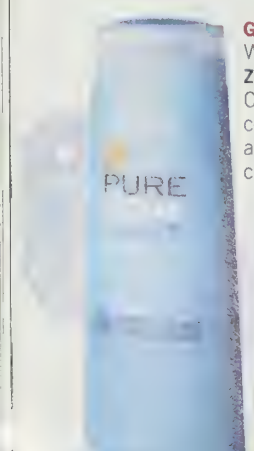
"My newfound independence shows on my face."

Colleen Long, 22
Clarksville, Indiana

For the first time, Colleen is discovering her place in the world. She's juggling a job, graduate studies in clinical psychology, volunteer work and a social life. "I go pretty minimal on makeup and try to just accentuate the positive. I use color as a form of self-expression, to assert my identity."

Colleen wears **Idéal Balance** Makeup in Soft Beige, **Double Extend** Mascara in Black and **Couleur Experte** Haircolor in Apricot Nectar 8.4.

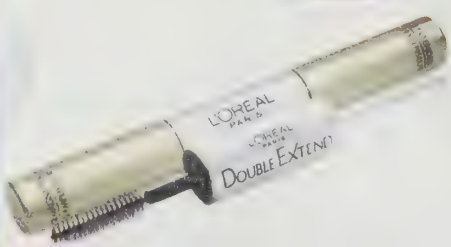
Express your individuality:



Get in the Clear
Wash with **Pure Zone** Scrub Cleanser to help control breakouts and eliminate clogged pores.



Strike a Balance
Smooth on **Idéal Balance** Makeup to even out combination skin by hydrating the dry patches and mattifying the oily zones.



Go Beyond Mascara
Make lashes visibly 60% longer with **Double Extend** 2-step Mascara that combines a lash-fortifying primer with lash-extending color.



Creative Control
Get freeze-hard hold without giving up the shine with new **alt. Studio** Freezer Gel.

Move to Multi-Tonal
Create amazingly natural, tr multi-tonal color with **Coule** Haircolor's new, easy 2-step



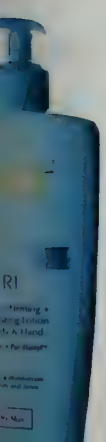
30s and 40s
The Age of Certainty

"My face reflects the confidence of my years."

Catherine Kellam, 41
San Diego, California
Catherine's never felt more clear on the meaning of *Because You're Worth It*. "Beauty is something you either struggle with or you're blessed with. To say I've struggled is an understatement. And now I realize that the way I look on the outside comes from the inside."

Catherine wears **Visible Lift** Makeup in Nude Beige, **Endless** Lipcolour in Perfect Plum, **Cheek to Cheek** Sculpting Blush Duet in Precious Plums and **Preference** Haircolor in 9A.

confidence shine through:



Skin Tight
Start with **Nutrifit** Intensive Firming + Moisturizing Lotion for Body & Hand to hydrate and firm without leaving skin greasy.



My Lips Are Sealed
Try **Endless** Lipcolour to lock in colour for 8 hours without torturing your lips.

Fuzz Buster
Tame frizzy, dry, rebellious tresses with new **Vive Smooth Intense** Shampoo & Conditioner for hair up to 3x smoother.





Capture the Color
Preference Haircolor's patented fade-resistant colorants keep color first-day luminous for weeks. Plus, 6 weeks of deep conditioning to help prevent dry-out.

50s+
The Age of Wisdom and Wit

"My look mirrors my attitude: understated but never bland."

Harriet Friedland, 62
Scottsdale, Arizona

With all she's accomplished in life, Harriet considers her most fulfilling role to be that of mother, and her greatest accomplishment the legacy she'll leave behind. "I've tried to lead by example with my kids. There are no words to describe the satisfaction I feel from watching them instilling good values in their own children."

Harriet wears **Visible Lift** Makeup in Buff, **Colour Riche** Lipcolour in Spiced Cider, **Voluminous** Mascara in Black and **Excellence Crème** Haircolor in 5.

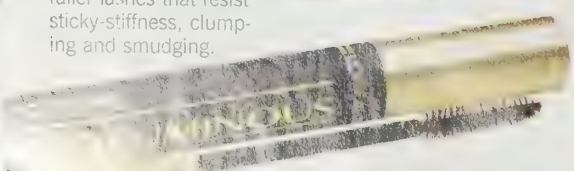


Exhibit your beauty wisdom:



Disappearing Act
Achieve smoother, younger-looking skin with **Visible Lift** Makeup, and experience actual fine-line reduction in just 30 days.

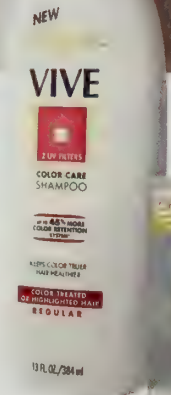
Volume Up Lashes
Try **Voluminous** Mascara for four-times fuller lashes that resist sticky-stiffness, clumping and smudging.





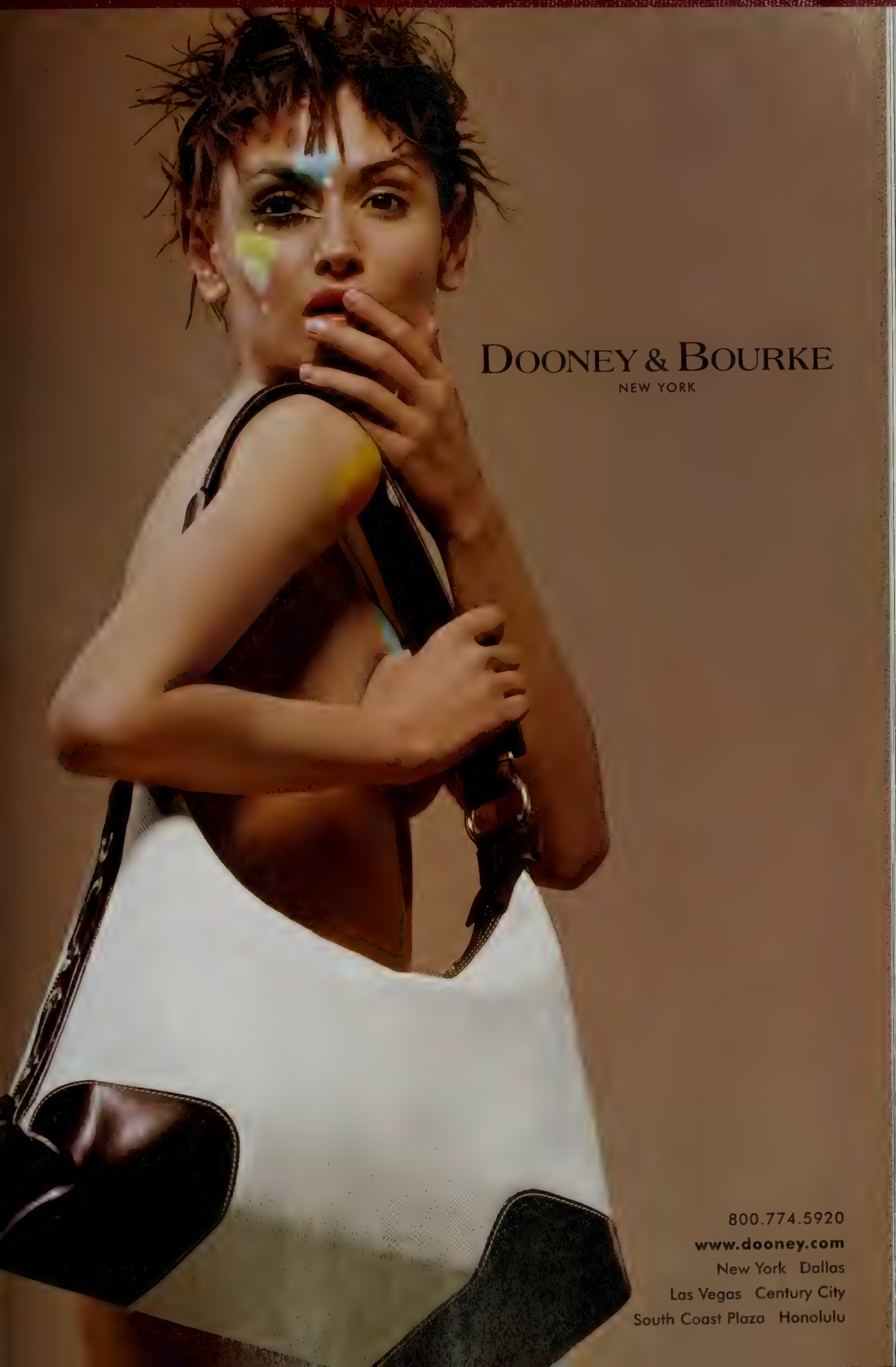
Save Your Color
New **VIVE Color-Care** Shampoo & Conditioner saves up to 45% more of the color you love.

Strike It Riche
Apply moisture-packed **Colour Riche** Lipcolour for rich, saturated colour that hugs your lips.



Protection x 3
Get long-lasting gray coverage with triple-protective **Excellence Crème** Haircolor.




DOONEY & BOURKE
NEW YORK
800.774.5920
www.dooney.com
New York Dallas
Las Vegas Century City
South Coast Plaza Honolulu

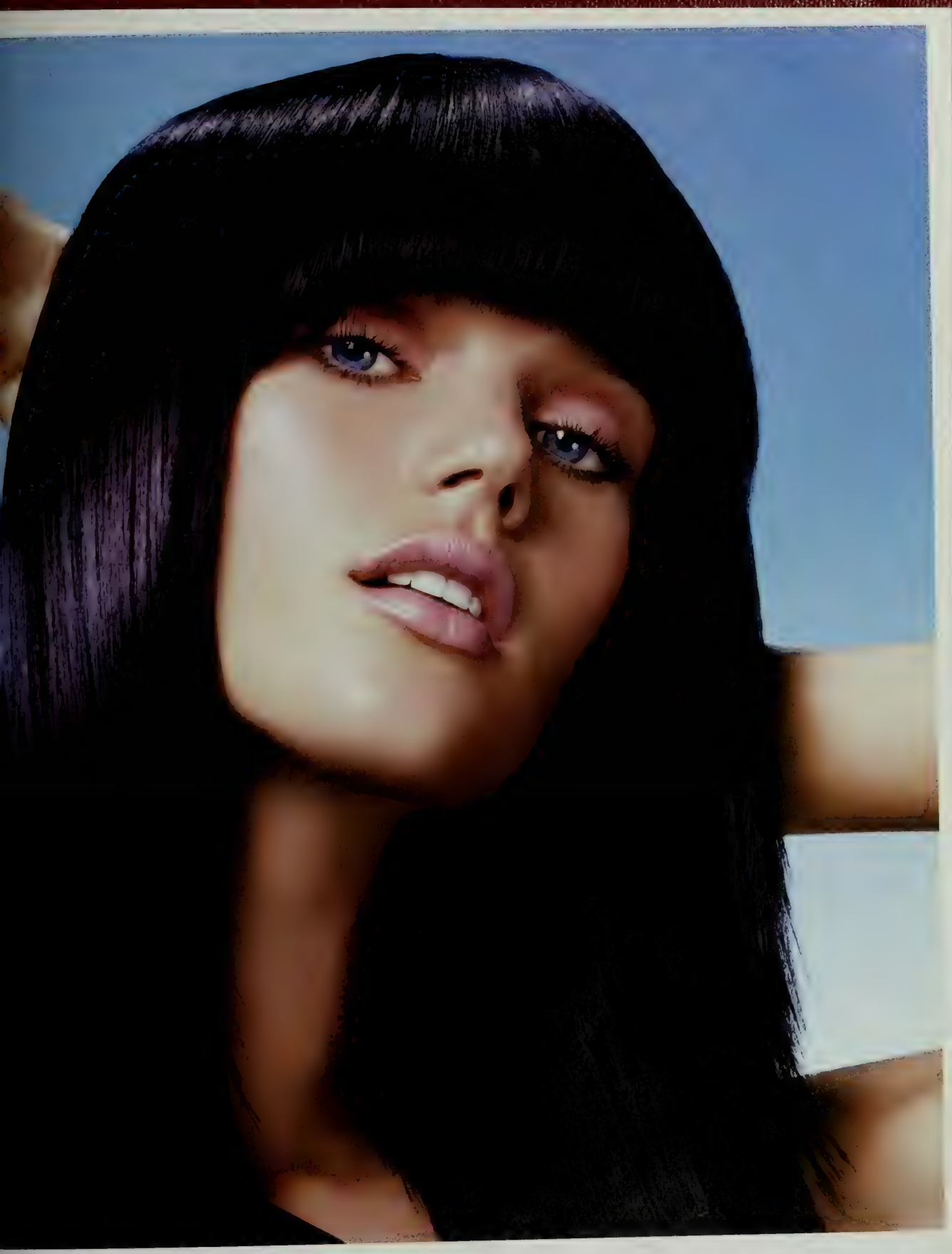



AXSTUDIO COM


Boston to Houston to LA. 12 security checks, another 4:30 am wake up call, but heading home. The sh


JOAN&DAVID


STRENGTHEN.RENEW.RESCUE.EXTREME™
NEW EXTREME. ONLY IN FINE SALONS. HAIR IS UP TO 4 TIMES STRONGER*.
Resurface and strengthen distressed hair. Redken's exclusive INTERBOND CONDITIONING SYSTEM delivers a unique 3D REPAIR COMPLEX to fortify hair so it looks and feels healthier with increased manageability and shine. Strength training is pushed to the Extreme.
3D REPAIR COMPLEX
BREAKTHROUGH TECHNOLOGY DRAMATIC RESULTS
01 PROTEINS = INTERNAL STRENGTH
02 CERAMIDE = CUTICLE REINFORCEMENT
03 NATURAL LIPIDS = PROTECTIVE RESURFACING
03
02
01
REDKEN
5TH AVENUE NYC
Extreme
Conditioner
Shampoo
Anti-Snap
leave-in treatment for distressed hair
lipids, proteins
8.5 FL OZ | 250 ml
Cat
xtreme



GET INSPIRED. SEE YOUR STYLIST.

WWW.REDKEN.COM | 1.800.REDKEN8

REDKEN

5TH AVENUE NYC

VANITY FAIR

Vice President and Publisher **LOUIS CONA**

Associate Publisher, Creative Services and Marketing HOPE HENING
Associate Publisher STEVEN L. DeLUCA
Advertising Director WILLIAM C. SCHENCK
Executive Director, Creative Services JANINE SILVERA
Marketing Director DANIELLA R. WELLS
Executive Beauty Director LUCILLE DURAN
Fashion Directors MARIA ELIASON, PAULA FORTGANG, JENNIFER SCHLESINGER
New England Manager MERYL J. DEGEN
Southeast and Automotive Director ANTHONY RICE
Jewelry and Watch Manager ALATIA BRADLEY
Account Managers HEATHER DiBENEDETTO, KATHRYN BANINO
Senior Marketing Managers ERIC A. KARP, JENNIFER KIFFER
Business Director MARC LEYER Finance Director JUDY SAFIR
Executive Assistant to the Publisher AUDRA ASENCIO Advertising Coordinator ABBY CZELADNICKI

West Coast Director
RITA MORAN CHAVERS
Southwest Manager
STACY MACKLIN
6300 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90048
323-965-3400

Detroit Manager
KELLIE A. MacALOON
2600 West Big Beaver Road
Suite 440
Troy, Michigan 48084
248-458-7961

Midwest Manager
KELLY SOUTER PAXSON
875 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
312-649-3517

San Francisco Manager
RUTH TOOKER
50 Francisco Street
Suite 115
San Francisco, California 94133
415-955-8270

Florida and Caribbean
JAY STELZER
Jay Stelzer and Associates
3475 Sheridan Street, Suite 306
Hollywood, Florida 33021
954-985-0651

Dallas
LEWIS STAFFORD COMPANY
5000 Quorum Drive, Suite 545
Dallas, Texas 75240
972-960-2889

Canada
DODD MEDIA SALES
3121 Theatre Road North, RR4
Cobourg, Ontario
K9A 4J7 Canada
905-885-0664

Milan
MIRELLA DONINI
Mia S.R.L.
Via Hoepli, 3
20121 Milan, Italy
3902-805-1422

Paris
ELISABETH BARBOSA
Go Media Sales Ltd.
39 Bis Rue Laugier
75017 Paris, France
33-1-44-40-43-28

London
FRAN BERRICK
Go Media Sales Ltd.
61 Grosvenor Street
London, England W1Y 9DA
44-20-7409-2616

Hong Kong
KIM KENCHINGTON
MediaWorks Mathews Asia
1902 Professional Building
19-23 Tung Lo Wan Road
Causeway Bay, Hong Kong
852-2882-1106

Creative Development Directors JENNIFER ORR KELMAN, MERIDITH PARKS ROTMAN
Design Director COLLEEN MEADE
Promotion Director MARY CALABRESE O'REILLY
Copy Director ANNE DiBENEDETTO
Merchandising Directors ALYSSA ROCKLAND, KERRI FALLON
Special Projects Manager JENNIFER PRODAN HENDERSON
Associate Art Director JAQUELINE BACICH
Merchandising Managers SHELBY TOMPKINS, HOLLY GRAHAM
Promotion Coordinator KRISTI NAERIS Marketing Coordinator EMILY ZAK
Entertainment Marketing Consultant JENNIFER PARKER

Advertising Assistants NICOLE BAGUER, COLEEN KEATING, KIM SIEBEL, LESLEY THOMPSON
LISA BARLOW (Detroit), ALISON CARTER (Chicago), SUZANNE MOHAMED (San Francisco), SUKI SIR (Los Angeles)

PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS

Chairman **S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.**

President and CEO **STEVEN T. FLORIO**

Executive Vice President–Chief Operating Officer CHARLES H. TOWNSEND
Executive Vice President–Chief Financial Officer JOHN W. BELLANDO
Executive Vice President–Chief Marketing Officer RICHARD D. BECKMAN
Executive Vice President–Human Resources JILL BRIGHT
Senior Vice President–Consumer Marketing PETER A. ARMOUR
Senior Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution KEVIN G. HICKEY
Senior Vice President–Corporate Communications MAURIE PERL
Senior Vice President–Planning and Development PRIMALIA CHANG
Senior Vice President–Advertising Services ROBERT A. SILVERSTONE
Senior Vice President–Market Research SCOTT McDONALD

Vice President–Editorial Business Manager LINDA RICE
Vice President–Corporate Creative Director GARY VAN DIS
Vice President–Retail Marketing JAMES MATE Vice President–Corporate Sales LESLIE PICARD
Vice President–Strategic Sales LINDA MASON
Vice President–Corporate Sales and Marketing, Detroit PEGGY DAITCH
Vice President–Creative Marketing CARA DEOUL PERL Vice President–Marketing MATT ROBERTS

(A division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.)
Published at 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036

For subscription service, write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0635.
For permissions and reprint requests, please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628.


Tommy Hilfiger




Tommy Hilfiger



FEW THINGS BECOME A WOMAN SO

Tiffany, the original fragrance of Tiffany & Co., is an elegant blend of Damascena rose, Indian jasmine, ylang-ylang, orange blossom, and iris. The Tiffany collection includes Parfum, Eau de Parfum, and luxurious body lotion. Now available exclusively at a Tiffany & Co. store, or, to order, visit Tiffany.com or call 800-526-0649.

EXPERIENCE THE YVES SAINT LAURENT "OSCAR LOOK"

From March 13 through March 19, Yves Saint Laurent invites you to get your very own "Oscar look" at Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills, California. Exclusively at Saks and direct from Paris, makeup artist Mario joins Joe Costa and the entire Yves Saint Laurent U.S.A. Makeup Team to show you the "red carpet" secrets from Yves Saint Laurent's Makeup Collection 2003. To reserve your appointment, call 310-887-5369. (Space is limited.)

FILMAID INTERNATIONAL

FilmAid International (F.A.I.) is a humanitarian-aid organization that uses film and video to entertain and educate refugees and other displaced persons around the world. In response to the tragedies in Kosovo, a group of concerned film professionals formed F.A.I.; within weeks, F.A.I. was entertaining children and their families in the Macedonian refugee camps. From the Balkans to East Africa to Afghanistan, F.A.I. continues to address the problems of refugee despair by tapping into the power of film to break monotony and isolation, and to convey essential information. F.A.I.'s main goals of educating, inspiring, entertaining, training, and raising awareness have been successful in helping to restore dignity, quality of life, and hope for refugees the world over. To learn more about FilmAid International, visit www.filmaidinternational.org.



Above: Matt Slocum and Leigh Nash.

SIXPENCE NONE THE RICHER

Grammy-nominated Sixpence None the Richer—best known for their 1999 No. 1 hit radio single, "Kiss Me"—has just released their long-awaited follow-up album, *Divine Discontent.* The critically acclaimed album includes a remake of the classic Crowded House hit "Don't Dream It's Over," featured in the Kate Hudson and Matthew McConaughey movie, *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days,* and in the upcoming Disney film, *Freaky Friday.* Sixpence None the Richer also is one of the first bands to publicly support DATA, Bono of U2's initiative for Africa.



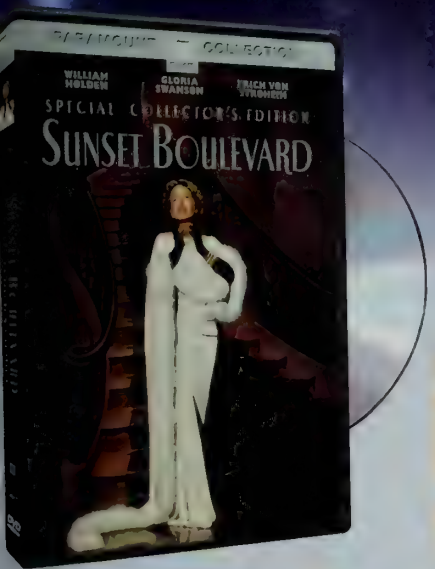
SMOOTH IN CHICAGO

At the Gramercy, Chicago's sleekest hotspot, attitudes are checked at the door. This exclusive supper club strikes the perfect balance of style and atmosphere—it's the ultimate destination for Chicago's crème de la crème. For more information, visit www.thegramercychicago.com.

At left: The stylish bar at the Gramercy.

'm ready for my DVDs now, Mr. DeMille.

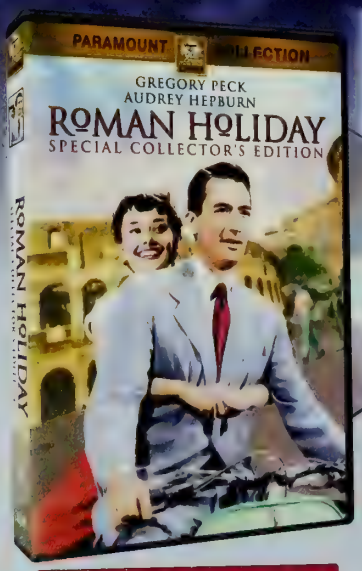




INCLUDES OVER 3 HOURS OF SPECIAL FEATURES



Don't forget these remastered classic thrillers now also available on DVD.



INCLUDES 3 FEATURETTES AND 3 ORIGINAL THEATRICAL TRAILERS

What makes these movies even better on DVD? Sight & Sound.

Lovingly restored frame by frame* and available for the first time ever on DVD. Own them all.

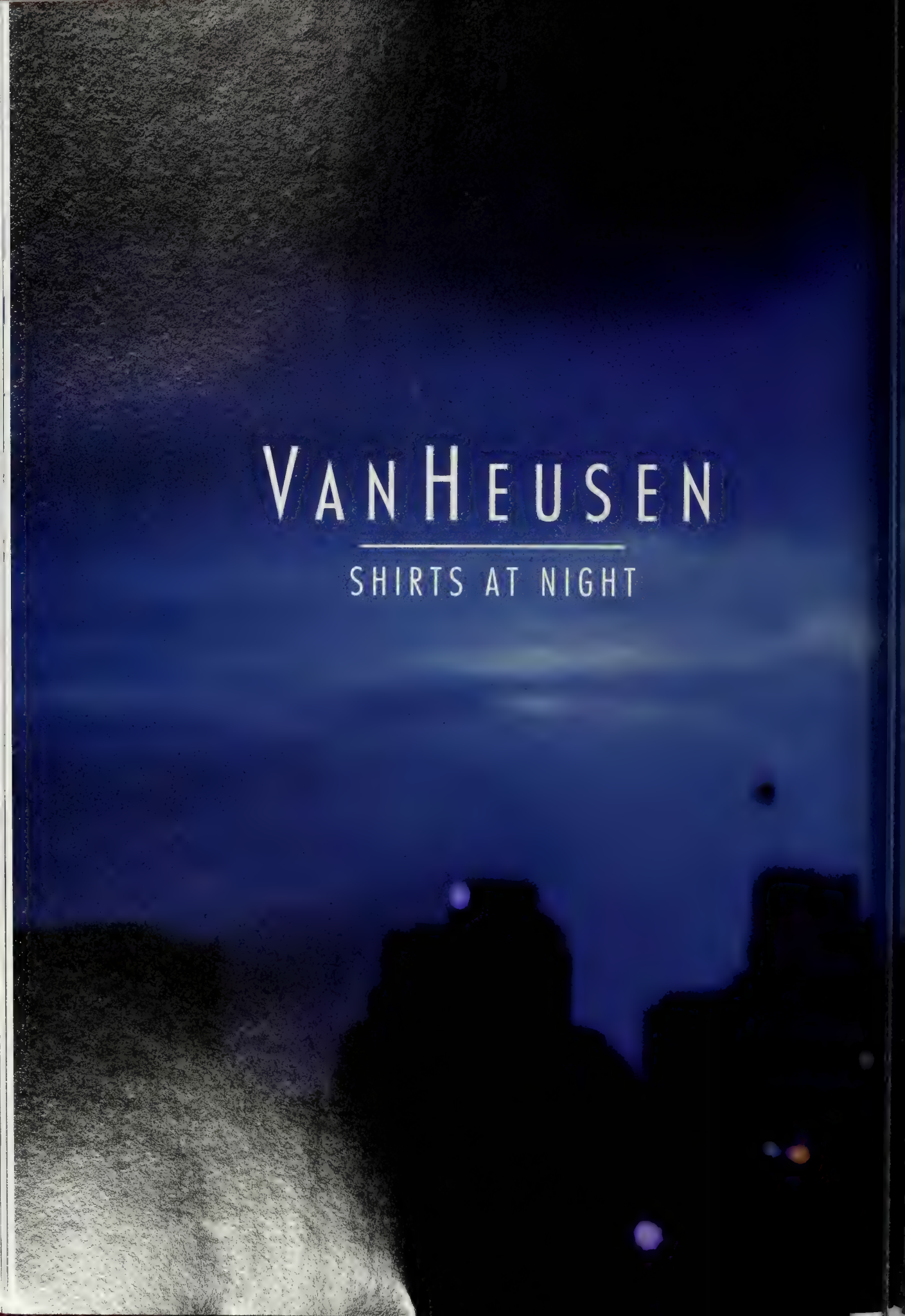
www.paramount.com/homeentertainment

Sunset Boulevard and *Roman Holiday* only. Date, availability, art and DVD special features subject to change without notice. TM, ® & Copyright © 2003 by Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved.

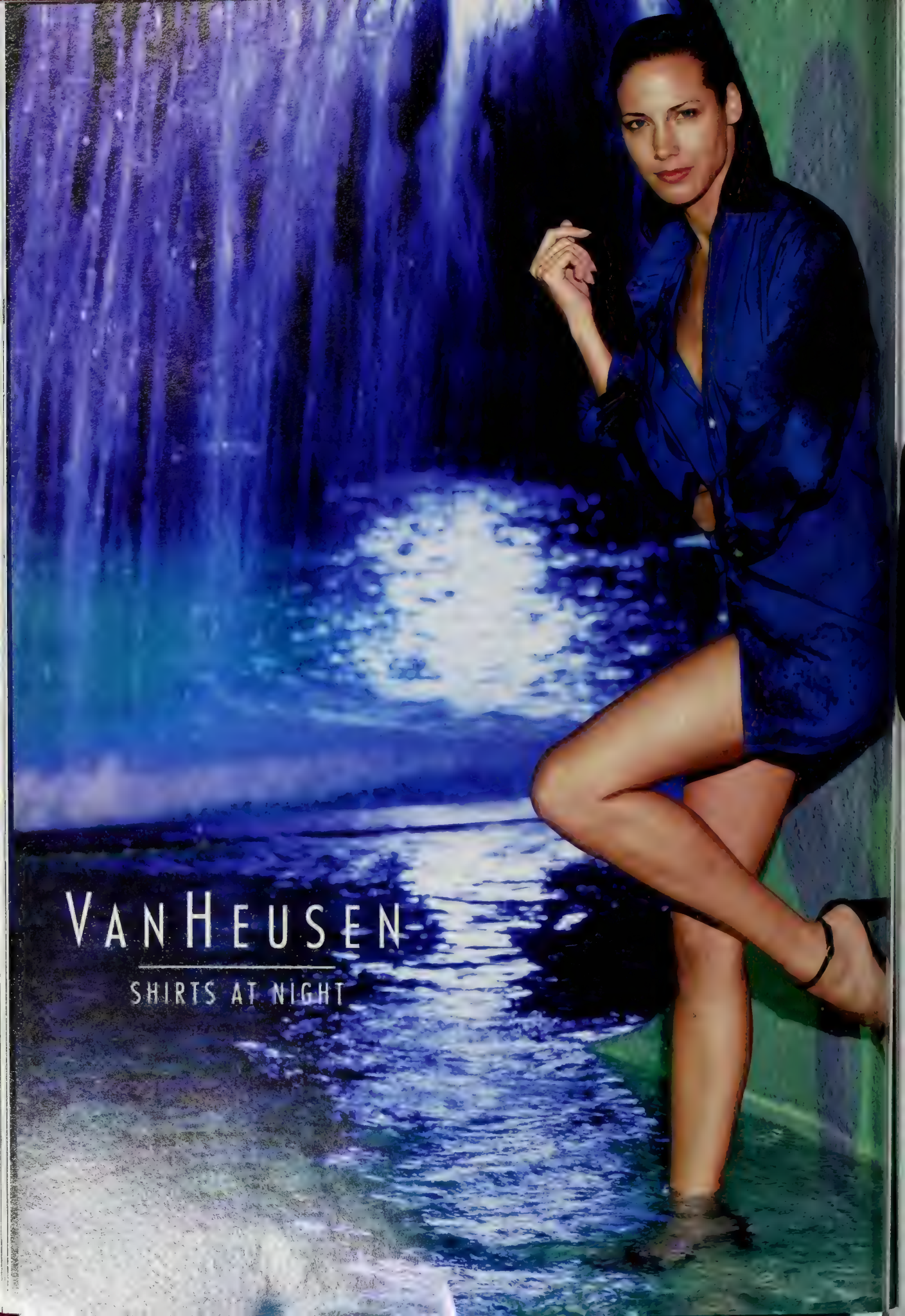
Paramount
A VIACOM COMPANY

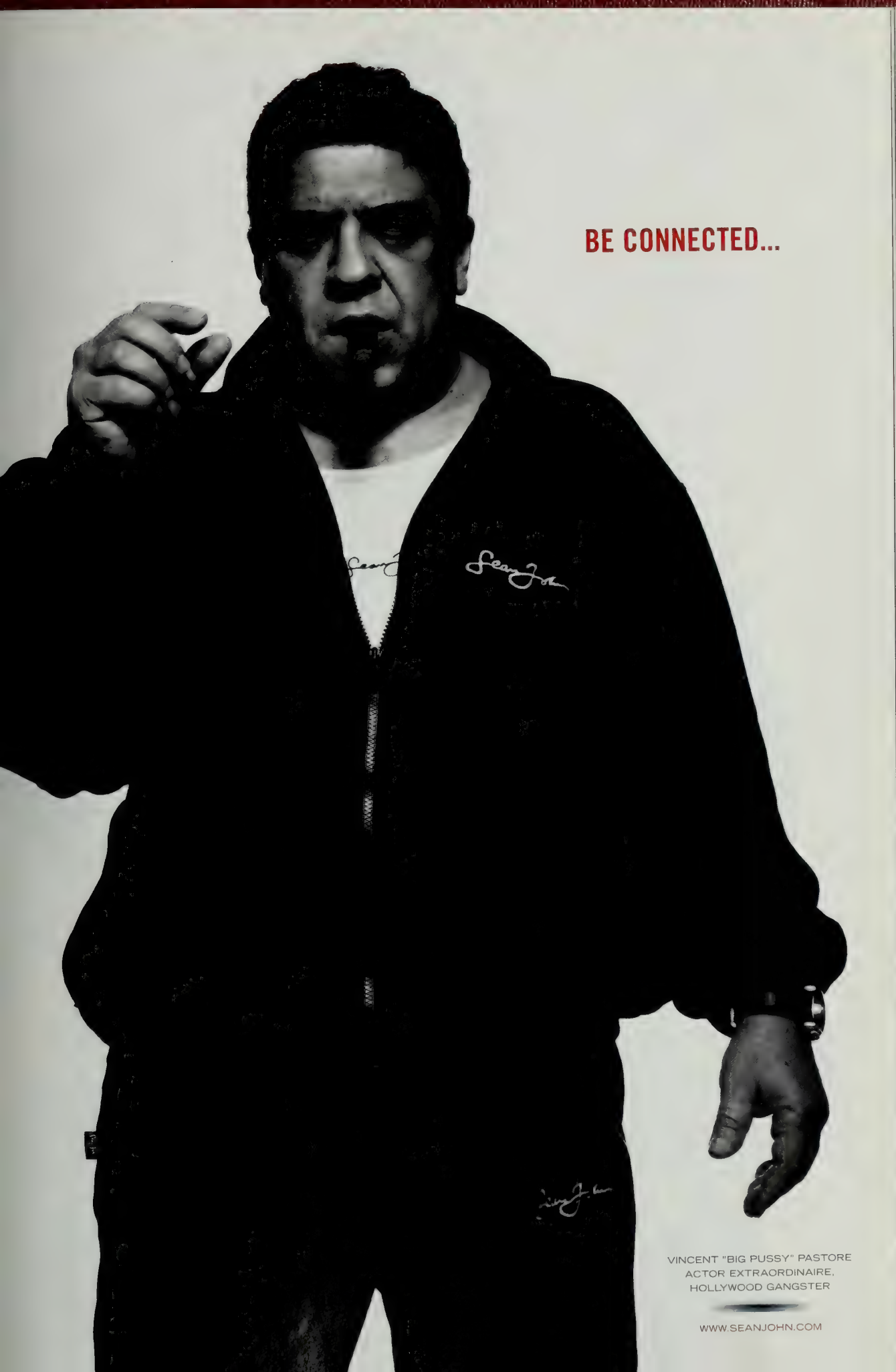
Poliform


VANHEUSEN
SHIRTS AT NIGHT


VANHEUSEN
SHIRTS AT NIGHT

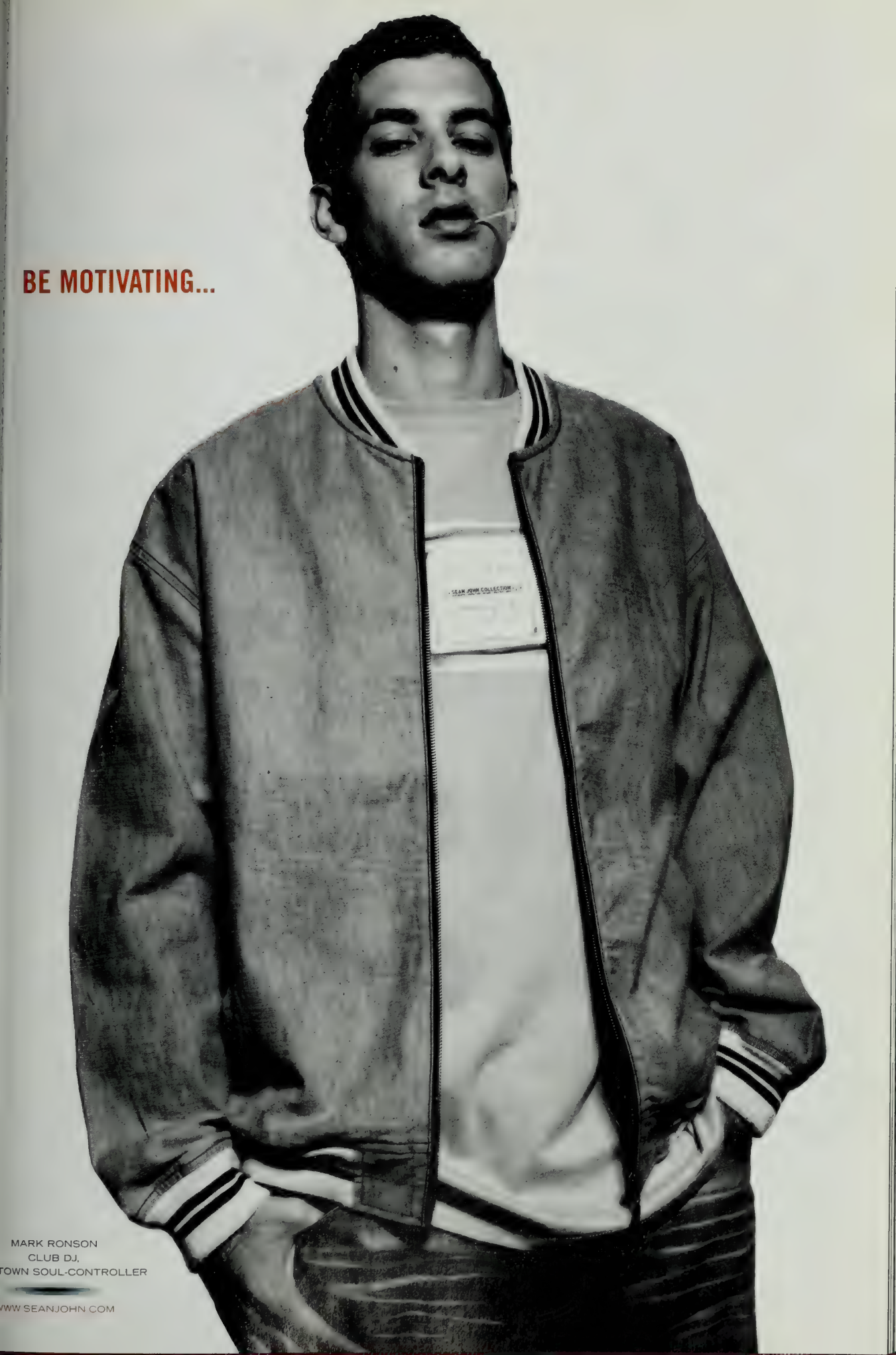



VANHEUSEN
SHIRTS AT NIGHT


BE CONNECTED...
VINCENT "BIG PUSSY" PASTORE
ACTOR EXTRAORDINAIRE.
HOLLYWOOD GANGSTER
WWW.SEANJOHN.COM

BE DRAMATIC...




BE MOTIVATING...
SEAN JOHN COLLECTION
MARK RONSON
CLUB DJ,
TOWN SOUL-CONTROLLER
WWW.SEANJOHN.COM


...BE THE 1ST
BLACK PRESIDENT!
Sean John
IT'S NOT JUST A LABEL...
IT'S A LIFESTYLE!
REV. AL SHARPTON
POLITICIAN,
HUMAN RIGHTS ACTIVIST

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 888.371.1802 OR VISIT MASERATI.COM



MASERATI

SPYDER

This two-seater cabriolet with a power top covers 0-60 mph in 4.9 seconds.



4.2 LITERS | V8 ENGINE | 390 BHP | 330 LB-FT TORQUE

4-YEAR/50,000-MILE LIMITED WARRANTY | 24-HOUR ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE

MASERATI

UNITED STATES

ARIZONA

Scottsdale Maserati
Scottsdale, AZ
480.990.9000

CALIFORNIA

The Auto Gallery
Woodland Hills, CA
818.884.4411

Maserati of Beverly Hills
Beverly Hills, CA
310.275.4400

Maserati of Orange County
Costa Mesa, CA
714.662.7600

Maserati of San Diego
La Jolla, CA
858.454.9211

Maserati of San Francisco
Mill Valley, CA
415.380.9700

COLORADO

Maserati of Denver
Englewood, CO
303.730.7340

CONNECTICUT

Miller Motorcars
Greenwich, CT
203.629.3890

FLORIDA

The Collection
Coral Gables, FL
305.444.5555

Maserati of Central Florida
Orlando, FL
407.667.4300

Shelton Maserati
Fort Lauderdale, FL
954.493.5211

GEORGIA

Maserati of Atlanta
Roswell, GA
678.802.5000

ILLINOIS

Continental Autosports
Hinsdale, IL
630.655.3535

Lake Forest Sports Cars
Lake Forest, IL
847.295.6560

MASSACHUSETTS

Maserati of New England
West Newton, MA
617.559.0123

MICHIGAN

Cauley Maserati
West Bloomfield, MI
248.538.9600

NEW YORK

Maserati of Long Island
Glen Cove, NY
516.671.7575

Wide World of Cars
Spring Valley, NY
845.425.2600

NORTH CAROLINA

Foreign Cars Italia
Greensboro, NC
336.294.0200

OHIO

Midwestern Auto Group
Dublin, OH
614.889.2571

OREGON

Ron Tonkin Gran Turismo
Portland, OR
503.255.7560

PENNSYLVANIA

Algar Maserati of
Philadelphia
Rosemont, PA
610.527.1100

TEXAS

Barrett Motors
San Antonio, TX
210.341.2800

Maserati of Dallas
Plano, TX
469.366.2400

Maserati of Houston
Houston, TX
713.772.3868

UTAH

Steve Harris Imports
Salt Lake City, UT
801.521.0340

VIRGINIA

Maserati of Washington
Sterling, VA
703.478.3606

WASHINGTON

Maserati of Seattle
Seattle, WA
206.329.7070

CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Brian Jessel Maserati
Vancouver, BC
604.215.8778

ONTARIO

Maserati of Ontario
Toronto, ON
416.749.5325

QUEBEC

Maserati of Quebec
Montreal, PQ
514.337.7274



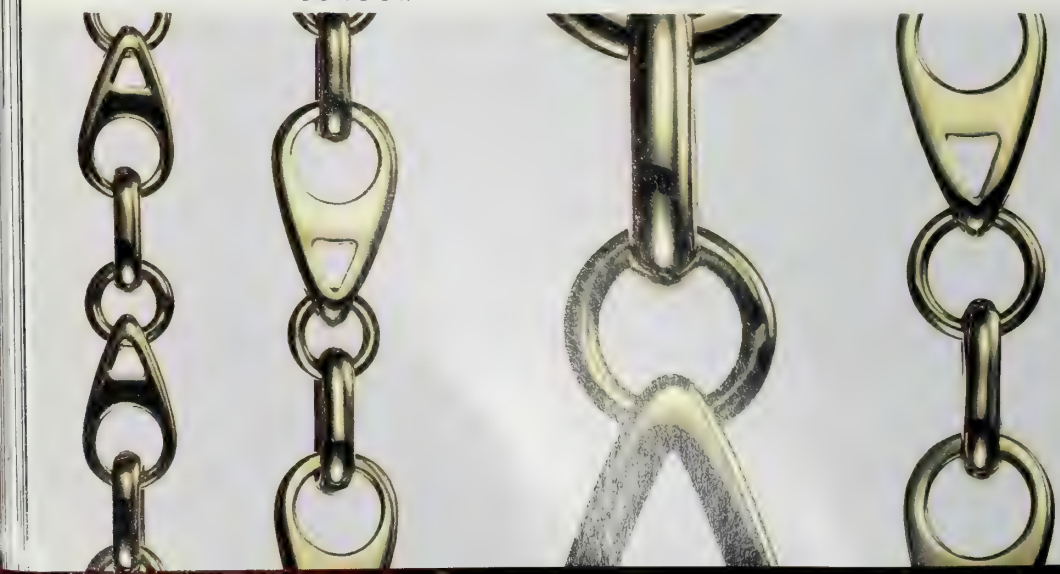
ING

London, New York, Beverly Hills www.asprey.com Asprey LONDON Since 1781

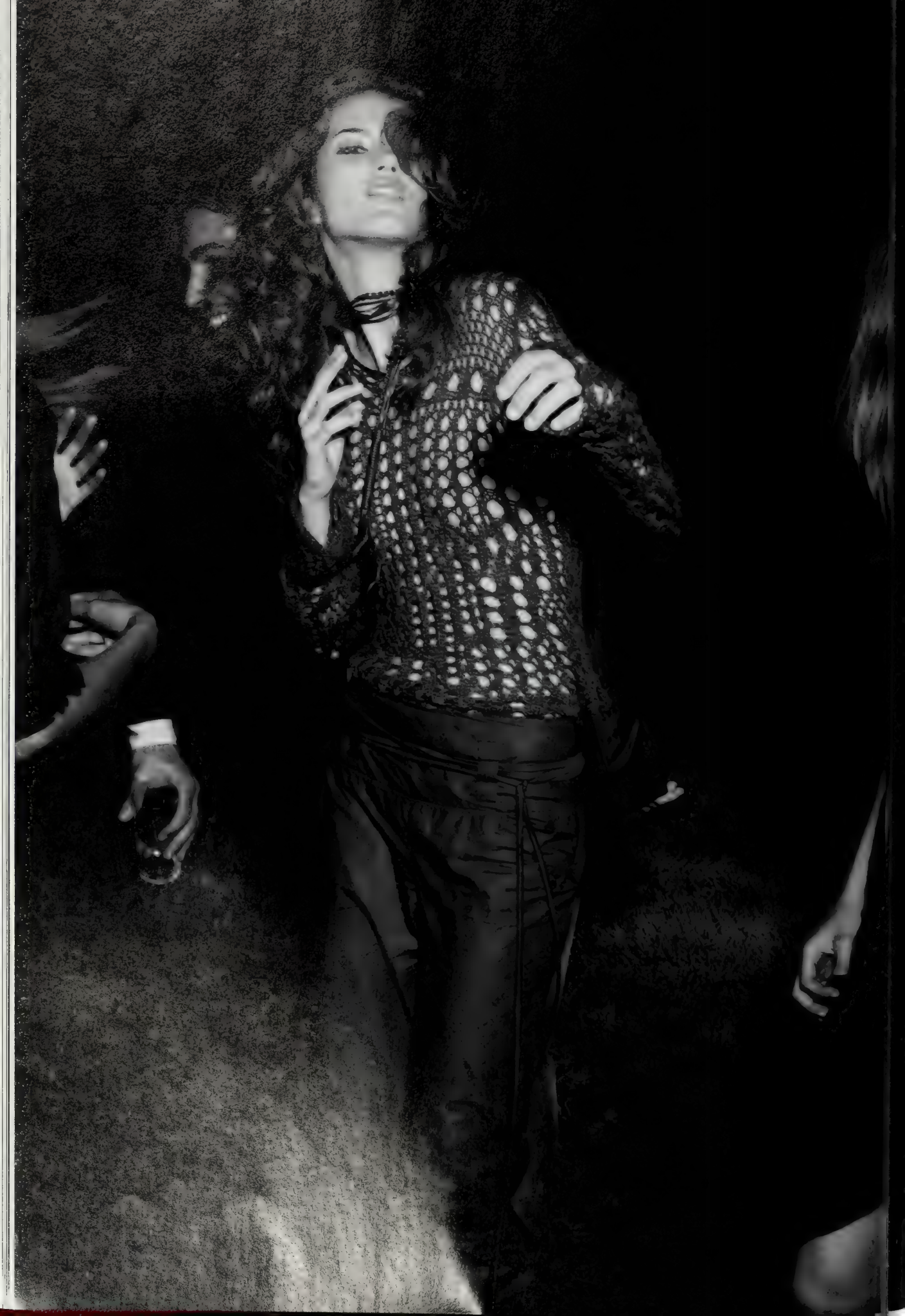


Since 1781 Asprey LONDON London, New York, Beverly Hills www.asprey.com

THE




BOSS
HUGO BOSS




HUGO BOSS FASHIONS INC. Phone 212-940 0800 www.hugoboss.com
BOSS
HUGO BOSS


MATTHEW BARNEY
THE CREMASTER CYCL
At HUGO BOSS, we firmly believe that
art nurtures the fertilization and growth of creativity
inside and outside our organization. As part of
our commitment to new art,
we are proud to be a major sponsor of the
HUGO BO
1071 Fifth Avenue, New York City Information 1 212 423 3500 www.guggenheim.o



Chopard

BOUTIQUE

New York • Palm Beach • Beverly Hills • South Coast Plaza • Las Vegas • St. Martin • St. Barths

Bal Harbour (Opening Soon)

1.800.CHOPARD • www.chopard.com

Dead, but Still Above the Line



One of the great pleasures of editing a magazine, especially if it happens to be one like, say, *Vanity Fair,* is that interests that have been nibbling away at you for ages can be put to use at some juncture. Case in point: Sam Spiegel, the great circus barker of a producer responsible for such films as *Lawrence of Arabia, The Bridge on the River Kwai,* and *The African Queen.* His movies were big and so was he. Big waistline, big cigars, big parties, big suites at the Connaught—big everything. He was, in fact, all that you expect in a Hollywood producer and more. And don't ask me why, but for the longest time I've been a closet Spiegel buff. A few years ago, I sailed into the harbor at Cap d'Antibes aboard a friend's boat. He hadn't been there in more than 20 years and said that the last time he'd visited he sailed in on Spiegel's boat, the *Malahne.* Just the mention of the trip evoked all sorts of glamorous snapshots of a Hollywood I never knew but wish I had. Five years ago, I heard that Natasha Fraser-Cavassoni was working on a biography of Spiegel. And for five years I put my oar in to buy serial rights for *V.F.* Nonfiction books rarely get turned in on time, and this one was no exception. The book, *Sam Spiegel,* is finally being published this month, and an excerpt of it, "Spiegel's Mighty Shadow," begins on page 304.

Like so many of our Hollywood Issues (we're now on our ninth), this one is positively luxuriant in lore of that bygone time of the 30s, 40s, and 50s, when the studio system was at full throttle and movie stars drank, smoked, and wore leather shoes. Nobody took him- or herself too seriously, and the movies, not incidentally, happened to be wonderful. In so many of the stories we ran in the past a name kept popping up that I had never heard before—Charlie Feldman. Peter Biskind was put on the case, and his story ("The Man Who Minted Style," page tells of Feldman's remarkable li was the first superagent, a produ such films as *A Streetcar Name sire* and *The Seven Year Itch,* and with great taste and dash who Joan Fontaine, Rita Hayworth, an Gardner. He was to the real w that is, as real as behind-the-s Hollywood can be—what Cary was to the actual, up-there-on-the-screen movie world.

If Feldman was a recently acquired interest, Phil Silvers old, old one. I used to tell my children that just about ever you needed to learn in life you could pick up from watchin *Phil Silvers Show*—a program that holds up better than vi anything else from the golden age of 50s TV. The show's figure, Sergeant Bilko, is one of entertainment's great comic acters. Bilko was a schemer, a mountebank, and a grinning handing silver throat, but he rarely took advantage of anyon er than his fellow G.I.'s at the poker table. His heart was goo his firefly mind was an electric, unpredictable marvel. He wa Bunny to his boss Colonel Hall's Elmer Fudd.

One of the great things I own came from a friend who ha to run MTV. It is the complete collection of the Bilko show, 12 dozen episodes. It had been slated for a cozy second life then new network TV Land, but after it had been on the ai while, the show's demographics came up a bit short. Mostly 5 ex–service guys. A nice group of people, but presumably n ideal market for advertisers trying to move sneakers and sport Bilko may have gone off the air, but those tapes provided es research for David Kamp, who produced the exquisite st Silvers, "King Banana," which begins on page 240. As it turne Kamp too was a secret Bilko fanatic. I must find out if he h latent interest in Spiegel or Feldman. —GRAYDON CA



AH, DOMESTIC BLISS
Leslie Ann and Robert Evans, and their butler, Alan Solka, photographed by Jason Schmidt in the Evanses' Beverly Hills home on January 20, 2003.

GOWN BY VALENTINO. DIAMOND JEWELRY FROM THE VIVID COLLECTION. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



TOD'S

CHRYSALIS—CHANGING LIVES THROUGH JOBS

Chrysalis is a nonprofit organization dedicated to helping economically disadvantaged and homeless individuals become self-sufficient through employment opportunities. Currently, Chrysalis helps more than 2,000 people a year change their lives through jobs. Founded in 1984 as a food-and-clothing distribution center serving homeless men and women in Los Angeles, the agency grew as it became clear that longer-term solutions were needed in order to eradicate poverty and homelessness. Today, through its various programs and fund-raising efforts, Chrysalis's philosophy remains the same: a steady job is the single most important step in a person's transition to long-term self-sufficiency.

THE SILVER LINING SILVER LAKE FOUNDATION

The Silver Lining Silver Lake Foundation is a nonprofit fund-raising organization that was created to bring together artists and musicians in events that inspire benevolence and goodwill in communities across the country. From its wildly successful music festival—which last year



In 25 years, Bob and Harvey Weinstein have turned their little film company, Miramax, into an industry powerhouse. In his memoir, which begins on page 412, co-chairman **BOB WEINSTEIN** shares the secret to their success, imparted long ago by their father, Max: "If you stick together, nothing is impossible." Bob, whose first son was born last year, says, "The process of becoming a father for the third time made me reflect on my own dad." Together, Bob and Harvey used to watch Max Weinstein at work in New York City's Diamond District. "Max would have liked *Cinema Paradiso* for its romanticism, sentimentality, and love of movies," Bob says, "and *Scary Movie* because it is the highest-grossing film we've ever had."



MARK SHAFER

Special correspondent **MAUREEN O** says it was her concern for the welfa of children that led her to investigat Michael Jackson for *V.F.* a third time 420). "The public should have an in account about what really goes on i Michael Jackson's life; he is more tha a dismissible freak show or someone whom the rules should be suspende because he indulges in bizarre behav rich and famous. There are many se issues here, particularly now that Jac a father and says he wants more chil Orth has written for *Vanity Fair* since 1989, on subjects ranging from the op trade in Afghanistan to Margaret Thatcher and Vladimir Putin.



Former Hollywood producer **WILLIAM FRYE** (far right, with James Stewart and Jim Wharton), whose article about his friendships with the actors Cary Grant, Ronald Colman, and James Stewart starts on page 428, insists, "I'm not a writer; I'm a talker." Nevertheless, this month's piece is the fourth in a series of reminiscences he's done for *Vanity Fair* (the others were on Rosalind Russell, Bette Davis, and Greta Garbo). Frye laughs, however, at the suggestion th has total recall: "I'm just a retired guy going over very old memories. It takes me back." Frye's memories, in fact, take him all the way back to the late 1940s and his work in radio, not that the passing of time has diminished his appreciation fo magic of those days. "If I had to do it all over again, I sure would," he

CONTINUED ON PAG


TIFFANY & Co.
TIFFANY & Co.
SWISS MADE
TIFFANY & Co.
SWISS MADE
SWISS MADE

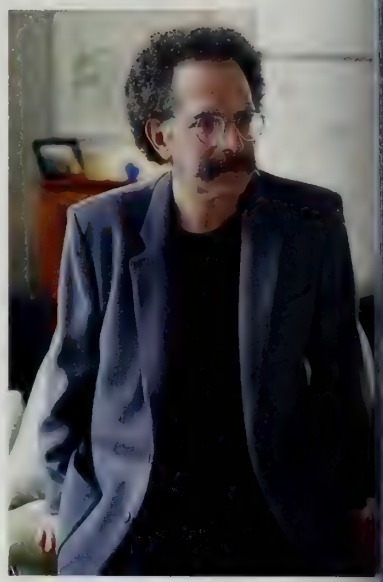


A NIGHT OF DIAMONDS

On December 12 in Los Angeles, Chopard and Vanity Fair contributing editor Lisa Eisner hosted an [illegible] at the Chopard Beverly Hills boutique. More than 100 guests including luminaries Jamie Tisch, Lisa Marie and Tracey Ellis Ross, and stylist Rebecca Hemsworth and her Cosmos Inc models, [illegible] and admired Chopard's cool brilliant baubles, mingled with the band throughout the evening.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108



Contributing editor **PETER BISKIND** has written a number of cover stories for *V.F.,* but he has never, until now, profiled someone who is no longer alive. For his article about playboy producer Charlie Feldman, who died 35 years ago, Biskind, whose book *Easy Riders, Raging Bulls* was recently made into a documentary for the Trio network, had to rely on Feldman's papers and documents culled from the American Film Institute's Louis B. Mayer Library, "which is amusing because Feldman and Mayer despised each other," Biskind says. "The most difficult thing in writing this piece is that many of Feldman's friends who are still alive are quite elderly, and consequently their memory is often failing."



JESSICA ANTOLA

Writer **NATASHA FRASER-CAVASSOI** considers herself blessed to have had rich subject for her first book, *Sam S The Incredible Life and Times of Holl Most Iconoclastic Producer* (Simon & Schuster), excerpted on page 304. Th European editor of *Harper's Bazaar,* Cavassoni says she was prompted to write about Spiegel—who was a friend her mother, Antonia Fraser, and stepf Harold Pinter—when she read Gore Vidal's description of him in *Palimpse* "spontaneously dishonest on every lev During her seven years of research, s discovered this to be true. But she als him to be a charming and complex c whose extraordinary life spanned man eras. "It was a nonstop adventure," sh "Sam's life never ceased surprising me



While **DAVID STENN** was writing his biography of Hollywood legend Jean Harlow, he discovered that a dancer named Patricia Douglas had been raped at a wild MGM party in 1937. Urged by his editor, Jacqueline Onassis, to pursue the story, Stenn tracked down Douglas, who is now 86 and lives in Las Vegas. After two historic lawsuits against her assailant and studio executives, and a subsequent 65 years of silence, Douglas told her story to Ste a series of interviews that he likened to trauma-recovery therapy. "What really m me," says Stenn, "was this paradoxical, redemptive twist: what was once her de shame became the source of her newfound self-esteem. It was amazing to watc transformation." Stenn, who lives in Los Angeles, is a writer for film and telev

CONTINUED ON PAG


ohn varvatos
NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES
www.johnvarvatos.com

AVEDA
the art and science of pure flower and plant essences

PURE INSPIRATION.
Let Aveda hair care take you to new heights of sensory experience with practical savings and acts of kindness for the planet. Our litre sizes—including new Indigenous™ Purifying Hair and Body Cleanser—cost 30% less than regular sizes. With every litre purchase, we donate $2 U.S. to 16 organizations in 10 countries working to slow global warming—during Aveda's Earth Month in April. **Make a world of difference. Buy a litre today. Find Aveda: call 800.791.1148 or visit www.aveda.com.**
Aveda New York/Boston/Chicago



© Aveda Corp.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

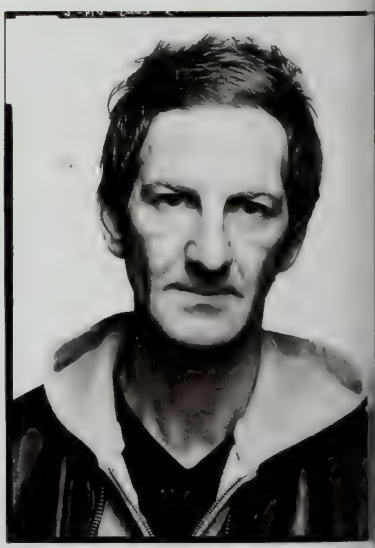


Some staffers decorate their office walls with artwork, but features editor **JANE SARKIN'S** walls are hung mostly with *V.F.* covers going back to 1985, a measure of how seriously she takes her responsibility for producing the magazine's public face. And no cover is more important than the Hollywood Issue group portrait. "This year, we really got a dream lineup," says Sarkin, who acknowledges that there are always those who complain that someone was left out. "Anyone who seems to be missing could appear on the front of the 10th-anniversary Hollywood Issue, next year," she teases. A lot has changed in Sarkin's life since the first Hollywood Issue. "Now I have two daughters, a 10-year-old and a 7-year-old, telling me who to put on the cover," she says.



KRISTA SMITH

Photographer **JASON SCHMIDT'S** fingerprints are all over this issue, [illegible] Dominick Dunne's "Diary" to the Hollywood portfolio. "Charlie's A[illegible] were sexy, Bernie Mac was hysteri[illegible] I loved the *Big Chill* cast," Schmidt says, "but for me, it was all about Bob [illegible] Schmidt and his crew arrived at the producer's mansion promptly at 10 [illegible] photograph him and his wife, but [illegible] was decidedly on "Evans time." "[illegible] stayed in his bed until four o'clock, up in his fur duvet," Schmidt says. [illegible] gathered around him showing him [illegible] and kneeling at the foot of his bed [illegible] he was Don Corleone. We didn't le[illegible] 10 o'clock at night. Did I have a gr[illegible] time? You bet your ass I did."



Contributing photographer **MARK SELIGER** says the cast of *Deliverance* was delighted to step back into character for their reunion photograph. At the shoot, near West Palm Beach, Florida, area native Burt Reynolds spooked the gang with tales of the mysterious Trapper Nelson, "a sort of Tarzan of the Everglades," according to Seliger, who also shot Christopher Walken, newcomer Hilary Duff, and Naomi Watts for the Hollywood portfolio. Seliger's books include *Physiognomy, Lenny Kravitz,* and *When They Came to Take My Father: Voices of the Holocaust,* and he has shot several music videos.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

AVEDA

the art and science of pure flower and plant essences

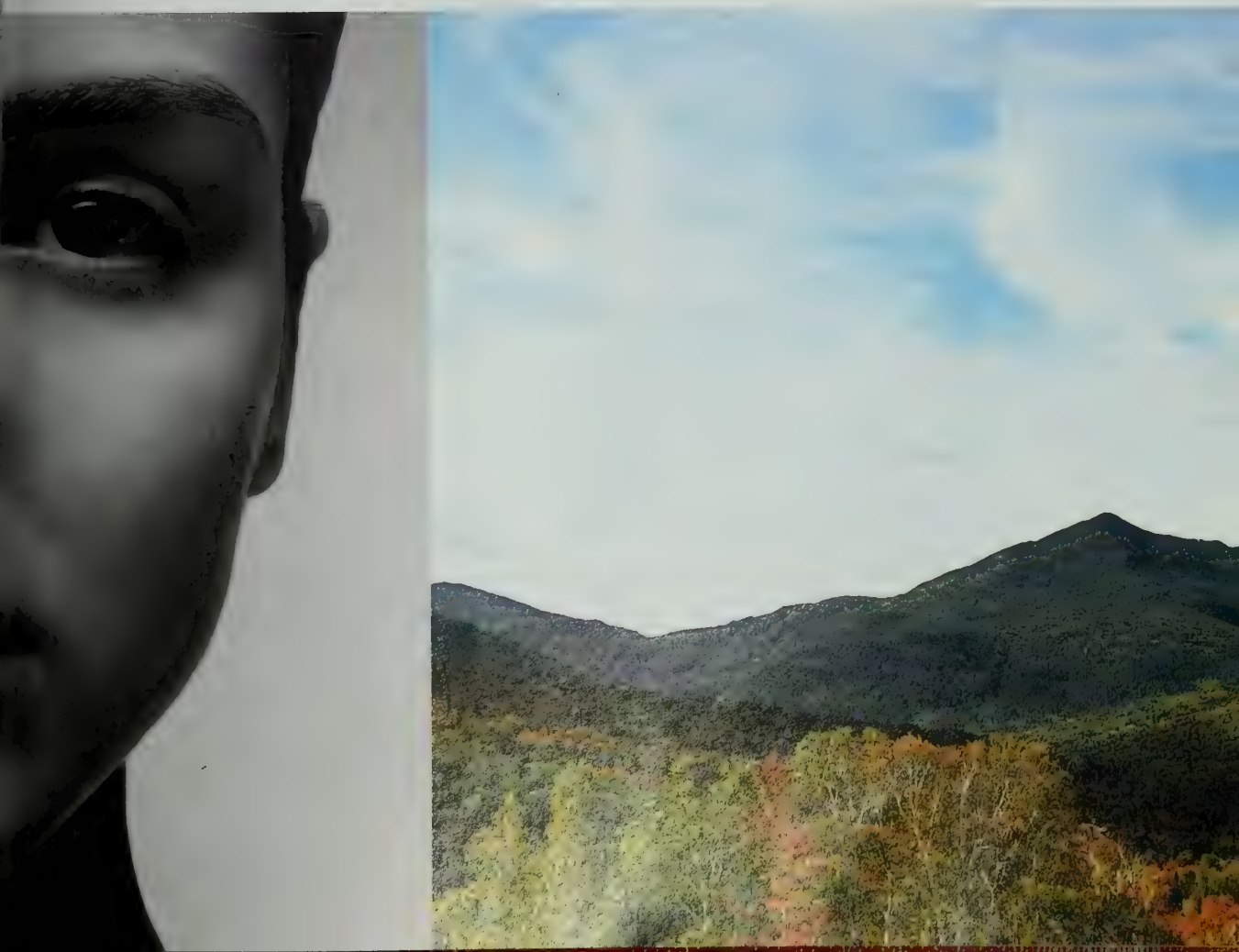
I YOU CARE FOR YOURSELF AT AVEDA IN APRIL THE WHOLE EARTH BENEFIT

eda make your skin glow, your hair shine, your spirits rise. Our **sensory treatments** transform the starting with you. We call them **Appointments for the Earth** (you'll call them **pure pleasure**)—, massages, body wraps, hair color and cuts, makeovers and more—with a portion of profits going anizations working to help slow global warming. Protect the **web of life** that touches us all—help ragile ecosystems, plants and animals threatened by extinction. Want to do more? Just log on to aveda.com/pledgenow to make a **Global Action Pledge**—and help reduce your energy bills too.

now—appointments go fast—at Aveda salons, spas and stores.

is by calling 800.791.1148 or visiting www.aveda.com.

pamper yourself to protect the earth.







TIFFANY & CO.

JAMAICA • ANTIGUA • ST. LUCIA • BAHAMAS



The Hallmark of Sophistication

Located on the finest beaches, on four of the Caribbean's most exotic islands is a collection of 6 extraordinary all-inclusive resorts for couples only that will far exceed your expectations when it comes to extensive personalized service and choice. Extensive amenities include golf* and scuba diving, up to 8 gourmet restaurants per resort, lavish beachfront rooms & suites, plus the exclusive option of a European spa.* Sandals Signature Spa Collection is the hallmark of sophistication in the tropics.



Call Your Travel Agent or Unique Vacations at 1-800-SANDALS or log on to www.sandals.com

Sandals RESORTS

SIGNATURE SPA COLLECTION



...available in Ant... ...representative...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114



Senior photo-research editor **ANN SCHNEIDER,** who has worked at the magazine for just over a decade, takes an imaginative approach to finding photographs to illustrate a story. "Whether I'm looking for photos of penguins in Antarctica or Lady Kenmare of Cap-Ferrat," she says, "I rely on my intuition, my creative vision, and a lot of luck." Before she begins gathering material from archives, collections, and photographers all over the world, Schneider prepares "magic lists" of images that she thinks would serve the story best. She says, "I have faith that the right photos will find their way into the magazine, but I also believe that the search for the perfect photo is never-ending."



JASON SCHMIDT

In last year's Hollywood Issue, w featured nine top actresses on its West Coast editor **KRISTA SMITH** "Get ready, boys, I'm coming aft you." Judging from this year's lin wasn't kidding. "There were a to great films this year, which made Hollywood portfolio a joy to wor I was happiest about getting my ' coveted boys' on the cover," says who recently found a new use fo unparalleled Tinseltown connecti writing cover stories. In the past y profiled Reese Witherspoon and Hayek. "I still love generating ide and producing shoots," Smith sa actually interviewing the subjects giving my take on what makes th interesting has been an added thr



For this month's Hollywood portfolio, Zurich-born **MICHEL COMTE** photographed the internationally renowned film producer Arthur Cohn. The hour-long shoot took place in Basel, Switzerland, where Comte was amazed to find that, "for the first time in the 10 years since I met him, his office was perfectly organized." Comte, whose work takes him all over the world, has been taking pictures for *V.F.* for close to 20 years. He expects his new book, *Tibet, After Mao Tse-tung,* to be published in the near future, and exhibitions of his work are being planned for next fall at the National Museum of Switzerland and the Museum of Modern Art in Milan.



EVERY CENT OF THE SELLING PRICE OF M·A·C VIVA GLAM LIPSTICK IS DONATED TO THE M·A·C AIDS FUND
TO SUPPORT MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN AFFECTED BY HIV AND AIDS. TO LEARN ABOUT M·A·C, VISIT MACCOSMETICS.COM.

ANNIE, GET YOUR GUYS

Un-starlike is the description that leaps to mind for *V.F.*'s all-star cover shoot: the guys did things like drive themselves to the studio, show up early, and wear mismatched socks. And, with Jack Nicholson providing the entertainment, everyone worked hard to give ANNIE LEIBOVITZ exactly what she wanted



Here are a few things we know about **Tom Hanks:** he's a two-time Oscar winner, a devoted husband to wife Rita Wilson, and a performer skilled and charismatic enough to carry an entire film by himself (remember *Cast Away*?). But here's one thing we didn't know about him: he's extremely punctual. The first actor to arrive at our shoot, Hanks, 46, got to the location on Culver Studios' Stage 12 in Los Angeles a full half-hour early. *V.F.* staffers assumed he had read the call time incorrectly. But, no, the easygoing star just decided to show up sooner rather than later (unheard of in Hollywood). He was accompanied by his teenage niece, who turned out to be a major Brad Pitt fan. In true avuncular fashion, Hanks jumped behind the camera and snapped pictures of the two. As for his day job, upcoming projects include Robert Zemeckis's animated feature *The Polar*

A FEW GOOD MEN

[illegible] Tom Hanks [illegible] from Dolce & Gabbana and a shirt by Ralph Lauren [illegible] Tom Cruise (wearing a T-shirt by Martin Margiela 10 and jeans by Diesel), **Harrison Ford** (wearing a suit by Emporio Armani and a shirt by Ermenegildo Zegna), **Jack Nicholson** (wearing a suit by Tommy Hilfiger and shoes by Tod's), **Brad Pitt** (wearing a jacket by Dries Van Noten), **Edward Norton** (wearing a shirt by John Varvatos and a coat by Martin Margiela 10), **Jude Law** (wearing a shirt by Prada, jeans by Levi's, and a jacket by Jil Sander), **Samuel L. Jackson** (wearing clothing by Giorgio Armani), **Don Cheadle** (wearing a suit by Jil Sander, a shirt by Dolce & Gabbana, and shoes by Gucci), **Hugh Grant** (wearing a shirt by Richard James, jeans by CK Calvin Klein Jeans, and a belt by Banana Republic), **Dennis Quaid** (wearing a sweater by John Varvatos and jeans by Diesel), **Ewan McGregor** (wearing jeans and shoes by Helmut Lang, a vintage jacket from What Comes Around Goes Around, N.Y.C., and a watch by Baume & Mercier), and **Matt Damon** (wearing pants by Martin Margiela 10). Hair products by Bed Head (McGregor), John Frieda Sheer Blonde (Cheadle, Cruise, Damon, Grant, Law, Norton, Pitt), Kérastase (Nicholson), KMS (Quaid), and Redken (Ford, Hanks). All grooming products by Estée Lauder. Ford's hair by Michael Kriston; Jackson's hair by Robert L. Stevenson; Nicholson's hair by Joy Zapata; all others' by Sally Hershberger. Grooming by Allan A. Apone, Jean Black, Michele Burke, Barbara Farman, Lisa Forster, Michael Germain, Michael Laudati, Manuella, Autumn Moultrie, Julie Pearce, Eric Polito, and Jetty Stutzman. Set design by Jason Hamilton. [illegible] Bruce Pask. Photographed exclusively [illegible] Annie Leibovitz at the Culver Studios, [illegible] in Culver City, California.

The preternaturally affable **Tom Cruis** 40, also came to *V.F.*'s cover shoot wi family in tow—in this case, his childre Isabella, aged 10, and Connor, 8. Accor panying him as well were long hair and full beard, grown for his role as a Ci War veteran sent to Japan to train the e peror's army in Warner Bros.' *The La Samurai,* which he has been shooting New Zealand (and which will be releas in December). Flashing his killer smil Cruise reminded everyone why he has reputation as America's most energet movie star: while the rest of the A-list ge tlemen were getting dressed, Cruise org nized a handstand competition with h son and crew members. After the on hour shoot wrapped, Cruise jumped c a plane, heading back to New Zealar for more work. —PUNCH HUTTO

The safety of our cover shoot was e sured by the presence of an official T ton County, Wyoming, Sheriff's Offic deputy, one who also may be the bigge box-office attraction in movie history **Harrison Ford.** The man with the f mous deadpan CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS, PAGE



em fit cargo pant



the modern fit cargo pant

gapstretch
GAP


GAP
gap stretch
designed to fit
the classic fit lightweigh

ADVERTISEMENT

ARE YOU ON THE A-LIST?

Opinion leaders and those in the know are wanted for *Vanity Fair*'s new on-line panel. Join the *Vanity Fair* A-List and you'll have the opportunity to give us your opinions through periodic surveys and polls, as well as receive updates on upcoming events and programs, and qualify for great gifts.

Sign up now and you'll receive a free gift from *Vanity Fair*. You'll also be entered to win a copy of the best-selling book, *Vanity Fair's Hollywood*.

Visit www.VanityFairA-List.com and join today.

VANITY FAIR

ELEGANT ENOUGH FOR DINNER WITH THE HEAD OF THE STUDIO. ROMANTIC ENOUGH FOR DINNER WITH YOUR LEADING MAN.



ROMANOFF'S PARTY TABLE

BOGART™

WWW.THOMASVILLE.COM 1-877-BOGART-1

...5, LOS ANGELES, CA 90034. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. BOGART PHOTOS COURTESY OF MPTV.NET
...SVILLE FURNITURE INDUSTRIES, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



BEL AIR CURIO



MELROSE HALL CHEST



All the style and elegance of Hollywood's most romantic era returns. The Bogart Collection. Exclusively from Thomasville.

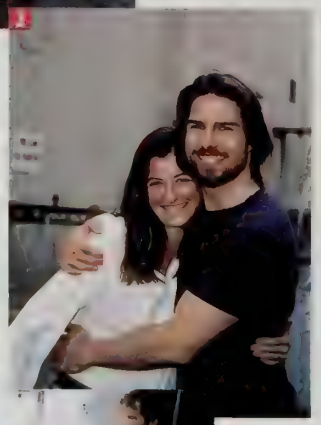
Thomasville®
WHERE STYLE LIVES™

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120 drove himself to the shoot, walked in camera-ready—and then cracked a few grooming jokes. (Otherwise, when it came to comedy, he was quietly content to join the appreciative audience for Jack Nicholson's nonstop stand-up act.) Ford, 60, is keeping busy. His future projects include: *Narc* director Joe Carnahan's *A Walk Among the Tombstones;* Ron Shelton's cop comedy, *Hollywood Homicide,* with Josh Hartnett; a biopic about martyred, swashbuckling foreign-aid worker Fred Cuny; and, most tantalizing, a fourth Indiana Jones film, reportedly set in the 1950s.

—MARC GOODMAN


1

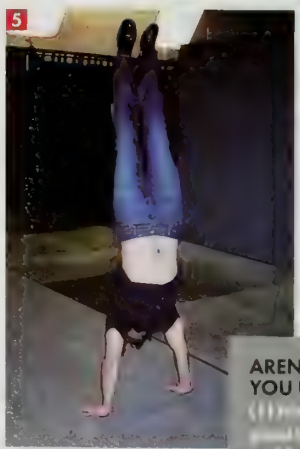

2

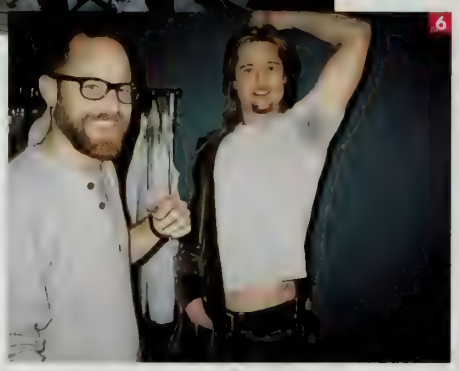

3

After 45 years in the business and three Oscars—plus another nomination this year, for *About Schmidt*—it's no surprise that even among this group **Jack Nicholson,** 65, got a lot of attention. Arriving in a long coat and baseball cap, Jack emerged from his changing room dressed to kill in Tommy Hilfiger and seemed to be in a particularly festive mood. Flanked by fellow Hollywood heavyweights, the cigar-smoking Jack was game for whatever Annie Leibovitz wanted: "Annie, you want me to look which way? Over here? 'Cause I'm looking at Tom's crotch—I got the full-frontal!" The jokes were constant, the laughs were many, and, at the end of the hour-long shoot, Nicholson—who will soon be on-screen stealing scenes from Adam Sandler in *Anger Management*—was off to his next engagement: his daughter's playoff soccer game.

—LAURA KANG


4


5


6

Brad Pitt lived up to his laid-back, heartthrob billing at our photo shoot. Not only did the 39-year-old drive himself to the set with a bag full of his own favorite clothes tossed in the backseat (hardly standard operating procedure at a shoot where hundreds of jackets, shirts, pants, belts, and shoes are made available for the subjects), but even at a closed location—free from the usual hordes of adoring fans—he still attracted an admirer (a slight security breach—see Tom Hanks, above). The reluctant sex symbol will next be seen, appropriately enough, as Achilles, the archetypal figure of seeming invincibility and secret vulnerability, in the Warner Bros. epic *Troy,* directed by Wolfgang Petersen and due out in 2004.

—MATT TRAINOR

AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU USE DIAL?

(1) [illegible] little coffee talk. (3) Features editor Jane Sarkin and Cruise get cuddly. (4) Law ponders something or other as Jackson, Norton, Cheadle, and Quaid chill out. (5) Cruise entertains the crew with a handstand. (6) Pitt demonstrates his command of good hygiene for stylist Bruce Pask.

A haircut was all **Edward Norton** wanted before the *V.F.* cover shoot, but he heard a fervent "No!" from Annie Leibovitz, who liked his baby locks just the way they were. Known for keeping his private life [illegible] Norton, 33, nevertheless proved to be one of the chattiest of our cover men. And now that he has swapped numbers with Don Cheadle, Norton will spend time this spring writing the script for *Motherless Brooklyn,* based on the book by Jonathan Lethem. Also on Norton's plate: *The Painted Veil,* from the Somerset Maugham novel.

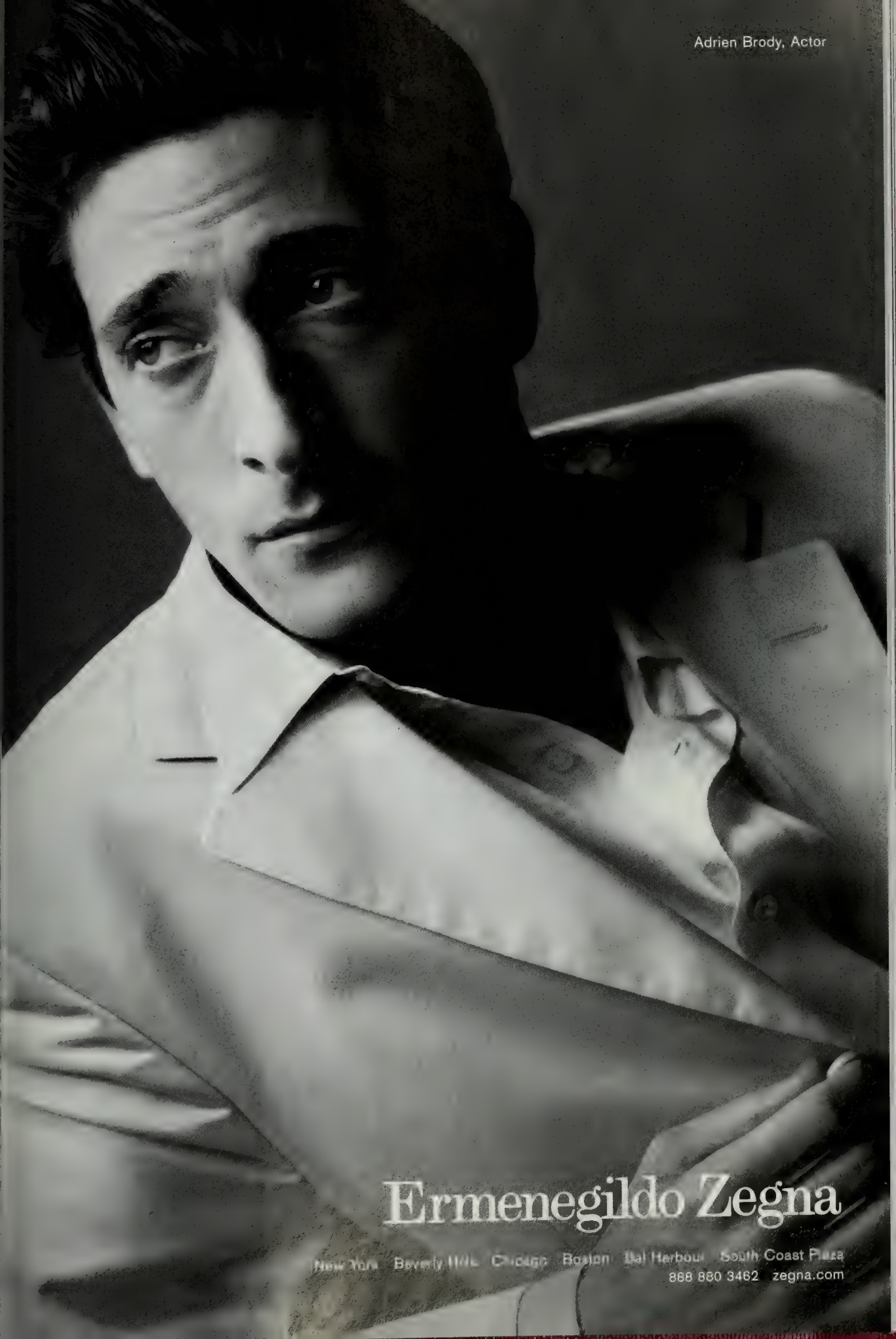
—JENNIFER MASSON

Jude Law, 30, is an exception to the rule that a young male movie star must always dress like a mechanic from San Bernardino. Law's blue blazer and pink socks were a hit with *V.F.*'s stylist, who demanded he not change a thing for the shoot (though he did borrow a pair of Prada shoes from our staff for the Golden Globes ceremony). Spared wardrobe chores, Law used his downtime to read a script, something he's apparently been doing a lot of lately. This year he'll have three movies in theaters: *Marlowe,* in which he will play William Shakespeare to Johnny Depp's Christopher Marlowe; *Cold Mountain,* co-starring Nicole Kidman and directed by Anthony Minghella; and *The World of Tomorrow,* a science-fiction thriller, which is Law's first movie as both star and producer.

—ABBY FIELD

When **Samuel L. Jackson** arrived for the shoot wearing an orange Day-Glo tracksuit, complete with fluorescent orange hat and shoes, he confirmed his status as Hollywood's king of style. Relatively dressed in more muted tones, he was directed to lean against a wall and look good—a cinch for Jackson, who has been a commanding presence in far more demanding roles. The 54-year-old has been averaging four movies a year, but if the pace strains him, it doesn't show. He'll be seen in the upcoming thriller *S.W.A.T.* and *Blackout,* and this year his *Pulp Fiction* fans can look forward to two reunions: one with John Travolta in this month's *Basic,* and another with director Quentin Tarantino, whose *Kill Bill* is out in the fall.

—LINDSAY BUCH


Adrien Brody, Actor
Ermenegildo Zegna
New York Beverly Hills Chicago Boston Bal Harbour South Coast Plaza
888 880 3462 zegna.com

GET MARRIED.

RAISE CHILDREN.



LOSE HUSBAND.

START LIFE.

GET TO KNOW THE FISHERS.

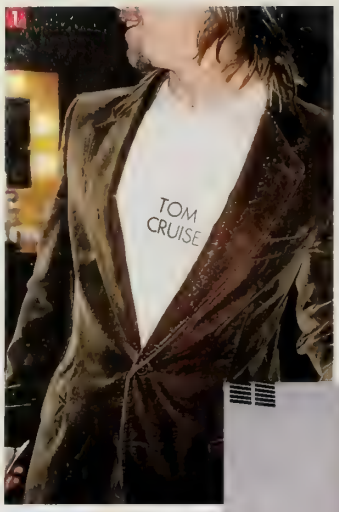


SIX FEET UNDER. THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON.

On DVD and VHS.

The inconspicuous **Don Cheadle** drove up to the *V.F.* cover shoot in a fairly conspicuous Toyota Prius, an eco-friendly hybrid. That's one way to get noticed in Los Angeles, but not the only way. This winter, aside from starring as an unusually prolix football fan in a memorable series of commercials for the N.F.L., Cheadle, 38, made a splash at Sundance as a prison teacher in *The United States of Leland,* which will arrive in normal-person movie theaters later this year. This summer he'll be back at work, co-starring in an adaptation of Elmore Leonard's *Tishomingo Blues* for a director named ... Don Cheadle. (It will be his first time on that side of the camera.) Once designated "the most gifted actor you've probably never heard of" by his friend George Clooney, Cheadle is working hard to prove him half wrong.

CAITLIN MORLEY



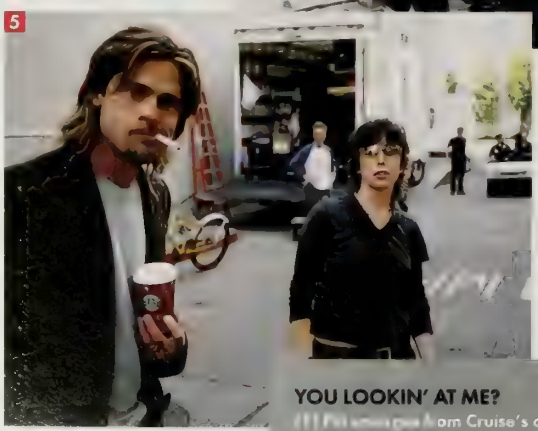




Decked out in one of his bespoke Savile Row suits, **Hugh Grant,** 42, looked perhaps a little too much the dapper Englishman when he arrived at the shoot. But looks can be deceiving. Grant's more raffish side was on display moments later when, after changing into jeans, he kicked off his shoes and revealed mismatched socks. Within 24 hours of the shoot, the peripatetic actor had attended the Golden Globes (where he was nominated for *About a Boy*), joined the late-night after-party circuit, and hopped on a jet to start his international press tour for *Two Weeks Notice.* In November, Grant will be back on-screen, reteamed with Richard Curtis (who wrote *Four Weddings and a Funeral* and *Bridget Jones's Diary*), in the romantic comedy *Love Actually.*

—LAUREN TABACH-BANK





YOU LOOKIN' AT ME?
(1) Pat scrutinizes Tom Cruise's dressing room as "Tom Cruise." (2) Cheadle and Grant engrossed in conversation. (3) Jackson takes five with Quaid. (4) Hanks, Cruise, and Annie Leibovitz prep for the shoot. (5) Pitt does his best "deranged guy" face as hairstylist Sally Hershberger looks on.

With a stellar 2002 in his hip pocket, what with *The Rookie* and *Far from Heaven,* it's no surprise **Dennis Quaid** was his cheerful, relaxed self at the shoot. "Never been happier" were his exact words. And with three more films on the way, the crooked-smiling 48-year-old Texan has good reason to continue emanating chipperness. Sometime this fall, Quaid will star opposite Sharon Stone in *Cold Creek Manor,* a Mike Figgis thriller. Then there's *Tomorrow,* a would-be science-fiction blockbuster about a paleoclimatologist who tries to save the world from global warming; the director is Roland Emmerich, of either hit *Independence Day* or flop *Godzilla* fame (take your pick). And make a note to remember *The Alamo,* due out December, with Quaid and Billy Bob Thornton trying to hold down the fort.

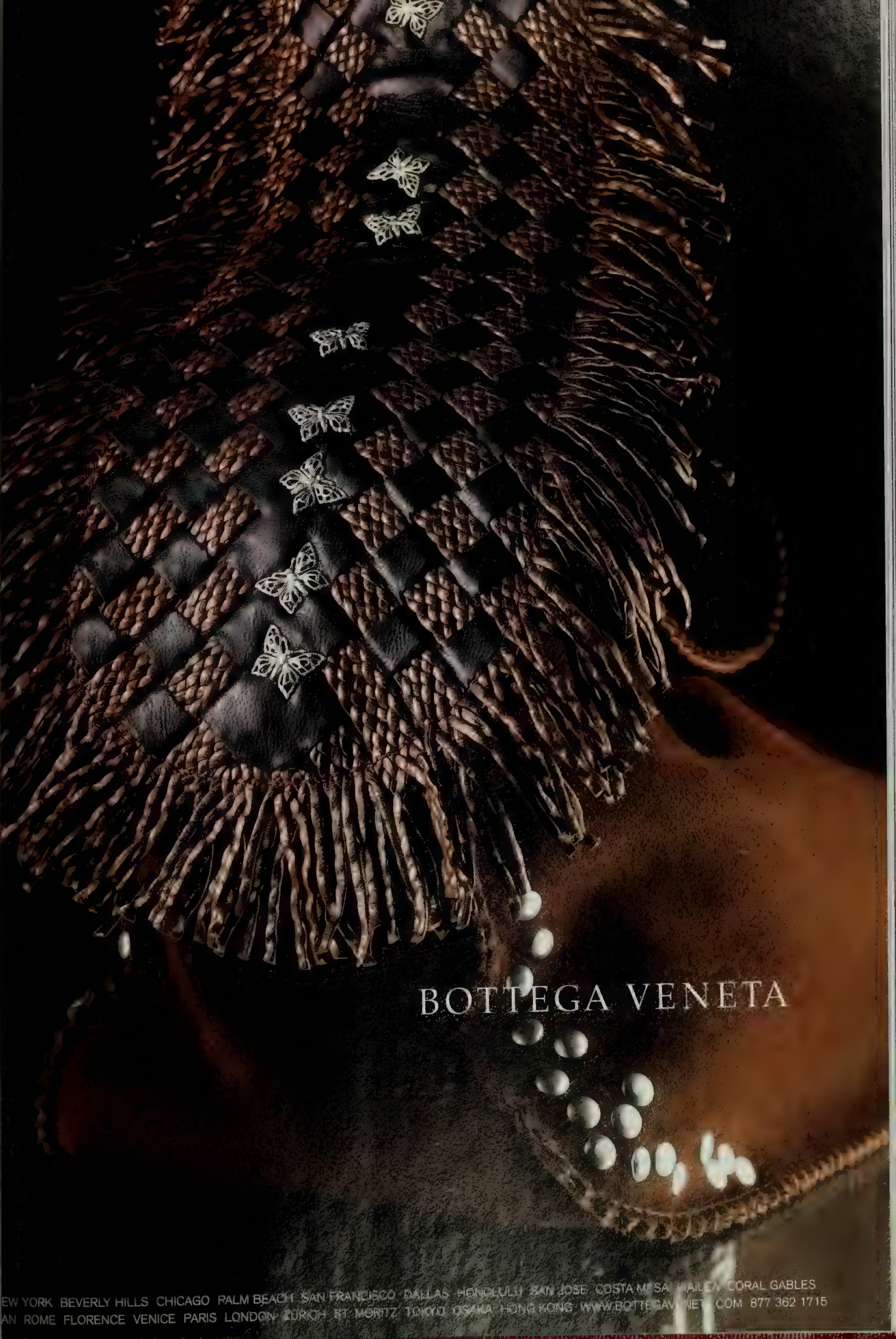
—DAISY

It didn't take **Ewan McGregor** long to warm up in front of Annie Leibovitz's camera. In fact, he and she have a well-established intimacy—after all, she shot him in a kilt for the December 1998 *V.F.* cover. (Anyone who saw him in 1996's *The Pillow Book* can claim to be fairly intimate with him as well.) When it was all done, McGregor, 31, had an hour to kill chatting up the crew before catching a plane to Mobile, Alabama, where he's working on a new Tim Burton film, *Big Fish.* (His other upcoming projects include a neo-Rock Hudson–Doris Day comedy, *Down with Love,* and *Young Adam,* an erotic Scottish drama—don't laugh. With McGregor, not much had changed since his last *V.F.* cover shoot—the same unself-conscious attitude, the same unself-conscious look (jeans, T-shirt, white socks, and beige shoes). Well, there was one new thing: a fresh heart-and-dagger tattoo on his right shoulder, which he happily showed off.

—ANDERSON TEPPER

At 32, **Matt Damon** is a busy man. On the night before he was shot for this year's cover, Damon flew in from the Sundance Film Festival. Once he was done posing for *V.F.,* he was on a plane to Japan for that country's opening of *The Bourne Identity.* His willingness to squeeze in events and people suggests that Damon, who plays a C.I.A. agent with amnesia in that movie, has not forgotten his roots. Five years after he and best friend Ben Affleck won an Oscar for the script of *Good Will Hunting,* the two are helping aspiring filmmakers follow their dreams of breaking into the movie business, thanks to a second round of *Project Greenlight* on HBO. (The series sponsors a competition that awards amateur writers and directors with a $1 million budget from Miramax and a guaranteed release in theaters in exchange for being reality-show fodder.) And speaking of strong ties, after he got back from Japan, Damon began shooting *Stuck on You,* a movie about twins joined at the hip; he'll be sharing his anatomy with Greg Kinnear.

—FRED TURNER


BOTTEGA VENETA
EW YORK BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO PALM BEACH SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS HONOLULU SAN JOSE COSTA MESA MAILBU CORAL GABLES
AN ROME FLORENCE VENICE PARIS LONDON ZURICH ST MORITZ TOKYO OSAKA HONG KONG WWW.BOTTEGAVENETA.COM 877 362 1715



ces available through Merrill Lynch. It may ... sentative of the experience of every client. Investment re...
..., Total Merrill design, We see your fin... total and Beyond Banking are service marks of ...
Program is $95. Full details on all f... uding restrictions, limitations and exclusions are avail...

... & Smith Incorporated. The account provides access to services and products offered by licensed bank...
... mutual funds and other non-deposit investment products available through the account are not FDIC-i...

WE SEE YOUR FINANCIAL LIFE IN TOTAL.℠

MY CLIENTS WANTED: To make the most of their cash. Mark and Sue had recently moved a lot of money into liquid assets. But now they want to make sure that their short-term cash is doing all it can.

I BROUGHT TOGETHER: Their short-term cash and some new ideas to make the most of it. We opened a Beyond Banking℠ account for Mark and Sue, combining smart short-term cash strategies with convenient banking services like online bill pay, checkwriting and ATM access. They now get refunds on their ATM fees, plus a Visa Signature® card with a delayed debit feature that helps them earn income on money even after they have spent it. A CD ladder also provides for a steady future cash flow. Now Mark and Sue's short-term cash is part of a long-term plan.

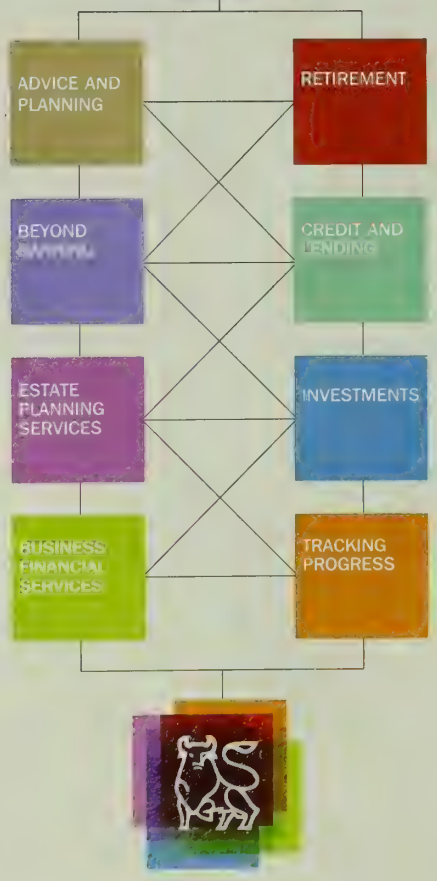
WE'RE PLANNING: On giving Mark and Sue total control of their financial future by making their short-term cash work harder.

MY NAME IS: Geoffrey Walker, Merrill Lynch Financial Advisor, Pasadena, California.

TO MAKE YOUR MONEY WORK TOGETHER: Work with an advisor who sees your financial life in total. And makes it work in total. Call a Merrill Lynch Financial Advisor or 1-800-MERRILL. Or visit www.askmerrill.ml.com



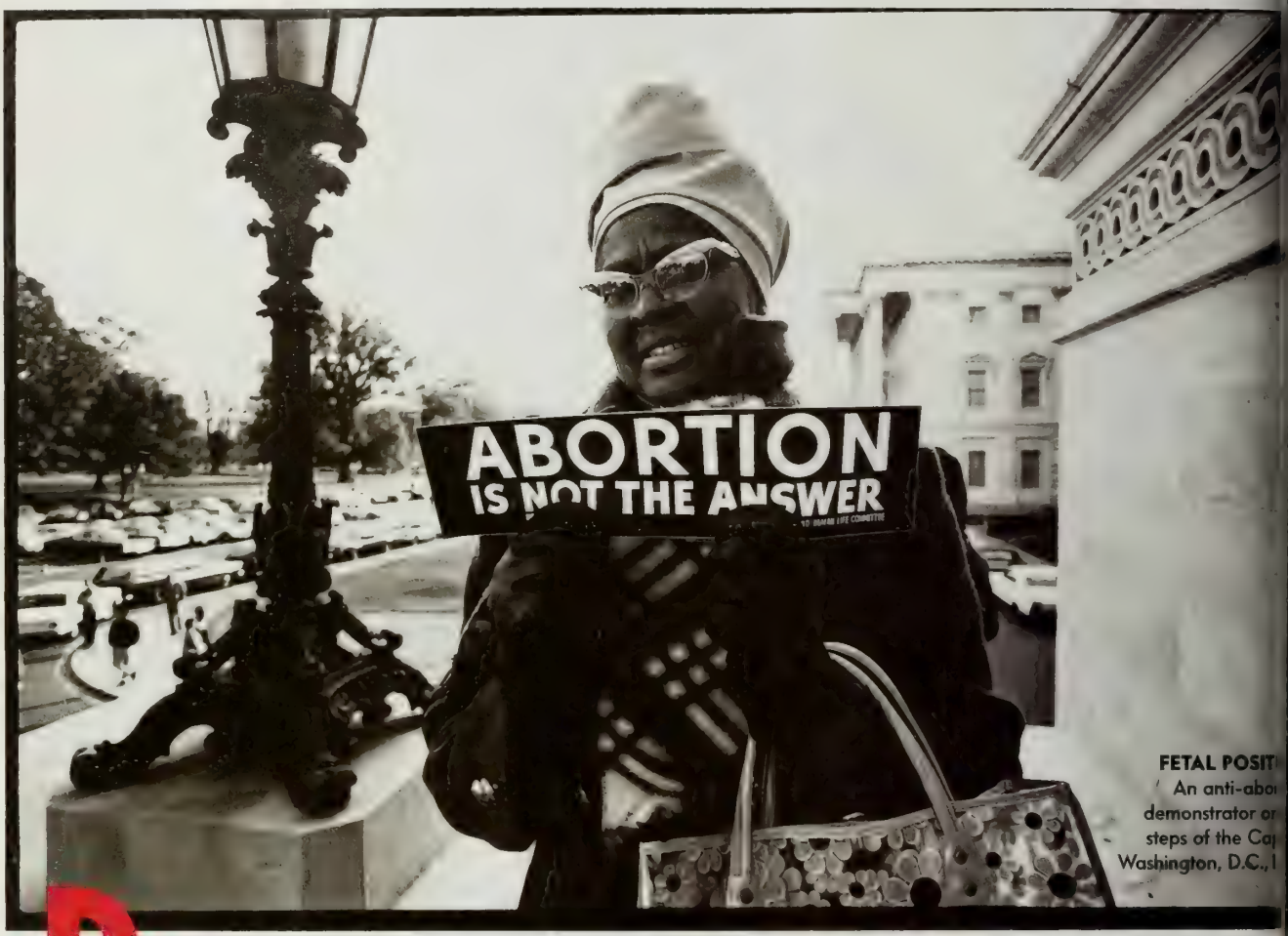
Merrill Lynch
Financial Advisor
Geoffrey Walker



TOTAL MERRILL℠

THE GREAT DEBATE, CONTINUED

Christopher Hitchens, Catholic League hero?; poking holes in Rummy's line of defense; badass Samaritans; not-so-dear Dame Edna; knickers in a twist over Swedes in skivvies; and more



FETAL POSIT
An anti-abo
demonstrator o
steps of the Ca
Washington, D.C., I

Rarely is there an article on abortion worth reading anymore. That's because both sides are so utterly predictable that it's a waste of time. Christopher Hitchens's contribution, however, is the exception to the rule ["Fetal Distraction," February]. As one who has sparred with him before, I commend Hitchens for his courage and honesty in dealing with this most divisive of issues.

WILLIAM A. DONOHUE
President, Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights
New York, New York

I TAKE ISSUE with Hitchens's statement that "the Catholic Church . . . doesn't have that good a record on caring for children [illegible] fair game." Catholic charities spend millions a year contributing to the welfare of many of those children, providing services from day care to emergency housing to family-resource groups. In contrast, how much do Planned Parenthood and other pro-choice groups spend on those same children already "out of the womb"? If they are truly advocates of all choices, shouldn't their resources be spent also on caring for those children whose mothers chose to give birth rather than abort?

VAL KILGALLON
Laurel, Maryland

IT WAS VERY MISLEADING for you to illustrate Christopher Hitchens's *Roe* v. *Wade* article with a 1989 picture of Norma McCorvey standing with Gloria Allred. Since 1997, Ms. McCorvey has been 100 percent pro-life; one can read the details of her conversion in *Won by Love*.

ALICIA COLON
New York, New York

HAVING SUFFERED a miscarriage nea five years ago and finally enjoying the bi of my first child last September, I ha thought about the humanness of my own t fetuses more than I ever could have im ined. While I'm still a fervent advocate a woman's right to choose, the death of t eight-week-old fetus—an embryo hardly t ger than a green pea—sent me into a tailsp I mourned it as any mother mourns the l of a child. Mr. Hitchens's article was thoug provoking and sensitive to both sides of immense and complex issue.

JENNIFER SIGI
Brea, Califo

THE RUMSFELD DEFENSE

I VERY MUCH ENJOYED John Keega timely article about Donald Rumsfeld ["" Radical at the Pentagon," February]. H


your
fragrance your
rules
HUGO
DEEP RED
for women
only

AGENDA

VANITY FAIR **AGENDA**
ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION
EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES



THE GOOD THIEF

Fox Searchlight presents *The Good Thief*, from acclaimed, Academy Award–winning writer-director Neil Jordan. Inspired by the Jean-Pierre Melville classic *Bob le Flambeur*, Jordan's latest film is a clever caper set in the twilight zone of the Monte Carlo underworld—a world blurred by lights, beautiful women, money, drugs, and gambling. In the starring role as gambler Bob Montagnet, Nick Nolte displays an even greater flair for the ironic than usual, and a rich and poignant depth that [illegible] at the top of [illegible]

LETTERS



FRANKLY, MY DEAR, I DON'T GIVE A SADDAM
Defense secretary Donald H. Rumsfeld discusses the Iraqi situation during a Pentagon news conference, September 30, 2002.

ever, I was more than a bit surprised that a keen intellect such as Keegan would compare our defense secretary to F.D.R.'s adviser Harry Hopkins. Yes, Hopkins tirelessly carried out innumerable errands—while risking his own health—that molded Roosevelt's domestic and foreign agendas. Yet, before he became a New Dealer, Hopkins, who had been born in Sioux City, Iowa, was a New York City social worker with a degree from Grinnell College. He was not drawn from the eastern establishment's proving grounds of the Ivy League, Wall Street, and international commerce.

If Keegan is looking for a precursor of Rumsfeld, why not cite such titans as Henry Stimson, John McCloy, or Robert Lovett, each of whom exemplifies the tradition of successful establishmentarians willing to set aside personal gain to serve their country in times of crisis. These men, like Rummy, moved effortlessly between the public and private sectors, leaving indelible marks on both, all in the name of "public service." Being a Brit, however, Keegan should not be faulted too greatly for not understanding this aspect of 20th-century U.S. history. Perhaps he should consult Walter Isaacson's *The Wise Men* if he wants to learn more about this phenomenon and how it shaped the modern world.

K. RICHMOND TEMPLE
Bronxville, New York

I HAVE NEVER READ John Keegan's books, but I hope they are meatier than his feathery homage to Donald Rumsfeld. "Rummy, as he is called," writes Mr. Keegan, "might have been one of the Rhodes scholars I knew so well at Oxford in the 1950s." Because Rumsfeld is the right sort, Keegan seems to suggest, he is also "the rig man at the right time for the messy, than less job" of fighting al-Qaeda and Saddar

Keegan's piece is reminiscent of *Life* ma azine's Cold War endorsements of mi tarism, uranium mining, and J. Edgar Ho ver, but his writing lacks the conviction that era. He sings admiration for Rumsfel but doesn't explain why any reader who isn a member of Keegan's club should share h sentiments. He uses the word "radical" affe tionately to refer to the defense secretary efforts to reshape the U.S. military. Ra cals, however, tend to be dangerous, and radical who prefers military action ov diplomacy ought to give us pause—in sp of his Princeton pedigree.

BRUCE J. MILLI
Chicago, Illin

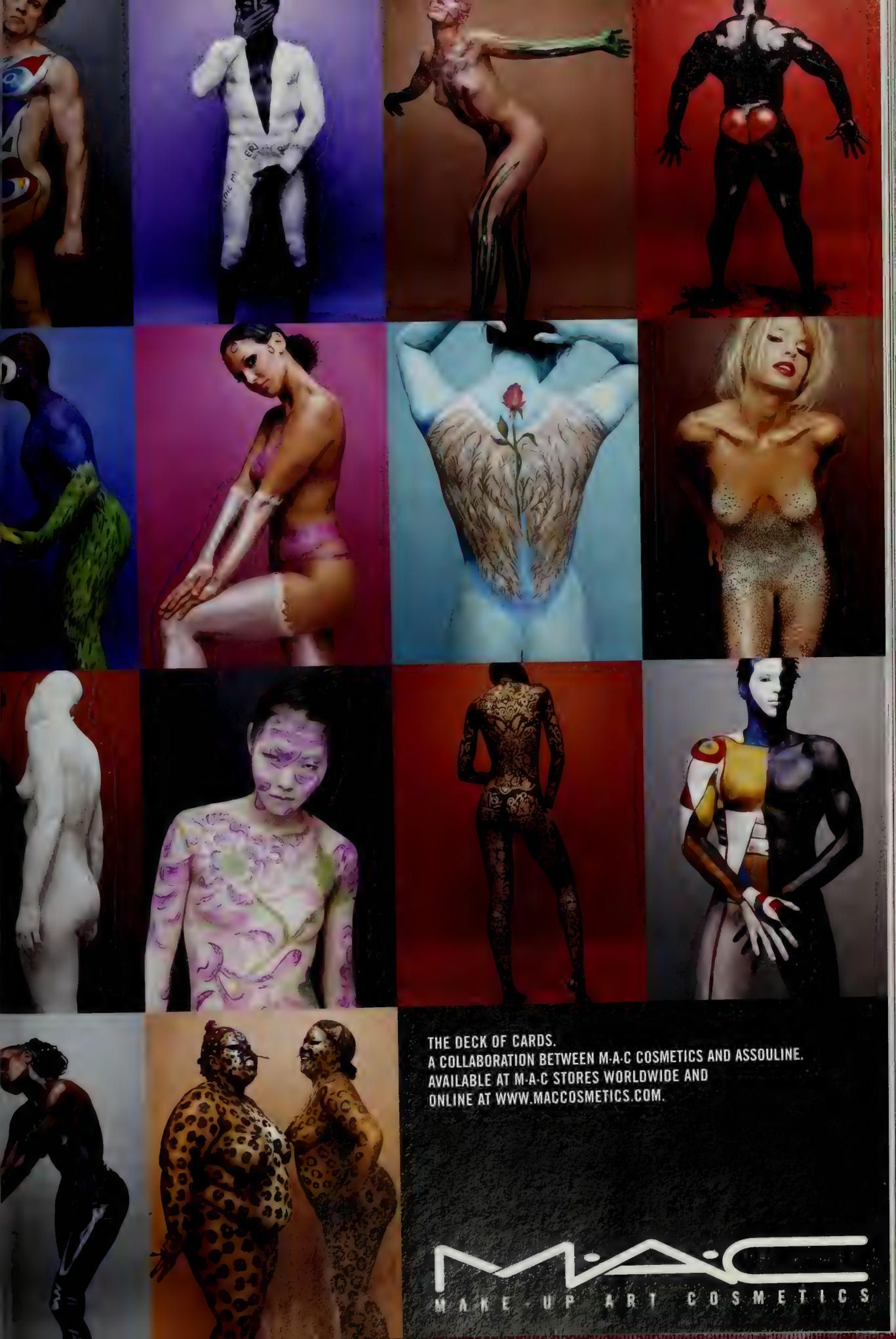
I WAS INVITED by Secretary of Defer Donald Rumsfeld to Washington, D.C., attend a briefing at the Pentagon on Jar ary 28, 2003.

After the briefing I asked the secreta to sign the Annie Leibovitz photo that a peared in the February 2003 issue of *Van Fair*. When he saw the photo he beame huge smile. Annie obviously captured essence!

Based on what I learned at the Pentag that day, Sir John Keegan's article was rig on as well. Thanks for great coverage America's great leaders.

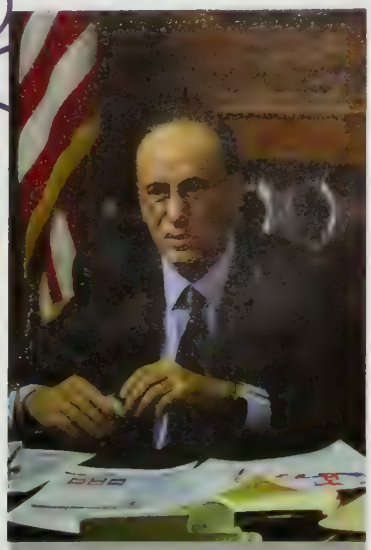
PATRICIA DU MO
Fort Lauderdale, Flor

SIR JOHN KEEGAN'S writing is even m obtuse and hazy than the defense sec tary's frequently murky press conferenc Today, Secretary Rumsfeld has essentia stated that Germany and France are ob


THE DECK OF CARDS.
A COLLABORATION BETWEEN M·A·C COSMETICS AND ASSOULINE.
AVAILABLE AT M·A·C STORES WORLDWIDE AND
ONLINE AT WWW.MACCOSMETICS.COM.
M·A·C
MAKE-UP ART COSMETICS

AGENDA

VANITY FAIR **AGENDA**
ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION
EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES



USA NETWORK
PRESENTS...

James Woods stars in the USA Network television event, *Rudy: The Rudy Giuliani Story*, about the man who united a nation after the tragedies of September 11, 2001. The film follows Giuliani from his career as a high-profile prosecutor to his two terms as the mayor who led New York City's renaissance. Sunday, March 30 at 8 P.M./ 7 P.M. Central, only on USA Network.

VANITYFAIR.COM

Visit VanityFair.com for monthly updates about the most exclusive on-line promotions and opportunities.

lete. The glaring hypocrisy of the man, who is perhaps the last remaining Cold War conservative politician who will ever sit on a president's Cabinet, is stunning. Rumsfeld is the poster boy for obsolete global political agendas. Has *V.F.* been taken over by Bill Buckley? You should probably be made aware of the fact that there are a few subscribers on the Left Coast who still vote Democratic.

JEFFREY C. GILLESPIE
Bel Air, California

ANGELS AMONG US

AFTER READING "Uneasy Riders" [by Steve Garbarino, February], I feel compelled to relate an incident that happened to my mother and me back in 1969, when I was 10 years old.

We were in my mother's car when she ran out of gas. She repeatedly attempted to flag down a passerby, but had no luck. Then a Hell's Angel roared up on his chopper. Since Altamont was fresh in the news, my mother and I became nervous. He politely inquired as to what the problem was and then asked if she had a gas can. Before taking off with the can, he told us to get into the car, roll up the windows, and lock the doors. "Too many crazies around!" he said.

After returning with gas, he refused any money from my mother. He asked only that, the next time she saw people who needed help, she help them, refuse repayment, and advise them to help others in return. This way, he said, good deeds just perpetuate themselves. He winked and smiled at me, got on his bike, and roared off. Sometimes the most unlikely people are sources of aid and wisdom.

LINDA BERG HULL
Sunnyvale, California

IN THE MID-80S, a boyfriend and I attended a motorcycle race in San Jose, California. The bleachers were packed with spectators and my companion abandoned me at the bottom row, bounding solo to the top. As I tried to climb my way up the bleachers, I felt a gentle pressure on my elbow. I turned to find a Hell's Angel who had witnessed my wobbly efforts. He guided me with great care to the top row and gave the then boyfriend a lecture on manners. It was a great moment!

ERIN FLANAGAN
New Braunfels, Texas

MAKE NO MISTAKE about it, the Hell's Angels are not to be romanticized. I had never had a case of hives until I was 13 years old and met Hell's Angels patriarch Sonny Barger. It was 1968 and I was at a car show in Oakland, California. My foster father, also a biker but with a nonrival club, introduced me to his friend Sonny. It was with great pride that he made the introduction, but my response was one of sheer terror. Within half an hour my body was covered with giant welts from head to toe, no doubt brought on by fear and a desire to run. And run I did.

Over the next two years, the Hell's Angels would become a "normal" part of my life as my foster father was good friends with many of them and "his girls" (there were six of us in his Oakland group home) were to be well respected by them. Yes, I was treated with great dignity and respect and came to consider many of them as my friends, but always, in the back of my mind lurked the dangerous notion: suppose I wasn't one of my foster father's girls? I don't want to dwell on the matter for fear that the hives might return.

L. GARCIA
Idaho Falls, Idaho

I AM AN ENGLISH TEACHER and recently I shared with my students Steve Garbarino's article on the Hell's Angels, which stimulated some great conversations about society. For me it brought back memories from the 70s and 80s of seeing all those motorcycles out the back window of my mother's station wagon, lined up in a perfectly organized fashion, sometimes in front of a local doughnut shop. It didn't occur to me then that any of them might have children.

A few years ago I read about a group of Bikers for Christ who attended a Promise Keepers convention in Washington, D.C. They talked about family values. It was a different story from what we often read. Similarly, Garbarino pointed out more good qualities of the Angels than bad. My teenagers were fascinated. You cannot always tell a book by its cover, and clearly there are some good and caring people in the Hell's Angels.

LISA COBURN
Newark, Delaware

DAME EDNA'S LATIN MOMENT

I WAS DISAPPOINTED in Barry Humphries (who writes and performs in the role of Dame Edna) for his recent derogatory comments concerning the Spanish language and those who speak it ["Ask Dame Edna," February]. Humphries's statement that "there's nothing in that language worth reading" underscores an unfortunate oversight: the contributions of the Nobel Prize–winning literature by Octavio Paz, Pablo Neruda, Miguel Angel Asturias, Gabriel García Márquez, and Gabriela Mistral—just to name a few good Spanish authors.

However, ignorance is no excuse for dimwitted behavior. Although I respect his pr


MaxMara




MaxMara




MaxMara

erence, no matter how misplaced, for French and German, Humphries's subsequent insinuation that those who speak Spanish are limited to the professions of "the help" or "leaf blower" is a mean-spirited and troubling distortion of the Latino and Spanish-speaking population. Furthermore, what is wrong with speaking to workers who are contributing to the American economy? According to the Interfaculty Committee on Latino Studies at Harvard University, in two generations one in four Americans will be of Latino origin, making the United States the second-largest Latino nation in the world.

LUIS SERGIO HERNANDEZ JR.
New York, New York

AS PROFESSIONALS in the publishing industry, we are deeply disturbed and offended by a segment of the Dame Edna column in the February issue of your magazine. While the column in question is evidently a satire about the attitudes of "old money," it conveys a tired form of bigotry that is painful and pointless.

Of course no one would take seriously Dame Edna's appraisal of the value of Spanish literature, but was it really necessary for her to stereotype Hispanics as domestic servants and for *V.F.* to then juxtapose this with an illustration of someone wearing a Mexican hat trying to learn to speak Spanish from a south-of-the-border armadillo?

Latinos are living a moment when the massive weight of our cultural and material wealth is finally being recognized. But despite putting Mexican actress Salma Hayek on its cover, *Vanity Fair* remains trapped in the Dark Ages of the 1950s when it publishes such banalities as the Dame Edna column.

ED MORALES
ADRIANA LOPEZ
Brooklyn, New York

I SUGGEST THAT DAME EDNA learn Spanish so that she can translate *eres ignorante,* which I am sure many *Vanity Fair* readers are saying after reading her appalling remarks.

MARIA ZYWICIEL
St. Louis, Missouri

VANITY FAIR *REPLIES:* Vanity
remarks in our
tertainer and
ace of
In the role of

practices a long comedic tradition of making statements that are tasteless, wrongheaded, or taboo with an eye toward exposing hypocrisies or prejudices. Her remarks were meant to satirize stereotypes, not reinforce them. We apologize to everyone who wrote, called, or simply felt insulted. That was the opposite of our intention.



NOT-SO-DEAR Damn Edna (oops! my English is not so good): I'm sure you think that you're funny—maybe sometimes you are, but I wouldn't know. However, your humor in the February issue of *Vanity Fair* brings me to the conclusion that you're only funny-looking.

A victim of your column was interested in learning Spanish, and your response was "Who speaks it that you are really desperate to talk to? The help? Your leaf blower?" The great irony is that I am Mexican, I speak Spanish, and I am on the cover of the very same issue of *Vanity Fair.*

As for your statement that there is nothing in our language worth reading except *Don Quixote,* and that García Lorca should be left on the intellectual back burner, you could not be more sadly mistaken. What belongs on the back burner are your ridiculous long fake eyelashes, which are clearly keeping you from reading the sublime writings of Nobel Prize winners such as Gabriel García Márquez, Octavio Paz, and Camilo José Cela, to name but a few.

If I were you, I would start talking to the help and the leaf blowers; it seems to me they have a lot to teach you.

SALMA HAYEK
Los Angeles, California

THE PERFECT RESPONSE

I COMMEND YOU for printing Sebastia
Junger's response to State Departme
spokesman Richard Boucher's February le
ter questioning the accuracy of Junger
December article, "Terrorism's New Geo
raphy." Junger continually prov
himself impeccable in his reportin
and makes clear distinctions betwe
his opinions and the apparent facts. I
reprimand the messenger for repor
ing certain facts that then lead ind
viduals to draw certain conclusions
altogether inappropriate and defe
sive on the part of Boucher. Jung
reports with integrity and holds hin
self accountable for his words, are
in which the current administratio
repeatedly falls short.

MICHELE ROBBIN
Los Angeles, Californ

MR. RIVERS, FRAME BY FRAM

BARBARA GOLDSMITH'S insightf
and affectionate memoir of my o
and valued friend Larry Rivers w
very fine indeed ["When Park Av
Met Pop Art," January]. He was
wonderful artist with a wide-rangi
sensibility and vast energy. But, al
he did not initiate, as Goldsmith sa
he did, my 1959 film, *Pull My Daisy*
was adapted from the third act of
play by Jack Kerouac, and was c
directed by Robert Frank), nor did t
article's beautiful author, Barba
Goldsmith, appear in the film even f
a nanosecond. Goldsmith's formid
ble memory has tripped her up he
and probably merged events, mi
gling, as T. S. Eliot might say, "mem
ry and desire." Larry was only
actor in the film, and of course ma
a wonderful contribution.

ALFRED LESL
New York, New Yo

BARBARA GOLDSMITH REPLIE
My self-proclaimed "nanosecond" in
film undoubtedly ended up on the cuttin
room floor, but I do have a tape of it
believe it was shot the summer before
Frank and Leslie project got rolling, a
Larry did use that title. But no matt
it's taken me longer to write this than
appearance; and what a good film t
was with or without me.

SWEDE DREAMS

THE SWEDES MAY ASK, "W
not?," but I'm still asking, "Why


RK BEVERLY HILLS ALA MOANA CENTER BAL HARBOUR
CHICAGO DALLAS MANHASSET PALM BEACH
SERT PHOENIX PLANO SAN FRANCISCO SANTANA ROW
SHORT HILLS SOUTH COAST PLAZA LAS VEGAS
oda.com
THE DIAMOND JEWELRY COLLECTION
CERTIFIED BY
IGI

AGENDA

VANITY FAIR **AGENDA**
ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION
EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES



AWARD-WINNING BEAUTY

Estée Lauder and *Vanity Fair* invite you to experience "Award-Winning Beauty," an exclusive event at Saks Fifth Avenue. Discover the hottest Hollywood makeup trends, straight off the red carpet. Our expert makeup artists will create an award-winning look just for you! Make your appointment today at the Estée Lauder counter at one of the Saks Fifth Avenue locations listed below, and you'll also receive a special gift from *Vanity Fair* (while supplies last).

March 9-March 22
Atlanta, GA: 404-812-7269
Houston, TX: 713-843-5557
Troy, MI: 248-614-3366

March 20-March 23
Beverly Hills, CA: 310-887-5458
New York, NY: 212-940-2155

25 YEARS OF SAVING LIVES

The T. J. Martell Foundation is dedicated to raising funds for innovative research for the treatments and cures of leukemia, cancer, and AIDS. The foundation's ultimate mission is to help imagine, and then to create, a world without these illnesses working to ensure a vibrant, thriving research environment in which this goal might someday be achieved. For years, the T. J. Martell Foundation has garnered
[illegible] the world's most



ANYONE SEEN OMAR?
Photographer Khalid Hadi, far right, in his native Afghanistan in late 2001.

["Swede Surrender," by Evgenia Peretz, February]. Your cover promises "young Scandinavians in their skivvies for no particular reason"—indeed a very apt description. Bruce Weber's photo spread is truly gratuitous, and gratuitousness is not why I buy *Vanity Fair*. I love your magazine for the insightful and intelligent articles. Yes, uptight American that I am, I'm asking, "Why?" Why am I looking at a bunch of nearly nude part-time grocery clerks and actors from the obscure Stockholm theater scene? Your cover called this your "first annual underwear portfolio." I beg of you, make it your last.

NANCY DUPUIS
Ogunquit, Maine

BRAVO TO BRUCE WEBER'S Scandinavian Journal. I have never seen so many beautiful people on the pages of a magazine. It must be heaven to live there. I want to move to Sweden!

ISABELLE JENSEN
Ottawa, Ontario

COLLIDING WORLDS

IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE you place an engaging character study of Afghan photographer Khalid Hadi ["Searching for Mullah Omar," by Edward Grazda, February] right beside Bruce Weber's underwear exhibition featuring pasty Swedes. My sensibilities cannot tolerate the contrast. An obviously brilliant child prodigy who shrewdly hunted down photos of Mullah Omar in Kandahar's back alleys set against a backdrop of predictably indulgent Western hipsters. I'm all for dancing around in your underwear, but, at the risk of sounding puritanical, these kids don't deserve to share pages with one [illegible] authentically human as Khalid Hadi.

BRAD TRAU
Seattle, Washingt

IN HERB'S LENS

THE WORLD WILL NOT be a better pla without Herb Ritts. However, I'm a bett person for having known him. Working wi Herb was truly one of the most importa experiences in my life. When I first saw t photograph he took of me for *Vanity Fai* 2001 Music Issue, tears of joy filled my eye His beautiful soul and talent captured wh was and the things I'd like to stand for.

JACKIE DESHANNC
Beverly Hills, Califor

AS I CAUGHT SIGHT of the latest *V.F.* cov a resplendent Salma Hayek caressed b golden sunlight on the beach in Malibu couldn't help but be moved by an image th was so quintessentially, gloriously He Ritts. To think that the man who took t picture—a man, it seems, incapable of seei anything other than beauty—was approac ing the end of his life at the time of the sho made it almost unbearably poignant.

ANDREAS LEM
London, Engla

Letters to the editor should be sent electro cally with the writer's name, address, and da time phone number to letters@vf.com. Lett to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 21 286-4324. All requests for back issues shou be sent to FAIR@neodata.com. All other qu ries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. T magazine reserves the right to edit subm sions, which may be published or otherwi used in any medium. All submissions becor the property of *Vanity Fair*.


FRAME
GABBANA

SP REC
1:02:32:0
0 min
DOLCE & GABBANA

SP
REC
0:57:22:00
4min
NYC 10777DGUA

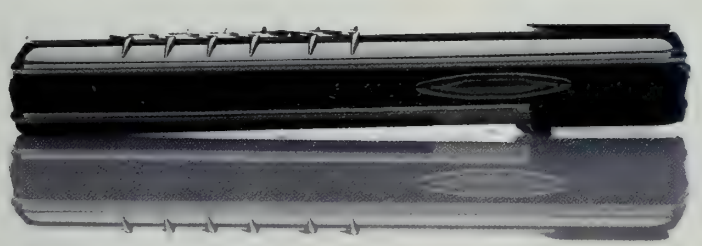

DOLCE & GABBANA
SUNGLASSES



PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGH HALES-TOOKE



THE EXTRAORDINARY SOUND QUALITY IS ARRESTINGLY SEDUCTIVE. REALISED THROUGH OUR UNIQUELY TUNED ACOUSTIC CAVITY AND REPRODUCED BY A SPEAKER FAR LARGER AND MORE POWERFUL THAN IN ANY ORDINARY MOBILE PHONE. IT MUST BE HEARD TO BE BELIEVED. AN EXPERIENCE BEYOND WORDS



VERTU

LONDON | PARIS | NEW YORK | BEVERLY HILLS | HONG KONG | SINGAPORE | VERTU.COM

FANFAIR

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY

April

DISHING FELLINI, KIRSTEN DUNST TURNS 21, AND JACK NICHOLSON MANAGES HIS ANGER

1
Some $30 million worth of art collected by Surrealist André Breton will be auctioned off this month in Paris—keep zee fin-gairs away from zee nose—at the Drouot Richelieu auction house.

2
Everyman's Library publishes the oeuvre of the philosopher Montaigne, who asked, "*Que sais-je?*"—an apt question for the eligible single on the Food Network's new *Date Plate*, who must choose between meals made by two offscreen suitors.

3
A Fellini documentary at N.Y.C.'s Film Forum: Donald Sutherland dishes him, and Terence Stamp imitates him ("Ter-en-chino . . . someone put big tab of LSD in your mouth").



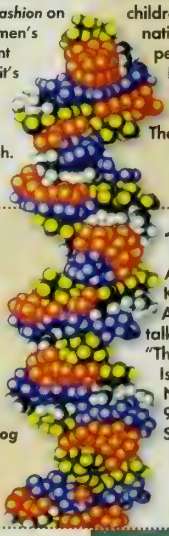
4
L.A. theater hot spot the Evidence Room presents Megan Mullally (last seen there in David Schweizer's much-lauded *The Berlin Circle*) in the comedy *Mayhem*. Bart DeLorenzo directs.

5
In stores: the litera journal *Tin House*'s sex issue, with wo by Francine Prose, Jonathan Ames, Martha McPhee, a as an article about cruise junket for bi gay men. Today's literati are tomorrow's liter-hotties.

Daylight saving begins.



6
Feel the tension in the air? Either it's the debut of *Full Frontal Fashion* on the WE: Women's Entertainment network, or it's the 50th anniversary of the DNA breakthrough.



7
Tomorrow: Dan Zanes, folksinger and friend of children nationwide, performs at Billings, Montana's Alberta Bair Theater.



9
Day No. 2 of the hoarse one-woman show *Elaine Stritch at Liberty* at L.A.'s Ahmanson Theatre. Particularly winning: scene between Noël Coward and "Stritchy."

10
Haley Joel Osment turns 15, meaning, presumably, we may soon see him shirtless.



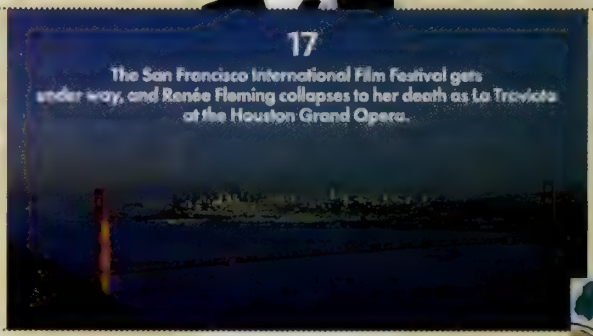
11
April 11, Light and Dark. Light: the Portland Art Museum in Oregon displays over 130 art objects from the U.S. State Department's diplomatic-reception rooms. Dark: Jack Nicholson and Adam Sandler star in *Anger Management*.

12
Still in theaters: *The Safety of Objects*, based on novelist A. M. Homes's darkly comic short-story collecti of the same name Glenn Close, Patri Clarkson, and De Mulroney star.

13
Poet laureate Billy Collins reads at U.C.L.A.'s Royce Hall. The kids' musical *A Year with Frog and Toad* opens on Broadway.

14
Author Karen Armstrong talks about "The History of Islam" at N.Y.C.'s 92nd Street Y.

15
Opening tomorrow at Connecticut's Hartford Stage: Edwin Sánchez's play with dancing, *Diosa*, set in 1930s Hollywood, about a Latina ballroom dancer who becomes a film star.



17
The San Francisco International Film Festival gets under way, and Renée Fleming collapses to her death as La Traviata at the Houston Grand Opera.

19
Soul-baring men parade: "Kandin in 1914" opens a Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum and Public Radio International's *Th American Life* hos Ira Glass speaks Atlanta's Rialto Th

20
Sex and the classics: New York City Opera opens Benjamin Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*, with Monica Groop in her N.Y.C.O. debut, and Sharon Ott's production of *Romeo and Juliet* at Seattle Rep involves nudity.



22
N.Y.C.'s Cooper-Hewitt Museum opens "National Design Triennial: Inside Design Now," encompassing architecture, graphic design, fashion, and landscape design. Why not give it a Tri?

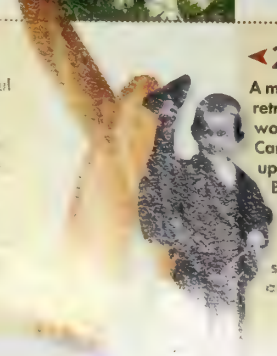
23
Paintings by Frederick J. Brown of musicians—including portraits of Stagger Lee and John Henry, as well as of family friends Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf—are on display at the Studio Museum in Harlem.

24
The Young Lions Ball at the New York Public Library. This year's theme: Dante—The Devil and the Divine.

25
Tomorrow: the Virginia Theatre in Champaign, Illinois, presents the fifth annual Roger Ebert Overlooked Film Festival.



27
The eerie, beautiful work of British sculptor Anne Goldsworthy makes sculptures or from nature- displays Diego's Contempo



29
A major retrospective of the work of Henri Cartier-Bresson goes up at Paris's Bibliothèque Nationale. Baguette-carrying schoolboys have a moment.

30
Everyman's Library publishes a James M. Cain collection this month, including the film-inspiring *Mildred Pierce*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, and *Double Indemnity*: the perfect gift for Kirsten Dunst's 21st birthday, today.





to-Wear, Shoes, Leather Goods, Watches, Jewelry.
clusively at Louis Vuitton stores, www.vuitton.com, 866·VUITTON

LOUIS VUITTON

Ready-to-Wear.
Sold exclusively a

Leather Goods, Watches, Jewelry.
ton stores, www.vuitton.com, 866·VUITTON



LOUIS VUITTON



Ready-to-Wear, Shoes, Leather Goods, Watches, Jewelry.
Sold exclusively at [illegible], www.vuitton.com, 866·VUITTON


LOUIS VUITTON



IF THEY HAD A HAMMER . . .
From left: Eugene Levy, Christopher Guest, and Catherine O'Hara on the set of *A Mighty Wind*.

HOT REELS

Mock of Ages

CHRISTOPHER GUEST AND COMPANY LISTEN TO THE FLOWER PEOPLE IN *A MIGHTY WIND*

One of the great pleasures of studio movi from the 30s and 40s is seeing the sam old character actors spinning variations on their shtick in film after film after film. Take **Euge Pallette,** the squat, pugnacious, frog-voiced actor who played Friar Tuck in **Errol Flynn's** *The Adventures of Robin Hood* and is also one more reason to see *My Man Godfrey* and *The Lady Eve* (among the more than 230 films he made between 1913 and 1948). If Pallette ha left Hollywood and holed up in Oregon as an early survivalist, and then died in 1954, he m be working today for **Christopher Guest,** the director of *Waiting for Guffman, Best in Show,* and, now, *A Mighty Wind.* Guest is filmmaker who understands the old-fashione virtue of serially milking an eccentric scree presence—his comedies are like particle colliders for behavioral tics—and has thus been working with more or less the sam cast for the last seven years (if you don' count his 1998 **Chris Farley–Matthe Perry** vehicle, *Almost Heroes*). Among stars of his repertory company are **Eugene Levy, Catherine O'Hara, Fred Willard, Bob Balaban, Parker Posey,** and Guest himself. These people should probably be i every movie, not just Guest's; but t isn't practical, so all the more reas to treasure this latest one. Like *Waiting for Guffman* and *Best in Show, A Mighty Wind* has a loose screenplay credited to Guest and Levy, is shot in faux-vérité style, and, in terms of plot, revolves around the tsuris lea up to a big show—in this case a reunion concert of three folk groups from the 60s. Th are: the New Main Street Singers, a wholesome, New Christy Minstrels–style "neuftet"; Mitch and Mickey, a sweetheart duo played by Levy and O'Hara (think **Richard and Mimi Fariña** with **Sonny & Cher's** g records); and the Folksmen, a Greenwich Village trio, decked out in short-sleeved shirts and Mennonite facial hair, tha reunites Guest with his *This Is Spinal Tap* co-stars **Michael McKean** and **Harry Shearer.** That film, nominally direct by **Rob Reiner,** pioneered the mockumentary style Guest has continued to mine, tweaking his characters' pretension perversions, and delusions with what seems to be increasing affection and even sweetness. Perhaps because of that, t new film may not be *quite* as funny as its predecessors. Precious few are. **(Rating: ★★★)** —BRUCE HAND

To Live and Dance in Buenos Aires

ROBERT DUVALL'S *ASSASSINATION TANGO*

Assassination Tango is the story of a New York hit man, played by **Robert Duvall,** who takes a job in Buenos Aires and finds himself drawn to the city's tango subculture. You may watch with dread, waiting for the moment when the whole thing boils over and the movie draws the inevitable, if fuzzy, parallel between its two worlds—you know, the Dance of Life, the Dance of Death, the cruel eroticism of it all, blah blah blah. (Tango, like vampirism, is one of those sexy subjects that by movie law must always be spoiled with meaning.) And, despite a few close calls, that moment never comes. Much happens, people do dance [illegible] but, happily, it doesn't amount to much. Duvall, who also wrote and directed, has instead crafted a mesmerizing slice—a slice of an unusual life, to be sure—that is content to lose itself in the pleasures of character, conversation, and choreog[illegible] while leaving cheap profundity to **Kevin Spacey** vehicles. **(Rating: ★★★)** —B.H.



KILLER MOVES
Luciana Pedraza ar Robert Duvall in *Assassination Tang*



ROLEX
Cellini

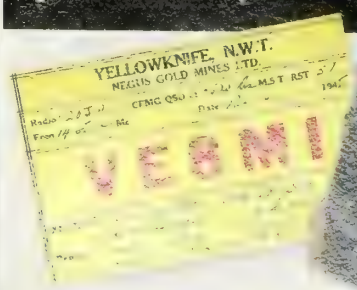
Cellinium in platinum.
he name and location of
fficial Rolex Jeweler,
e call 1-800-367-6539.
rolex.com

. Cellini and Cellinium are trademarks.









From top: Anup Touring Center, one of the few remaining mobile cinemas in rural India, photographed by Jonathan Torgovnik; *Rio de Janeiro, 1963,* by Elliott Erwitt; Kathy Freston; Gisele Bündchen, photographed by Dominique Issermann; a QSL card, which documents a ham-radio communication.

HOT TYPE

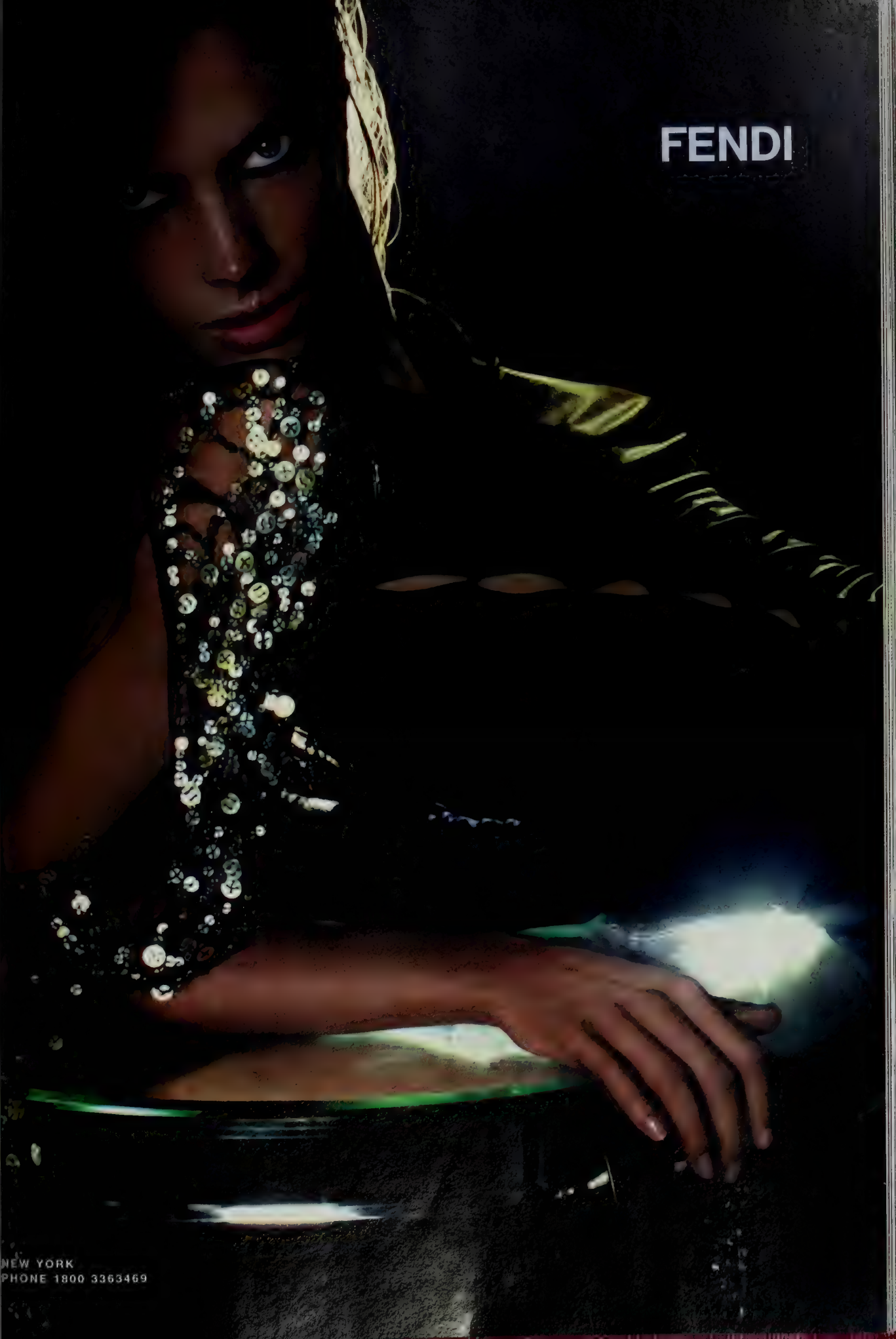
ELISSA SCHAPPELL

It's love Arab-American-style! In **Diana Abu-Jaber's** *Crescent* (Norton) love, lust, and Lebanese cooking commingle to create a deliciously romantic romp about *l'amour* and the quest for identity. Love and rockets light up the skies over Baghdad when two AWOL American Marines storm Baghdad to rescue a 16-year-old Kuwaiti princess in **Tom Paine's** *The Pearl of Kuwait* (Harcourt).

Also this month: In **Robert Stone's** *Bay of Souls* (Houghton Mifflin) an American professor finds himself sucked into a whirlpool of Third World corruption after he falls for a Caribbean woman who's convinced that a voodoo spirit has stolen her soul. *Vogue* editor-at-large **André Leon Talley's** memoir, *A.L.T.* (Villard), is both a chilling account of life in "the chiffon trenches" and a warm homage to his muses, Diana Vreeland and his maternal grandmother. Pianist and conductor **Daniel Barenboim** scores *A Life in Music* (Arcade), from his days as a child prodigy to conducting Rubinstein and Casals. **Norma Barzman's** *The Red and the Blacklist* (Thunder's Mouth Press) is the raunchy memoir of Hollywood insider turned outsider by the McCarthy witch-hunts. In *Regarding the Pain of Others* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) **Susan Sontag** re-investigates the power of imagery: are viewers incited to violence by the inhumanity we witness every day, or have we become inured? **Arianna Huffington** tells "how corporate greed and political corruption are undermining America" in *Pigs at the Trough* (Crown). It ain't New York, or even London, but in *Washington Schlepped Here* (Crown Journeys) **Christopher Buckley** manages to make our nation's capital seem endearing, even interesting. In gifted novelist **Amanda Davis's** wonderful high-wire act *Wonder When You'll Miss Me* (William Morrow), a teenage gang-rape victim runs away to join the circus and finds herself. **Robert Hough's** *The Final Confession of Mabel Stark* (Atlantic Monthly Press) brings to life the greatest female tiger trainer in the history of the circus. **Gerald Nachman's** *Seriously Funny* (Pantheon) sends up the satirical revolution of the 1950s and 60s, which spawned rebel comedians such as Lenny Bruce, Mel Brooks, and Phyllis Diller. Follow **Kathy Freston's** seven steps to finding the right relationship, then brace yourself to *Expect a Miracle* (St. Martin's Press).

Renegade movie reviewer **Joe Bob Briggs** brings you an all-you-can-stomach shlockaganza of underground cult flicks in *Profoundly Disturbing* (Universe). **Jack Kerouac** is back in the *Book of Haikus* (Penguin). Photographer **Elliott Erwitt's** *Handbook,* with a foreword by **Charles Flowers,** captures the mystery and majesty of the human paw (Quantuck Lane Press). **Danny Gregory** and **Paul Sahre** broadcast a life in ham radio in *Hello World* (Princeton Architectural Press). Pining for something wild and lovely? Pick **David Stark** and **Avi Adler's** *Wild Flowers* (Clarkson Potter). "Glamour Boy" **Steven Cojocaru** unlocks his *Red Carpet Diaries* (Ballantine). Photojournalist **Jonathan Torgovnik** gives himself over to the absolute-kitsch pleasures of Indian cinema in *Bollywood Dreams* (Phaidon). **Dominique Issermann's** luscious snappies for Victoria's Secret are nuzzled together in *Sexy* (Victoria's Secret). **Joe LeSuer,** Frank O'Hara's live-in lover for the decade in which he wrote some of his most famous poems, brings forth *Digressions on Some Poems by Frank O'Hara* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). Kiss his ring: **Bill Tonelli** has assembled writers from all the best families, such as Don DeLillo, Camille Paglia, and Nick Tosches, for *The Italian American Reader* (William Morrow).

Oh, make me an offer I can't refuse . . .


FENDI
NEW YORK
PHONE 1800 3363469

Women on Top

THE OTHER LEADING LADIES OF LOS ANGELES



THE CUTTING EDGE
Top row, from left: Ann Phil director, U.C.L.A. Hammer Museum; Irene Y. Hirano, executive director and pres Japanese American National Museum; Deborah Gribbon, director J. Paul Getty Museum; Jane Pisano, president and director, Natural History Museum of L.A. County; Andrea L. Van de Kamp, chairman, Music Center of County. Bottom row: Deborah Borda, executive director, Los Angeles Philharmonic; Andrea Rich president and director, L.A. County Museum of Ar Marla C. Berns, director, U.C.L.A. Fowler Museum; Elsa Longhauser, executive director, Santa Monica Mu of Art. Photographed outsi L.A.'s Walt Disney Concert

They are 21st-century urban pioneers, firsts in their fields; they are the power women of Los Angeles's cultural landscape. And they are a unique phenomenon—in no other city in America are so many women running major cultural institutions. As a group, they are guiding the transformation of the city through a major renaissance. "We are still the Wild, Wild West; trendsetting is what Los Angeles does," says **Ann Philbin,** director of the U.C.L.A. Hammer Museum. "Because L.A. is a younger city, it is less tradition-bound, and the fact is, a suit just isn't the price of admission," adds **Deborah Gribbon,** director of the J. Paul Getty Museum. "In L.A., society is tangibly less defined; therefore it is more open," elaborates **Deborah Borda,** executive director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic—which will kic off the inaugural season of the Walt Disney Concert Hall in October. "I L.A., because the future is often invented here, cultural institutions need t be playing a role in inventing that future," says **Jane Pisano,** pres dent and director of the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles Count "L.A. looks globally—it has the kind of diverse global influences that ope up all kinds of activity and programming that in a different time and plac wouldn't be here," says **Andrea Rich,** president and director of the Lo Angeles County Museum of Art. "It becomes a microcosm of the city an the world; there's nothing myopic about it." —A. M. HOME



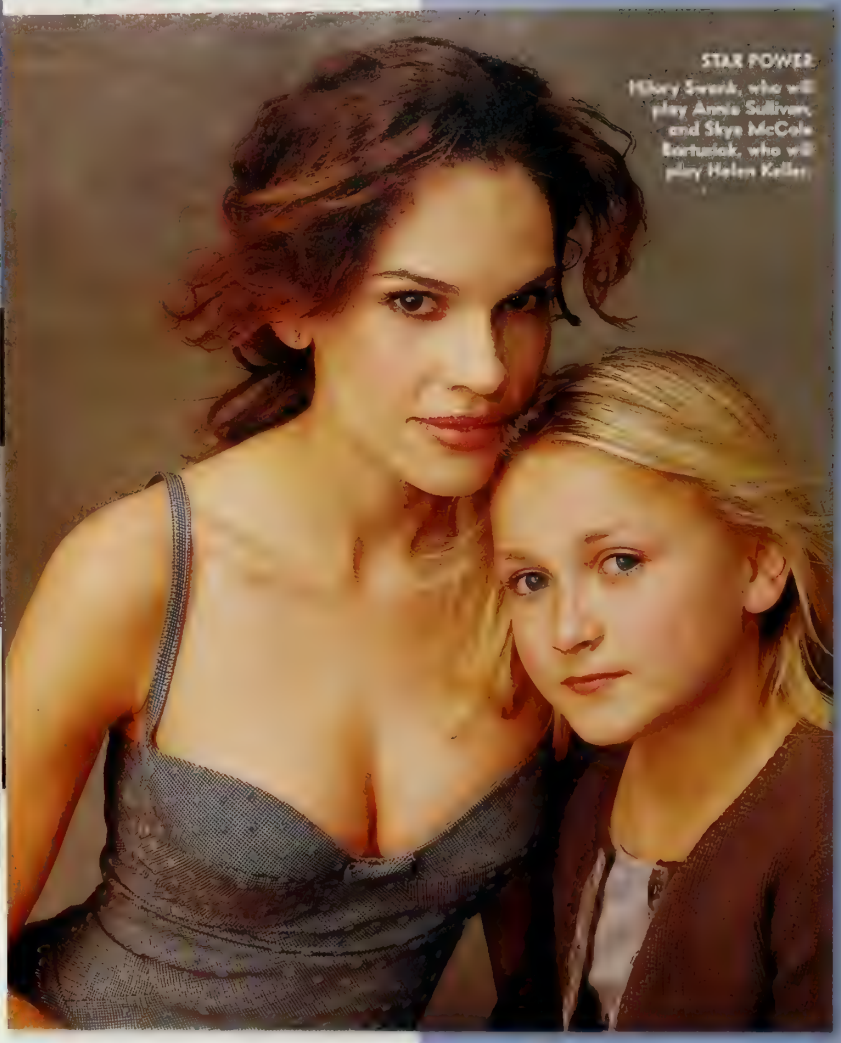
Viva Valentino

A NEW BIOGRAPHY SHEDS LIGHT ON A MAN OF MYSTERY



No one really knew what to make of **Rudolph Valentino.** Arguably the m famous screen lover of all time, he was swooned over as an "earthy tig and denigrated as a "pink powder puff." A sportsman and fitness bu **Jack Dempsey** was a pal—he also endorsed beauty products and allowed himself to photographed as a nude, panpipe-playing "faun." Italian-born, he found stardom play sheikhs, gauchos, rajas, and similar exotics both perfumed and "savage." As **Emily Leider** wr in *Dark Lover,* her rich and definitive Valentino biography, which Farrar, Straus and Giroux publish next month, "He raised disturbing questions about just how decorative and beautif man should properly be." (Funny, these are questions we're still grappling with, or at least were last time I got a pectoral implant.) Watch his films today—those few that survive—and not hard to see what the fuss was all about. He was famously directed to overact in his most i ic role, *The Sheik* (1921), but still, his physical charisma is palpable. Leider's book detai messy and often lonely personal life (two failed marriages, one never consummated) and a ca that even for Hollywood held more than its share of frustrations. Valentino himself was cont ed about his screen persona. "No more posing Apollo stuff for me," he told a reporter in 1 "If any producer comes to me with a sheik part I am going to murder him!" Instead signed on for *The Son of the Sheik.* He died a year later from an infection following surgery appendicitis; he was 31. As *The New York Times* noted, VALENTINO PASSES WITH NO KIN AT HIS SIDE. It's a in its broadest strokes, a timeless one. Leider tells it with grace, wit, and empathy. —B


MOSCHINO



STAR POWER
Hilary Swank, who will play Annie Sullivan, and Skye McCole Bartusiak, who will play Helen Keller.

Miracle on 42nd Street

HELEN KELLER RETURNS TO BROADWAY

If you're like us, Americans of a certain age, *The Mi Worker* conjures up images of a young, feral **Patty D** and a schoolyard's worth of **Helen Keller** jokes. (Remember the one about the waffle iron?) So, upo hearing that Tony Award–winning producers **Fran a Barry Weissler** (*Seussical, Grease, Chicago*) are reviving the show on Broadway after a hiatus of some 40 years, t question begs, why now? For 36-year-old **Marianne Ellio** an artistic director at the Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre, the **William Gibson** play was a revelation—"Hel Keller? I'd vaguely heard of her"—and a ticket to hop th puddle. Elliot has cast Academy Award–winner **Hilary Swank** as **Annie Sullivan,** Helen's teacher. The chipper yo actress, who last performed onstage doing repertory thea in her hometown of Bellingham, Washington, says she likes to take on projects that scare her. "I have to learn s language!" reports Swank. "I have to get up in front of a whole roomful of people!" (She's right; that is scary.) Elliot says she cast Swank because of her "champagne sparkle." That's a reference to Keller's own description of Sullivan—a raw, working-class girl who broke through the deaf, blind, and mute Keller and gave her the gift of language. As for casting Keller, the director saw hundred of child actresses before lighting on the young **Skye McC Bartusiak** (who now stars on the Fox TV show *24*). "Th not a nostalgic look at a pretty little girl who became a saint," says Elliot, "but the story of a human being." Stil we ask again, why now? Elliot takes a sweeping approac "It is a difficult thing to live," she says (in 2003, being th inference), "and this play is inspiring and illuminating." Swank the connection is more personal. "In all this time play hasn't been re-done," Swank says. "I can pretend it was just waiting for me." —HELEN SCHUL

Best in Show

L.A.'S SMARTEST NEW REVUE, *THE PAUL F. TOMPKINS SHOW*

Re-creating the clowning, clubhouse atmosphere of a 1960s Ratpack TV get-together in a contemporary stage show is no simple task. But comedian-impresario **Paul F. Tompkins** accomplishes that every month in Hollywood's hippest little variety show. Headquartered at Largo Club, *The Paul F. Tompkins Show* carries its packed houses of industry regulars into a "Look who dropped by!" revue reminiscent of **Dean Martin's** 1960s TV hangouts.

A veteran of L.A.'s alternative-comedy movement, which spawned, among others, the careers of **Janeane Garofalo** and **Margaret Cho** and HBO's *Mr. Show,* Tompkins holds court in a style incarnating the jovial elegance of Hollywood past. "What I loved about old Hollywood when I was a kid," says Tompkins, 34, "is that it just seemed like fun."

Freely mixing music and comedy, each show features Tompkins joining musical guests (such as luminary Largoites **Michael Penn, Fiona Apple, Grant Lee Phillips,** and **Colin Hay**) for a "fuckaround festival," breaking up a duet of traditional song—"Oh, Brother, Can You Spare a Dime" performed with **Aimee Mann,** for example—with improvised goof-offs and commentary. "It's all very incestuous in the very best possible way," says Tompkins.

The show's comedy segments blend sagas of industry frustrations with bizarro inventions in the tradition of Monty Python. Guests including **Dave Foley, Andy Richter,** and **Laura Kightlinger** deliver insidery confessionals alongside the show's Fancytown Players, whose bits veer from re-enactments of dentist commercials from Mexican TV to a rendition by **Jack Black** of the lyrics to the *Star Trek* theme song. And bringing the show to a fitting, bizarrely elegant close, each performance screeches to an abrupt halt when Tompkins is ritually murd ed while singing "Danny Boy." —RICHARD RUSHFIELD

COMIC STRIPPED
From left, Dave Allen, Stacey Grenrock-Woods David Ceballos, Paul F. Tompkins, Laura Mill and Eban Schletter.





Grey Goose® Vodka L'Orange 40% Alc./Vol. Orange flavored vodka. Imported exclusively by Sidney Frank Importing Co., Inc. New Rochelle, NY 10801

Grey Goose L'Orange Cosmopolitan

3 oz. Grey Goose® L'Orange
1/2 oz. Grand Marnier®/Cointreau®
Splash of cranberry Juice
A squeeze of fresh lime
Garnish with lime peel

To make the best Cosmopolitan in the world, start with Grey Goose L'Orange.

In a blind taste test, the Beverage Testing Institute of Chicago sampled seven Cosmopolitans, each made with a recipe of Cointreau®, cranberry juice, and the leading premium and ultra-premium vodkas. After careful consideration, all judges chose the Cosmopolitan made with Grey Goose L'Orange, the best tasting vodka in the world with a whisper of orange. Imported from France, L'Orange is a blend of choice grains and naturally filtered mineral water infused with the sweetness of succulent oranges.

Rank	Vodka Cosmopolitans	Country
1st	**GREY GOOSE® L'ORANGE** "Aromatic citrus nose. Lush, smooth mouth-feel. Robust, natural orange flavors… Long evolving finish. Very refreshing and highly drinkable"	**France**
2nd	Grey Goose® Vodka	France
3rd	Belvedere	Poland
4th	Ketel One	Holland
5th	Stolichnaya Gold	Russia
6th	Absolut	Sweden
7th	Absolut Mandrin	Sweden

To send a gift of Grey Goose® call 1-877-SPIRITS or visit www.877spirits.com Void where prohibited. **www.greygoosevodka.com**

A Chorus Line

TEXAS POP CHOIR POLYPHONIC SPREE GETS SPIRITUALIZED

Tony Blair isn't the only Brit with a soft spot for Texans. Dallas's "choral symphonic pop" outfit, the Polyphonic Spree, has become the latest Top 40–proof American band to blow up in the U.K. Singer and songwriter **Tim DeLaughter,** 37, put the group together in 2000—a year after his band Tripping Daisy folded when guitarist **Wes Berggren** died of an overdose—and he knew what he wanted from the start. "It was always going to be a lot of people, because I wanted all this instrumentation on there," he says. "I wanted to create this sound that mixed classical and rock and spirit." Today the Polyphonic Spree comprises 23 members, including a nine-person choir, a flutist, a harpist, and whatever you call someone who plays the theremin. "I do know all their last names now. That was a challenge at the beginning," says DeLaughter. Just three months after forming, the group recorded i first album, *The Beginning Stages of . . .* , which doesn't qui capture the thrill of the celebrated live shows, where psych delic vibes ricochet between the band and the audience, whi ping up feelings of goofy euphoria and quasi-religious uplif A new record due later this year promises to be an improv ment. Meanwhile, the British are going cuckoo for polyrock At a concert in London in October, **Jarvis Cocker** of Pulp pu on a white robe and joined the choir for two songs, and bot **Peter Gabriel** and the D.J. team Death in Vegas have com missioned the group to remix singles for them. "I think it one of the best things Peter Gabriel's ever done," DeLaughte says, proving that, despite the hippie trappings, this Texan's cowboy at heart.

—MICHAEL HOGA



PREACH O
The Polyphonic Spre
photographed
the group's hometow
of Dallas, Texa

Great Ball of Fire

HOT HOT HEAT CUTS LOOSE WITH *MAKE UP THE BREAKDOWN*



HOT, BUT NOT HEAVY
Hot Hot Heat, from left: Dante DeCaro, Paul Hawley, Steve Bays, and Dustin Hawthorne

If you've been using your familiarity with Hot Hot Heat's debut album, *Make Up the Breakdown,* to shore up your indie-rock cred, earning bonus points by comparing th band's broiling blend of New Wave and punk rock to XTC and the Attractions-era **Elvis Costello,** you're out of luck. Now that Warner Music's Sire imprint is relaunching the disc, which Sub Pop released in October, every T.J. and Trish across Americ could soon be bouncing along to the band's unconventionally danceable tunes, which have hooks you could catch blue marlin with. Hot Hot Heat is known fo its high-energy concerts, where everyday shoe-gazers feel free to freak out on the dance floor. "It always seems weird to me when bands just stand there an play their instruments," singer and keyboardist **Steve Bays** says, adding that all-ages crowds in L.A. are the most avid rug-cutters, while audiences in Toronto and Seattle are "definitely more prone to crossing their arms." The four-piece will tour Europe, Canada, and the U.S. in the coming month before entering the studio to record its first full-fledged major-label album. "I think *Make Up the Breakdown* is an awesome first record because it sounds exactly like our live show," says Bays, a trained classical and jazz pianist who shares an apartment with drummer **Paul Hawley,** "but I coul see maybe a few albums from now putting out just, like, a ridiculous tripped-out studio album." By then, you'll be able to say you were dow with the Heat back in the day.

—M.H

TSE



NEW YORK GREENWICH COSTA MESA SAN FRANCISCO PALO ALTO LAKE FOREST

Girl Powe

DISNEY BRINGS EL TO LIFE



Undeniably, the world is skittering its way to hell in a handbasket, and we social critics fir ourselves divided into two distinct camps: those of us who cling to our memories of Acaden Award–winning **Julie Andrews** as the young, svelte, practically perfect Mary Poppins, and tho who are ready to embrace her as the beer-guzzling, Players-smoking Nanny of *Eloise* fam outfitted with a foam-rubber behind. That's right, Nanny has a bum—as the besotted **Kev Lima,** director of two new made-for-TV movies, *Eloise at the Plaza* and *Eloise at Chri mastime* (and of *102 Dalmatians*), is eager to tell us. And that bum, like most of tl sets, comes straight from the pages of the classic series of children's boo written by the late **Kay Thompson** and illustrated by the c vine **Hilary Knight.** The films will air as present tions of "The Wonderful World of Disne on ABC, the first in May and the second December, although Ms. Thompson went her grave opposed to selling her characte to Hollywood (but was just fine with lendi her lovable, deprived, and spoiled six-year-olc name to Neiman Marcus for an Eloise clothi collection in 1958). Lima saw 400 girls before lu brought him his dream Eloise in the form of 1 year-old actor **Sofia Vassilieva** (Cindy in *The Bra Bunch in the White House*). "She *is* Eloise," sa Lima enthusiastically. And then, with a sigh, "Som times it's challenging to have the real-life Eloise set—she's always getting into something." Indeed, tl irrepressible Vassilieva heartily concurs: "I'm a lot li Eloise. I have a dog. I don't have a nanny or a turtl but we both speak French and travel a lot. We're ve positive people." —H.



THANK HEAVEN FOR LITTLE GIRLS

From top: Julie Andrews and Sofia Vassilieva on the set; Christine Baranski as Helga, the wedding planner; Andrews and Vassilieva take

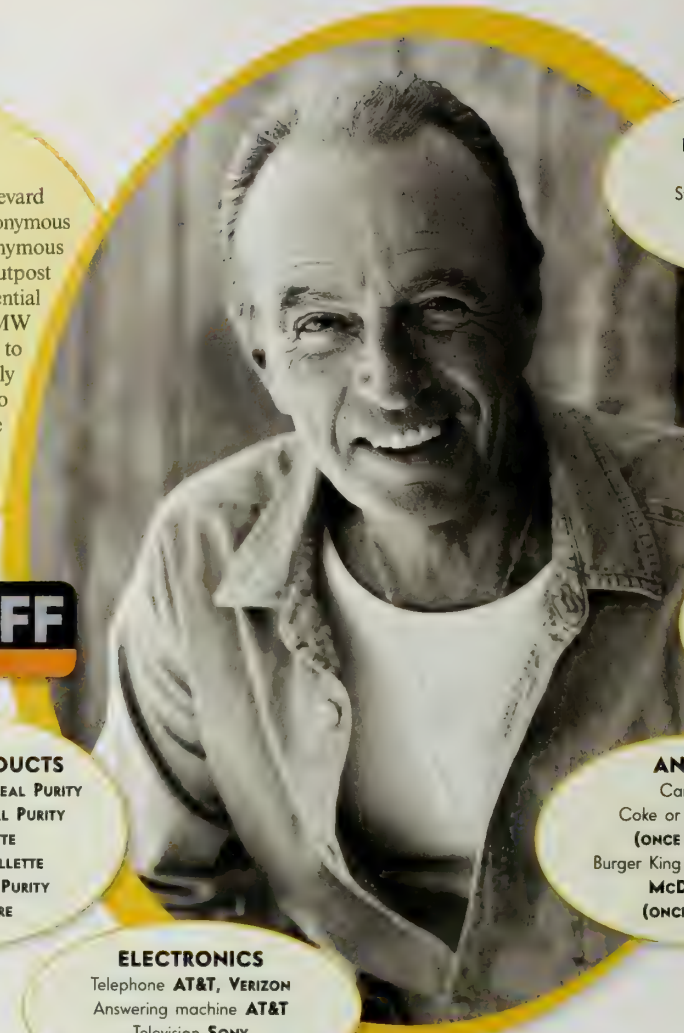
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGH HALES-TOOKE


COACH
EST. 1941

MY STUFF

FRED SEGAL

Since he opened the nation's first jeans-only boutique on Santa Monica Boulevard in 1961, Fred Segal has become synonymous with L.A. shopaholism. His eponymous store in West Hollywood (and its outpost in Santa Monica) is the quintessential one-stop destination for the black-BMW set, but Segal himself has headed to greener ventures—a line of eco-friendly merchandise bearing the motto "I am you. You are me. We are they." This month, *V.F.* asks him to name a few of his favorite things.



APPLIANCES
Refrigerator **KITCHENAID**
Dishwasher **KITCHENAID**
Stove **JENN-AIR, MAYTAG**
Washer/dryer **MAYTAG**
Detergent **RESTORE**

BEVERAGES
Bottled water **ICE AGE**
Vodka **GREY GOOSE** (ONCE A MONTH)
Beer **SAMUEL ADAMS, SAPPO** (ONCE A WEEK)

CLOTHES
Jeans **FRED SEGAL, LEVI'S**
Underwear **OSAG**
Sneakers **NEW BALANCE**
T-shirt **FRED SEGAL**

BEAUTY PRODUCTS
Shampoo **RESTORE, REAL PURITY**
Shaving cream **REAL PURITY**
Razor **GILLETTE**
Razor blades **GILLETTE**
Toothpaste **REAL PURITY**
Soap **RESTORE**

AND . . .
Car **LEXUS**
Coke or Pepsi? **COKE** (ONCE A MONTH)
Burger King or McDonald's? **MCDONALD'S** (ONCE A YEAR)

ELECTRONICS
Telephone **AT&T, VERIZON**
Answering machine **AT&T**
Television **SONY**
Stereo **JVC, SONY**



HOT LOOKS

For radiance amidst the klieg lights on the red carpet outside the Kodak Theater, **Dior's** Capture line of anti-wrinkle products smooths skin out.... Gasping with surprise—and false modesty—at the Golden Globes year after year causes facial-expression wrinkles; **Helena Rubinstein's** Expressionist cream to the rescue.... The day before the awards, head to Catalina on the producer's Riva speedboat, with a summery glow courtesy of **Chanel's** metallic, limited-edition Lumières Facettes for eyelids or face.... When the ceremony is over, flee to your Lake Garda house and lounge around in a wrap dress and **Michael Kors's** Sheer Michael fragrance.

Now We Have Paris

A NEW YORKER IMPORTS FRENCH SECRETS

"There are no ugly women," said the Carita sisters, who practically invented French beauty, when they opened shop in Paris. "Just tap into each client's individuality, and turn the key." The sisters didn't have many ugly clients—remember **Brigitte Bardot's** ponytail, **Jean Seberg's** short crop, **Maria Callas's** chignon, **Mireille Mathieu's** bob, and **Catherine Deneuve's** sun-kissed tresses? All creations of **Rosy** and **Maria Carita,** the beauty visionaries of the 20th century, the Courrèges-clad friends of **Jean Cocteau** and *le tout Paris*. Carita opened in 1947 at No. 11 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, in the very building where **Meulotte,** wigmaker to **Marie Antoinette,** once held court. Today it's La Maison de Beauté, welcoming the likes of **Madonna, Isabelle Adjani,** and **Paloma Picasso,** and offering complete top-to-toe luxury treatments. It is also a training ground for some of the world's top crimpers and facialists. Recently, New York dermatologist **Dr. Brad Katchen,** whose state-of-the-art SkinCareLab in SoHo [illegible] and **Kristen Davis,** became the first doctor to bring Carita's methods to the States. "I worked alongside Carita technicians," he says. "I am now qualified, and have trained my own team, in the Carita Pro-Lifting [illegible] the best way I know of keeping that youthful g[illegible]w forever," promises Katchen. Voilà.

—MARGARET KEMP



CARITA, CARITA
Rosy Carita works her magic on Brigitte Bardot.

© 2003 SIGRID OLSEN

www.sigridolsen.com

1.866.SIGRID.O



HEAT
Robert De Niro as crim
Neil McCauley and
Kilmer as his henchm
Chris Shiherlis in a sc
from the 1995 Mich
Mann movie, H

OF VICE AND MANN

Michael Mann never got the kudos he should have for his 1995 movie, *Heat*, a compulsively watchable pairing of De Niro and Pacino, and his gutsy TV series *Robbery Homicide Division* died in its first season. But they reveal the director as a master of L.A. *noir*

Few movies act as narcotics. Few drop the needle so neatly into the groove that you're held captive if you chance on them while channel-surfing—no matter how many times you've seen them before. The first hour of *Psycho,* for example, always fixates: the drab room where Janet Leigh and her lover have their matinee tumble, Hitchcock's camera pocketing the oddest incidentals (a sandwich left on a plate); Leigh driving in the hypnotic rain, as if fleeing the winged furies of Bernard Herrmann's score; the cozy chat with Anthony Perkins's Norman Bates at the motel, an interchange laced with implications, foreshadowings, petty condescensions, and resentment bared like a sharp incisor; the fatal shower interruptus. Other instant entrancers: *Sweet Smell of Success,* an all-night jag of a movie bulging to the rafters with smoke, bustle, and Clifford Odets dialogue that might be described as Damon Runyon rococo; *The Wild Bunch*--dropping in at any point is like hopping on a moving train; *Waiting for Guffman,* a rare comedy with grainy trac-

as these never numb and dull; they disclo
subtle details and subcurrents with ea
viewing. For me, the movie that sinks t
deepest hook of any in the last 10 years
Michael Mann's *Heat,* an existential L.
noir that has the ambition, reach, mome
tum, and grandeur of an (anti)heroic od
sey. Nearly three hours, its duration alo
guarantees that the viewer isn't just seei
a movie but undergoing a submersic
The pretentious bits floating around in t
script—every Mann-made work has
fancy-schmancy groaners—are the pri
one has to pay for the rapture of the dee

Released in 1995, *Heat* is an elaborate
do of a routine made-for-TV movie Ma
executive-produced and directed call
L.A. Takedown. Both were inspired by
story he was told by a law-enforcement
ficer named Chuck Adamson about h
ing coffee in Chicago with Neil McCaul
a criminal's criminal. Mann told Londo
Time Out, "Chuck had respected this gu
professionalism—he was a really good thi
which is exciting to a detective, and
tried to keep any risks to a minimum—t
at the same time he was a cold-blood
sociopath who'd kill you as soon as lo

Make them wonder...

"How did you get that color?"

L'ORÉAL®
PARIS




L'ORÉAL
PARIS

L'ORÉAL PARIS

One, two...
suddenly
you can create
a truly **multi-tonal**
new haircolor.
Yours.

new
COULEUR EXPERTE™

Easy Two-Step
Multi-Tonal Color System

You're about to discover the new
visual art of **multi-tonal haircolor.**
An amazingly natural harmony of tones.
You simply color for a rich background.
Then illuminate a little or a lot.
Creating natural highs and lows.
Warm and cool variations.
That's what makes it multi-tonal.
So personal, it's yours alone.

Because You're Worth It.™



L'Oréal USA, Inc.

COULEUR EXPERTE™

Just two simple steps to multi-tonal, true-to-life hairc





Step One

COLOR

Begin with the rich, translucent base.

Deeply conditions and replenishes every strand.

Rinse and your hair is primed for Step Two.

Step Two

ILLUMINATE

Sweep on highs and lows with the patented Couleur Experte Wand™.

Illuminate a little or a lot, to create your personal shade.

TOTAL TIME: JUST OVER AN HOUR



Available in 18 Shades at Fine Food, Drug and Mass Merchandise Stores.
For personalized shade advice, log onto www.CouleurExperte.com

you—if *necessary.* [They] wound up having one of those intimate conversations you sometimes have with strangers. There was a real rapport between them; yet both men probably recognized one would probably kill the other." The Mamet-like coffee klatch proved prophetic; the two of them did have an appointment to keep. One day Adamson was hailed to the scene of an armed robbery, spotted McCauley, and, after giving chase, shot him dead. (McCauley drew first, but his gun misfired.) Out of this anecdote Mann constructed and stylized an underworld all his own.

In *Heat,* Neil McCauley is played by Robert De Niro, arriving like the Devil's ambassador on a night train shrouded in smoke (the first of *Heat*'s evocative, offbeat touches—who in movies today arrives in Los Angeles by train?). The detective designed to catch him coming around the corner is Vincent Hanna, played at full volume by Al Pacino. Each commands an experienced crew of all-male beef. McCauley's band includes Val Kilmer on assault rifle, Tom Sizemore on fisticuffs, and Kevin Gage as Waingro, your basic longhaired, white-trash, prison-tattooed, crazy-eyed, nervy psychopath who always seems to be picking something out of his teeth. Hanna's includes . . . well, it doesn't really matter. Pacino eclipses them.

Part of the pure kick in *Heat* is seeing two stars at the mid-career peak of their acting studhood, the promise of youth honed into a focused intensity capable of burning holes in casual bystanders. So superbly matched are Pacino and De Niro that the movie seems dual-powered. They're a study in positive and negative charisma. *Heat* finds Pacino at the dramatic top of his "Hoo-ha!" phase (*The Devil's Advocate* was the comedic high), at one point skipping down the stairs like a kid let out of school early. The lean and watchful wolf cub of *The Godfather* has fleshed into a pouchy comedian with a cadaverous skin tone and a snazzy cocktail-bar wardrobe. Whether taking charge of the crime scene, spooking the besus out of a sleazeball like Hank Azaria's Marciano (who, wondering aloud why he ever got involved with Ashley Judd's Charene, the wife of Kilmer's crewman, half jumps out of his chair when Vince bellows, "BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A GREAT ASS!," adding, "Ferocious, aren't I?"), or explaining how he's wired for danger ("I've got to hold on to my angst. . . . It keeps me sharp"—finger snap—"on the edge"—finger snap—"where I gotta be"), Pacino hams it up without ever letting the viewer forget he's playing a hollow obsessive on the express track to personal burnout. Those who dislike Pacino's performance consider it shameless overacting. I prefer to think of it as operatic.

Where Pacino's Vince trumpets his vowels, De Niro's Neil bites off his consonants. Wearing his dark suits like light armor and rationing his words to minimum daily requirements, he's as anal and aloof as Hanna is oral and outpouring. A ticking time bomb, he holds himself tightly in check until the situation calls on him to unleash, and suddenly he's bashing a guard with a flashlight or slamming Waingro's head on a diner table. Aware of having two great actors share the screen for the first time (they both appeared in *The Godfather: Part II,* but never in the same scene), Mann teases out the anticipation, delaying their first meeting until midway into the movie, when they have a sit-down over coffee and re-create the real conversation Adamson had with McCauley, putting on a world-class acting exhibition of dueling glances and razor-nicked scene inflections, each feeling the other out in a kind of macho flirtation. Like the motel chat in *Psycho,* the Pacino–De Niro face-off repays countless rewatchings because, despite its huge portent, it's shot and staged modestly, naturally, no raised voices, no violent gestures, just two worn tires getting acquainted over the clink of silverware, exchanging confidences, and in civilized tones putting each other on notice as a marked man (or, as Vince puts it, "Brother, you are going *down*"). That settled, they adjourn to spend quality time with their crews.

Perhaps the action director with whom Mann has the most affinity is the other outstanding Mann of American cinema, Anthony Mann (1906–1967), a master of three genres—*film noir* (*T-Men, Raw Deal, Border Incident*), the Western (*Winchester '73, The Naked Spur, The Tin Star*), and the costume epic (*El Cid, The Fall of the Roman Empire*). What the rocky, barren, inhospitable mountain terrain was to Mann I in his Westerns, the urban panorama is to Mann II—the battlefield for a sporadic series of outlaw skirmishes and landgrabs. (The climactic bank robbery in *Heat* escalates from a shoot-out into a stupendous firefight that seems to unfold in real time, the shattering glass, pock-holed cars, and human cries turning downtown L.A. into Mogadishu.) The difference is that Anthony Mann's Martian landscapes are drained and bleached of mystery and poetry, while Michael Mann's cityscapes cast a whory glamour. They beckon only to sour and disenchant. From the Art Deco hotels and cokelord mansions of *Miami Vice* to the Las Vegas casino lairs in *Crime Story* to the minimalist cribs and sleek offices of *Heat,* no living producer-director extorts more mood from locale, architecture, and interior décor than Mann, whose best work shows a lyric appreciation of these lustrous monuments to [illegible]. In *Heat,* the fugitive romance

Valencia Oranges From Maine?



has gone cold, sterile: Neil's beach house is a spartan cell suffused with blue nothingness ("I don't know what kind of blue," Nick James writes in his invaluable study of *Heat* for the British Film Institute, "lighter than Matisse blue or Yves Klein blue, but just as intense, and almost phosphorescent"), and the hill-nestled house of money-launderer Roger Van Zant (William Fichtner, always effective in a depraved-yuppie role) is a glass case fit for a human reptile. It isn't what money can buy that compels these hoods—it's the thrill of the hunt, the adrenaline rush. "For me, the action *is* the juice," says Tom Sizemore, uttering the film's key line, and after he exits the bank with a Santa bag of loot, he whoops with laughter, one happy man.

The other signature mood-enhancer in Mann's work is the atmospheric texturing of the music soundtrack. The two-hour pilot for *Miami Vice* sailed out of the gritty cop genre and into smooth menthol territory the moment Crockett and Tubbs rolled into Uzi battle to the nasal croon of Phil Collins's "In the Air Tonight." *Crime Story* was paced to a Gene Krupa–like drumbeat interspersed with twangy-guitar numbers such as the show's theme song, Del Shannon's "Runaway." Mann's first theatrical film, *Thief,* featured an original score by Tangerine Dream (of whom Lester Bangs wrote, "They sound like silt seeping on the ocean floor"), and the terrifying showdown in *Manhunter* is choreographed to the chunky, relentless plod of Iron Butterfly's arena-rock classic "In-a-Gadda-Da-Vida," perhaps the second-spookiest use of pop music in American cinema. (First prize would probably go to Roy Orbison's "In Dreams" in *Blue Velvet.*) Billy Idol's sneery-lipped cover version of the Doors' "L.A. Woman" served as the anthem for *L.A. Takedown,* but when Mann went back to the drawing board, he mixmastered a soundtrack that (like *Thief*'s) wouldn't distract the viewer with lyrics, voices, or jukebox memories. A score that would be almost neural, cybernetic. According to Nick James's book, Mann contemplated using Glenn Branca's massed guitar orchestra, but opted instead for a soundscape incorporating the Kronos Quartet's electronically treated strings, Moby's "raging synthscapes," and Brian Eno's ambient brain-wave compositions, bridged with pieces by composer Elliot Goldenthal. The result is a tapestry [illegible] tronic pulsations that suggests the



Heat's duration alone guarantees that the viewer isn't just seeing a movie but undergoing a submersion.





COPS AND ROBBERS
Heat moments, *from top:* Robert De Niro kills a disloyal associate; Al Pacino and Michael Mann on the California set; Pacino as Detective Vincent Hanna.

Glass's score for *The Hours,* but quic
en and sustain an almost sublimir
tension (as when Eno's "Force Marke
kick-starts the bank robbery that t
comes a battle royal). The Moby pie
that balloons at the finale as Vince a
Neil seal their death pact bursts a
falls like a benediction.

Despite its rising estimation amo
film buffs, *Heat* hasn't qu
achieved full admission into t
masterpiece club alongside the pers
al best of Spielberg, Coppola, Sc
sese, Altman, and De Palma (to menti
only 70s-era American marvels). Tr
the film has smudges. It lags here a
there, takes on extra baggage. The subp
involving Vince's suicidal stepdaughte
quite unnecessary. The doomed roma
between Neil and the young woman
meets in a bookstore—he's carryin
copy of *Stress Fractures in Titanium,*
homework assignment for his next heis
also seems detachable: Amy Brennem
currently rapping the gavel on TV's *Ju
ing Amy,* doesn't lend much to the skir
part beyond her usual Victorian glow
womanly understanding. (She's lik
reading lamp that cares.) The consol
hug Vince gives a grieving black mc
er is staged so melodramatically tha
smacks of paternalistic grandstand
(as compared with the genuine patl
of the fate of the black ex-con w
joins Neil's crew as getaway driver)
couple of coincidences are overly n
and the police procedures could
better delineated, if you want to
prissy about it. *Heat*'s real handicap
Nick James notes, is that it's been l
dered with an identity crisis. The mc
defies easy categorization. Is it a hi
tech action film? A human-interest sa
Pulp fiction? Raw realism? A testosterc
pumped fantasy?

It isn't just one of these things, it's
of them, a super-amalgamator. But
its heart beats the metronome of a cla
noir. Like all true *noir*s, the movie's p
tagonist gazes into the mirror and sees,
ing back, a stranger living on borrov
time. *Heat* is Michael Mann's ode to n
tality—the male midlife crisis as last cha
Each character carries an abyss inside.
wonder Mann fudged what the movie
about to interviewers when the film
released—try laying *that* morbid jive
some snack-dip entertainment repor
In this twilight vision, Los Angeles isn
lush playground but a sprawling necro
lis, a zombie factory. And in the lan
the dead, the living are trespassers. Vi
dreams of a mute chorus of homic
victims staring at him "with black eyeb
'cause they got eight-ball hemorrha

hampagne Not From Champagne?

No way!

h, sure, some sparkling wines may ok and even taste the part, but if 's not from Champagne, it's simply ot true Champagne. That's because hampagne isn't merely a type f wine. It's a specific region 90 iles east of Paris with a long istory of winemaking expertise.

ombine this unique northern ocation with a one of a kind limate and chalky soil as well as undreds of years of experience and radition. The result? The only rapes that yield the Champagne f legend — a heavenly wine that can e imitated but never duplicated. f the grapes aren't from this unique egion where winemaking is a pecial art, then the wine really sn't authentic champagne.

t does matter where wines come rom. A Napa wine is from Napa, Willamette wine is from Willamette nd a Red Mountain wine is from Red Mountain, Washington.

And, if it 's not from Champagne, it 's simply not true Champagne.



from head-shot wounds." Caught on an infra-red surveillance camera at night, Neil's fist of a face appears to glare from a porthole on the Other Side, and he makes a fatal decision entering the clinical white light of a tunnel, in both scenes becoming a photo negative of himself—a phantom. Neil is Vince's doppelgänger, just as Vince is his, and a doppelgänger is by definition a ghostly double, the disavowed shadow self.

It's almost inevitable that *Heat*'s haunted endgame should be set at LAX. In movies, airports often represent the transit hubs of soul migration. They're where characters are handed their boarding passes and ferried off into the next world. (At the end of *Bang the Drum Slowly,* for example, a shiny plane waits to take a terminally ill ballplayer, portrayed by a goofily young Robert De Niro, to his final destination, a stewardess poised to serve as the attending angel.) Giving serpentine chase at LAX, Vince wages a running shoot-out with Neil on the runway outskirts, the two of them playing lethal hide-and-seek behind the storage sheds—small, scurrying figures in an industrial amphitheater of engine roar, runway lights, looming shadows, cargo containers, generators, and jumbo planes. As Vince advances on Neil, there's a split-second overhead shot, perhaps the only one in the movie, and the scrubby vegetation suddenly looks gothic silver in the light—an overgrown, moonlit graveyard. It's a kinetic snapshot of the kind Peckinpah used to flick like a wild card from the deck to throw an unexpected prism-angle on a scene. It's also unexplainably beautiful.

Although *Heat* ends with a classical tableau, the slayer and the slain frozen against the dark horizon in a noble-Roman pose, Mann hadn't quite gotten the night crawlers out of his nervous system. After making *The Insider* (based on Marie Brenner's *Vanity Fair* article on tobacco-industry whistle-blower Jeffrey Wigand) and the bombastic docudrama *Ali,* Mann returned to the cracked pavement in 2002 with a new series for CBS, *Robbery Homicide Division.* The show pivoted on a neat role reversal. In *Heat,* Tom Sizemore provided muscle for the heist crew; here, he was the chief of the rob-hom unit, and in the debut episode he took command of the crime scene in a near reprise of Pacino's showy entrance in *Heat.* It was a Sizemore physically transformed and electrically recharged. He moved in *Heat* like a nightclub bouncer with [illegible] and [illegible] like a hood. As the [illegible]





In Mann's trilogy, it's as if the ozone layer had been removed and L.A. had been left to bake in its own corruption.



MANN'S MEN
From top: Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas, the stars of Mann's 80s TV series *Miami Vice;* Will Smith in *Ali;* the cast of Mann's recently dropped series, *Robbery Homicide Division.*

his heels like a boxer, bobbing and wea ing with suspects, informants, and leg barracudas, taking the other person's me sure with unwavering eye contact, h words fired in combination jabs. He w an equally active listener—you could s him actually thinking about what he ha just heard rather than idling until his ne line—and yet for all this jazzy input/outp he managed to project a quiet inwardne that gave his performance ballast. As typical of a Mann production, the su porting cast consisted of rock-solid pick especially Barry "Shabaka" Henley Sizemore's jowly, laconic sidekick (h like a hip Huckleberry Hound).

Where *Heat* employed the full H lywood arsenal of wide-screen lavis ment, *Robbery Homicide Division* w shot on the fly in natural light on hig definition video, making Los Angel look even more denatured and mora corroded, a teeming bazaar of illi transactions and tribal vendettas. T expediency of the punk aesthetic (fa smart, cheap, and jagged) has ne been put to more expressive purpo certainly not on TV. *Robbery Homici Division* was *Heat* in churning mic cosm. The most original, gutsy, and pertly written-directed-acted new show the season, it unfortunately never caug on in the ratings and was lackadaisica praised by the nation's television criti who reserved their tail-wagging for the l est shipment of *The Sopranos.* After Si more was arrested last December for b tery (he has a track record of domes altercation and substance abuse—it w De Niro who helped him into rehab wh he unraveled at the end of making *Hea* CBS withdrew life support on the seri The network claims the star's arrest h nothing to do with its decision to pull t show, but come on—as J. J. Hunsecl would say, "Are we kids or what?"

The premature burial of *Robb Homicide Division* was regrettable, use a polite word, but like *Crime St* ("a true American epic," claims Da Thomson in *The New Biographi Dictionary of Film*) its cult reputat may grow over the years until it fi its rightful spot in the Mann corp which is: as the thrashing tail end a trilogy that began inauspiciously w *L.A. Takedown* and went nova w *Heat. Noir*'s enduring love-hate relati ship with Los Angeles, from Raymc Chandler to James Ellroy, continues yield an abundance of bitter fruit fr this paradise despoiled. In Mann's tr gy, it's as if the ozone layer had been moved and L.A. had been left to bak its own corruption. His Hollywood next door to Hell. □



She's a fan.

MANDARIN ORIENTAL
THE HOTEL GROUP

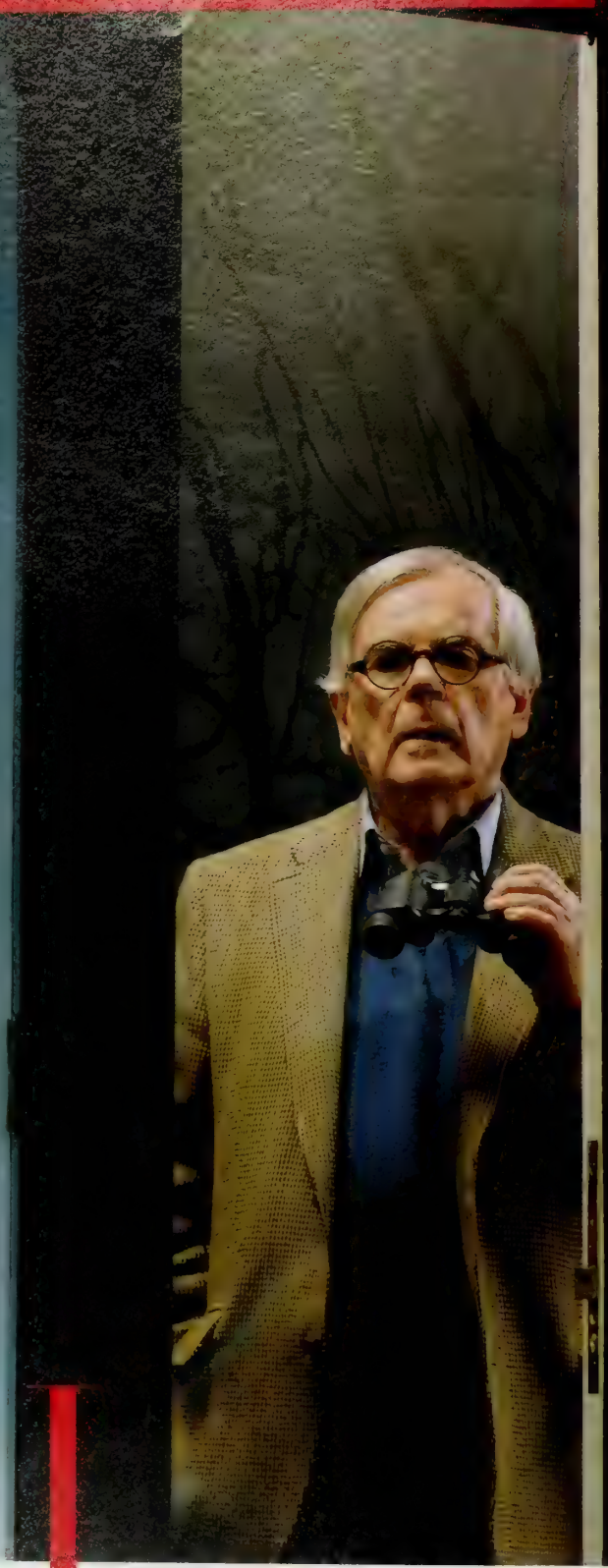
d out why Isabella Rossellini is a fan at www.mandarinoriental.com • BANGKOK • GENEVA • HAWAII • HONG KONG • JAKARTA
A LUMPUR • LONDON • MACAU • MANILA • MIAMI • MUNICH • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • SINGAPORE • SURABAYA • TOKYO (2005) • WASHINGTON D C (2004)

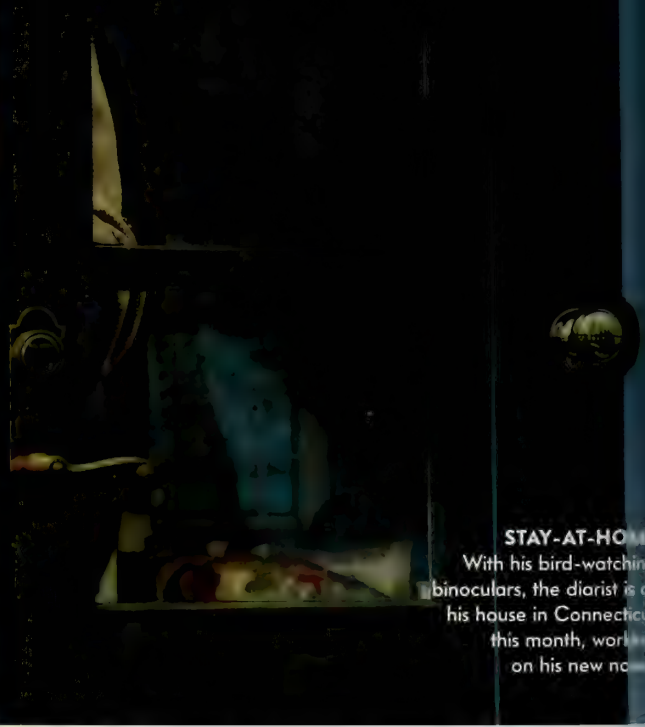

Free. Like wild horses,
like geese bound for Canada.
Leave food for the cat.


Drive the 180hp Jetta 1.8T. Drivers wanted.

The Sound of Murder

Getting the lowdown on L.A.'s latest killing—with music producer Phil Spector hiring O.J. lawyer Robert Shapiro amid rumors of an insanity defense—the author also keeps his ear to the ground on Sydney Simpson's frantic 911 call, Ted Maher's Monaco-prison breakout, and Liz Smith's 80th-birthday bash



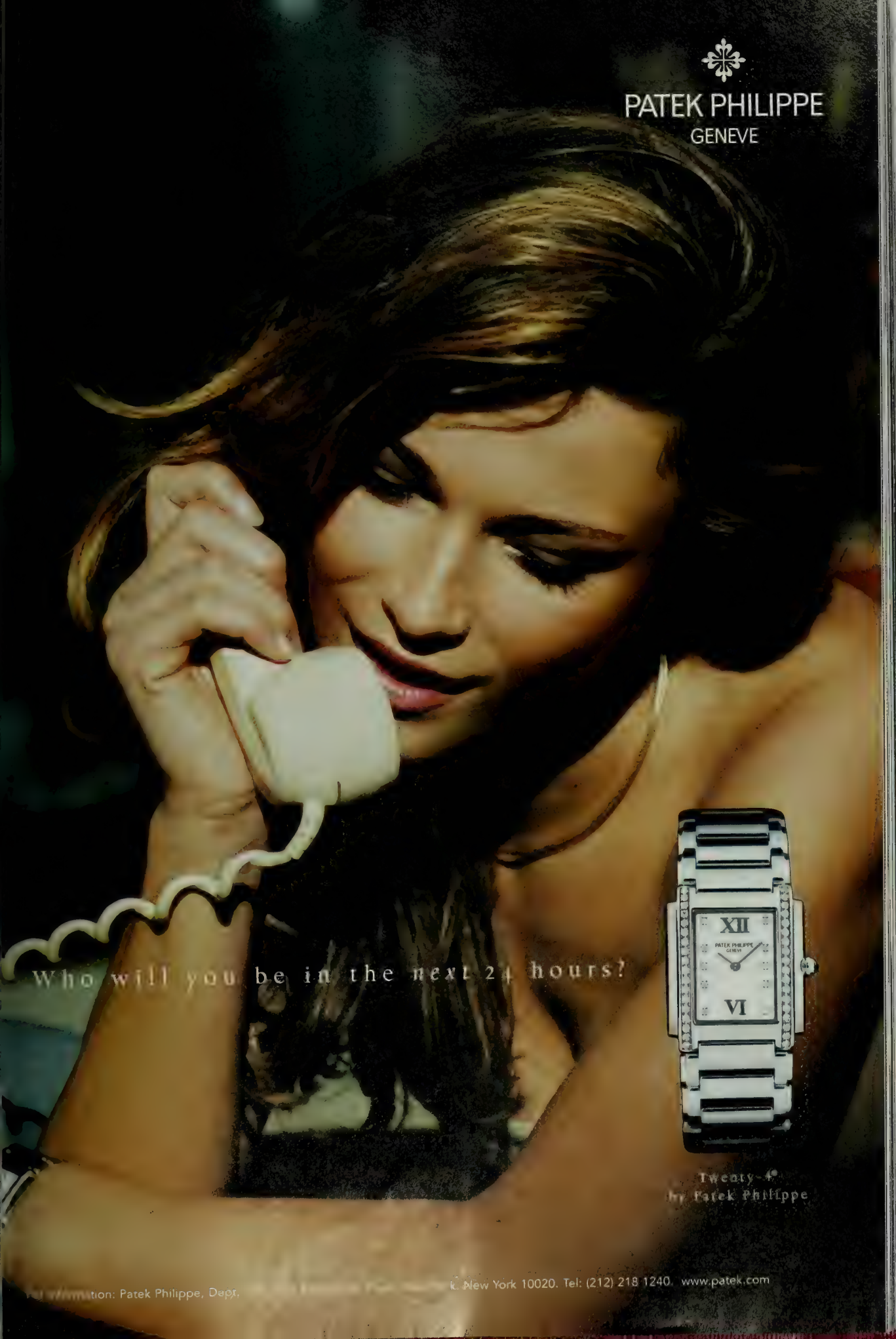


STAY-AT-HOME With his bird-watching binoculars, the diarist is at his house in Connecticut this month, working on his new novel

In Hollywood you never have to wait long for the next celebrity murder case to come along. They seem to go with the territory. Currently Phil Spector, the bizarre and brilliant music producer, is taking the spotlight away from Robert Blake. Spector, 62, is an utterly fascinating individual whom I happen to know slightly. I met him in the 1980s through my friend Ahmet Ertegun, the longtime president of Atlantic Records, who was known as the Sultan [illegible] Ahmet and his wife, Mica, gave a spectacular party for [illegible]'s, the in gathering place in New York at that [illegible] was in high school. He produced his first hit at 17, and at 21 he was a millionaire know a lady who had a romance with him. "I only remember t sweetness in him," she told me. "Were you in love with him?," asked her. "No, but I was mesmerized by him," she replied.

He denied that he wore a rug, but he did. When he traveled, carried his rugs in a locked black case that he never let out of sight. He was one of those guys people talked about. He did cra things. Hilarious things. Scary things. He had a gun he did bother to hide, and many observers saw him wave it around a occasionally even point it at people. They tell stories about h

PHO[illegible]RAPH BY JASON SCHMIDT


PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE
Who will you be in the next 24 hours?
XII
VI
Twenty-4
by Patek Philippe
New York 10020. Tel: (212) 218 1240. www.patek.com

he locked women up. I know one woman, a famous singer of the period, who said he locked her up because he mistakenly thought she had made off with a tape of one of his songs, which hadn't been released. His ex-wife, Ronnie, a member of the 60s singing group the Ronettes, said after his arrest, "I can only say that when I left him in the early '70s, I knew that if I didn't leave at the time, I was going to die there."

These days everybody who's anybody in Hollywood has locked gates, surveillance cameras, and guards, but Phil Spector had them before anyone else. When I was in Los Angeles covering a trial, he had me over a couple of times to hang out, as they used to say. I once went to a recording session with him—I don't remember what song he was doing—and watched him in action in a world where he was a master, some say a genius, a world where he had grown rich and famous. His personality was overwhelming. You couldn't stop watching him or listening to him talk. But there was something unsettling about him. Almost everyone who knew him had the same reaction when we heard that he had been arrested for the murder of a woman in his house: *Something like that was bound to happen.* Right after the story became public, but before the name of the victim had been announced, a rumor spread through Hollywood like wildfire, and traveled to New York just as fast, that it was Nancy Sinatra, the daughter of Frank Sinatra. I told that to a Hollywood friend of mine, who said, "I'll call Tina." Tina is Tina Sinatra, Nancy's sister. Needless to say, it wasn't Nancy Sinatra, although she had been linked with him, and he was rumored to be helping her with a new album.





CRIME OF THE MONTH
The eccentric record producer Phil Spector, *above*, leaves the Alhambra police station after the body of B-movie actress Lana Clarkson, *top*, was found in his mansion on February 3.

The victim was Lana Clarkson, a 40-year-old sometime actress who had played a bit part in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* and appeared in *Amazon Women on the Moon* and several other B and C movies. She had fallen on hard times and was working as a hostess in the V.I.P. room at the House of Blues on the Sunset Strip, where she hoped to meet people who could get her back into movies. On the night of the shooting, Spector and a lady friend went to Dan Tana's, a steak house on Santa Monica Boulevard at the edge of Beverly Hills, frequented by upper-echelon types in the entertainment business. Spector was a regular there, a favorite of the owner, and his eccentricities were accepted. They arrived around midnight and left at [illegible] each had only a salad and a couple of drinks. [illegible] Visa card and left a $500 tip. He [illegible] happened to the lady friend [illegible] of Br[illegible]es, where he was also a regular, and where Lana Clarkson was on duty in th V.I.P. room. Spector must have asked her back to his castle-lik house in Alhambra, which is not the house in Beverly Hills went to. She left her car in the parking lot behind the nightclu and went in his chauffeur-driven car. Whatever happened b tween them that led to her death must have happened quickl The chauffeur heard the shots and called 911. As of this writin the facts of the slaying have not been made public.

Friends of Clarkson's are concerned that she is being po trayed as a bimbo. Bill Craig, the vice president of sales for Mide Music Conference, said to me, "La was the most fun, wonderful perso She wasn't a party girl. She was ve serious, very smart. She knew ho to network."

It turns out that Clarkson ha a Web site: livingdollproductio .com, containing lots of pictures her and a list of her film appea ances and commercials. The d after the murder, the Web site rea "A tragic and senseless murd took you from us. Rest in peac dear lady. You were a star earth, and now you shine brig in heaven." That's like a chapt out of Nathanael West's *Day the Locust.*

Spector has hired Robert Sh

Spector did crazy things. Hilarious things. Scary things.

piro, who gained national fa as O. J. Simpson's first lawy to represent him. Shapiro g off to a magnificent start his latest star job by getti Spector sprung on $1 milli bail within hours of his a rest, which is very unusual i murder case. He couldn't ma age it for O. J. Simpson, a Robert Blake's lawyers we not able to pull it off. Some Spector's friends predict an sanity defense. Others say l lawyers will claim it was an a cident. In a remarkably canc interview with the British jo nalist Mick Brown in the Lo don *Telegraph* two days befo he was arrested, Spector said that he w bipolar and taking medication for schiz phrenia. He told Brown, "People idolise m want to be like me, but I tell them, 'Trust m you don't want my life.' Because it has been a very pleasant life. I've been a very t tured soul. I have not been at peace with myself. I have n been happy." It should be a fascinating trial to watch.

Speaking of O. J. Simpson—people still occasionally do—h been in the news recently in a most unpleasant way. On J uary 18, in a 911 call eerily reminiscent of Nicole Bro Simpson's desperate calls to the police about her abusive husba in the years before her murder—"You know him. He's O. J. Sin



BLUE FROM AMERICAN EXPRESS℠

NO ANNUAL FEE

LOW INTEREST RATE

FREE REWARDS PROGRAM

FORWARD ►

CALL 1 800 600 BLUE

erican Express Company. Enrollment required.
o annual fee for the Blue rewards program. Terms and conditions apply.

son," she used to say—their daughter, Sydney, now 17, placed a call to the police after a bitter fight with her father. The tape was played on TV and radio, and her voice indicated that she was on the verge of hysteria. Much of what she said was hard to understand because she was crying loudly, but the anguish in her voice was heartbreaking. The relationship between father and daughter had clearly reached an explosive stage. Sydney is said to be very much like her late mother. She called her father an asshole, said that he was horrible to her, that he had told her, "None of my kids give me trouble except you." I once watched a television interview with Simpson in which he said that his children never asked him about their mother's death, so it was never discussed. Maybe that time has come. When the police arrived at the Simpson home, they found Sydney in her bedroom. The police report said simply that the call was related to "family matters." That same evening Simpson was seen at a party called the Galaxy Gala, at the Miami Museum of Science, "whooping it up," as one person described it to me, drinking champagne and posing for pictures with the other guests. Simpson was always a better actor in life than he was on the screen.





STAR DEFENDANTS Clara Harris, *above*, is found guilty of running down her husband after catching him with another woman. *Right*, Leona Helmsley tells the press she did not fire hotel manager Charles Bell because he was gay.

Just when I thought everything was back to normal in Monte Carlo, after Ted Maher had been found guilty and sentenced to 10 years in prison for causing the deaths of the billionaire banker Edmond Safra and a nurse named Vivian Torrente, came word that he and an Italian cellmate named Luigi Ciardelli had sawed through their bars and climbed down the prison wall on a rope made of plastic trash bags tied together. It was an amazing coup. There hadn't been a breakout from the Monaco prison in more than 50 years. The escapees had used the old ruse of filling their beds with pillows to make it appear that they were sleeping. In retrospect, I realized that they had been planning the break for a long time. When I was in Monaco in December for the trial, I had dinner one night at the Café de Paris with Michael Griffith, Maher's American lawyer, who had just been to see his client in jail, and he said that Ted had hinted that he might try to escape. By that time we both knew that Maher was not only guilty of setting the fatal fire but also a bit crazy, and we laughed indulgently at his plan.

Once on the ground, the prisoners went their separate ways. Ciardelli, who was awaiting trial for armed robbery and who had devised the escape plan, presumably fled to his native Italy. He's [illegible] on the lam. Maher, dressed in a blue sweatsuit, made his way [illegible] but his plans did not work out. Nice is 15 miles from Monte Carlo, and he walked the whole way in pouring rain. He had no money or credit cards, so he went to a hotel and called his wife, Heidi, in Stormville, New York, to ask for her credit-card number. Astonished to hear that he had escaped, she hung up on him. Their marriage is over, and she is planning to get a divorce. She immediately called *48 Hours,* the CBS television program which had been making a documentary on the Safra case, entitled *Murder in Monaco,* all the time we were there, and alerted them to Ted's escape. It just happened that the producer, Josh Yager, and the correspondent, Erin Moriarty, had returned to Monaco for further shooting. They arrived on the afternoon of the night that Maher escaped, and were staying at the Hôtel de Paris when it was three A.M. when Yager and Moriarty received the call, and Yager, disbelieving the escape story, took a taxi to the prison. Everything was calm there, so he returned to the hotel. The prison guards and the police had still not discovered that there had been an escape. Several hours later, perhaps tipped off by a taxi driver, the police questioned Yager for five hours to find out if *48 Hours* had had any part in the escape. Somehow, all this makes the bumbling police work on the night of Edmond Safra's death more understandable.

Meanwhile, Maher, after Heidi hung up on him, called his sister, Tammy Evans, with whom I have become very friendly over the past three and a half years. I had called her from Monaco after the first day of the trial and told her that her brother was guilty of setting the fire. She told me now that she believed that Ted was bipolar, because he had been on an incredible high when he called her. She said he had talked to her as if he were performing on a performance for the night porter at the hotel in Nice, saying, in effect, "My life broke down, and I lost my passport and credit cards in it. Can you give me your credit-card number?" She gave it to him so that he could get a room. Tammy, who is a nurse, used to be a welder. She asked her brother, "How did you saw through the bars?" He told her they were very low. Tammy Evans then called Father Ball, an

I hated missing the Leona Helmsley gay-sex-gate trial.

year-old Anglican priest in Monte Carlo who had befriended Ted during his imprisonment, and asked him to notify the authorities. She woke him up, and he was shocked to hear the news. Now Heidi knew that Ted had escaped, and Tammy knew, and even one at *48 Hours* knew, and Father Ball knew, but no one at the Monaco prison was aware that their most famous inmate and cellmate had gone out through a window until Father Ball called and alerted them. The police raced to Father Ball's house and interrogated him for more than four hours. Ted Maher, still elated over his feat, called Father Ball while the police were at the house. Father Ball told him, "I have to go. The police are here." Word went out to the Nice police, and Maher was captured without incident. He is now in prison in France, in Luynes, near Aix-en-Provence. He could have been out in two years. Now he

believe me when I say I had no idea I was so controversial.

ubtedly have to serve additional time. He has lost his family, his friends, all the people who once stood up for him. His historical moment is over.

My old friend Liz Smith, the famous gossip columnist, turned 80 on February 2, and she's still going strong, writing her syndicated column six days a week, seeing nearly every play on and off Broadway and nearly every new film, and attending nearly every great party in New York, where she's often called upon to take the microphone and entertain, as only she can. She knows everybody there is to know—showbiz celebrities, socialites, corporation heads, politicians, and just plain folks. Her great success is due to the fact that she has never stopped being a fan. She loves singers. She loves actors. She loves fun. Liz and I have known each other since the early 50s, when we both worked at NBC. Her milestone birthday was celebrated in great style with a private party at Le Cirque, given by eight New York ladies of consequence. Bette Midler and Liza Minnelli sang, Tommy Tune performed, Mayor



Bloomberg declared February 2 Liz Smith Day, and there were famous people in every direction. Damned if I didn't get sick with a fever and have to back out at the last minute.

I've been mostly at my house in Connecticut since before Christmas, spending the first real winter we've had in years, with blizzards, snowstorms, freezing rain, and single-digit temperatures. Every night I watch a DVD from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences of one of the movies eligible for Oscars. I'm loving the experience, although I hated missing the Leona Helmsley gay-sexgate trial in New York, which reporter friends tell me was hilarious, and the trial in Texas of Clara Harris, the lady dentist who ran over her husband multiple times with her Mercedes after seeing him with his mistress—the whole scene captured on video. Despite Richard Johnson's headline on "Page Six" of the *New York Post* on February 6, I am not hiding out because of former congressman Gary Condit's lawsuit against me. I'm working on my long-overdue novel, *A Solo Act*, a sequel to *People Like Us*, which caused me a certain amount of discomfort in New York when it came out in 1988. That book ended with a high-flying financier named Elias Renthal going off to prison for financial malfeasance. *A Solo Act* opens with Renthal—a minor character in the sequel—getting out and returning to his place in New York society. For Christmas my book editor, Betty Prashker, gave me a first edition of John Galsworthy's *The Silver Spoon,* which is a sequel to *The Forsyte Saga,* which I had recently reread. *The Silver Spoon* deals with a slanderous remark made by a woman at a London dinner party in the 1920s and the dire legal consequences that follow. That gave me the idea for one of the themes of my new novel.

My God, I'm getting it from all sides these days. First Gary Condit sued me for slander. Then Robert F. Kennedy Jr. attacked me in a long article in *The Atlantic Monthly,* virtually blaming me for the fact that his cousin Michael Skakel had been sentenced to prison for 20 years for the murder of Martha Moxley, as though there had never been a trial or a jury. Then a writer named Felicity Barringer wrote a mixed-message article in *The New York Times* about my slander suit and things I said on Laura Ingraham's radio show. Barringer made her disapproval of my sort of coverage of events known to those with whom she spoke about me. Apparently she had a difficult time getting other writers to castigate me for my journalistic technique, however, or so I heard from several she had contacted. I have the feeling she started out with one story and ended up with another. At any rate, it was three weeks before the article was published—an unnerving time for me, knowing I wasn't going to come out well—and it was moved shortly before publication from the business section to the arts section. The piece got a lot of mileage and generated others in the same vein. The *International Herald Tribune* reprinted it. Then the London *Telegraph* and the London *Sunday Times* published unpleasant articles, followed in short order by *Newsweek*. Believe me when I say that I had no idea I was so controversial. Believe me, too, when I say that I'll think twice before going on another talk show.

I didn't go to journalism school. I didn't even start writing until I was 50—having had another career first—and I didn't get published until I was 53. I've been writing the same way since 1984, when I wrote my first article for this magazine, called "Justice," an account of the trial of the man who had murdered my daughter. I wrote that piece in grief and rage. It infuriated me that the rights of the victim did not equate with the rights of the defendant. I incorporated the gossip of the trial, and I took a side. The article was a resounding hit. Every trial I've covered since then I have covered with the same kind of passion, and I've built a sizable audience doing it. What more can I say? □



Journalism Or Gossip?

A Horse-Whisperer's Tale Trails Dominick Dunne

A tale told by Dominick Dunne, above, about Gary Condit, top far right, and the disappearance of Chandra Levy, top left, on the talk shows of Laura Ingraham, bottom left, and Larry King, right, prompted Mr. Condit to file a defamation suit.

By FELICITY BARRINGER

Dominick Dunne began telling his tale of Gary Condit, Chandra Levy, the horse whisperer and the Middle Eastern prosecutor someone on the fall of 2001. It was fantastiagingly baroque, Mr. Dunne, the Vanity Fair columnist, mesmerized a group of New England newspaper editors with it over lunch at Foxwoods Resort Casino in Connecticut in November 2001.

He also spun the story for Laura Ingraham, the lawyer, conservative commentator and syndicated radio host, over lunch Ms. Ingraham promptly invited Mr. Dunne to repeat it on her show, which he did.

As chronicler of the crimes of the rich, Mr. Dunne has become a celebrity himself. At 77 he is a prolific author, producing both keenly observed court reporting and best-selling novels. His knack for getting face time with the famous and his passionate advocacy for crime victims have made him a staple on shows like CNN's "Larry King Live." He is the best of his own program on Court TV.

It is the Ingraham appearance, however, that has come back to bite him. His comments on that December 2001 broadcast are the central element in a slander suit against him by Mr. Condit, the former Democratic congressman. And Mr. Dunne's frequent repetition of versions of this unsubstantiated tale — on television, in Vanity Fair, at dinner parties — raises the question of whether and when journalists can traffic publicly in rank rumor.

Reached at his country house in Connecticut for comment on the lawsuit and on a recent Atlantic Monthly attack on him for his role in pushing for the prosecution of Michael Skakel, convicted last year of the 1975 murder of Martha Moxley, Mr. Dunne said, "How did you get my number?" He added: "I just am not going to talk. This is a very bad time in my life." Ms. Ingraham did not return repeated calls to her radio show's office.

Understanding the fuss requires knowing the horse-whisperer story in all its rococo glory, as told by Mr. Dunne to the radio audience. The story begins in the fall of 2001, when Mr. Dunne received a call from someone claiming to have information about Ms. Levy's disappearance. At the time the body of Ms. Levy, the former Federal Bureau of Prisons intern, had not yet been found. It was discovered last May in Rock Creek Park in Washington. The case remains unsolved.

The caller, Mr. Dunne said, identified himself as the animal behavior expert whose professional story had been recreated in the Nicholas Evans novel "The Horse Whisperer." The man, never named by Mr. Dunne, said that he worked in Dubai, where he ran a man who procures call girls for wealthy Middle Easterners and Middle Eastern embassies in Washington.

A recording of the radio show reveals that Mr. Dunne then said: "Now some of that I can't explain, and I don't want to get into any trouble saying. But according to what the procurer told the horse whisperer who told me, is that Gary Condit was often a guest at some of the Middle Eastern embassies in Washington.

Continued on Page 5

MEET THE PRESS

Top, Liz Smith, syndicated gossip columnist, at her 80th-birthday party at Le Cirque, singing "New York, New York" with Liza Minnelli. *Above,* Felicity Barringer's article in *The New York Times* on January 28.



CONFIDENTIAL'S REIGN OF TERROR

By the mid-50s, Robert Harrison *Confidential* magazine was the scourge of Hollywood, naming names and dishing dirt, with its army of tipsters, private eyes, and libel lawyers. A 1957 court case—the "Trial of a Hundred Stars"—dismantled Harrison's gossip machine, but not before he'd redefined celebrity journalism

BY NEAL GABLER



PEEPHOLE PRESS LORD
Confidential magazine was the garish creation of publisher Robert Harrison, shown in New York circa 1956.

The beginning of the end of the most terrifying force ever to hit Hollywood arrived on the night of November 5, 1954, on a dimly lit street in Los Angeles. Retired baseball great Joe DiMaggio was dining with pals at the Villa Capri restaurant and stewing over the demise of his marriage to Marilyn Monroe, who had been granted an interlocutory decree for divorce just a week earlier. He was especially furious about rumors that Monroe had been seeing another man. Following the suggestion of one of his friends—Frank Sinatra—DiMaggio had hired a former cop named Barney Ruditsky to tail her. While DiMaggio was eating and grousing, one of Ruditsky's men, a private eye named Philip Wayne Irwin, spotted Monroe's car parked on Kilkea Drive in front of an apartment complex. He immediately phoned Ruditsky, who met him there for a stakeout. After about an hour, Ruditsky left to phone Sinatra, knowing that Sinatra—at that moment, was at the Villa

By the time Ruditsky returned to the stakeout, DiMaggio and his associates were already circling the block in the ex-Yankee's Cadillac. Sinatra later said that he had tried to talk DiMaggio out of taking action but that DiMaggio insisted he was going to catch Monroe in flagrante. Sinatra reluctantly agreed to drive him, park the car a block away, and wait while DiMaggio and two companions launched their mission. Though Irwin and Ruditsky both tried to calm DiMaggio, he snapped, "I'm not fooling around here any longer." So Ruditsky led the expedition to the back door of the apartment where Monroe was supposed to be visiting. The gang then kicked down the door—only it wasn't Monroe they found in the bed. She was upstairs in the apartment of a friend, a bit actress named Sheila Stewart. Instead, the m had invaded the apartment of a terrif middle-aged woman named Florence K who screamed as DiMaggio and his complices bolted.

The L.A.P.D. investigated the incid as a foiled burglary and, without suspe the case faded. But someone sold "wrong-door raid" story to *Confiden* magazine, where it appeared in the S tember 1955 issue. A year and a half la when California state senator Fred K went looking for a pretense to attack *Co dential,* he pounced on the story, citing

EXTERIOR - CITY STREET

The skies above the city fill with alien spacecraft. Cars and buildings are on fire as laser beams rain down.

COP ON HORSE
They're everywhere!

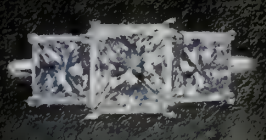
MAYOR
Run!

It's pandemonium in the city streets. Through the smoke, we see a young woman fall to the ground. Jack helps her to her feet before she is trampled. As he wipes the black soot from her face, Jack realizes it's Rita, his long-lost high school sweetheart.

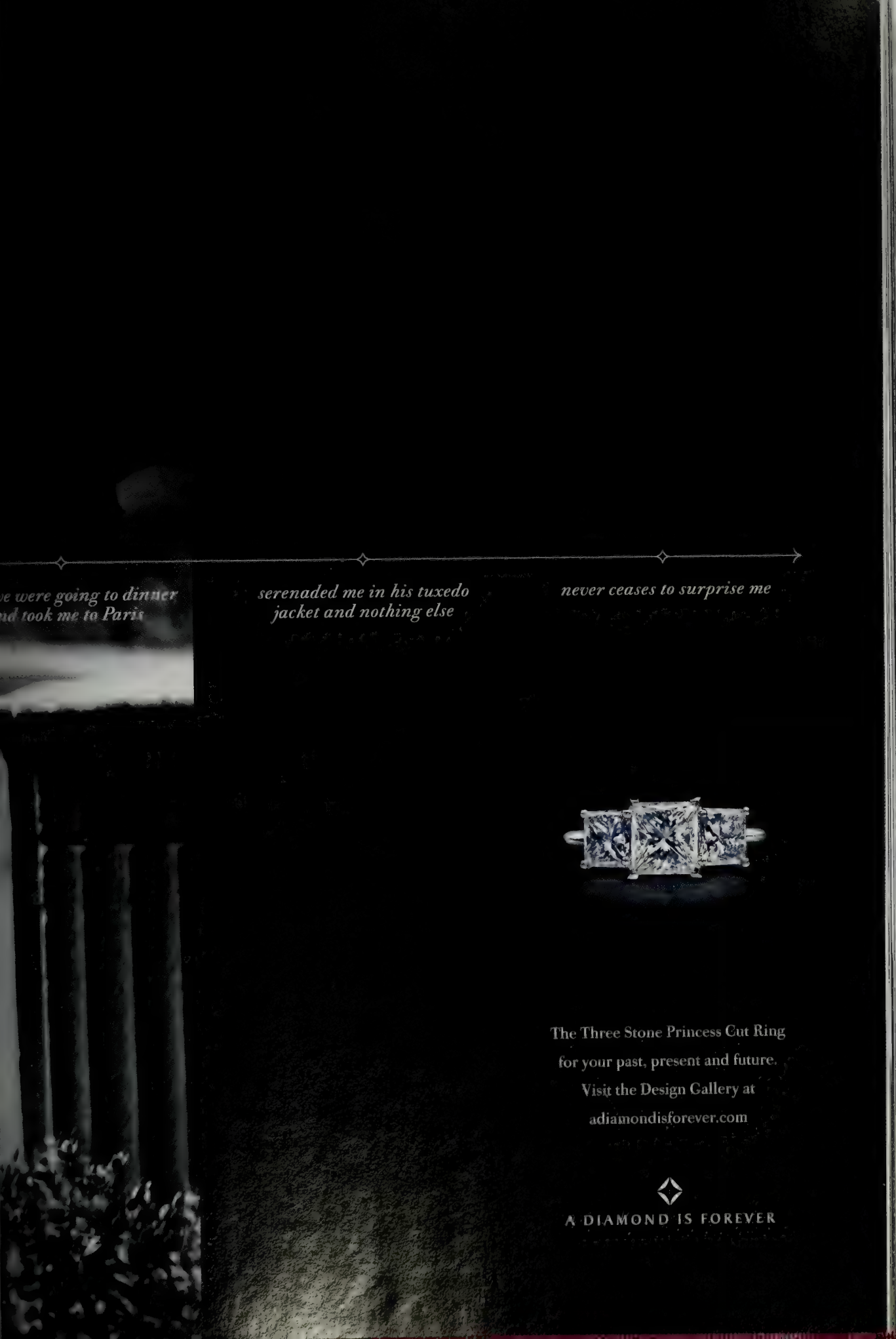
JACK
Rita?

RITA
Jack?

The camera circles Jack and Rita as they share a long, passionate kiss.

ONLY ONE THING CAN OUTDO HOLLYWOOD WHEN IT COMES TO UNEXPECTED ROMANTIC MOMENTS.
CELEBRATING THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF HOLLYWOOD ROMANCE.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER
FOREVERMARK IS USED UNDER LICENSE
WWW.ADIAMONDISFOREVER.COM


smuggled wine into the
asked me to dance in
the pouring rain
sent the kids to the


ve were going to dinner
nd took me to Paris
serenaded me in his tuxedo
jacket and nothing else
never ceases to surprise me
The Three Stone Princess Cut Ring
for your past, present and future.
Visit the Design Gallery at
adiamondisforever.com
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

incident as an example of "strong-arm" tactics by private eyes in the service of the magazine.

At the time, *Confidential,* with its gaudy yellow, blue, and red covers, was the scourge of Hollywood. In Tom Wolfe's words, it was "the most scandalous scandal magazine in the history of the world." For years the motion-picture industry had controlled the flow of information about the stars by officially accrediting journalists. *Confidential* challenged all that. Bearing a tantalizing subtitle ("Tells the Facts and Names the Names"), *Confidential* specialized in Hollywood peccadilloes—in promiscuity, in bad behavior, in miscegenation (at a time when that was considered taboo), and, perhaps above all, in outing homosexual stars decades before there was even such a term as "outing." "*Confidential* really started a reign of terror," Leo Guild, a press agent at the time, once claimed. George Nader, an actor who acknowledged his homosexuality, confessed that "every month when *Confidential* came out, our stomachs began to turn. Which of us would be in it?" At one point *Confidential* began preparing a story about a wild party at the home of Rock Hudson's agent, Henry Willson—who happened to be gay. Because the piece was going to implicate Hudson as a guest, both the agent and the star went to see Hollywood attorney Jerry Giesler to try to stop it. Giesler said there was nothing he could do until publication. Not long after that, Hudson headed off the story, in part, by marrying Willson's unwitting secretary, Phyllis Gates, though Hudson would tell her that he had quashed it by hiring a gangster and having him threaten *Confidential*'s editor.

What made things worse for Hollywood was that *Confidential* was a smash. Circulation during its heyday, in the mid-1950s, hit 4.6 million, which was greater than that of *Time.* Its publisher was profiled in *Time, Newsweek,* and *The Wall Street Journal,* and on *The Tonight Show* he even stared down columnist Max Lerner, who said, "You leave no dignity, no shred of privacy, in the life of a person." In fact, *Confidential* had already changed the tenor and the purview of celebrity journalism and spired dozens of imitators: *Dynamite, posed, Fame, Hush-Hush, Inside Story, Lowdown, On the Q.T., Private Lives, Off, Top Secret, Uncensored,* and its o sister publication, *Whisper.* In 1955 th scandal magazines accounted for 15 r lion copies per month, making *Confid tial* arguably the most influential publi tion in the country.



Harrison put out girlie magazines heavy on stiletto heels and rear shots. . . . Then, in 1952, Confidential hit newsstands.



BLUE EYES, YELLOW JOURNAL
Above, in 1957, Frank Sinatra testified at hearings intended to help sink Confidential; below, a spread from that year's September number.

The publisher of that most influen magazine, and the target of Ho wood's wrath, was tall, affable Rob Harrison—"the King of Leer," *Time* cal him—whose deeply grooved dimples, ho ed eyes, Dentyne smile, and slicked-b hair made him look more like a genial q show host than the most reviled scan monger in America.

He had been born in Manh tan in 1904 to Russian immigra whose surname was so unp nounceable that an immigrat officer changed it to Harriso after President Benjamin Harris Harrison's father worked as a c persmith in the Bronx, but Rob had other ambitions. He beca a copyboy on what may have b the most notorious tabloid of 1920s—the New Y *Graphic,* called "the l nographic" by its tractors. The *Grap* which was publis on pink paper, Harrison's schoo scandal. But he go to a dispute with boss—over a w an—and was fi He landed a copywriter at a magazine comp specializing in titles that featured scar clad women. He was fired from that too, in 1941, when his boss discovered t working in the office after business ho Harrison had launched a titillating m zine named *Beauty Parade.* Undeter Harrison continued to publish it out of apartment. So began a small empire.

By the end of World War II, Harr was putting out six girlie magazines heavy on stiletto heels and rear shots. H rison himself even posed occasionally everything from a great white hunter t irate husband. But in 1952 his accoun informed him that the company was br An overzealous postal inspector had b threatening to rescind Harrison's sec class mailing privileges on the grou that his magazines were obscene. Ca in to advise him, the prominent c rights attorney Morris Ernst sugge that Harrison change the format


500 years ago, while others tried to turn lead into gold,
Poland discovered a way to turn rye into vodka.
BELVEDERE
VODKA
na zdrowie
CRAFTED USING TRADITIONS OVER 500 YEARS OLD
100% POLISH RYE
FOUR TIMES DISTILLED

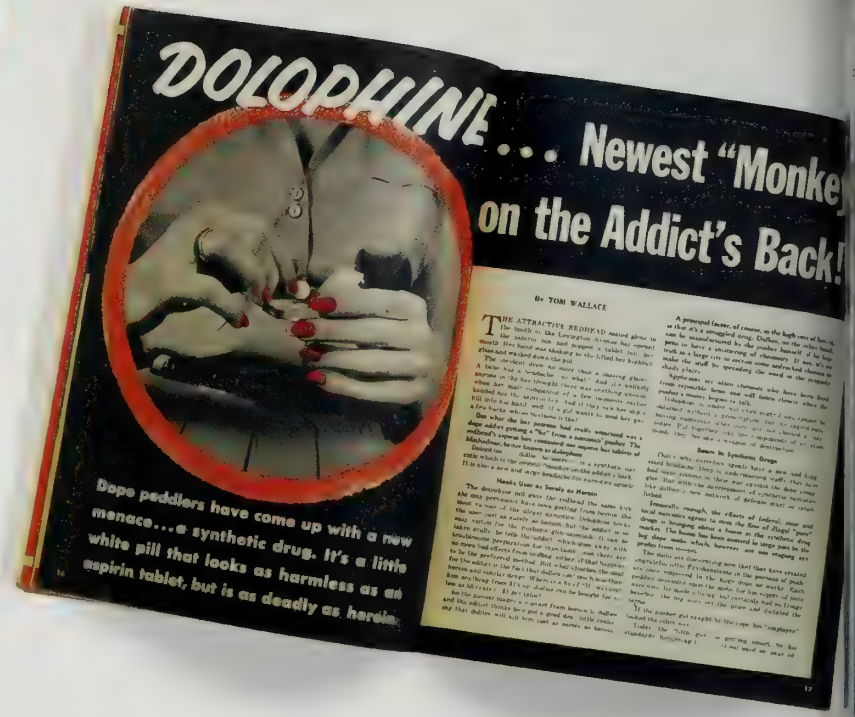
eliminate the semi-nudity. He did, to his dismay. "They may be mailable," he joked, "but they aren't salable."

As Harrison later recounted it, within a week of his accountant's disclosure, he hatched the idea for *Confidential.* The spur: the televised hearings on organized crime recently conducted by Senator Estes Kefauver, the Tennessee Democrat. "Everybody in my office was neglecting their work to watch those telecasts," he said, and he was annoyed. But he began watching as well, and soon realized that people were fascinated by inside stories.

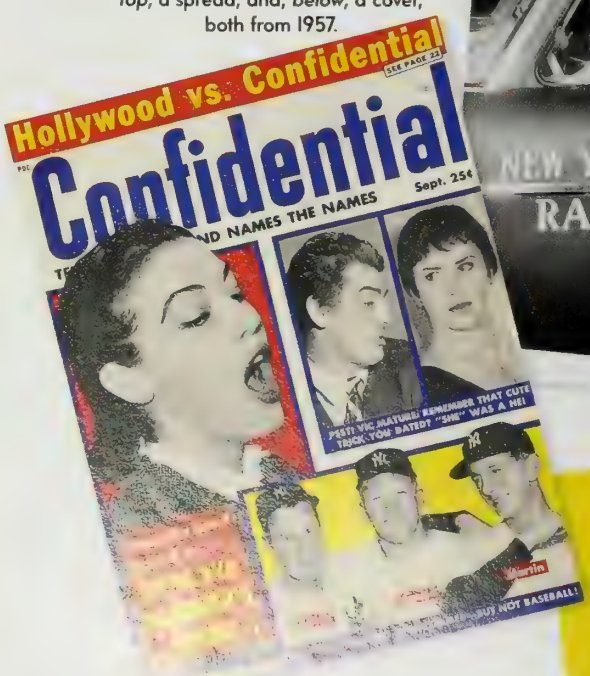
Six months later, in the fall of 1952, *Confidential* hit newsstands. (The name came from a series of popular exposé books by Lee Mortimer and Jack Lait; the magazine would later help inspire the *noir* novel *L.A. Confidential,* by James Ellroy, which became an Oscar-nominated 1997 film.) The first issue sold dismally. Then Harrison had a brainstorm. At the time, Walter Winchell, the hugely popular syndicated gossip columnist and television commentator, was in the middle of a feud with singer Josephine Baker, an African-American. Baker had publicly excoriated Winchell for not having supported her when the Stork Club, Winchell's hangout, denied her service. Winchell counterattacked by accusing Baker of being a Communist. In his second issue, Harrison decided to run a piece blasting Baker. Winchell brandished a copy of the magazine on his Sunday-evening television broadcast. *Confidential*'s sales soared. From then on, in each issue, Harrison would run a piece attacking yet another Winchell bête noire. "It got to the point where some days we would sit down and rack our brains trying to think of somebody else Winchell didn't like," Harrison later said.

Eventually even Winchell would wonder how he got tangled up with *Confidential.* In those early days, few people wanted to be seen in Harrison's company, much le support him. (Harrison said that Lee Mo timer would meet him in a phone boo to feed him tips.) Indeed, many of *Con dential*'s informants were just as disre utable as the magazine's critics suspecte One of its best sources was Francesca Scaffa, the flighty ex-wife of actor Bru Cabot. De Scaffa, who herself appeared a handful of films, told Harrison that s had a large circle of Hollywood frien and access to their secrets. "If there some secrets I don't know, I'll find th out," she was later quoted as saying b *Confidential* editor, "even if I have have an affair with the man involved."

It was de Scaffa who provided *Co dential* with a story of how Errol Fly would allegedly direct amorous coup into a certain bedroom in his house, th unbeknownst to them, invite friends watch through a two-way mirror. It was Scaffa who funneled the story of Rob Mitchum attending a party at Char Laughton's, taking off his clothes, slath ing himself with ketchup, and then decl ing it a masquerade party with him dres as a hamburger. (That was the sanitiz version. The unexpurgated tale, related a 1988 TV documentary, had Mitch







PITCHING THE DIRT
In 1952, *Confidential*'s sales soared after gossip king Walter Winchell, *right,* held up Issue No. 2 on his Sunday TV show. *Top,* a spread, and, *below,* a cover, both from 1957.

In Tom Wolfe's words, Confidential was "the most scandalous scandal magazine in the history of the world."


AP
DEMARS PIGUET
tre de l'horlogerie depuis 1875
PROMESSE WATCH,
SE AND BRACELET IN 18-CARAT
HITE GOLD SET WITH DIAMONDS
AUDEMARS PIGUET



CHALLENGING TI



ROYAL OAK CITY OF SAILS
CHRONOGRAPH

TO CELEBRATE THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY
ROYAL OAK, AUDEMARS PIGUET IS
ALINGHI, SWISS CHALLENGE FOR THE AM
CUP 2003.

AP
AUDEMARS PIGU

Le maître de l'horlogerie depuis


ALENTINO
NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS
LAS VEGAS ROMA MILANO FIRENZE
NAGOYA SINGAPORE SEOUL KUWAIT CITY BEIRUT






VALENTIN
BAL HARBOUR NAPLES LAS VEGAS ROMA MILANO FIRENZE
OW HONG KONG TOKYO NAGOYA SINGAPORE SEOUL KUWAIT

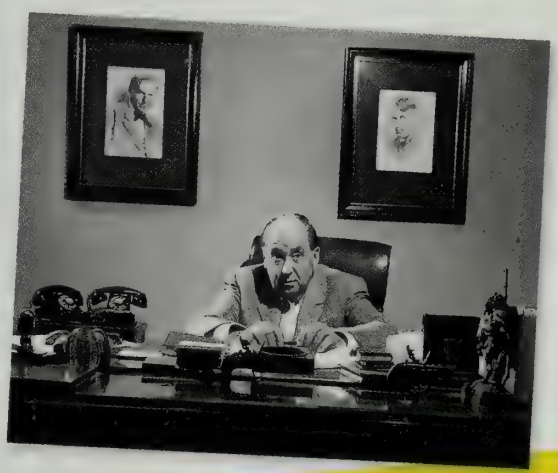
g the ketchup on his penis and asking hton and a producer friend whether fags" wanted to eat a hot dog.) An- *Confidential* source was Ronnie Quil- slatternly, orange-haired "party girl," e words of the *Los Angeles Times*. an submitted a story about an affair laimed to have had 10 years earlier Desi Arnaz. Harrison loved the piece uch that Quillan then set up Harri- with call girls who had similar dirt on stars.

dditional sources reportedly included n Martin's children's governess, a bar- er who offered information on Joan wford, and a neighbor of actor Sonny s who reported on Tufts's romantic ances. A piece about Frank Sinatra's kend exploits with a female partner ch insisted that he liked to boost his al energy by eating bowls of Wheaties) provided by the woman herself. There even a Los Angeles policeman who believed to have sold stories to Harri- off the blotter.

ut it wasn't just the sources that infuri- Hollywood's powers that be; it was the azine's methods. Harrison deployed a of private detectives—one report esti- ed he spent $10,000 a month—to verify ies. He linked up de Scaffa with a pri- eye named H. L. von Wittenberg, gave her a wristwatch recorder so she could surreptitiously tape con- sations. Harrison ordered von Witten- g to wire Ronnie Quillan as well and n asked her to take ac- s Lizabeth Scott to ch to confirm a ru- r that she was a les- n. Even von Witten- g was repelled. "I nk this work stinks," claimed to have told rrison.

ut *Confidential*'s fi- nal indignity to Hol- lywood was the cheerful incorrigibil- with which Harrison embraced his role scandal king. He lived in a suite at New k's Hotel Madison, on 58th Street, wore spoke suits and a double-breasted, white shmere overcoat, and had his mono- mmed shirts made by the upscale haber- sher Sulka. He drove a long white Cadil- convertible. And he went virtually where without a buxom woman adorn- his arm. "He liked them tall, blonde, d beautiful," his longtime attorney, Al DeStefano, recalls. "And they all were." For a time Zsa Zsa Gabor pursued him, according to a confidante of Harrison's who says Gabor once spread her bankbooks across a table at Mocambo to impress him. But Harrison wasn't interested. He preferred flouncy showgirls he could dominate—women who contributed to his flamboyant image.

His steadiest paramour was a beautiful but volatile former showgirl named June Frew, who took to wearing sweaters embroidered with a large *H* and who occasionally claimed to be Harrison's wife. Harrison always denied it. DeStefano says that Frew would sometimes call him up at three or four in the morning and "start yelling and cursing at me that I was responsible for his not marrying her. I was standing in the way." Her tirades weren't confined to the phone. She and Harrison were actually banished from El Morocco after a screaming fight in the middle of the club.



Said a source, "If there are secrets I don't know, I'll find them out, even if I have to have an affair with the man involved."

But, for all his swagger—he sometimes referred to himself as Broadway Bob—Harrison was essentially a naïf, which is why he was so oblivious to his attackers. His two older sisters, Helen and Edith—another sister, Gertrude, had died in the 30s—served as his assistants, his secretaries, his housekeepers, and his surrogate mothers. "All Bob would have to say was 'It would be nice if I had a newspaper.' It would be midnight [and] Helen would run out to get a newspaper," remembers DeStefano. Harrison, in fact, took them everywhere. When he went clubbing with one of his blondes, Helen and Edith were invited along, creating a truly odd tableau. He had the same naïveté about his magazine. He claimed he couldn't understand why anyone would be offended by it, and once ordered a retraction of a story because he heard that the article had prompted a divorce. "I don't want that on my conscience," he said.

Yet it wasn't Harrison's softheartedness that would eventually plague him. It was his success. He had created such high expectations for gossip among his readers that he needed new and better sources as the months went on. In the summer of 1954 he made a recruiting trip to Los Angeles and came up with de Scaffa. But Harrison realized that his visits were too infrequent. He needed



TOP, BY SID AVERY

L.A. LAW
Attorney Jerry Giesler, *top*, who represented many actors, went after the magazine for salacious stories like this 1955 piece on actor Robert Mitchum.


ADRIENNE VITTADINI



INE VITTADINI
STORES

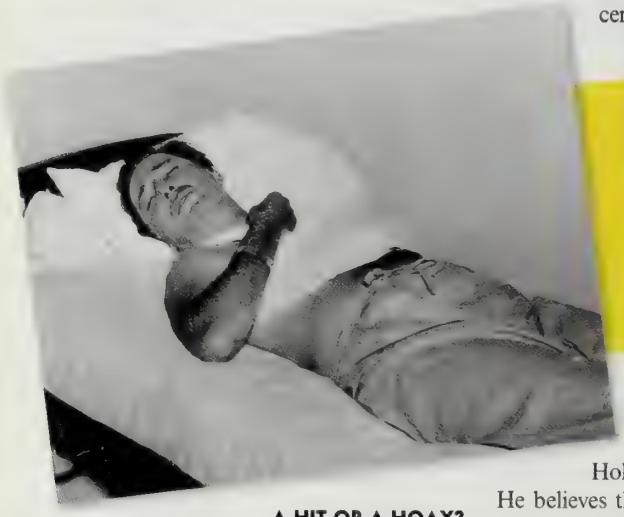
LM BEACH, FL.
ORAL GABLES, FL.
MPA, FL.
RLANDO, FL.
OS ANGELES, CA.
ANTA CLARA, CA.
ANSAS CITY, MO.
ES PERES, MO.
AN JUAN, PR.
ALEIGH, NC.
TTLETON, CO.
ACKENSACK, NJ.
ARLTON, NJ.
CHAUMBURG, IL.
ENEVA, IL.
IRMINGHAM, AL.
ARMINGTON, CT.

OPENING
IS SPRING

ENVER, CO.
HORT HILLS, NJ.
LANO, TX.
AS VEGAS, NV.
OLUMBUS, OH.
COTTSDALE, AZ.
OSEVILLE, MN.

a permanent listening post in Hollywood. Fortuitously, Harrison's 26-year-old niece, Marjorie (Edith's daughter), had decided to re-settle in California with her husband, Fred Meade. When she set out for California, her uncle asked her if she could "take care of a few things." As Marjorie recalls it, he wanted to run more first-person stories, and he hoped that she and her husband might gather and verify them.

Marjorie and Fred Meade arrived in L.A. in January 1955, believing their *Confidential* work would be a sideline. But when Fred's fiberglass business began failing, Harrison gave them $150,000 to start Hollywood Research Inc. The bureau, which Harrison would incorporate that July, consisted of Marjorie and Fred. Its primary function was to collect affidavits from



A HIT OR A HOAX?
Confidential's Harrison, recovering in a Dominican hospital in 1956, claimed to have been targeted by an irate, gun-toting assailant; many considered the incident a publicity stunt.

sources and send them on to New York, where they would be converted into articles. One source explained that she had been tipped off to Fred by a restaurateur who said that Fred wanted to buy stories on stars. When the woman provided him with material, he called the New York office to see if it was usable, then provided her with a check and a contract. "Later, I saw him talking to an old creep who looked like he'd come off skid row," the woman said. "When I saw that happening, I decided that he would take just about any story."

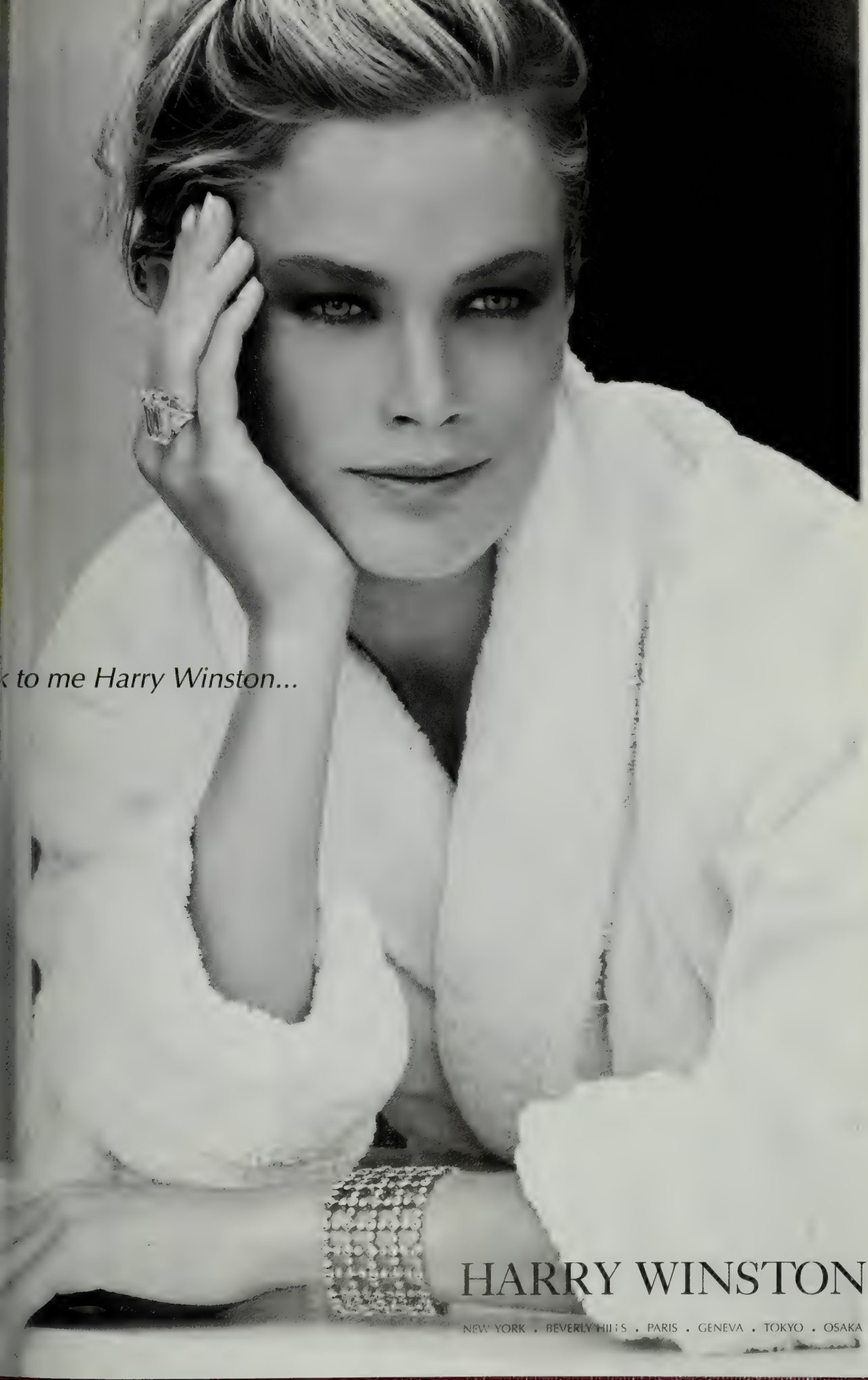
But the Meades didn't have to troll the demimonde for long. Marjorie says that certain Hollywood insiders, out of fear or out of the excitement of being associated with *Confidential*, actually welcomed them. [illegible] columnist at *The* [illegible] gave them stories and encouraging people to talk to them. (Marjorie suspected it was because Connolly, who was gay and often reported on Hollywood's homosexual community, was afraid of being outed by *Confidential*.) Another old friend of Harrison's, a bandleader named Eddie LeBaron, who had married an heir to the Smith Corona typewriter fortune, invited them into his social set and gave the Meades a certain cachet. Soon enough, people started approaching *them*—often minor stars spreading gossip about themselves by relating stories that weren't necessarily flattering but that would get them ink. That first year, by Fred's estimate, the Meades collected 750 leads for stories.

Not everyone in Hollywood, though, embraced the Meades. The studios certainly didn't; they had a lot invested in the stars that *Confidential* sullied. "There was tremendous pressure from Hollywood," DeStefano recalls. He believes that the studio brass were behind a probe into *Confidential* by Manhattan district attorney Frank Hogan, who was investigating charges that the magazine extorted money to kill stories. As early as 1955, *The Hollywood Reporter* was writing that industry executives had been meeting to retaliate against the scandal magazines. One private detective, William Lewis, said he had been contacted by a studio security chief to consult with producer-director Mervyn LeRoy. LeRoy supposedly wanted to know what it would take to kill *Confidential*. Lewis would later testify that he told LeRoy he would need $50,000 from each studio and a $50,000 expense fund—$300,000 in all—to recruit former F.B.I. agents to investigate the magazine and disprove its stories. The plan, though seriously considered, was never executed. "I got the impression that the heads of the studios [thought] a project of this kind . . . might boomerang," Lewis said.

He pulled up his shirt to show the bullet hole. . . . It looked as if Harrison had been shot with an elephant gun.

While Hollywood dithered, Harrison seemed to taunt his antagonists by continuing to hurl himself into the headlines. In 1956 he, his managing editor, A. P. Govoni, and a singer named Geene Courtney went to the Dominican Republic so that Harrison could look into a piece on an alleged new miracle drug. He was in the lobby of the El Embajador Hotel in Santo Domingo when he met and exchanged words with Richard Weldy, an animal trapper and safari guide whose ex-wife, Pilar Palette, had subsequently married John Wayne. *Confidential* had once done a story on Palette, and Weldy seemed quite angry about it. The next morning, Harrison, Govoni, and Courtney set out on an expedition into the Dominican jungle, some three hours from town. No sooner had they entered the bush than they encountered Weldy, who, as the story went, began shouting at Harrison. "I was never so surprised in my life," Govoni later said. He told reporters that he tried to intervene but he tripped on a rock, heard a shot ring out, and saw Harrison wounded and bleeding. Weldy easily escaped. Govoni ran to the car to get help. But by the time he reached town, a fog had rolled in. Rescue teams had to wait until morning, by which time a large-scale search party of Boy Scouts and local policemen had been recruited to comb the jungle for Harrison and Courtney. Weldy, meanwhile, was apprehended and jailed. The *Los Angeles Mirror-News* teased in its headline: PUBLISHER EDITED BY RIFLE?

When Harrison, apparently wounded, was discovered with Courtney the next day, he seemed surprisingly sanguine. He said he forgave Weldy: "He cannot be blamed for what happened." Largely because of the attention the incident received, Harrison was invited to appear on *Nightbeat*, a popular New York TV program hosted by Mike Wallace. When Wallace questioned Harrison about whether the shooting had been a publicity stunt, the publisher pulled up his shirt to show the bullet hole. But the camera zeroed in on a large mole instead, making it look as if Harrison had been shot with an elephant gun. In fact, before leaving for his trip, Harrison had promised reporters that "the next issue of *Confidential* will be the shot heard 'round the world." Weldy later claimed that he never shot Harrison. "I wouldn't waste a bullet on him," he said, hinting that it had all been a hoax. Afterward, according to


k to me Harry Winston...
HARRY WINSTON
NEW YORK . BEVERLY HILLS . PARIS . GENEVA . TOKYO . OSAKA

one story, Weldy was even put on *Confidential*'s payroll.

It was this sort of effrontery that, a few months later, stirred California Republican Fred Kraft to action. The state senator, with much fanfare, opened his 1957 hearings on the Marilyn Monroe "wrong-door raid," turning up the heat on *Confidential.* His threat to rein in private detectives and close the magazine so spooked the Meades that by February they had shut down Hollywood Research. And Kraft had an ally. One man who was eager to take on *Confidential* was the show-business attorney Jerry Giesler. Giesler had filed libel suits against the magazine for the Robert Mitchum piece, the Lizabeth Scott story, and an article about heiress Doris Duke, which alleged that she had had an affair with a black employee. Giesler also went to Washington to lobby Congress to pass legislation against the scandal magazines, and he pressured California attorney general Edmund Brown to take legal action, even sending him depositions he had taken for his libel suits. He also provided the New York address and telephone number of Howard Rushmore.

Rushmore had been hired by Harrison as *Confidential*'s managing editor in the late summer of 1954, possibly as another sop to Winchell, who was then waging a battle against the left. Rushmore's main claim to fame was that he had been a member of the Communist Party, had left its ranks in 1940, and had been a professional witness against it ever since. In 1953 he had been named research director for Senator Joseph McCarthy's infamous subcommittee investigating Communist infiltration of the government, only to leave in a dispute. At *Confidential,* Rushmore contributed the occasional scandal piece but his heart was really in exposing Hollywood subversives. He grew to despise Harrison for not sket ing the magazine that way. (Of her uncl Marjorie Meade says, "He didn't give o hoot about politics.") When Harrison r fused to run a false Rushmore piece on a alleged affair between Eleanor Roosev and her black chauffeur, Rushmore qu Though he would later claim that he le because he was revolted by what he had do, he promptly assumed the editorship *Uncensored,* a *Confidential* rival.





TRIAL OF A HUNDRED STARS
The magazine said Maureen O'Hara, *right,* had dallied with a "Latin Lothario"; she denied it on the stand in 1957. *Below,* *Confidential*'s indicted tipmeisters, Marjorie and Fred Meade, center and right.



But Rushmore did not go quiet By one account, he immediat contacted Giesler, who steer Brown his way. In May 1957, Brov convened a grand jury in Los Angel to seek indictments against Harris the Meades, *Confidential,* de Scaf and even Helen and Edith for consp acy to distribute obscene material, c spiracy to commit criminal libel, an two bizarre charges—conspiracy to d tribute material on abortion and male p tency. (*Confidential* had run exposés an abortion pill and a virility drug.) T star witnesses were Rushmore (who te fied that Harrison had no regard for t truth and regularly overruled his libel att neys), actress Maureen O'Hara, and pian Liberace. *Confidential* had published a pie

Adding to the melodrama, one witness died in his bathtub; another was found dead of a drug overdose.


Hush Puppies



Confidential's piece on Liberace (which he disputed) claimed he had pounced on a press agent from Ohio.



MUCH ADO ABOUT MUCK
From above: Tab Hunter sat courtside at *Confidential's* 1957 L.A. libel trial; jurors visited the site of Maureen O'Hara's alleged tryst; actress Dorothy Dandridge lashed out at the magazine.

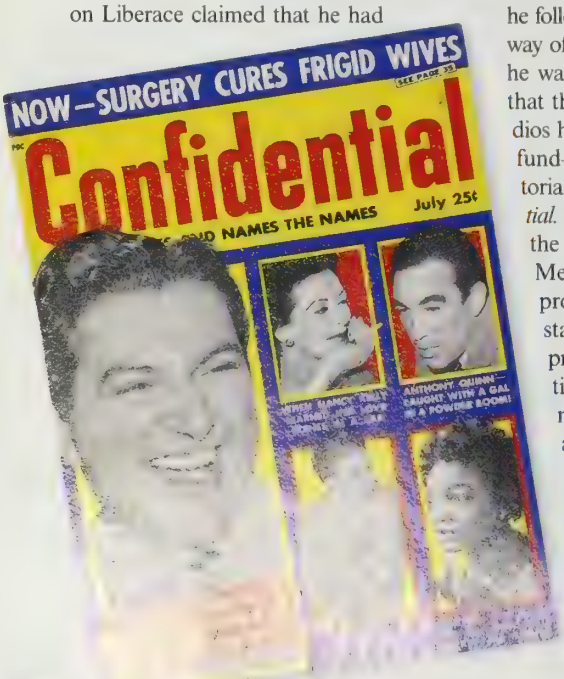


accusing O'Hara of being "spread across three seats," her blouse unbuttoned, with a "Latin Lothario" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. "So far as Maureen was concerned," went the article, "this was double feature night and Maureen was giving away more than dishes." O'Hara testified that the article was a complete fabrication, since she hadn't even been in the country at the time of her alleged offense. *Confidential*'s piece on Liberace claimed that he had pounced on an unsuspecting young press agent from Ohio after the agent innocently told him, "Anything you want, I'm your boy!" Liberace denied the charge and left the grand-jury room announcing that he was filing a libel suit against the magazine for $25 million.

The trial that summer was a "circus," as Marjorie Meade remembers it, with 47 reporters and a packed courtroom. The ringmaster, however, was nowhere in evidence. The state of New York refused to extradite Harrison, and he followed the proceedings from his Broadway office, phoning in nightly for reports as he was tried *in absentia,* while contending that the case was a setup and that the studios had agreed to pay Brown from a slush fund—to support his upcoming gubernatorial bid—if he managed to sink *Confidential.* (There is no evidence of this.) Among the defendants, only Fred and Marjorie Meade actually appeared in court. The prosecution brought Rushmore to the stand along with Ronnie Quillan and private eye Fred Otash, all of whom dutifully told their stories of *Confidential* mischief, though only Rushmore made accusations of libel. De Scaffa was absent. She had decamped to Mexico, where she attempted suicide during the trial and then disappeared when Mexican authorities threatened to deport her for moral turpitude. Adding to the melodrama, one witness died in his bathtub just days before he was scheduled to testify; another was found dead of a drug overdose; still another received a threatening phone call warning her not to appear in court.

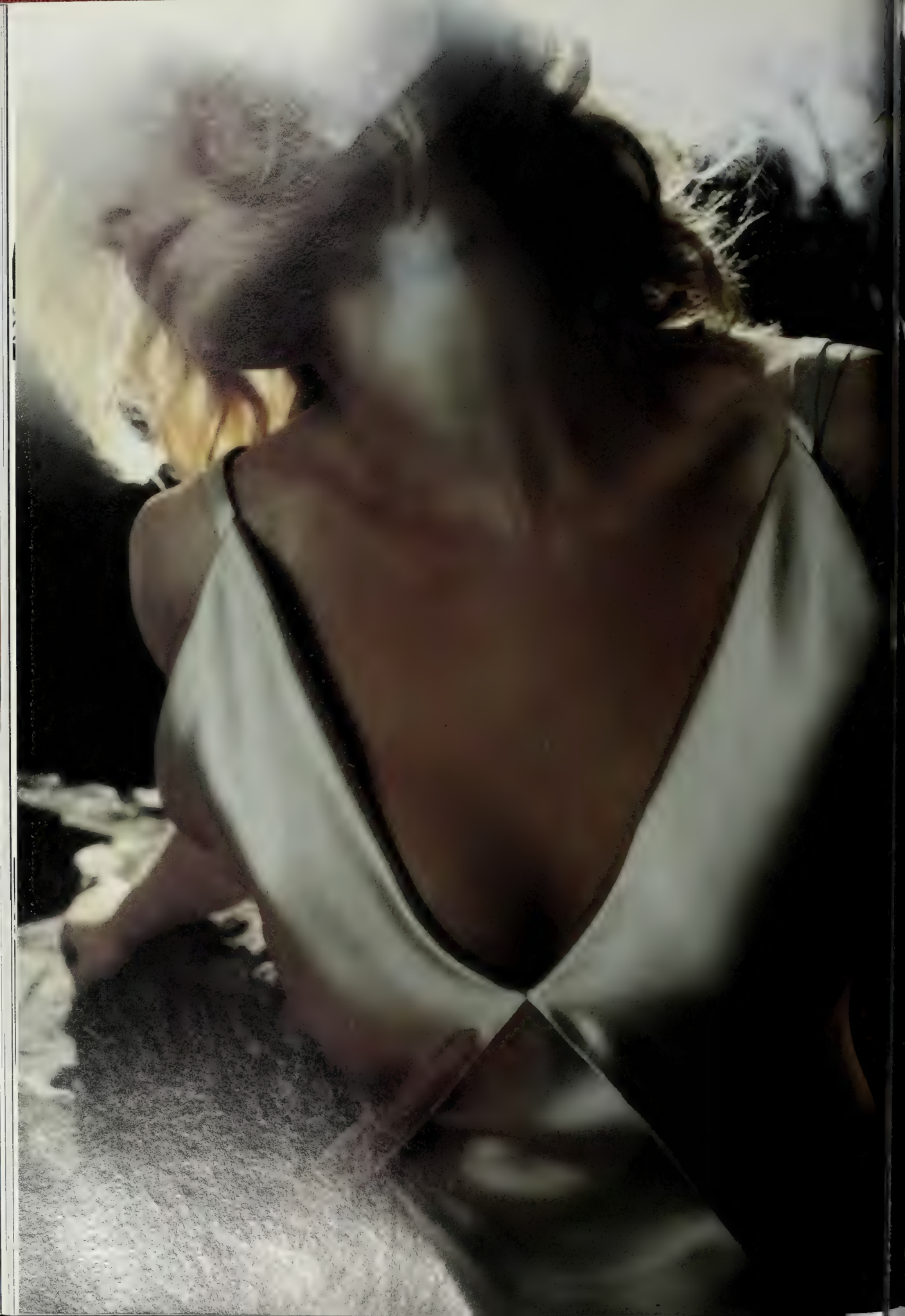
The defense strategy devised by a combative young attorney named Arthur Crowley, was straightforward: truth was a defense against libel. So he had Otash attempt to serve subpoenas on all stars—everyone from Ava Gardner to Clark Gable to Gary Cooper to Elvis Presley—who had been subjects of *Confidential* pieces. As a result, the case came to be known as the "Trial of a Hundred Stars."

"It looked like the Exodus from Egypt," Crowley jokes, recalling the rush of stars leaving Hollywood to avoid being served. A few, like Tab Hunter, weren't so lucky, and skulked outside the courtroom waiting to be called. But fearing what might happen if Crowley were to bring in his parade of witnesses, Judge Herbert Walker ruled that only seven articles were at issue and that Crowley could not compel other subjects to testify. In the end, the only stars to appear were prosecution witnesses Dorothy Dandridge, who denied a *Confidential* story that she had had a tryst in the woods with bandleader Hal Terry, and Maureen O'Hara, wearing a demure white-striped cotton dress and a straw hat. Shortly after she testified, the jury visited Grauman's, the scene of her alleged fling, where a male juror coaxed a female reporter to re-enact it with him.



For all its entertainment value, the six-week trial ended inconclusively. After 14 days—at that time the longest deliberation in the history of California—the jury hung, and Judge Walker declared a mistrial. Brown labeled it a victory. But shortly after the trial he instructed his deputies to offer the defendants a deal. Crowley advised Harrison to reject it; he was eager to go to trial again now that he knew the prosecution's case. Harrison was not. He did not want to subject Marjorie and Fred to another proceeding, and, in any case, he had spent $500,000 in attorneys' fees. In turn for the state's dropping the charges, Harrison agreed to pay a $10,000 fine and seemed happily through with it, crowing that the trial had been great publicity for *Confidential.* When Crowley came to New York the following week, Harrison held a victory celebration for him at Mama Leone's, draping the restaurant with a ban-


GIANFRANCO
FERRE

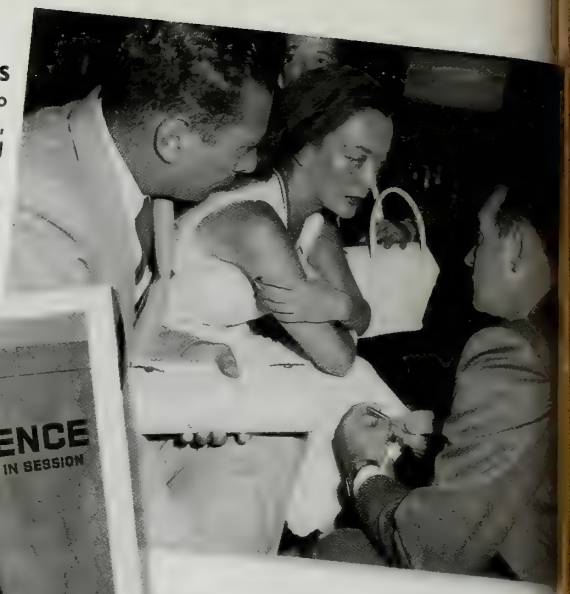


GIANFRANCO
FERRE
New York 845 Madison Avenue - Beverly Hills 270 North Rodeo Drive - Bal Harbour 9700 Collins Avenue www.gianfrancoferre.com

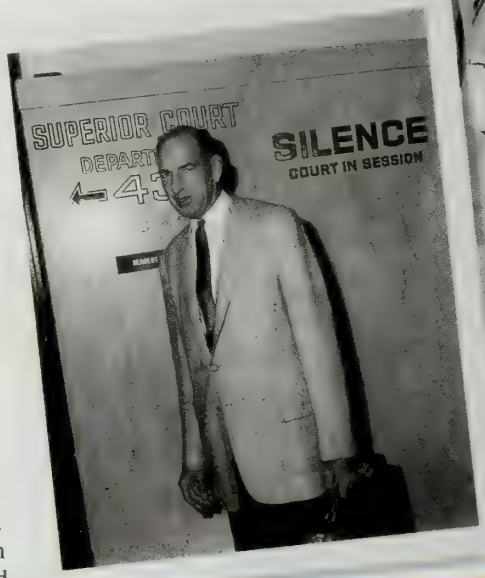
that read, CROWLEY FOR PRESIDENT. Outside Crowley's hotel, Harrison had also left a brand-new Cadillac wrapped in cellophane with a tag that said, "To Arthur." Crowley rejected the gift, but when Harrison drove him to the airport the next morning for the flight back to L.A., he had a violinist in the back of the convertible playing "Mr. Wonderful."

Despite Harrison's high spirits, there was a hitch. The settlement had also stipulated that he change the format of *Confidential* so that it would no longer expose celebrity transgressions. It was to become essentially a public-service magazine about health scares, medical quackery, and political skulduggery. In addition, Harrison was required to announce the new policy in full-page newspaper ads. In effect, he was writing an epitaph for the magazine. "He didn't have the stomach for the libel suits," says DeStefano. Even if outraged celebrities didn't prevail in court, just defending the suits was expensive and draining. Giesler had fought a war of attrition and won. Though Harrison was proud of saying that he had never paid a penny in libel claims, within a year he wound up settling with Liberace for $40,000 because it was much less expensive than going to court. He settled for smaller amounts with O'Hara, Dandridge, and Errol Flynn.

The irony was that despite its scurrility and underhandedness, despite its disreputable sources, despite its "*esthétique du* shlock," as Tom Wolfe once called it, most of the pieces printed in *Confidential* were true—or at least came with full verification. Harrison spent more than $100,000 a year on the prestigious New York law firm Becker, Ross, and Stone to vet each story, and contrary to Rushmore's assertion Harrison never overruled his attorneys in matters of libel, only in matters of taste. In fact, as attorney Dan Ross testified at the trial, the stories in *Confidential* were often "watered-down" versions of what really happened, a way of dissuading subjects from bringing libel suits that would expose the actual—seamier—truth. Harrison's phalanx of detectives was not meant to fabricate facts; it was meant to confirm them. Harrison



TATTLERS Among those who testified: Ronnie Quillan, *right, a Confidential* confidante—and "party girl"—and Joe McCarthy cohort Howard Rushmore, *below, a onetime Confidential* editor.



Harrison's idea of getting behind the news amounted to stories like LOVER KILLS DANCER, LIVES WITH CORPSE.

al saw its than ri-

salaciousness, its popularity would have declined. The magazine's success was largely a function of American innocence, of a time when there were subjects that could actually scandalize. As Harrison himself conceded, what *Confidential* had once revealed, the stars were now reporting about themselves. For a while, he became an investor in the stock market, but Broadway Bob clearly missed the action. In March 1963, he launched another magazine, *Inside News,* promising the "lowdown from coast to coast," and he was talking it up when Tom Wolfe interviewed him that year, for *Esquire.* "This is going to be bigger than *Confidential,*" he said. "The keyhole stuff is dead. The big thing now is getting behind the news." But Harrison's idea of getting behind the news, at that stage, amounted to stories like LOVER KILLS DANCER, LIVES WITH CORPSE and DWARF KIDNAPPED AND MOLESTED 20 MONTH OLD BABY.

Some things didn't change. He still lived high—now at the Delmonico Hotel, at 59th Street and Park Avenue, where Edith and Helen still tended him. He still cruised the clubs, glad-handing his way through a ro He still drove his yacht-size convertibles, he still favored his buxom young blon Frustrated to the end, June Frew had d an apparent suicide, but Harrison had Regi Ruta, a model half his age, and had become his companion. Harrison even asked DeStefano if he should fin break down and get m ried. DeStefano counse him not to, advice he w he now regrets. "He there was a void," Stefano says of Harris

Even though Harr was still outwardly e lient, one could sens inner gloom. In the l he would call DeSte with some new scheme, just as he in the old days. He had sold *Inside N* and was planning to enter book publish "He was always thinking that he was g to do something—one of these things click." Yet Harrison also seemed to re that, in DeStefano's words, "you d make it twice." Harrison was 73 and a desk in the Delmonico late on the a noon of February 17, 1978, when his s Helen found him, dead of a heart atta

The media hardly noticed. Harr wasn't the kind of figure to be cre with having created a journalistic in tion, and his death rated only two s paragraphs in *The New York Times.* H Harrison had lost the battle back in and if his day had long since passed, th tervening decades would prove he had the war. By the time he died, his Big had become the dominant idea of A can journalism. What he loosed, no settlement or moral disapprobation c ever rein in again. Broadway Bob Har the King of Leer, had made it only but he had wound up stamping the in his strange and sensational image, nothing would ever be the same. □

CLOTHING WITH A STORY



the Lands' End way, call 1-800 [illegible] visit lands-end.com or selected Sears stores.

LOVE ACTUALLY



A GREAT CAST, ACTUALLY

The *Love Actually* players, in London: Colin Firth, Keira Knightley, Bill Nighy, Martine McCutcheon, Hugh Grant, Alan Rickman, Laura Linney, Liam Neeson, and Emma Thompson.

Since 1995, Richard Curtis, who wrote the scripts for *Four Weddings and a Funeral, Notting Hill,* and *Bridget Jones's Diary,* has been providing movie-lovers with one very simple, albeit crucial pleasure: watching Hugh Grant trying to find love while saying "actually" a lot. In Curtis's new one, *Love Actually* (whose full title is actually *Love Actually Is All Around*), Grant shares the screen with a juggernaut of talent—Emma Thompson, Alan Rickman, Colin Firth, Liam Neeson, and Laura Linney, to name a few—and this ar-old people looking for interweaving stories in mines love in its many forms—family love, childhood cru es, even the affection between aging rock star and his manager.

The movie marks Curtis's deb as a director. "I thought, I've hit 45. If I don't do it myself now, just have a heart attack next time," he says. Along the way gained an insight into why he has become the Go-To Guy wh it comes to getting romance on-screen. "One of the stories in t movie has a little boy who's in love, and as we were auditio ing, I found out that most of the little boys we spoke to could give a damn about girls," Curtis says. "I've known who I was love with every day since I was five. I can tell you the names the girls in sequence."

—EVGENIA PERE

PHOTOGRAPH BY LORENZO AGIUS


THE NEW MEN'S FRAGRANCE
YVES SAINT LAURENT
M7
AKS FIFTH AVENUE



CHARLIE'S ANGLES
The roving-eyed agent with friendly ex-wife Jean Howard, circa 1957. She once said she'd rather be the "other woman" in his life, and eventually she got her wish.

The Man Who Minted Style

During his three-decade romp as agent, producer, and playboy, Charlie Feldman represented some 300 of the movies' greatest talents, from Greta Garbo and John Wayne to Richard Burton and Marilyn Monroe. He also changed the way Hollywood did business, with a flair and glamour to rival any of his clients'

PETER BISKIND

Orson Welles once said, "The two men who ruined the movies were Irving Thalberg and Charlie Feldman." Irving Thalberg, O.K.—the legendary MGM wunderkind had directors picking up his laundry during his reign as the studio's head of production in the 1920s and 30s. But Charlie Feldman?

Unless you're James Dean or Marilyn Monroe, dying prematurely is a bad career move in Hollywood. Feldman died at 63 in 1968, still in his prime, and today if you drop his name all you get is a blank dead-fish look. Except with people of a certain age, who remember him vividly as one of those bigger-than-life Hollywood characters verging on mythical, the man Louis B. Mayer, the industry's boss of bosses, tried to destroy and couldn't. As an agent, Feldman ruled the talent market for three decades, from the mid-30s through the early 60s, representing 300 or so of the biggest stars and directors in Hollywood, not only flameouts like Dean and Monroe, or dropouts like Greta Garbo, but lifers such as Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, John Wayne, William Holden, Gary Cooper, Kirk Douglas, Susan Hayward, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, Tyrone Power, and Lauren Bacall. When a mogul such as Twentieth Century Fox head Darryl Zanuck needed representation himself, he went to Feldman. Or when producer David O. Selznick wanted an agent for his wife, Jennifer Jones, he went to Feldman and begged him to represent her. Feldman's agency, Famous Artists, was in its day far and away the most powerful motion-picture agency in town. No surprise, then, that Feldman was a firm believer in the star system, once observing, "No one ever heard of Aly Khan until he married Rita Hayworth, and no one ever heard of Prince Rainier until he married Grace Kelly."

But Feldman's story is not just another stardusted exercise in nostalgia, for the simple reason that the changes he wrought in the business of moviemaking were so far-reaching that it is not an exaggeration to call him one of the principal architects of today's Hollywood. For better or for worse, he developed the concept of packaging, whereby an agent puts together the elements of a film—stars, director, writer—from his client list, ties them up with


NTINE COLLECTION
Y HILLS NORTH RODEO DRIVE
GAS SOUTH COAST PLAZA
CANNES MONTE-CARLO LONDON TOKYO
red.com www.eLuxury.com
ore information: 1-800-655-2280
FRED
PARIS



IN LIKE FELDMAN Ladies' men: Clark Gable, Jack Warner, Feldman, and Darryl Zanuck. Feldman's résumé included Greta Garbo and Ava Gardner.

partnered with Howard Hawks, co-producing and packaging many of the director's most enduring films, including *Red River* and the great Bogart-Bacall pairings, *To Have and Have Not* and *The Big Sleep*. He had a real genius for discovering talent—not only Montgomery Clift and Marlon Brando, but Jane Fonda and Woody Allen. In 1950, *Life* magazine called him a "one-man major."

So Welles was right to yoke Feldman with Thalberg. Welles was speaking as an *auteur,* of course, and in Feldman he recognized another, albeit of a different sort. By driving up star salaries and then stuffing these stars into packages the studios couldn't refuse, the agent was stacking the deck against directors, who in most cases were already little more than errand boys. The room wasn't big enough for Welles and Feldman, who produced one of Welles's lesser films, *Macbeth,* and supported the actor-director in his declining years by employing him to ornament his last, wildest production, 1967's *Casino Royale.*

"Charlie had all the qualities of a movie star," says David Picker, head of production at United Artists from 1969 to 1973. "He had the charm and the style." Off-camera, he defined "debonair" as much as Cary Grant defined it on; and with his first wife, actress Jean Howard, Feldman helped set the standard for Hollywood glamour during the glamorous 30s. He was movie-star handsome and wore a pencil-thin mustache that made him look like a Jewish Clark Gable. In fact Loretta Young used to call him "Gabe." A prodigious womanizer, he was romantically involved with Garbo, Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr, Joan Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland, Ava Gardner, and many others. "Women loved him," says his widow, the former Clotilde Barrot. "He was very kind, made a woman feel terrific. He liked actresses and models, and his taste in girls

He was movie-star handsome, with a pencil-thin mustache that made him look like a Jewish Clark Gable. Loretta Young called him "Gal

bright-red ribbon, and sells the whole thing to some studio executive too lazy or dumb to develop projects himself. Feldman also broke the studio contract system, whereby actors were held in virtual servitude—albeit well-rewarded servitude—for seven-year terms, forced to take whatever piece of dreck they were assigned. Instead, Feldman made the majors pay his talent on a picture-by-picture basis; so when Tom Hanks and Tom Cruise receive their $25 million paychecks, they have Feldman to thank. And still he managed to play croquet every weekend with Zanuck (he was the only agent Zanuck would deal with personally) and be bosom buddies with Jack Warner and Sam Goldwyn.

Feldman was also a producer—not an agent first and then a producer, but for much of his career an agent and producer at the same time, because he was one of the first agents who managed to sweet-talk the Screen Actors Guild into waiving the conflict-of-interest rule that to this day prevents agents from also producing. Feldman made countless movies, from Serious [illegible] to dream comedy hits such as *The Seven Year Itch* and everything in between. He was very good. He was a big, big charmer, but you wanted to protect him."

Feldman was the last of the playboy producers, the men about-town with the voracious appetite for life, the Bentleys in the garages, the French art on the walls, the starlets on the arm and in the bed. He bought handmade suits by the carload from an exclusive Beverly Hills tailor in only two colors, blue and gray, and owned 300 ties from Sulka, all identical, dull blue and red stripes. (He had sets of identical clothes wherever he had a home, in New York, Los Angeles, London, Paris, and his friends always envied him for being able to travel without baggage.) He partied with Jack Kennedy when the future president was still a *pisher,* and had done business with his dad before that. As Samuel Goldwyn once put it, "He could charm you off your feet. When you left Charlie you're lucky if you still have your pants left."

By the end, though, Feldman's career had dipped into self-parody. As Richard Burton's agent, he was right in the middle of the *Cleopatra* catastrophe, and *Casino Royale* was a mess, to say with four credited directors and 12 screenwriters. Feldman came to represent, fairly or not, everything that was wrong with the i


GUESS
BY MARCIANO






GUESS
BY MARCIANO

try in the 60s, everything that the New Hollywood directors he following decade rebelled against: the decadence, the artiality, the void at the heart of it all. But by then Feldman was e. And even though he was taken, painfully, before his time, even though his death tore a hole in the fabric of his circle, e was something appropriate about it. His era had ended.

harles K. Feldman was one of those self-invented people Hollywood loves. All manner of fanciful tales swirl around his origins, shrouded in the mists of time. Feldman himseemed to encourage the confusion. His birthplace has been iously given as London, New York, and Bayonne, New Jersey, l he sometimes said that his family name was Gould, alugh it was indisputably Gold. His father, Isaac, had been in the mond business in London and possibly South Africa before he l his family immigrated to America and ended up for reasons known in Bayonne. Gold and his wife, Eva, had seven chilen, five boys and two girls. Feldman fell in the middle, the rd-youngest. Most sources put his birth on April 26, 1905 or 06, but Warren Beatty, who was a close friend, and the late proction designer Richard Sylbert, also a friend, who once got a ok at Feldman's passport, think he was born earlier, perhaps 00 or 1901. Eva died of cancer in 1910, and Isaac followed ree years later, a victim of the same disease.

Most of the children were adopted out to other families; at ast one grew up in an institution. Lenette, Charlie's younger sis, was taken in by a family named Feldman in Bayonne and ersuaded friends—bizarrely, another, unrelated Feldman fami—to adopt Charlie. In a slightly different version of the story—Jean Howard later wrote, perhaps apocryphally—the Gold chilen were taken to Samuel Feldman's furniture store. Feldman ouldn't decide which child to adopt, so he told them to run the ngth of the showroom floor toward his outstretched arms; he ould take the one who got there first, which, providentially for im, was young Charlie, despite the fact that he tripped over a ile of rugs and a chaise longue. Charlie was about 7, or perhaps as old as 13. According to Lenette's daughter Rhoda Krawitz, "My mother would walk along the street and see Charlie, but she was forbidden to say hello to him because she was supposed to be loyal to her adoptive family."

Charlie's Feldman family eventually moved their furniture business to Los Angeles, where it prospered. Charlie would work his way through the University of Southern California law school delivering mail. He set himself up in practice in 1928, occupying a cubbyhole in the Taft Building on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, then the Times Square of Hollywood, near the fabled Brown Derby, where he hung out with a claque of small-time agents who occasionally threw business his way. One of them threw him Edward G. Robinson, for whom Feldman negotiated a three-year, $1 million deal, of which he collected $5,000. "That's good pay for a lawyer," he later explained to an interviewer, doing the arithmetic. "But if I were that guy's agent, not merely his lawyer, I'd have been good for $100,000." At that moment the lightbulb went on: Feldman became an agent. His friends were horrified, and one of them admonished him, "Charlie, you sweated five years for that law degree. Now you want to give it up for a business where you don't even have to know how to read?" Undaunted, Feldman formed an agency in 1932 with Ad Schulberg, former wife of Paramount chief B. P. Schulberg. Their first clients were Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, and Dick and Joan Bennett.

It was the depths of the Depression, but you'd have never known it in Hollywood, where the Beverly Wilshire Hotel was holding regular tea dances from four to seven on weekends. One of the regulars was Jean Howard, then 23. Formerly Ernestine Hill, Howard was a tall, willowy blonde who had modeled as a teenager and made it out to Hollywood from Longview, Texas, in the late 20s, becoming a Ziegfeld girl in time for the final filmed *Follies* in 1931. Howard was hard to miss, and Feldman, who was in attendance at the Beverly Wilshire one evening in 1933, was struck by Cupid's arrow. He subsequently plied her



ARGYLE AFTERNOON
From left: Feldman, Laurence Olivier, Reggie Gardiner, and Clifton Webb at a party, circa 1950. The picture is by Jean Howard.



LOVE AT FIRST FIGHT Howard and Feldman in Rome, 1948. Theirs had been an uneasy marriage. "Either you'll kill me, or I'll kill you," she once said after braining him with a gold cigarette box.

him: "Charlie, meet this beautif girl, she's just out from New Yor This is ... Jean Howard." Feldm interrupted, "You're very rude, Mi Howard. You never answer my me sages." Recalled Howard, many yea later, "I apologized awkwardly. I w a nervous wreck, for in all my twent three years I had never felt the way I did when I fi met Charlie. It was love at first sight."

There was only one problem. Louis B. Mayer, the powerful, very married head of MGM, was infatu ed with Howard and was courting her energetical She always denied they had had sex—not that she wou have refused had he asked, she said later, but he never d "He did nothing but talk all the time," she complained. S had begun seeing Feldman, but when she realized that, spite the candy and flowers, he was living with a hot M ican number named Raquel Torres, she became furious a accepted Mayer's invitation to rendezvous in Paris, wh he was vacationing in the summer of 1934. No sooner h Howard gotten comfortable in her room at the George hotel than Mayer summoned her to his suite. As she membered it, "He was standing there with a lot of wh papers, trembling and screaming, 'How could you do t to me?'" The papers—reports from the detective he h hired to follow her in Hollywood—detailed her meetin with Feldman. According to Howard, Mayer tried to thr himself from a fifth-floor balcony and broke the thumb his P.R. wizard, Howard Strickland, in the ensuing tuss

Hearing from Howard that Mayer was threatening end his life because of their affair, Feldman was reput to have exclaimed, "Good! Let's get married right awa

"I saw you last night dancing at the Beverly Wilshire," he wrote. "Hav something which I would like to discuss.... Incidentally you're lo

with candy and flowers, followed by a note, dated simply, with no eye for history, "1933." It read, "Dear Miss Howard—I saw you last night dancing at the Beverly Wilshire. Have something on my mind which I would like to discuss with you. Its [*sic*] so very very important. I will call you later. Say at 6 and I do hope you will see me. Incidentally you're lovely—Charlie Feldman." She asked someone who he was and was told he was an agent. In those days, agents were widely regarded as pond scum, so Howard imagined Feldman as a fast-talking, "unattractive little guy" and failed to reply. But the flowers and candy kept coming, and she started to think that he was, in her words, "some kind of nut."

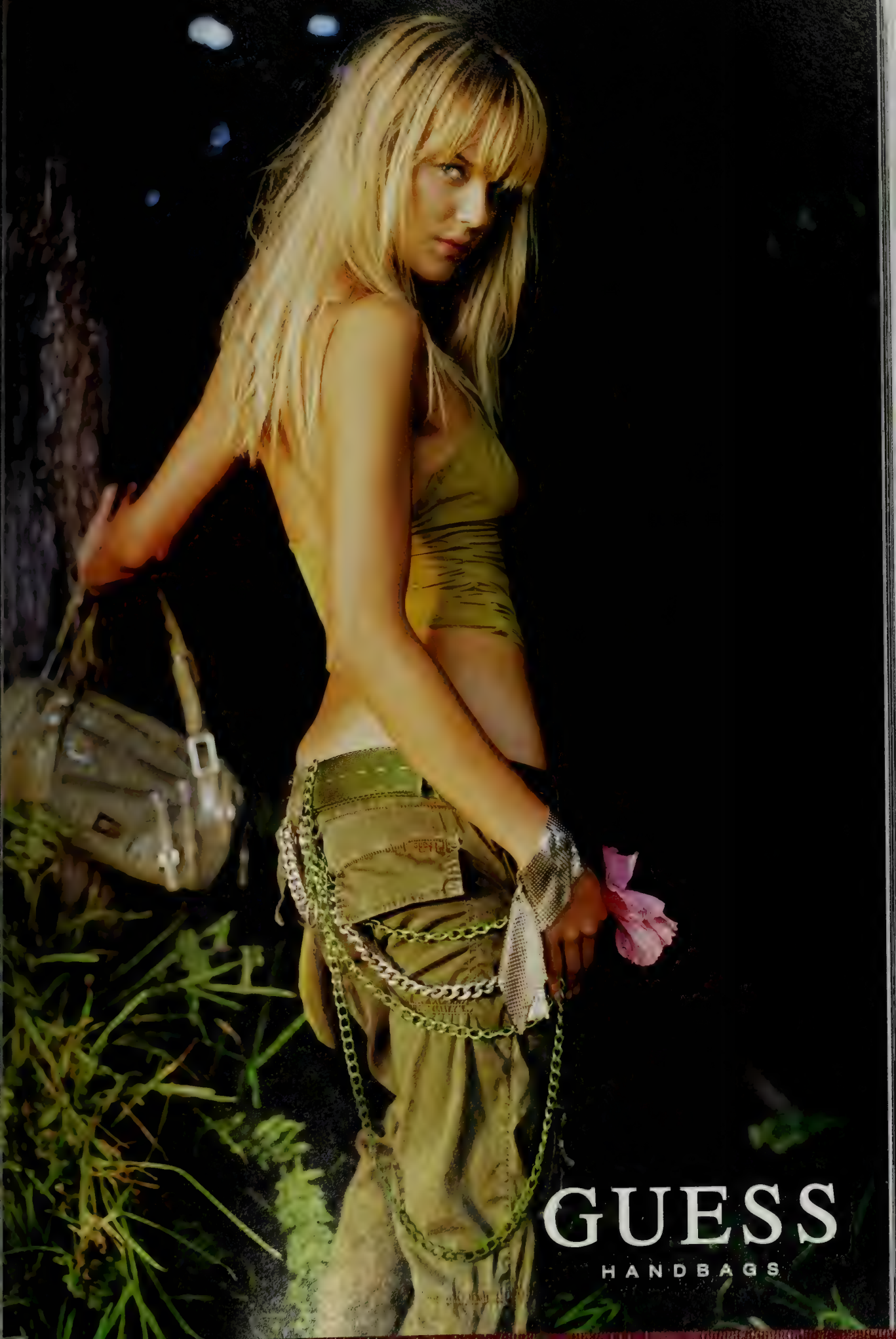
Then one night a friend invited her to a party, where Howard sank into a sofa that gave her a view of the room. Suddenly, a man entered, and Howard thought, as she later put it, "That's the best looking man I have ever seen."

Feldman was of no more than medium height, but he was broad across the shoulders and immaculately attired, with a perpetual tan and a head of dark hair neatly combed in a wave to the left over a broad forehead. He had long curly lashes and eyes that were a surprising blue, and, of course, the dashing pencil-thin mustache. Howard turned to the man seated next to her, who happened to be Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and asked, "Who's that guy?" LeRoy answered, "Charlie Feldman." Feldman had spotted her too and walked over. LeRoy introduced

They did, more or less. The couple threw a wedding dinner at Colony Restaurant in New York City on the night of August 24, a then got married at midnight in the Westchester town of Harris

Mayer subsequently refused to do business with Feldman, bar him and his clients from the MGM lot, and tried to blackball h at the other studios. But Feldman was close to Harry Cohn, pugnacious head of Columbia Pictures. One day Cohn offered help Feldman mend fences with Mayer. According to Howa Cohn told Feldman, "Listen, you silly son of a bitch, you've got say you're sorry you stole this lovely girl, and you've got to cr you possibly can." (Mayer was a great sentimentalist.) Cohn a Feldman then drove the eight miles from the Columbia lot in H lywood to Mayer's Culver City office in an open car in hopes t the breeze would make the agent's eyes tear. The story is picl up by Warren Beatty: "He and Mayer exchanged pleasantries, then Charlie said, 'You're a son of a bitch,' and they got into a fight and ended up thrashing about on the floor of his office.

Despite his feud with Mayer, Feldman's agency manage survive. The contract system, one of the pillars of the b ness, was a cozy arrangement not just for the studios for the agents as well because it required of them little more t sitting behind their desks and watching their 10 percent rol every year, like an annuity. But Feldman realized that his cli (and consequently he himself) could do much better charging


GUESS
HANDBAGS

the picture. Irene Dunne, for example, was making $1,500 per week, or $60,000 a year, at RKO. (The contract year consisted of 40 weeks.) When her contract was up in 1935, Feldman refused to renew it. Instead, he demanded $150,000 a picture. Her first movie under this setup was *Magnificent Obsession,* directed by John Stahl, also a client. Claudette Colbert was getting $2,500 a week at Paramount. Feldman learned of a script at Columbia that had been turned down by several actresses—*It Happened One Night.* The studio was keen to fill the part, and when Colbert's contract at Paramount expired in 1934, Feldman demanded that Columbia pay her $150,000 for the picture—whose total budget was only $325,000—and got it.

Mayer's freeze-out of Feldman at MGM probably would have gone on indefinitely had it not been for the fact that in 1936 the studio's brightest star, Garbo, demanded that Charles Boyer play Napoleon to her Josephine in a picture called *Conquest.* Boyer had been a Feldman client from the beginning. According to the agent, by way of former United Artists executive David Chasman (who became friendly with Feldman in the 60s when Feldman produced *What's New, Pussycat?* for the company), Mayer summoned Thalberg to his office. Apparently still enraged by Jean Howard's perfidy, the little man was apoplectic. "I won't see him! I don't want that son of a bitch Feldman on the lot!" he bellowed.

"Louis, you don't have to meet with him," replied Thalberg, mildly. "I'll handle it." Feldman drove onto the MGM lot for the first time in years and made his way to Thalberg's office, where the great man kept him waiting for 20 minutes. "What are you getting for Boyer these days?" the head of production inquired once the amenities had been disposed of. Boyer was under contract to independent producer Walter Wanger, and Feldman replied, "His last deal with Wanger was $25,000 for 10 weeks."

"This is an MGM picture! A lead opposite Garbo! You'll have [illegible] than that."

"Wait a minute. You asked me what I'm getting for Boyer, and that's what I'm getting, $25,600 for 10. But if you're asking what [illegible] eight weeks!"

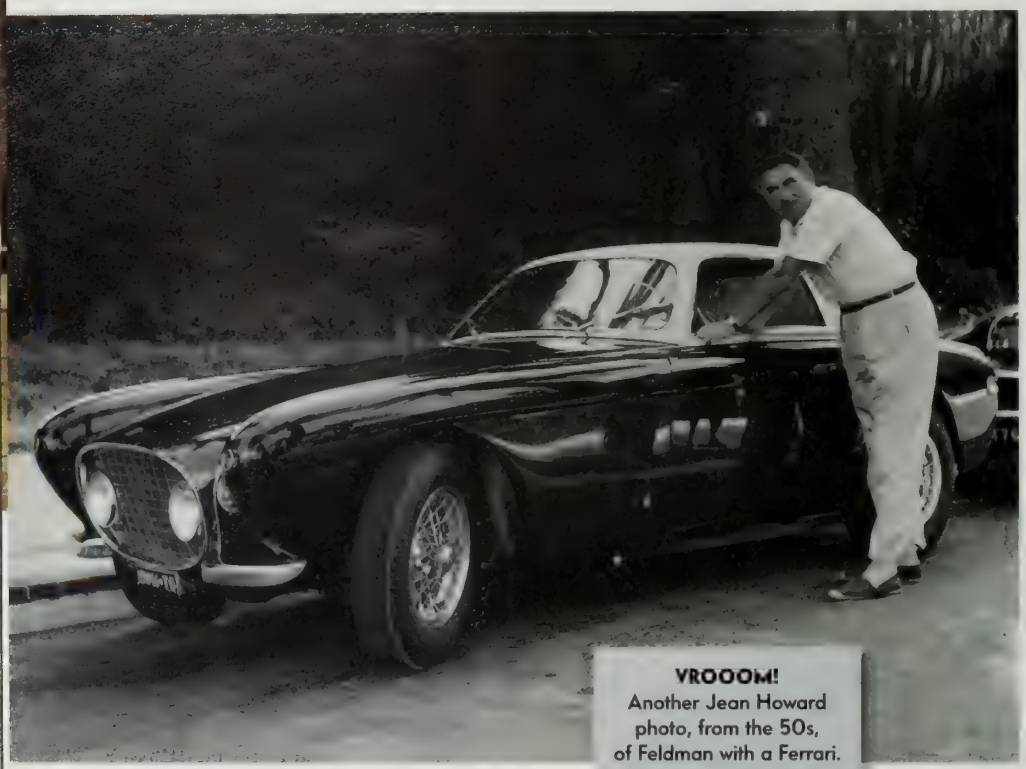
"Louis was right!" yelled Thalberg. "Get off the lot!" Feldm left, but Garbo remained adamant, and Boyer got his mone Feldman also included a clause that required the studio to co pensate Boyer if the picture ran over, which it did. Boyer walk away with something close to 450,000 of Mayer's dollars, of whi Feldman collected $45,000.

Feldman had put a lot of mileage between himself and his biological siblings. As he confessed to a friend, "You kn the feelings I have for any of my kin—which is nil." But th hadn't forgotten him, and often intruded with letters or cables i ploring him to send money because they were sick or had been fir yet again, poignant reminders of the real lives in Depression-e America beyond the confines of Beverly Hills. Despite his distas he sent them money over the years, even put his brother Joe (whc he disliked intensely) on a month stipend, concealing the source of t income from him. He also sent l old clothes to his brothers.

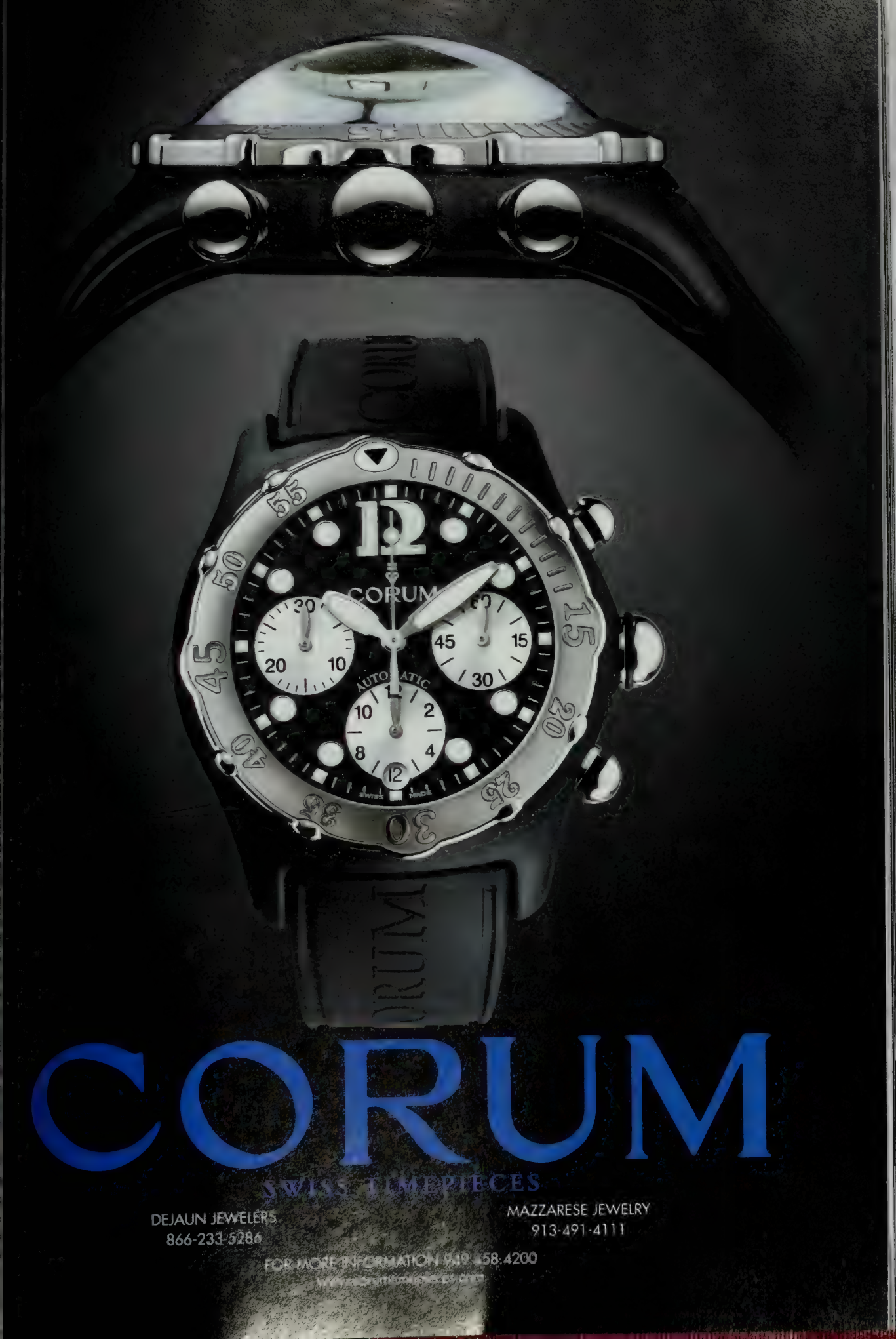
During the war, Feldman rolled his sleeves and plunged in. Amo other duties, in 1942 he headed the talent committee of the Hol wood Victory Caravan for Army a Navy Relief, which sent a dazzli array of stars on an unprecedent cross-country train tour. But Fe man kept his eye on his busine He was a bold and innovative stra gist, and defying the contract syst was only the beginning. He could help noticing that the writers, dir tors, and producers he represen constantly needed work. Moreo the careers of some of the actors w should have been working were in doldrums. Marlene Dietrich seen to be past her prime; John Wa looked as if he'd never be able climb out of shoot-'em-up progra mers; ditto for Randolph Scott. F man realized that if he attached se al of his clients to the same prop he could sell them all at once. sometime toward the end of the 30s, he started buy the rights to various short stories, novels, and pla

"I didn't go into competition with the studi he explained. "I just bought what they didn't want or had pas up. I would wrap a story up, then stick an important name on label, usually the name of a star or a top director. The rest easy. No producer in his right mind would turn down a deal that." In 1942, for instance, Feldman put in motion the fou remake of *The Spoilers,* a Klondike saga dating from the silent He hired a screenwriter, cast Dietrich, Scott, and Wayne, and, ploiting what remained of Dietrich's glamour, sold the whole of wax to Universal. He collected 10 percent for each of the tl leads, more for the screenplay. It worked like a charm, beca everyone benefited. The clients got work, Feldman got his f and the studio got a ready-made movie.

When Feldman spotted a new face, he would put him or under personal contract, paying a modest stipend. He nurtu their careers until he was able to sell their contracts to the stuc while retaining them as clients. He also quickly realized that, i was going to buy properties, attach his clients, and sell the packa to the studios, he might as well take producing fees and credit well. In 1939 the Screen Actors Guild granted him a waiver f



VROOOM! Another Jean Howard photo, from the 50s, of Feldman with a Ferrari. He also owned a number of Bentleys. Friends say he was a terrible driver.


CORUM
AUTOMATIC
CORUM
SWISS TIMEPIECES
DEJAUN JEWELERS
866-233-5286
MAZZARESE JEWELRY
913-491-4111
FOR MORE INFORMATION 949.458.4200

its conflict-of-interest rule. In exchange, he agreed to relinquish his 10 percent cut from clients who appeared in pictures he produced. In 1942 he took the cast of *The Spoilers,* put them in a film with the unlikely title *Pittsburgh,* and produced it under the banner of Charles K. Feldman Group Productions. The picture disappeared without a trace, but as a business model it was brilliant.

On August 27, 1942, Feldman paid $18,000 for a sprawling Spanish-style home with whitewashed walls and a red tile roof at 2000 Coldwater Canyon. The house was decorated in signature *chinois* style by Billy Haines, a silent-film star turned must-have decorator for Hollywood gentry. He and Howard filled the house with the Regency and Chippendale furniture that were all the rage. The walls were painted a muted sea green, the rooms filled with unusual *objets*—Oriental figures, pre-Columbian stone artifacts, tortoiseshell pedestals, and Chinese porcelain lamps—that Feldman had begun to collect in 1936 when Colbert asked him to pick up a Degas drawing for her during the course of his first trip to Europe. Feldman got the bug himself. He even tried his hand at painting.

When the war ended, Feldman began collecting in earnest. He bought 19th- and early-20th-century paintings—a Dufy, Vuillards, Bonnards. In the living room, over a fireplace that was framed by mirrored panels arranged like tiles, hung a Modigliani. He also had pieces by Renoir, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Rodin, and de Chirico, too many to hang. Feldman would even buy paintings sight unseen by the gross, like potatoes, the overflow canvases stacked in the furnace room, among them an Orozco and some Bernard Buffets. One night he invited his dinner guests down to the cellar and casually gave away artworks as if they were party favors.

Feldman hated to go to the office. Casually dressed in a cardigan, he typically worked on the patio overlooking his pool, eating crackers dipped in honey, avoiding calls from his clients. When it couldn't be helped, he met with them at the house, soothed them in his quiet, reasonable voice, stroking egos, flattering, cajoling. He had a good sense of humor that not only made him fun to be around but also allowed him to defuse crises and get away with outrageous behavior. As often as not, he was the butt of his own stories. As David Chasman recalls Feldman's tales, "At gambling Charlie never won, in business Charlie never came out ahead, in romance Charlie never got laid." He loved to say that Marilyn Monroe, Rita Hayworth, and Lana Turner all fired him on the same day.

The agent was a firm believer in the principle that business is pleasure and vice versa, which meant that if he went to the office [illegible] didn't do so until the afternoon, when he might spend a [illegible] hours on the phone before meeting a friend for a drink, [illegible] nd finally going off for a few hands of [illegible] when Twentieth Century Fox was in play, he and agent Irving "Swifty" Lazar contemplated m[illegible] ing a run at it. Feldman asked Lazar, "What time do you get u[illegible]

"Around 11:30, 12. What about you?"

"About the same." There was a pause, and then Feldman s[illegible] "I guess we should forget about Fox. Who's going to run it in t[illegible] mornings?"

Feldman had met Howard Hawks through Hawks's broth[illegible] Bill, an agent, and they became friendly. In 1940, Bill Hawks e[illegible] ed the agency business to become a producer, freeing his broth[illegible] to become Feldman's client. Feldman immediately got him what Hawks biographer calls "a ludicrous amount" to direct *Sergea[illegible] York* with Gary Cooper at Warner Bros., and then $100,000 fr[illegible] the Samuel Goldwyn Company for *Ball of Fire,* also with Coop[illegible] In 1943, Feldman and Hawks went into business together as H[illegible] Productions, with the noti[illegible] of buying properties that th[illegible] could convert into scripts a[illegible] then sell to the studios. Th[illegible] produced *To Have and Ha[illegible] Not,* pairing Humphrey B[illegible] gart with Lauren Bacall.

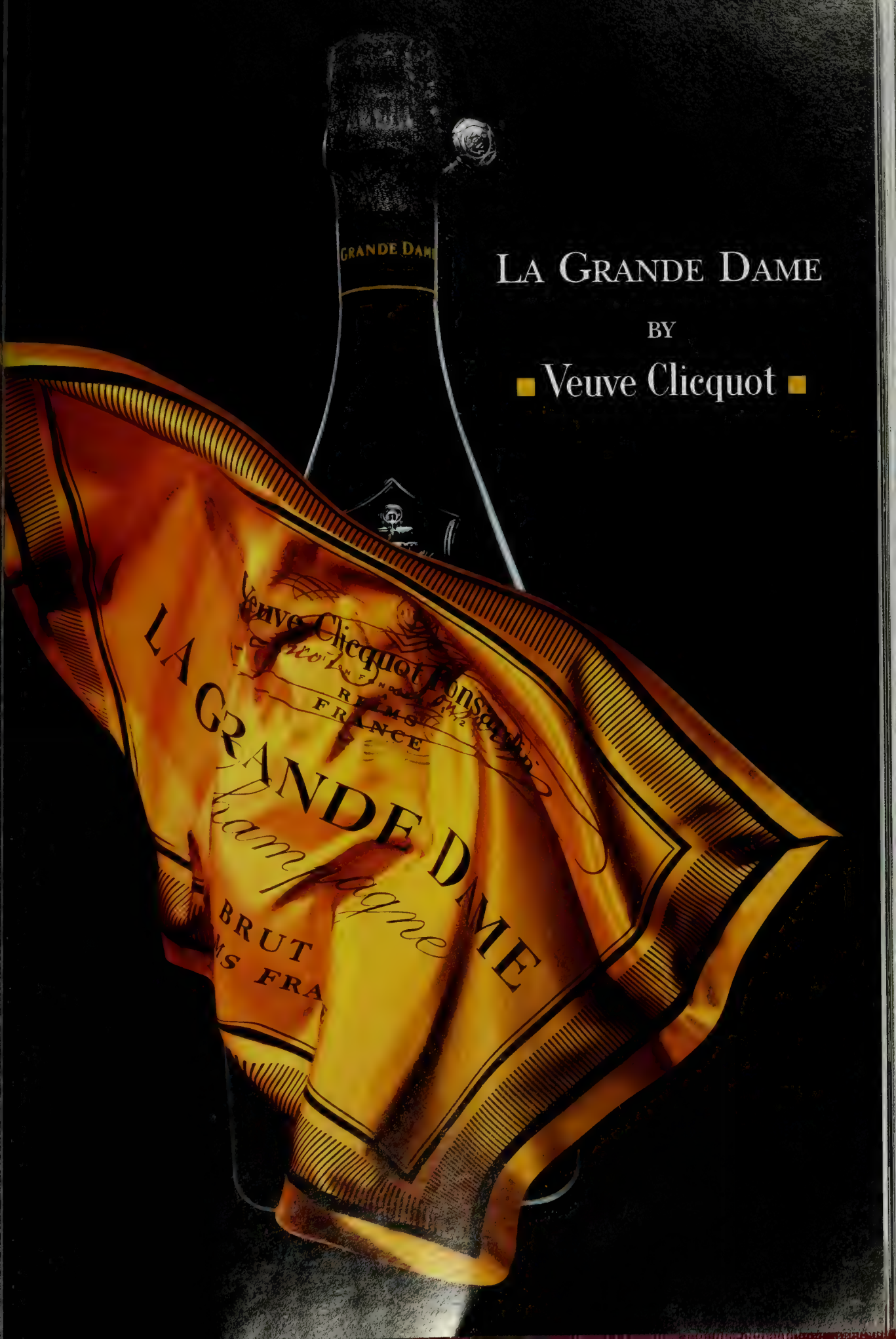
It was her first film. Sli[illegible] Keith, Hawks's wife, had n[illegible] ticed a model on the cover [illegible] *Harper's Bazaar* and broug[illegible] the girl to her husband's a[illegible] tention. Hawks lit up a[illegible] asked Feldman to bring h[illegible] out from New York for a te[illegible] Betty Bacal (Feldman la[illegible] gave her last name its s[illegible] ond *l*) arrived at Union S[illegible] tion on April 6. The age[illegible] put her up at the Claremo[illegible] Hotel in Westwood and to[illegible] her out to dinner that nig[illegible] He wanted to get her tee[illegible] fixed, but Hawks said n[illegible] preferring a natural loo[illegible] According to composer E[illegible] Robinson, a friend of Fe[illegible] man's, "Charlie was sweet [illegible] Betty. He was trying to ma[illegible] her and she resisted hi[illegible] Jean Howard flatly denied [illegible] saying, oddly, "Betty, really, wasn't his type. S[illegible] was a little too . . . Jewish. I don't like to say th[illegible] he didn't have a prejudice against them, but I kn[illegible] that he never had affairs with them."



SEPARATED AT BIRTH? Separated by Vivien Leigh, at any rate. Feldman, left, with Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

For the second Bogart-Bacall pairing, Feldman and Haw[illegible] bought Raymond Chandler's novel *The Big Sleep* for $20,0[illegible] with an agreement that Warner Bros. would pay $55,000 for t[illegible] literary rights and a screenplay. Feldman's creativity wasn't lim[illegible] ed to dealmaking: when filming on *The Big Sleep* was complet[illegible] he persuaded Jack Warner to punch up the Bogart-Bacall re[illegible] tionship with three or four new scenes between the two conv[illegible] ing "the insolent and provocative nature" Bacall had exhibited [illegible] *To Have and Have Not.* They hired Philip Epstein, co-author [illegible] *Casablanca,* to write the film's double-entendre scenes, whi[illegible] would become famous.

Feldman's marriage to Jean Howard was not a happy o[illegible] He discouraged her from working, and although s[illegible] picked up photography as a hobby, she was bored play[illegible] the Hollywood hostess. Worse, Feldman, who always had [illegible] eye cocked for the errant skirt, had cheated on her from the ti[illegible]



La Grande Dame

BY

Veuve Clicquot

he met her. (He once took Garbo out, and when they arrived back at her home, he put his foot in the door. According to his widow, Clotilde Barot, Garbo said something like "You can come in, but you're not going to like it." And he didn't.)

One evening, an epic fight took place after one of Charlie and Jean's famous parties. According to a 1991 *Vanity Fair* profile of Howard written by Ben Brantley, she had "danced twice that night with the same, good-looking man,



A-LIST ASSEMBLY
Feldman, center, poses with a few clients. Back row, from left: Charles Boyer, Clifton Webb, Preston Sturges, Jean Negulesco, Kirk Douglas, and Howard Hawks. Front: George Stevens and Louis Jourdan.

and when the party was over, Charlie Feldman was, as usual, crazy jealous. When he started to hit her, in her bedroom, she reached for a gold cigarette box—the long kind . . . that could hold four packs—closed her eyes, and swung. When she opened her eyes, there was blood on her dress, blood on the walls, and her husband had fallen backwards—dead, she thought." He wasn't, and when he recovered, she told him, "Something awful will happen one day, Charlie. Either you'll kill me, or I'll kill you."

Neither did kill the other, but the marriage was dead. The couple slept in different bedrooms and separated several times as a result of his liaisons. Feldman continued to shower her with expensive gifts but was rarely home. "Jean wanted to be married to a account," said a friend. Howard got pregnant ting to her, Feldman's response was "We iched the point where I'm doing lo all these things." She lost it: "Listen, you son of a bitch, I'm going to have this baby, an you'll never see it." But Howard miscarried, and she later said th was the moment she decided to get a divorce, although in an inte view with Howard Hawks's biographer Todd McCarthy she claims the casus belli was Feldman's affair with a 21-year-old starlet nam Ella Raines, who had been passed on to Feldman by Hawks aft the director's own ardor for her had coole

In any event, on December 3, 1946, t couple divorced in Las Vegas. Howard on said she "wanted to be the other woman his life," and now she had her chance. soon as they split up, they became closer, gaining some of their early intimacy. In t *Los Angeles Times,* an anonymous sour referred to Feldman and Howard's arran ment as their "can't live with you, can't li without you postmarital relationship." Howard got t house in Coldwater Canyon, but Feldman kept the right use it when she was away. The arrangement worked out w because both traveled extensively.

Although Feldman's tastes were catholic, he liked think of himself as a quality producer. He shunn standard commercial fare, what he referred to as "g ceries." In 1947 he purchased the rights to Tennessee W liams's play *The Glass Menagerie* for $150,000. Everyone Hollywood believed that Williams was box-office pois but Feldman then turned around and bought the pl wright's *A Streetcar Named Desire* for $350,000. Althoug had been a huge hit on Broadway, it was widely regard as unfilmable—the play's adultery, rape, and prostituti made it nearly impossible to put on the screen in the pressive climate of the early 50s. Undeterred, Feldman it up with his pal Jack Warner, with Marlon Brando rep ing the role of Stanley Kowalski and Elia Kazan directi as he had on the stage.

Though Kazan, who had cultivated the image of a tou guy from the New York T-shirt school of filmmaking, did seem to much like Feldman, those feelings didn't stop Kaz from availing himself of the producer's hospitality wh Kazan traveled to L.A. in 1951. He then scrutinized mores of the Beverly Hills natives as if they had been T briand islanders. "In the next weeks, I had a fascinating ti

"I said to a bunch of studio executives: 'You'll see the day when stars will get a million dollars a film—and you'll be glad to pay

observing my producer and through him the men in this co munity," he would write in his extraordinary autobiography.

Charlie was . . . rather handsome in a soft, yielding way, his body s ed to bed and armchair. He ran a successful agency, and this g him prestige in the community and power over young actresses. he was full of complaints about his love life—if you can call it t "Now it's Uncle Charlie," he griped, referring to the response yo women were increasingly giving him. "I say, 'How about me?' they laugh. There just aren't any real women anymore. High sch girls!" He would spend long hours on the telephone, holding a l black book in his hand, trying number after number. . . .

Often Charlie would have a date, and they were quite pretty girls, ally recent arrivals in the community. Charlie would ask them to com his house in their own cars, so he wouldn't have to drive them home er, and they'd go out together to Romanoff's or Chasen's, always on the other, and when they came back I had to assume they went into C lie's bedroom. The next morning I'd say to my host at breakfast, "I


VERSACE


VERSACE




VERSACE

he, Charlie?" And his answer was invariably one word: "Nothing." He nce had taken out Greta Garbo; he dropped this to me one day, of course I asked him, "How was she, Charlie?" "Nothing," he "Nothing!" And he shrugged. I couldn't imagine what the hell he used to, and I never heard him take any responsibility for his sexual ers' lack of ardor. It didn't occur to him that the fault might be his.

azan apparently didn't know then what we now know about oo, or perhaps he wouldn't have been so disdainful of Feld-'s charms.

By the late 40s, Feldman's Famous Artists Corporation was the pre-eminent agency in motion pictures, rivaled only by William Morris and MCA, which stronger in areas such as music and vision. (MCA, led by Lew Wasser- and Jules Stein, would eventually Universal and be forced out of the ncy business altogether.) Feldman, ever, concentrated strictly on film, as the decade turned he was still ing clients, including actors such as hard Burton, Ava Gardner, Ida Lu-o, Dana Andrews, Ingrid Bergman, es Mason, and Dick Powell. He represented 40 major directors, in-ling Preston Sturges, George Stevens, Preminger, Henry Hathaway, Frank zage, René Clair, John Stahl, Jean gulesco, and Michael Curtiz. (Not t all his clients earned top dollar: he uld represent Robert Evans when the ure head of Paramount was a strug-g actor.) "I'm all for stars getting money," Feldman said. "When I st handled Gable he was getting a re 3,000 dollars a week in pictures. aid to a bunch of studio executives: u'll see the day when stars will get a llion dollars a film—and you'll be glad pay it.' Well, they laughed. At that time 250,000 llars a film was the highest money paid any star for icture. I trebled that for John Wayne and Bill Holden. ey were the first to get 750,000 dollars a film. Soon erybody wanted it. The funny thing is I only did it to how far I could go. What do you think of that?"

He was still dreaming up new ways to cut deals. The producer vid Brown, who was an executive at Fox in the 1950s and 60s, nembers when Feldman tried to negotiate an unusual contract Wayne with the studio's president, Spyros Skouras: three pic-es plus a percentage of the profits—a piece of the back end. calls Brown, "Spyros said it was the end of the industry, as he ays did. And when he didn't give Charlie what he wanted, arlie walked out of his office. Spyros then called him back and quiesced. The point is, Charlie knew when to walk, but he also ew when not to walk." (The three pictures, *Barbarians at the te, North to Alaska,* and *Comancheros,* did not prove to be ong Wayne's most memorable.)

Despite the big money he was getting for his clients, it was al-st impossible for Feldman to keep all his stars happy all the time, d not all of them were. Kirk Douglas had been doing theater in w York when he was offered a small part in the film *The Strange e of Martha Ivers* by the producer Hal Wallis. As Douglas recalls, avid Merrick walked me down to the station to take the train to -La Land, and I said, 'David, I don't have an agent.' He said, arlie Feldman is a son of a bitch, but it would be better if he e your son of a bitch.'" Douglas went to L.A. and did the movie—this was 1945. Famous Artists signed the actor, but he could never manage to meet Feldman himself, who one day kept him waiting all afternoon in the anteroom of his office. At the end of the day, Douglas was told that the agent was too busy to see him—come back tomorrow. He did, for four or five days running. When he finally did get an audience, and mentioned the wait, Feldman chewed him out: "Who the hell do you think you are? We're doing the best we can. When you become something, then you can complain."

Douglas went back to New York in disgust, then returned to Hollywood, did some films, moved his career along. But he still couldn't get Feldman to return his phone calls.

During this period, Douglas had run across two kids, Stanley Kramer and Carl Foreman, who were trying to produce an independent fight picture called *Champion.* Always a bit of a maverick, Douglas liked the script, liked the guys, liked the idea of working outside the system, and *Champion,* released in 1949, created a sensation. Suddenly Douglas's phone rang. It was Feldman. "You could've knocked me over," Douglas says. "'Hello, baby, how are you? You're having dinner with me Sunday night. We have a date with Jack Warner at his home. He wants to see the picture.' ... I went around telling everybody, 'Boys, I'm in! My agent talks to me!'"



TO MARILYN—A REAL PRO! The wrap party for *The Seven Year Itch.* Feldman, the film's producer, with Marilyn Monroe, Howard, and Gable.

In the fall of 1959, Feldman was diagnosed with an enlarged prostate. Gary Cooper had been suffering from the same ailment, and the two men flew off to Switzerland together for treatment. Following surgery, Feldman for a time was saddled with a collection bag for his urine. One evening, as he later told David Chasman, he was invited to the Warner home for dinner and a movie. When the lights went up, Feldman to his horror realized that during the screening the bag had leaked and his urine had soiled Ann Warner's fine Louis XV fauteuil. As self-possessed as ever, he said his good-byes and left. A week or so later, he was in Warner's office when the phone rang. After listening for a moment, Warner exploded: "What?! ... You're kidding! I'll be goddamned!"

"What was that all about, Jack?" Feldman asked after the executive had hung up.

"Remember that dinner last week? The next morning they found

this stain on my antique chair. We sent it out to be cleaned. The upholsterer said they couldn't clean it until they knew what it is, so they had to send it to the lab. The lab just called. You know what it was? Urine! Piss! Somebody pissed on my Louis XV chair." Feldman looked at Warner for a second before replying, "Jack, why do you invite people like that?"

Angie Dickinson met Feldman later that year. He claimed to be interested in her as a client, but, she says, "I think he wanted to date me, because he asked me to come to his office, and you know where his office was." His office was, of course, his home. Trying to get her into bed, he jokingly alluded to his prostate operation and his supposed therapy for it. "I have to use this all the time," he told her, "this" being his penis. Dickinson went out with him, on and off, over the next three or four years.

But in the immediate wake of his operation Feldman had been warned by his doctors to take it easy, and so he left for the South of France to recuperate, accompanied by his steadiest companion at the time, the French actress and former model Capucine, who was then 27. Capucine had a finely chiseled face with high cheekbones, a long nose, and slightly flared nostrils that made her look like a high-strung, overbred filly. As a teenager she had become a top model for Dior and Givenchy. She then moved to New York in search of more money and an American accent. It was there that a scout for Feldman's agency spotted her in a restaurant and sent her out to L.A. for a screen test. Famous Artists put her under contract in 1957 for $150 a week. Feldman called her "Cappy" and became her lover and biggest fan. She was a wooden performer, but Feldman tried to put her in almost every movie he was producing, starting with 1962's *A Walk on the Wild Side.* The film was set in the 1930s, but he insisted on dressing her to the teeth in up-to-the-minute Paris couture while the rest of the cast wore period clothes. Her co-star Laurence Harvey didn't help matters by going public with his blistering attack on the young actress: "Kissing you is like kissing the side of a beer bottle."

Feldman then shoehorned Capucine into a Fox film, *The Lion,* starring his client and good friend William Holden. The ac tor's wife, Ardis, visited the set in Kenya; the couple fought bitte ly, while noncombatants wondered if Capucine was the cause. A ter Ardis left Kenya in a huff, the two co-stars did indeed have a affair. Holden felt guilty for cuckolding Feldman, who subsequen ly broke off his romance with Capucine, though he would remai loyal to her and continue to put her in pictures. Says Dickinso "I believe that Capucine fell for Bill, and that's what broke up h romance with Charlie. Otherwise he probably would have staye with her." Holden apparently did not feel the same way about th actress. He is reputed to have said, nastily, "She's so marvelous ornamental—when her mouth is shut."

Feldman was in the habit of spending at least a month eac year at the Hôtel du Cap in the South of France. In the sur mer of 1963, when he was 58—or perhaps 63—he m Clotilde Barot, the 20-year-old daughter of a well-off but straitlace Parisian couple. Barot, gorgeous and in the bloom of her yout looked a little like Capucine. As with so many girls of her age ar class, Barot had done time in a convent school—and hated eve minute of it. When she got out she was fully prepared to make h way through the handsome young heirs to the great fortunes of E rope. (As Barot herself recalls, an ill-wisher once claimed she h "laid everything in Paris but the carpet.") One day at the Hôtel Cap, where she was visiting a friend, she swam out to a raft moor just off the hotel's Eden Roc restaurant—where two Rock Hu son—handsome, six-foot-five hunks were sunning themselves. S barely registered a third man, older and shorter, lying next to the It was Feldman. "They introduced him, and from that time on pursued me to death," she recalls. "He was like my father." She was interested, and at the end of the summer returned to her famil

But Feldman wasn't one to take no for an answer. "He se me a wire. Would I meet him in Venice? For some reason I sa yes, and on the plane going there I w wondering the whole time, Why did I s yes?" At the hotel, she was afraid was going to book them both into o suite, but, gentlemanly as always, he h reserved two. After she unpacked, went to her room bearing gifts: a bla amoor figurine, a solid-gold evening b and a Piaget watch with a black face a adorned in diamonds, rubies, emeral whatever. She continues, "Somehov didn't think I had to say thank you by lett him get into my pants. Finally, on the third fourth day, he said he was tired and why dic we take a nap together in my suite." For Fe man, once in Barot's bedroom, the rest v easy, with the exception of one small matter: " God, of course he couldn't do it," she reca "and he used the excuse that he wanted me so long he lost it. I thought to myself, Oh, ye right! I told him, 'Fifty-eight—what can you pect?' It was his favorite story: 'Guess w this girl told me the first time we made lo After that, everything went normal."

Before Jean Howard returned from one her trips, she would customarily call aheac announce her intention to reoccupy 2000 C water Canyon, saying, "Get the girls out of house, Charlie, I'm coming home." After 19 it was "the girl," and Howard did not t kindly to it. "Jean hated me, but I didn't ca says Barot. "Once, for Christmas, he sent a check for $5,000, which would be ab



TANNING CLINIC
Feldman, reclining, with girlfriend Capucine, also reclining, in Monaco, circa 1961. (Howard Hawks is at left.) Feldman shoehorned the high-strung French actress into many of his pictures.


ALI®
NO-SLIP STRAP

$15,000 today. She sent it back. We were in Saint-Moritz for Christmas, and he was laughing when he read me her letter. 'I'm sure this girl is costing you enough, so why don't you use it [on her].' Can you imagine? A bitchy thing."

Feldman wanted Warren Beatty as a client. The two had met in 1960 on a plane from L.A. to New York, where Beatty was going to star in *Splendor in the Grass,* and had immediately hit it off. As Clive Donner, who would direct *What's New, Pussycat?,* puts it, "They spoke the same language." Beatty often stayed at 2000 Coldwater Canyon when he was in L.A. Still, he never would become Feldman's client. "As nearly as I could tell," Beatty says, "he had no real interest in being an agent. But he was more fun than almost anybody I had met in Hollywood of the older guys. I liked his sense of humor about the movie business and the people in it, his objectivity, his lack of drive. I liked that he said he hadn't been to the office in 10, 15 years."

By 1961, Feldman had indeed lost his taste for agenting, and after watching the government break up MCA, he sold Famous Artists to the agent Ted Ashley. At the same time, his power as a producer was reaching its zenith, growing in direct proportion to the declining clout of the studio bosses. The 1960s were, in fact, a producers' decade, a time when men such as Feldman, Sam Spiegel, Walter Mirisch, and Marty Ransohoff moved into the vacuum left by the collapse of the majors and turned out a crop of bloated, if-it's-Tuesday-this-must-be-Belgium international productions—films where the country changes with the scene and the ads featured serried ranks of tiny, passport-size pictures of American and European stars; films such as *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* (1963), *The Longest Day* (1962), and *Paris Is Burning* (1966); films that, with a few exceptions, would nearly sink the studios by the end of the decade.

POMPADOUR AND CIRCUMSTANCE
Feldman with Warren Beatty, before their temporary falling-out over *What's New, Pussycat?*, at Feldman's home in Coldwater Canyon, 1963.



"I liked his sense of humor about the movie business and the people in it. . . . I liked that he hadn't been to the office in 10, 15 yea

In the late 50s, Feldman had purchased *Lot's Wife* for Cary Grant. It was a Czech play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete about a compulsive Don Juan, and Feldman hired Billy Wilder's writing partner I. A. L. Diamond to fashion a script. But Grant proved disinclined to do the film, and Feldman eventually settled on Beatty to play the lead. The actor had one stipulation: he knew that Feldman would find a part for Capucine if he could, and he wanted assurances that no Capucine-like character would find its way into the script. Feldman, who did not relish being told what to do, retorted, "Fuck you" or something to that effect, but eventually agreed, and the [illegible] script proceeded.

Needless to say, *Lot's* [illegible] not going to be the title of the movie, and Feldman was looking around for something more suitable. When Beatty was staying at Feldman's, the producer couldn't help but hear him on the phone giving his customary greeting to [illegible] male callers, "What's new, pussycat?" Feldman exclaimed: "Title

He and Beatty were not happy with Diamond's script, wh[illegible] they didn't think was funny enough. They needed a good [illegible] writer, and one night in 1964 they went to the Blue Angel, a club [illegible] New York's Greenwich Village, to catch a kid they had heard [illegible] funny, Woody Allen. Allen had no film experience, but they lik[illegible] what they saw, or rather heard. Feldman offered Allen $30,0[illegible] to work on the script. Allen said, "I want 40." Fe[illegible] man said, "Forget it." Woody replied, "O.K. I[illegible] take 30 if I can be in the movie." Feldman gave [illegible] His one instruction to his new hire: "Write som[illegible] thing where we can all go to Paris and chase girl[illegible]

Allen took Feldman at his word, but wh[illegible] the comic read the results—whic[illegible] he claimed had "a million gre[illegible] jokes"—to Feldman and Beatty, t[illegible] honeymoon ended. According [illegible] Allen, Feldman hated his work, b[illegible] by Beatty's account it was he wh[illegible] had the problem. As draft followe[illegible] draft, the actor noticed that his pa[illegible] was growing smaller, while Aller[illegible] was growing larger. "In the origin[illegible] script, Woody's part might have a[illegible] peared on six pages," Beatty recal[illegible] "His first rewrite, the part went [illegible] 12 or 15 pages, and it was funn[illegible] Then it went to 20 or 30 pages. I[illegible] the time we got to what Woo[illegible] thought was an acceptable rewri[illegible] his part was almost half the scri[illegible] Mine was almost as large but n[illegible] quite as good."

And worse, from Beatty's poi[illegible] of view, as the project to[illegible] on an increasingly Fren[illegible] flavor, he could see Capucine co[illegible] ing over the brow of the hill. I[illegible] deed, Feldman had written Aller[illegible] memo urging him to strengthen t[illegible]

part of a French girl. When a gossip-column item subsequen[illegible] appeared to the effect that the film would co-star Leslie Car[illegible] to whom Beatty was then romantically linked, Feldman concl[illegible] ed that the actor, trying to force his hand, had planted it. Af[illegible] an angry confrontation, Beatty walked away from the productio[illegible] bluffing, he thought. But by this point "they were only too hap[illegible] to let me go," recalls the actor. Feldman and Beatty didn't spe[illegible] for four years, until just before Feldman got sick.

Peter Sellers, then the biggest comedy star in the world, ca[illegible] on board, and Peter O'Toole, fresh from *Lawrence of Arabia* a[illegible] *Beckett,* replaced Beatty. Allen watched Feldman operate, close-[illegible] and was dumbstruck. The comic recalled, "He was a genius. I've seen him on the phone to Peter Sellers, on a second pho[illegible] to United Artists, and on a third to the Italian government"—[illegible] one point the film was going to be shot in Rome—"saying, 'I c[illegible] get Peter Sellers, maybe, to do this picture,' then picking up t[illegible] phone to United Artists and telling them, 'I've got to have anot[illegible] $200,000 to get Peter Sellers,' and the Italian government sayi[illegible]

A MAKEUP BREAKTHROUGH

Firmer skin from a makeup.

Visibly Firm Moisture Makeup with Active Copper™

Copper, a natural collagen-building mineral in your skin, diminishes with age. Visibly Firm replenishes copper. In 12 shades with a smooth, radiant finish.



Clinically proven in 2 weeks to:

Firm skin	✓
Increase elasticity	✓
Reduce appearance of fine lines	✓
Improve clarity	✓
Improve radiance and texture	✓





Visibly Firm Concealer

Firms the eye area	✓
Reduces dark circles	✓
Diminishes puffiness	✓
Increases resiliency	✓

Neutrogena®

BEAUTIFUL & BENEFICIAL®

Angie Harmon is wearing Visibly Firm Makeup in True Beige, Visibly Firm Concealer in Light and Lip Boost Lipstick in Sunlit Crystal.

©2002 Neutrogena Corp. www.neutrogena.com

'You can shoot the picture, but you have to have this certain deal,' and then Sellers saying, 'I won't work in Italy,' and it went on and on."

Ultimately, *What's New, Pussycat?* was shot in Paris. Feldman stayed in a luxurious suite at the Hôtel Plaza Athénée for six months. "It was a very glamorous life," recalls Barot. "I invited 10 girlfriends to lunch at the Plaza Athénée, charged everything to the hotel. Kinda fun." (It's no wonder there are never any net profits in Hollywood!) Recalls David Chasman, whose company, U.A., was producing the film, "He would load everything onto the expenses of a picture. [U.A. head] Arthur Krim once objected to his unconscionable expenses. I listened to a conversation between the two of them where Charlie was describing his spartan lifestyle, claiming all he had was a raw egg for breakfast!"

The film grew from a small comedy to a $4 million extravaganza, packed with a Who's Who of 60s stars and stars-in-training: in addition to O'Toole and Sellers, it featured Ursula Andress, still dripping seawater from *Dr. No,* Romy Schneider, Paula Prentiss, and, yes, Capucine, who needed a hit of vodka before she could go on. Even Richard Burton did a cameo. Allen was furious with Feldman for ruining his material and giving his best lines to Sellers and O'Toole. "One night at rushes I told Feldman to fuck off," Allen recalled. "My outburst slid right off him. Probably he'd been cursed out so often that it was not a bothersome moment to him."

What's New, Pussycat? opened in June 1965. It grossed $17 million, at that time a record for a comedy. The success of the film, chaotically produced from a script that was in constant flux, packed with stars who pretty much did what they wanted, seemed to legitimize the worst excesses of the mid-60s' overproduced blockbusters.

Feldman moved on to *The Group,* Candace Bergen's first movie and a hit with critics that did fairly well at the box office. (His office was full of the books he had bought to drive the Mary McCarthy novel up the best-seller list.)

But Feldman wasn't so lucky with *Casino Royale.* He had acquired the rights to the first James Bond novel in 1954, when Ian Fleming was a nobody. The property sat undisturbed until the early 60s, when the series produced by Cubby Broccoli and Harry Saltzman, based on subsequent Fleming novels, began to mint money. Still holding the rights to *Casino Royale,* Feldman decided to shoot it as a parody, but the joke turned out to be on him. He packed the film with some 15 high-profile actors—friends, ex-clients, everyone who owed him a favor or hoped to collect a favor from him in the future, including Sellers, Welles, Holden, Boyer, Andress, David Niven, Jacqueline Bisset, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren, Peter Ustinov, and Sara Miles. There were at least 12 screenwriters, 4 of them credited (Ian Fleming, Wolf Mankowitz, John Law, and Michael Sayers) and 8 uncredited (Welles, Sellers, Allen, Val Guest, Terry Southern, Ben Hecht, Billy Wilder, and Joseph Heller). "We were not supposed to know the other one was working on the picture!" Welles once said. But Feldman had put them up on different floors of the same hotel, apparently without anticipating that they might stumble across one another. Unbeknownst to the producer, the screenwriters had lunch together every day and discussed the script, undoubtedly charging the meals to Feldman. There were five credited directors—Ken Hughes, Joseph McGrath, Robert Parrish, and John Huston. For a crate of champagne, O'Toole also agreed to appear in a scene for 30 seconds. There were even four James Bonds. Recalls Andress, who left before her filming was finished, "It was completely crazy, crazy, crazy. I didn't want to go on b ing on the film, because it went on and on and the fighting w on and on and on, so I quit and went with Jean-Paul Belmon to Tahiti. Charlie was very upset with me. He said, 'You'll ne work in America again.'" As Richard Sylbert summed it u Feldman "turned this one property he owned into a lunatic a lum and supported London for a year."

Casino Royale opened in April 1967. Sylbert saw it with B Wilder. "Wilder said to me, 'It's not a picture you dislike, it picture you loathe!'" Adds Barot, "When the reviews were b Charlie was devastated." It turned out to be the last film would produce.

The following Christmas, Feldman and Barot went to A pulco. He was very careful with the food and water, b he got sick anyway. The couple returned to New Yo where he was diagnosed with diabetes, put on a diet, and t there was, in Barot's words, "nothing to worry about." But started to complain of backaches. On the flight from New Y to L.A., Barot mentioned that the whites of his eyes had turn

Feldman's one instruction to his new hire, Woody Allen: "Write somethi where we can all go to Paris and chase girls." Allen took him at his

yellow. He replied, "It'd better not be hepatitis, because I've work to do." He went for tests, and his doctor asked Barot come in for a hepatitis shot. When she arrived, she recalls, told me, 'You don't need any shot. He's got a tumor at the h of the pancreas.'"

Before he went into the hospital for exploratory surgery, told the doctors that, whatever they discovered, he wanted truth. Pancreatic cancer is usually fatal, and the truth was tha had spread to his lymph nodes. Recalls Barot, "When I wen see him in intensive care, the first thing he said was 'Is this ball game?' I said, 'No, it's not.' He said, 'If I've got cance marry you.'" Reflects Kirk Douglas's wife, Ann, "He had no tention of marrying anybody—in his own mind he was mar to Jean. But when he knew he was going to die he wanted to something for Clotilde, and he married her, which was fantast Even so, Feldman joked about his impending wedding: "W my luck, I'll get better."

Feldman checked into the University of California Hosp for Abdominal Surgery in late April 1968. In unbearable pain begged his lawyer, "Give me a gun, I'm not going to go thro this." He never used the c-word, referring to the illness as " thing I've got." Jean Howard was eager to be at his bedside, Barot confined her access to the early morning.

Feldman was released from the hospital on Thursday, Ma Three days later, on Sunday, May 14, he married Barot amo profusion of orchids on the grounds of 2000 Coldwater Can His tan had been replaced by the pallor of the sickroom, Beatty gave him some tinting cream to put on his face. Barot a shot of vitamin B_{12} and put on a short white dress from G nos. Forty guests attended, a gathering of Hollywood royalty cluding Sam Goldwyn and his wife, the Billy Wilders, the Da Kayes, the Irving Lazars, Richard Zanuck with Linda Harri Shirley MacLaine, Beatty and Julie Christie, Robert Evans, vid Brown, Ray Stark, Angie Dickinson, Frank Sinatra, Mike Romanoff. The food, including nine pounds of caviar, catered by the Bistro for $1,953.85. The joy of the occasion


OFFICIAL SELECTION
03 SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL
SSICA LANGE
TOM WILKINSON
O V E
MARRIAGE
ACCEPTANCE
E X
C H A N G E
A NEW MOVIE BY HBO FILMS
NORMAL
MS PRESENTS AN AVENUE PICTURES PRODUCTION A FILM BY JANE ANDERSON JESSICA LANGE TOM WILKINSON "NORMAL" CLANCY BROWN HAYDEN PANETTIERE CASTING BY LINDA LOWY, C.S.A. AND JANE ALDERMAN C.S.A. MUSIC BY ALEX WURMAN EDITED BY LISA FRUCHTMAN
NINA RUSCIO DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ALAR KIVILO, C.S.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS CARY BROKAW LYDIA DEAN PILCHER BASED ON THE PLAY "LOOKING FOR NORMAL" BY JANE ANDERSON WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN AND DIRECTED BY JANE ANDERSON
HBOFILMS
SUNDAY, MARCH 16 AT 10PM/9C
HBO
IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO
cribe online at HBO.com AOL Keyword: HBO ©2003 Home Box Office, a Division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. ® Service marks of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

shadowed by Feldman's imminent death, which everyone was aware of. Most of the guests wore sunglasses, and when the judge admonished the bride and groom to "love, honor, and obey until death do you part," the shades served their purpose, concealing tears. "It really broke my heart that he married someone else," said Jean Howard later. "And under those circumstances. I had to step out of the way, and I did."

After his hospital stay in April, Feldman seemed better and resumed a limited schedule. He told Barot, "Oh, my God, now we're married and we can't have sex." She reassured him that his illness was temporary. Ray Stark, who early in his career had worked for Feldman, was almost always at the house, gossiping with him about the business, keeping him engaged. Beatty also went every day. "He would stay with me until four o'clock in the morning," Barot recalls. "When Charlie started to throw up blood, Warren was there." Adds Ann Douglas, "At the end, Charlie had nurses around the clock. He didn't want them to do anything to his body, just Clotilde. She did everything, things I can't imagine I could do. And did them with really loving care. We all had a lot of respect for her for that." One day Feldman started to hemorrhage, which meant that his liver was going. On Saturday, May 25, the nurse awakened Barot in the middle of the night, told her the end was near. Feldman's breathing was rapid and shallow. He died at 4:30 A.M. Barot ran to the bedroom where her mother was sleeping in the same bed as Grace Dobish, Feldman's secretary of 40 years. Barot screamed, "He's dead, he's dead!" She opened his closet [illegible] to the floor among his clothes and cried.

[illegible] service. He was buried [illegible] at Hollywood Memorial Park [illegible] rotes in the Hollywood firma-



ROYAL WEDDING
Feldman and Clotilde Barot, seated, at their 1968 wedding, shortly before his death. They are flanked by Beatty and Irving "Swifty" Lazar. Back row, from left: Danny Kaye, Jerry Orbach, Burt Bacharach, Samuel Goldwyn, Jules Stein, Jack Gordean, William Goetz, Ray Stark, Louis Jourdan, David Brown, Jerry Bressler, Arnold Picker, Harold Mirisch, Robert Evans, Billy Wilder, Mike Romanoff, Frank Sinatra, and Richard Zanuck.

ment, successfully leaving Charlie Gold and Bayonne far [illegible] hind him, but he could not elude the disease that had killed [illegible] biological parents.

Feldman had given a lot of thought to his will, even paid [illegible] gift taxes on each bequest. He distributed his automobiles [illegible] art collection to his friends with care. Beatty got a Degas bron[illegible] Shirley MacLaine a Rouault, Arthur Krim a Renoir, Holde[illegible] who was into things African, a group of primitive masks. He l[illegible] $75,000 to Capucine, but nothing to his biological family, wh[illegible] blamed Clotilde.

The animosity between Howard and Barot survived him. A[illegible] cording to Barot, "When he died, I got this telegram from [illegible] saying that I could stay [in the house] as long as I needed, o[illegible] to hear 10 days later that I had [illegible] get out of there, and not to ta[illegible] any silver!"

Capucine called Barot fr[illegible] France. She said, "Please, ca[illegible] come and see the house again[illegible] She walked through it rubbing [illegible] rosary "like she was the widow[illegible] recalls Barot. On March 17, 19[illegible] depressed and alone save for h[illegible] three cats, Capucine, who believ[illegible] that in a prior life she had bee[illegible] French Crusader, jumped to h[illegible] death from the eighth-floor b[illegible] cony of her apartment building [illegible] Lausanne, Switzerland. She was [illegible]

Jean Howard died on Ma[illegible] 21, 2000, at the age of 89.

Beatty had been a very yo[illegible] man when he met Feldm[illegible] then near 60, and he [illegible] not given to intimations of m[illegible] tality. But from him "I learne[illegible] says the actor, "that life is sh[illegible] that movies are written on w[illegible] that the quality of your own li[illegible] the ultimate reality, that the [illegible] portant thing is to enjoy life ra[illegible] than stack up wealth and fa[illegible] Adds David Brown, "Charlie was a voluptuary. [illegible] loved good food, beautiful women, the Sout[illegible] France. I never thought he was interested in em[illegible] building. He would never have created an MC[illegible] a William Morris, nor could he have worked [illegible] them. He was an icon and iconoclast both at [illegible] same time."

Among the projects that were pending when [illegible] man died was Woody Allen's first film, *Take the Money [illegible] Run,* and it is perhaps appropriate to let him have the last w[illegible] Charlie "was crap to work for," Allen told his biographer [illegible] Lax in 1991. "He was a big-time charming con man and I n[illegible] trusted him on anything for a second. He was just an out[illegible] out, hundred-times-over proven liar to me. I worked with [illegible] knowing that. Yet I have enormous affection for him. When [illegible] see those other big-time producers, they were so cheesy [illegible] drippy. Charlie was charming and funny. He would go ov[illegible] the baccarat table and lose a hundred thousand dollars the[illegible] you'd lose your Zippo lighter. I wasn't happy about *Pussyc[illegible]* was clearly a star vehicle.... I wish he were alive, though [illegible] just because I wish he were alive, but I'd love him to see [illegible] able to get into my own films. He started me and I thin[illegible] would like them." □


SKYY
VODKA



NOBLE GOA
Twelve-year-old Tessa Wi
insulin monitor at her h
photographed with her socce
and fund-raising—teammat
Tessa's Troopers, at Roxbury P
in Beverly Hills, Californ
on December 13, 200

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES TESSA WICK

BECAUSE when she got the frightening diagnosis of juvenile diabetes at age eight, four years ago, she didn't waste time feeling sorry for herself, but instead embarked on a crusade to help find a cure, reaching far beyond her Bel Air neighborhood, across the country, and into the world at large. BECAUSE she knows the highest calling of [illegible] parents are producers Doug Wick and Lucy Fisher) is t[illegible]ion to matters that need bright spotlights and strong vo[illegible]re ever to be changed. BECAUSE she organized a team-[illegible] participate in the Walk to Cure Diabetes, raising [illegible] million for the cause. BECAUSE she has been a [illegible] pirational companion to Nancy Reagan (my mother) in the battle to make stem-cell resear a reality, knowing that many scientists believe embryonic ste cells taken from unused or discarded eggs may eventually he treat diseases such as Alzheimer's, diabetes, and Parkinson BECAUSE she once faced a panel of U.S. senators and asked, "Is t life of one child less important than a cell the size of a dot?" I CAUSE she can speak with such clear-blue wisdom about a cru disease, telling California representative Henry Waxman, "Son times I try and remember all the nights that I could just go sleep without worrying about having a seizure." BECAUSE she s rendered her dream of growing up to become a first-baseman a softball team; she now wants to be a doctor. —PATTI DA

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON


Lilly.
And the pursuit of happiness™
Lilly
PULITZER
Lilly Pulitzer® Signature Stores
Saks Fifth Avenue
Bloomingdale's
www.lillypulitzer.com

KING BANANA

From the roughest of Brooklyn's Jewish ghettos came one of the smoothest comics of all time: Phil Silvers, loved and laughed at by pals such as Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland, and Bing Crosby. Eighteen years after Silvers's death, his *Sergeant Bilko* TV series still crackles with a proto-Seinfeldian wit

BY DAVID KAMP

The more time you spend in the company of comedy's [se]nior citizenry, that august fraternal Jewish order with chapters [in] Manhattan, Beverly Hills, Boca Raton, Las Vegas, and the A[c]tors' Fund Nursing Home in Englewood, New Jersey, the m[ore] accustomed you become to hearing this boast: "Me, I was t[he] only one who could bust Sinatra's chops. The others, they we[re] all terrified of him, wouldn't say nothing to him. But I gave h[im] shit all the time. And you know what? Frank *loved* it." Fran[k] conveniently, is unavailable to confirm or refute this claim, whi[ch] lends the whole exercise a certain dubiousness, an unseemly a[ir] of grasping for immortality-by-proxy. But Phil Silvers, a true i[m]mortal, never had to stoop to such depths—he busted Sinatra[']s chops and thought nothing of it. A[nd] Frank *did* love it. On U.S.O. tours, private parties, at Hollywood event[s] they'd go into an old burlesque ro[u]tine, called "The Singing Lesson," which Silvers dressed down Sinat[ra] for his shabby technique—slapping t[he] singer's cheeks, molding his mou[th] holding in his stomach, exasperatin[gly] imploring, "No, no, no, no, no, n[o]. From the diaphragm. *From the DI[A]-a-FRAY-um!,*" until, finally, Sinat[ra] produced a squawk so strangulate[dly] atonal that Silvers h[ad] him convinced he could sing at all.



GLAD TO SEE YA! Phil Silvers in the 60s. According to the comic Red Buttons, he was "the hippest of the comedians. He was today and tomorrow, not yesterday."

It was a rare talent w[ho] could carry off a bit [in] which he was the sharp[ie] and Sinatra the patsy, a[nd] an even rarer talent w[ho] could do this while lo[o]king, as Silvers did, like [an] accountant: black horn-rimm[ed] glasses, pillowy, feminine featur[es] and a huge, hairless cranium th[at] protruded from the lower half [of] his head like a soft-boiled egg fr[om] its cup. But Silvers had a c[on]man's suavity and cheek that [be]lied his Poindexter appearan[ce]. His unctuously delivered cat[ch] phrase, "Glad to see ya!"—wh[ich] is better represented in print [as] "Gladda-*see*yaaa!," gliding alo[ng] rivulets of WD-40—was a st[ock] tactic, his way of taking a mom[ent] to size up the person he was [ac]legedly glad to see and figur[ing] out which angle to work. In r[eal] life, Silvers's gift for ingrat[i]ing patter enabled him to [en]gage figures who, like Sina[tra], scared the hell out of most p[eo]ple: the Murder Inc. gangst[ers] who controlled his childho[od] turf in Brownsville, Brookl[yn]


A Study in Design
NEVER FOLLOW
Audi

the screamers who ran the Hollywood studios, the boxers whose fights he attended religiously. In performance, Silvers put his slickness to use in the service of a variety of brilliant, fast-talking schemers, the most famous and enduring of whom is Master Sergeant Ernest G. Bilko, the protagonist of his hit 1950s TV series, *The Phil Silvers Show,* later known simply as *Sergeant Bilko* in syndication.

Ernie Bilko is one of the great comic personae to have been concocted in the 20th century, up there with Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp and Julius Marx's Groucho. "It's impossible to describe Silvers's style to someone who hasn't seen him, because he was just not like any other comic. There was something fluid, liquid, flowing about him—wicked, yet wonderfully soft," says Dick Cavett, who landed a bit role in a *Bilko* episode in his aspiring-actor days and later interviewed Silvers on his PBS talk show. Though Bilko was nominally in charge of the maintenance of the motor pool at the mythical Fort Baxter in Roseville, Kansas, he occupied himself and his platoon with poker games, get-rich-quick schemes, and elaborate plots to bilk the army bureaucracy out of all the perks and unearned entitlements he could get. (The show's sports-mad creator, Nat Hiken, lifted the character's name from a major-league ballplayer, Steve Bilko, because he liked the resonance.) *The Phil Silvers Show* was fast and grubby, with flubbed lines kept in as long as the feel of the scene was right, and a supporting cast so comically rough-looking that you'd swear the show's producers had gone trawling through betting parlors and boxing gyms—which, as it happens, is pretty close to the truth. Silvers played Bilko as a charming, benign duke of deception, addicted more to luxury than criminality—he wore silk Chinese pajamas in the comfort of his own barracks and magnanimously treated his two deputies, Corporals Henshaw and Barbella, like trusted concierges in his personal Ritz-Carlton. His chief dupe, Colonel Hall (played by the jelly-jowled Paul Ford, the Margaret Dumont to Silvers's Groucho), was a sympathetic foil rather than a villain, and the multi-ethnic collection of ugly mugs in the platoon were Bilko's adoring acolytes, agog at his chicaning genius; in every episode, there's at least one scene in which they're all arrayed around Bilko in a halo, like the apostles in a Caravaggio, their heads cocked eagerly to hear the Sarge's latest poyels of wizdum.

As any aficionado knows, there are few experiences as uncomplicatedly pleasurable as taking in a vintage *Bilko* episode and watching Silvers tie himself up in situational knots. "It is like going back to a good book—you dip into the old shows, and they are absolutely impeccable," says the English director and playwright [illegible] pronounces himself "an unreconstituted *Bilko* [illegible]rite episode, "Doberman's Sister," is a worthy [illegible] approaching at the barracks, and [illegible] each of the men [illegible] date with a fellow G.I.'s sister for the big dance, and no one wants to pair off with the sister of the platoon's ugliest member, Duane Doberman. Bilko solves the problem by devising, on the spot, a bit of pseudoscience called Musselman's Law and Theory of Family Equalization: "Musselman was a scientist. He devoted his life to this research. And he came up with the simple statement, which I'll tell you in simple basic English: the uglier the brother, the more beautiful the sister." Naturally, the men are left panting at the prospect of dating Doberman's sister, leading to a wonderful series of dream sequences in which Doberman presents various bullet-bra'd knockouts as his kin. As the anticipation builds to a fever pitch, Bilko himself begins to believe in Musselman's Law, and ditches his own beautiful date in order to hustle off to the bus station to intercept Doberman's sister—who turns out to be Maurice Gosfield, the troglodytic actor who played Doberman, in drag.

"There was something fluid, liquid, flowing about him—wicked, yet wonderfully soft," remembers Dick Cavett.



TOUPEE OR NOT TOUPEE? Silvers with Sammy Davis Jr. and Frank Sinatra, 1965. Silvers was one of the few who could "bust Sinatra's chops." He would go into an old burlesque routine, dressing down Sinatra for shabby singing technique.

In just four years, from 1955 to '59, Silvers and his co-conspirators produced an astounding 144 episodes of the *Bilko* show, all shot in New York and all suffused with a streetwise, wisecrack-in-Lindy's zip that vanished from situation comedy when television's operations moved west. Not that you'd know any of this from turning on your set today. Curiously, *The Phil Silvers Show* is overlooked by the classic-TV industry that keeps *I Love Lucy* and *The Honeymooners* perpetually in the public consciousness, familiar even to Nintendo kids; the last time the Silvers show aired nationally was in 1[illegible] on the TV Land cable channel, which has current plans to bring the show back. The lack of attention is all the more regrettable because the program has dated the least of the black-and-white 50s warhorses. With its nakedly self-interested protagonist and its spring-loaded plotlines, which always build up to a finish in which Bilko's scheme du jour explodes in his face like a trick cigar, *The Phil Silvers Show* is a clear antecedent to *Seinfeld* and Larry David's *Curb Your Enthusiasm,* the hippest and most formula-forward comedies of recent years. "Phil was just a sharpshooter—very, very hip," says Red Buttons, whose friendship with Silvers dated all the way back to their days working in burlesque in the late 1[illegible] "Bing Crosby was the hippest of the singers, and Phil, I think was the hippest of the comedians. He was today and tomorrow, not yesterday."

Buttons theorizes that Silvers's posthumous profile has suffered for the fact that he never got to take a postcareer victory lap. He died in 1985 at the age of 74, just when most of his contemporaries were entering that period when, by simple virtue of their longevity, they'd receive compulsory standing O's just for tottering out onstage at awards shows. "He just wasn't around long enough," Buttons says. "If Phil had been able to catch another 20 years in the business, which most of the guys seem to


Study in Design | NEVER FOLLOW
Available Summer, 2003
Audi

doing—Milton Berle, 93; Henny Youngman, 91; George Burns, a big number—he would have been royalty."

As it is, Silvers enjoys his most exalted status in Great Britain, of all places, where the BBC has never stopped airing the *Bilko* show since the program had its British premiere in 1957. (He's also the only American actor to have appeared in a major role in one of the *Carry On* slapstick comedies that were filmed in England in the 1960s; he played—what else?—an army sergeant in *Carry On up the Legion.*) "Over here, *Bilko* is perceived as the Rolls-Royce of American TV comedy," says the author Mark Lewisohn, who, though better known as the world's foremost Beatles expert, is also a television historian who was tapped to select episodes and write the liner notes for *The Phil Silvers Show*'s U.K. release on video. "Everyone I know who loves *Bilko* loves it for its sheer speed," he says. "Maybe that's something the British respond to." Kenneth Tynan, Britain's dean of provocateur critics, certainly did, warmly describing Silvers in his diaries as a "matchless, whiplash clown" and regretting that he never devoted an essay to the great comic. Leigh allows that his own good-humored *vérité* sensibility, as witnessed in his blobby-bodied cuppa-tea dramas *Secrets and Lies* and *All or Nothing,* owes at least a little to his lifelong *Bilko* habit. "It is one of the things that has shaped me," he says. "Taking characters that people recognize, not generalizations or caricatures, and placing them in heightened but plausible situations."

"He wasn't on the make," recalls Jo-Carroll Dennison. "He made me laugh, and didn't try to get me into bed."

It was another British fan, a woman, who unwittingly gave Silvers his last significant worldwide exposure, two years after his death. The woman, visiting Tibet as a tourist, was roughed up outside of Lhasa by a Chinese soldier who mistook the bald, bespectacled figure on her T-shirt—Silvers as Bilko—for the exiled Dalai Lama. As the soldier sought to arrest the woman for her flagrant act of political provocation, a group of Tibetan bystanders gathered around, sympathetic to the woman but no less confused; pointing excitedly at her shirt, they chanted, "Dalai Lama! Dalai Lama!" Well, Silvers *was* transcendent.

The Phil Silvers Show was the culmination of a show-business career that took years to lift off into the big time. Silvers started out as a boy singer in Brooklyn movie houses, belting out flapper-era novelty hits like "Big Boy" ("They all say that since he kissed old widder Johnson / Now she thinks she's Gloria Swanson!") whenever the projector broke down. At one of his first proper paying engagements, a beer-hall party in honor of a just-sprung Murder Inc. enforcer named Little Doggie, two hoodlums stormed in and carried out a hit on a third; the victim fell dead at Silvers's feet as he sang. He was eight at the time.

Silvers's parents had come to New York from Russia, where they'd been on the run from the Cossacks, evidently because his father, Saul, had brained a soldier with a shovel for making a move toward his wife, Sarah. Phil, Fischl to his parents, was the eighth and last of Saul and Sarah's children to be born, in 1911, by which time the family had relocated from the tenements of Manhattan's Lower East Side to Brownsville, the roughest of Brooklyn's Jewish ghettos. (Silvers's real surname was Silver, mi- Silversmith, as is stated in most reference obably arises from the fact that his father Brownsville, Silvers's local heroes boys, Pretty Boy and Hymie, and ggsy, with whom he later became criminal activities never advanced beyond the juvenile petty thievery endemic Brownsville, Silvers always retained a certain groupie-ish admir tion for Jewish tough guys. "What was my attraction to Bug Siegel?" he said to Dick Cavett in 1981. "I was so sick of tl nonmilitant Jew. No one came into my neighborhood and sa 'Jew bastard' and walked away." Despite his outward appea ance, Silvers spent his entire life exulting in rough, sweaty, manl man milieus, compulsively attending prizefights, baseball game and horse races, and betting on anything someone would take wager on. And though he wore the horn-rimmed glasses fro his teen years onward, he never once played a nebbish.

With the arrival of puberty, the pleasant timbre of Silver singing voice vanished, and he assumed he was finished in sho business. But Joe Morris, a fading vaudeville star who had hea Silvers sing, tapped him to appear in his latest show, *Any Apa ment.* The show was, bizarrely, a com autobiographical playlet that starr and concerned Morris and his wife, Flo Campbell, former headline whose marriage and act fell apa when, at the peak of their fame, M ris fathered a child out of wedloc From age 14 to 20, Silvers, weari short pants, played Morris's illeg mate son, touring *Any Apartment* ea lessly around the Northeast vaud ville circuit. But by 1931, vaudevi was on its last legs, Flo Campb was going deaf and hurting the a and Silvers was almost six feet tall and no longer able to abi the shorts. He quit the act, realizing too late that it was t height of the Great Depression and that there weren't any acti jobs out there that paid the kind of money he'd been mak with Morris and Campbell.

About the only steady work to be had was in burlesque, t low-comedy revue format that, in the grips of the Depr sion, had become increasingly reliant on strippers to dr in customers. For Silvers, it was a comedown from vaudevi but, as he related in his memoir, *This Laugh Is on Me,* "burlesc gave me a lot of freedom. I could improvise anything I wishe a new bit here, a couple of lines there didn't matter to others the scene, as long as it all got us to the blackout." In burlesq there was no new material per se, only new variations on a fi number of hoary sketches that had been passed down from generation of comics to the next, seemingly since the time of Pl tus. Two comics who had never before worked together co simply rattle off some sketch titles—"Pullman Scene," "Sam, Made the Pants Too Long," "Fireman, Save My Wife"—and stantly conjure an act to put onstage. (Some burlesque com were actually known by the names of their trademark sketch e.g., Harry "Hello, Jake" Fields and Peanuts "What the H Bone.) Silvers knew he was better than this material, but he a knew that it could be a means to a better end, as it had been Eddie Cantor, Bert Lahr, and Abbott and Costello, whose fam "Who's on First?" routine was actually an old burlesque bit t they'd appropriated as their own.

Silvers found a mentor in Herbie Faye, a bald, hollow-e veteran of the strip houses, and a best friend in Rags Raglan hard-drinking Kentuckian who'd failed as a boxer and decided give comedy a try. From Faye he learned the ropes and quettes—never move on someone else's line; don't date the st pers, they go with the straight men—and with Ragland he fected some bits that he would recycle throughout his car chief among them the "Singing Lesson" sketch he later formed with Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Perry Como, and any ot


N A VESPA!
ANY STYLE. ANYWHERE.
See your stylist and enter to win a Vespa.! Only in salons.
PAUL MITCHELL
THE TRUE PROFESSIONAL


PAUL MITCHELL
PAUL MITCHELL
PAUL MITCHELL
STYLE & PERFORMAN
on't be fooled...the real Paul Mitchell guaranteed only when sold
EMS • paulmitchell.com

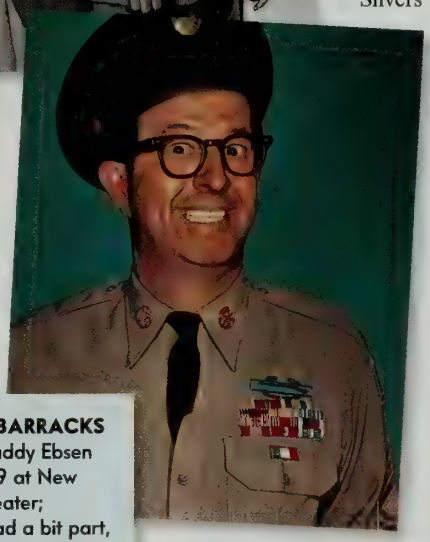

UNDERWEAR • JEANS
2XIST.COM
2(X)ist


UNDERWEAR • JEANS
2XIST.COM
2(X)i

mous crooner he found himself standing opposite. Silvers also rged friendships with Milton Berle, Jackie Gleason, Red Skelon, and Red Buttons, all of whom, like him, were young comics n the make in the 1930s working at the Gaiety, the burlesque alace at 46th and Broadway, and trading jokes about the shabby Times Square flophouses they were living in. How small were ie rooms in these joints? One guy put his key in the lock and roke a window. *Rim shot!* Another guy dropped his toupee on ie floor and all of a sudden he had wall-to-wall carpeting. *Cymal crash!* Then there was the guy who called the desk clerk and omplained, "I gotta leak in my ub!" To which the desk clerk plied, "Go ahead, it's your tub." *a-dum-bump!*

In burlesque, the comic sketchs functioned essentially as time llers between stripteases. "You pened with a chorus number, folwed by a [comic] scene, followed y the first strip, followed by anther scene and another strip and on—about four strips a show, and nows were usually, like, an hour nd a half," says Buttons, one of the st survivors of this gauntlet. Since ie all-male audiences weren't there rimarily to laugh, when they *did* ugh, you knew you had something. ilvers made them laugh more ofn than most, his youthful hyperacvity offering relief from the tired, ulgar shtick of the fossilized baggyants lifers around him. "Phil was a trailblazr," says Buttons. "He worked in clean clothes, hich was not the norm. The burlesque men enerally wore costumey, oversized clothing: ig, oversized shoes and such—clown stuff. Or ie other way, undersized. It was telltale, like alking out and saying, 'O.K., I'm a comedin.' But Phil dressed almost like a straight man."





BROADWAY TO BARRACKS *Top,* Silvers with Buddy Ebsen in *Yokel Boy* in 1939 at New York's Majestic Theater; Silvers originally had a bit part, but the show was reconceived around him when it ran into trouble in tryouts. *Above,* Silvers as Sergeant Bilko.

As his profile rose, Silvers became a favorite of H. K. Minsky and is nephew Harold, the Shuerts of shtick-and-strip, who wned the Gaiety and sever-l other burlesque houses. He was also beloved by the rippers, who felt a compulon to sexually educate the weet kid with the *boyishe unim.* Sherry Britton, one of the leading ecdysiasts of this perid, says she was never involved with Silvers, but remembers him as one of the gentlemen of burlesque—he wasn't crude and rude r cruel. The difficulty about most burlesque people was that they ad no self-respect or respect for each other. Phil was different."

Still, all the romanticizing in the world of burlesque-as-xhilarating-demimonde couldn't mitigate the fact that it was, t times, a debasing way to make a living. "It was disgusting," ays Britton, "because there was a great deal of masturbation goig on, and you couldn't miss it from the stage. You saw the difrent styles that these men had—some with hats covering, some ith coats, some with newspapers, some naked and spewing their eed on the concrete floor of the theater. And then we'd have to o out later, and we'd slip and slide in all this." By 1939, Silvers was a burlesque topliner—a first banana, in the vernacular of the trade—but he knew he had to move on. When he was offered a small part in *Yokel Boy,* a new Broadway musical starring Buddy Ebsen, he jumped at the chance, even though the $150-a-week pay was a comedown from the $275 the Minskys paid him.

Yokel Boy was an unfocused mess of a show that had been concocted by Lew Brown, a well-known songwriter. Ebsen, returning to Broadway after an ignominious stint out West with MGM—he'd been cast as the Tin Man in *The Wizard of Oz,* only to be let go after he had an allergic reaction to the silver makeup—played a hillbilly dancer who is discovered by a famous director. The director role went to Jack Pearl, an old vaudeville trouper whose distinctly antiquated specialty was funny Dutch and German accents. Silvers had a bit role as the director's assistant. When the show bombed in out-of-town tryouts, Pearl quit. Lew Brown and his writers, sensing the untapped talent they had on hand, hastily reconceived the show around Silvers, discarding the director character and placing Ebsen's yokel boy in the hands of a brash Hollywood press agent named Punko Parks—a proto-Bilko who was the template, Silvers later said, for the "aggressive, smiling, call-a-tall-man-Shorty manipulator" he would play for the rest of his life. Alas, that description was about as far as the writers got, conceptually, before it was time for Silvers to take the stage in his new role. "He went out on opening night and adlibbed his whole part," says Ebsen, still hanging in there at age 95. "He was playing Phil Silvers—'*Hiya, glad to see ya!*' And he kept talking, and you didn't have to say anything. You just shook your head 'yes' or 'no,' and he kept talking. And he was a big hit. He hugged me later and said, 'Thanks for holding still'—which was all I did while he talked his part around me." *Yokel Boy* was not a major triumph, but it lingered long enough, about six months, to give Silvers the credibility and visibility he needed. "It established Phil Silvers as somebody," says Ebsen, "'cause no one had ever heard of him, being from burlesque." Louis B. Mayer caught the show while he was in New York, and was sufficiently impressed to offer Silvers a $550-a-week contract at MGM.

Silvers spent most of the 1940s in Hollywood, but professionally they were unfulfilling years. Following standard procedure, MGM's casting department ordered him to do a screen test, but, preposterously, they asked him to read for the straight role of an English vicar in Robert Z. Leonard's 1940 version of *Pride and Prejudice.* Silvers's Brooklyn locutions rendered the scene unintentionally funny—"My dear Dame Elizabeth, your modesty does you no dis-soy-vice"—and he believed that the test, which he later pulled strings to have destroyed, derailed his early film career. "It was the damnedest thing," says the clarinetist Artie Shaw, who was a Hollywood friend of Silvers's and actually saw the screen test. "It was funny, but [directors] didn't think it was funny; they thought, This guy can't act. They didn't know he was a funny man. He wore glasses, so they just thought, Treat him as a serious prime minister or something."

Silvers couldn't get a part in the movies, but, well compensated

by MGM and expert at schmoozing, he kept busy entertaining at Hollywood parties and being every big star's favorite goofball buddy. "He was hilarious in a living room—much funnier than he was doing dialogue in a movie or TV," says Jo-Carroll Dennison, Silvers's first wife, who had been signed to a Twentieth Century Fox contract after she won the 1942 Miss America pageant. "Phil was friends with all the groups—the Sinatra group, the Gene Kelly group, the Groucho group," Dennison says. "Groucho and George Burns, their group I didn't like—their humor was cruel. But the Gene Kelly group was unique, in that people dropped by every Saturday night. You never knew who you were gonna see: Judy Garland, Noël Coward, Paul Robeson, Leonard Bernstein, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Saul Chaplin. They liked to play volleyball in the backyard, and they danced and did charades. Bing Crosby's group was more staid—songwriters like Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, and comedy writers. And Sinatra was much the same thing: comedy writers, songwriters."

HELLO, GIRLS! *Below,* Audrey Hepburn and Silvers in 1954; *bottom,* Gene Kelly, Judy Garland, and Silvers in the 1950 movie *Summer Stock.* Silvers enjoyed platonic friendships with both women.





Silvers, a wanna-be musician who tootled on a clarinet for fun, collected songwriters as friends. He'd been close to Saul Chaplin and Sammy Cahn since they'd all worked summers together in the Catskills in the early 1930s, and reveled in knowing the likes of Jerome Kern, Jule Styne, Johnny Mercer, Burke, and Van Heusen. It was an idle comment at the home of Burke, the lyricist of "Misty," that led to Silvers's sole songwriting credit. When Silvers described Burke's wife as "Bessie with the laughing face," Van Heusen, Burke's frequent writing partner, commented, "Good title for a song." Burke replied, "It's my day off—you two guys do it," leaving Silvers to do the job with Van Heusen. A few days later, at Sinatra's daughter Nancy's birthday party, Silvers presented the finished song with "Nancy" substituted for "Bessie." Sinatra liked the song so much he made it part of his concert repertoire, and the rest is big-room history.

Encouraged by his friends, Silvers was soon doing his antic living-room shtick in nightclubs such as Ciro's and Charlie Foy's Supper Club, first solo, and then, when Rags Ragland rolled into town to do character parts in the movies, as half of a duo. But even as he became the consummate insiders' star, a chic name-drop even for the studio heads—Mayer asked him to perform at a company function, Paramount's Buddy DeSylva told Silvers he was his favorite comedian, and Columbia's Harry Cohn tapped Silvers to help him coordinate his studio's segment of a wartime show for servicemen—none of the big bosses had any real use for him in pictures. Darryl Zanuck, of Twentieth Century Fox, was the most obliging, signing up Silvers after his MGM contract expired and keeping him at the studio for nine years. But in movie after movie, from *Footlight Serenade* to *My Gal Sal* to *Coney Island,* Silvers kept playing the same role, the affable best pal of the male lead and brother-confessor confidant of the female lead—a stock character he called Blinky. "I'd follow John Payne or Vict Mature around, and I had the same opening line in every pictur he remembered in 1981. "Somewhere in the middle of the first a I'd come running in and say, 'I've got the stuff in the car!' To t day, I don't know what the stuff in the car was." A sympathe Gene Kelly cast Silvers in two of his better musicals, *Cover G* and *Summer Stock,* but still in undeniably Blinkyish roles.

Silvers played Blinky in real life, too. When Judy Garland h the hots for Artie Shaw, it was Silvers to whom she moon about her unrequited love for the clarinetist, and it was Silvers that Shaw frequently left the job of cleaning up the me es he made with his womanizing. Shaw, who rivaled Orson Wel as the cocksman supreme of the 1940s, was unofficially engag to Betty Grable when, in 1940, he eloped with Lana Turner Las Vegas—Silvers had only just introduced them on the set MGM's *Two Girls on Broadway,* whe Turner was wearing a dress Sh remembers as "so tight you could s every pore in her body." After t elopement, it fell to Silvers to dry t tears of both Grable and Garlar "He told Betty about me marryi Lana. She hadn't heard about i Shaw says. "And she said, 'It must ha come on him suddenly.' *Come on hin* Betty was not the smartest girl in t world. Yeah, Phil was always arou just the kind of capon part he played the movies. It's as if he were ball-les

Even Dennison, to whom Silvers w married for five years, says her initial traction to him was that "he wasn't the make. He was just fun to be wi made me laugh, and didn't try to me into bed." For all of his assignatio with strippers in burlesque, Silvers was confident about his looks and relied on sense of humor to charm women, whi made him an ideal platonic date—Aud Hepburn regularly sought him out as l escort for premieres—if not an ideal h band. Dennison says their marriage raveled because, as kindly and funny he was, Silvers was clueless about mance and the day-to-day responsibilit of being in a relationship. They married a civil ceremony on a Friday, "and I had gotten all these n black nightgowns and negligees with fur, and mules—the wh thing—for my big wedding night, which I expected to be very mantic. And, instead, it was Friday, so Phil expected that would go to the American Legion fights. And I hated the figh Danny Kaye happened by to give us a wedding present, an was in tears, and Danny said, 'What's happening?' 'Well, wants to go to the fights, and it's my wedding night.' He was o raged: 'You can't do that, Phil!' And Phil, in all innocence—cle ly just totally bewildered by this whole thing—said, 'But it's Fri night! I always go to the fights on Friday night!' That sums our relationship, I think, better than anything else."

It didn't help that, just a few days after their wedding, Silv accepted Frank Sinatra's request to join him on a U.S.O. tour Europe, leaving Dennison behind for several weeks. Nor did it h that Silvers was hooked on playing the ponies and shooting cr in Vegas, and was developing a rep as one of Hollywood's A- compulsive gamblers. His loving Jewish mother saved him by se ing out his drab, responsible older brother, Harry, to manage


Handcrafted to the smallest detail.
Carefully selecting our grapes earned our
1999 Cabernet Sauvignon DOUBLE GOLD and BEST of CLASS
at the 2002 California State Fair Wine Competition.
To get closer to how we craft our wi
try our
or visit www.turningleaf.com
TURNING LEAF
Reserve
CABERNET SAUVIGNON

money and keep an eye on him—"Harry the Nudnik, we called him," says Shaw—but Silvers was constantly fretting about cash flow and his debts to bookies. "Everybody knew Phil gambled—it was his reputation," says Buttons. "Just like we all knew about Walter Matthau gambling. I mean, these guys would bet you on whether it's gonna rain tomorrow, or which way the wind was blowing, or how many people are gonna walk through the front door of a restaurant. It was all-consuming, almost like a disease."

SPRINGTIME FOR SILVERS Silvers in the 1951 Broadway musical *Top Banana*. It parodied Milton Berle, but when Silvers described the main character to him, he replied, "I know guys just like that!"



Silvers always did his best work in New York, and twice during his Hollywood years Broadway afforded him a chance to build upon what he'd accomplished in burlesque and *Yokel Boy*. In 1947, Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne put together a stage musical, called *High Button Shoes*, that was based on a nostalgic novel by Stephen Longstreet about his upbringing in New Jersey during the Taft years. As had happened with *Yokel Boy*, the writers reconceived the show when Silvers got involved, building it up around a previously minor character named Harrison Floy—"a flamboyant scamp with great dreams, a Bilko in spats," as Silvers described him. George Abbott, the leading stage director of the period, came aboard as the director and script doctor, and Jerome Robbins as the choreographer. But despite the show's promising pedigree, it, like *Yokel Boy*, struggled in out-of-town tryouts, and Silvers once again took it upon himself to ad-lib the show into hitdom, drawing upon old bits he'd done in burlesque. *High Button Shoes* ran for 727 performances in New York.

"Most burlesque people had no self-respect or respect for each other. But Phil was different," says Sherry Britton.

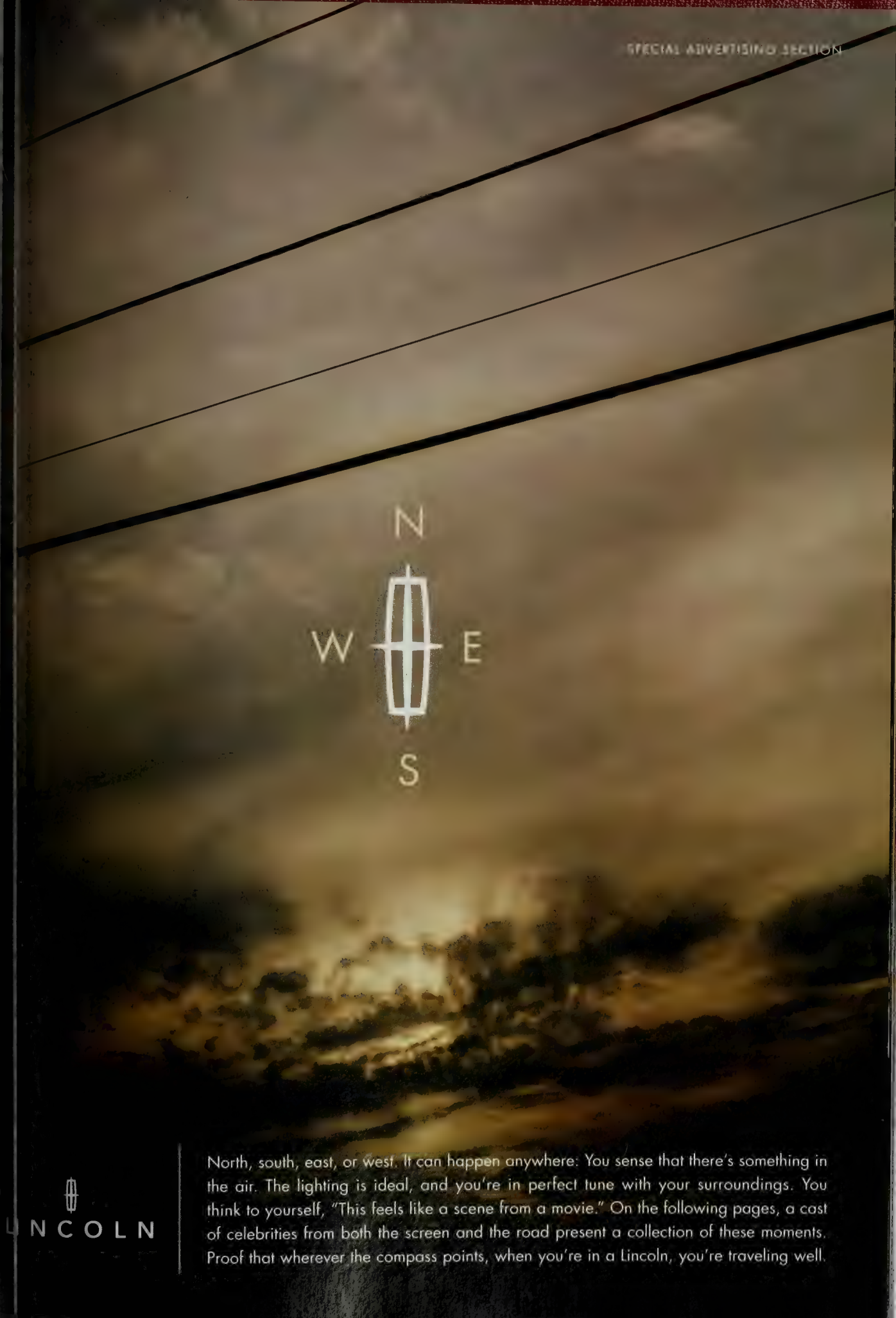
Top Banana, Silvers's triumphant moment onstage, came four years later. Hy Kraft, a writer acquaintance of Silvers's, had come up with the idea of doing a musical about a comedian; it was called *Jest for Laughs*, and Johnny Mercer had agreed to write the songs. Silvers found Kraft's material to be as corny as his working title and suggested that he and Kraft come up with a new angle. At the time, Milton Berle was enjoying his first flush of success as Mr. Television. Silvers thought it would be funny to parody his old friend and do a show about a tightly wound former burlesque comic (renamed Jerry Biffle to avoid libel suits) who had now become a huge, difficult television star. Rose Marie, the female lead in the show, remembers its conception's being every bit as seat-of-the-pants as Silvers's previous Broadway adventures. "Phil called and said, 'I want you to do this show with me,'" she says. "I said, 'Well, send me a script.' It wasn't even a show—it was 12 pages! I said, 'Whe the hell's the show?' And he said, 'Well, we'll do it as we do it.'"

Unlike *Yokel Boy* and *High Button Shoes*, though, which r ceived emergency infusions of burlesquerie, *Top Banana* wa from almost the get-go, a willful evocation of Gaiety-style hysteri with some early television satire thrown in. (Though "first b nana" was the proper term for a leading comic in burlesqu Mercer thought "top banana" had a better ring to it.) "Phil call every burlesque comic in the world to be in it, which was u believable," says Rose Marie. He enlisted his former mentc Herbie Faye, as well as Faye's brother Joey and Jack Albertso a confrère from his early days with the Minskys (who later r surfaced in *Chico and the Mar* Walter Dare Wahl, an aged com dian and former wrestling cham on who'd done a great bit decad earlier in vaudeville in which h limbs became hopelessly enta gled with his partner's, was e humed from obscurity to play Je ry Biffle's masseur, just so l and Silvers could revive the bit

The only sticky business w how to break the news of t show to Berle. Silvers had date to play golf with him, an in the course of the game, Be asked about the new musical he heard about. Silvers, with a d gree of hesitancy, explained th it was "about a guy who's be 'on' all his life. His only goal the laugh.... Everything to hi is a comedy bit. If he has a gi it's the girl bit.... He never l tens to anyone's conversation he's just thinking of what he say next. The poor guy never h a chance to develop in a other areas." Berle, after pause, replied, all smile "I'll be a sonovabitch- know guys just like that!

Top Banana, whose bo and songs were develop on the fly during rehea sals, proved to be one the most explosively fun and well-reviewed musica ever to play on Broadwa For Mel Brooks, who w a young writer at Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows* at the tim seeing the musical was a defining experience. "What can I t you? He had more pep and energy than I've ever seen in leading comic," Brooks says. "He got in the middle of the tv guys doing an old-fashioned stuck-together—hands, arms—a he was literally hysterical. I can't even describe it. *Top Banar* taught me a lot about how to write a Broadway show to get r ally big laughs. When I was writing *The Producers*, I said, 'I gotta bring that back to the theater.' It was a mandate to me.

Playing for a little under a year on Broadway and a further tv years on national tour, *Top Banana* looked to be a career high-wat mark for Silvers. Yet he wasn't particularly content. He was fru trated by Hollywood's misuse of him, his gambling still bedevil him, he was often stricken with pre-show CONTINUED ON PAGE 2



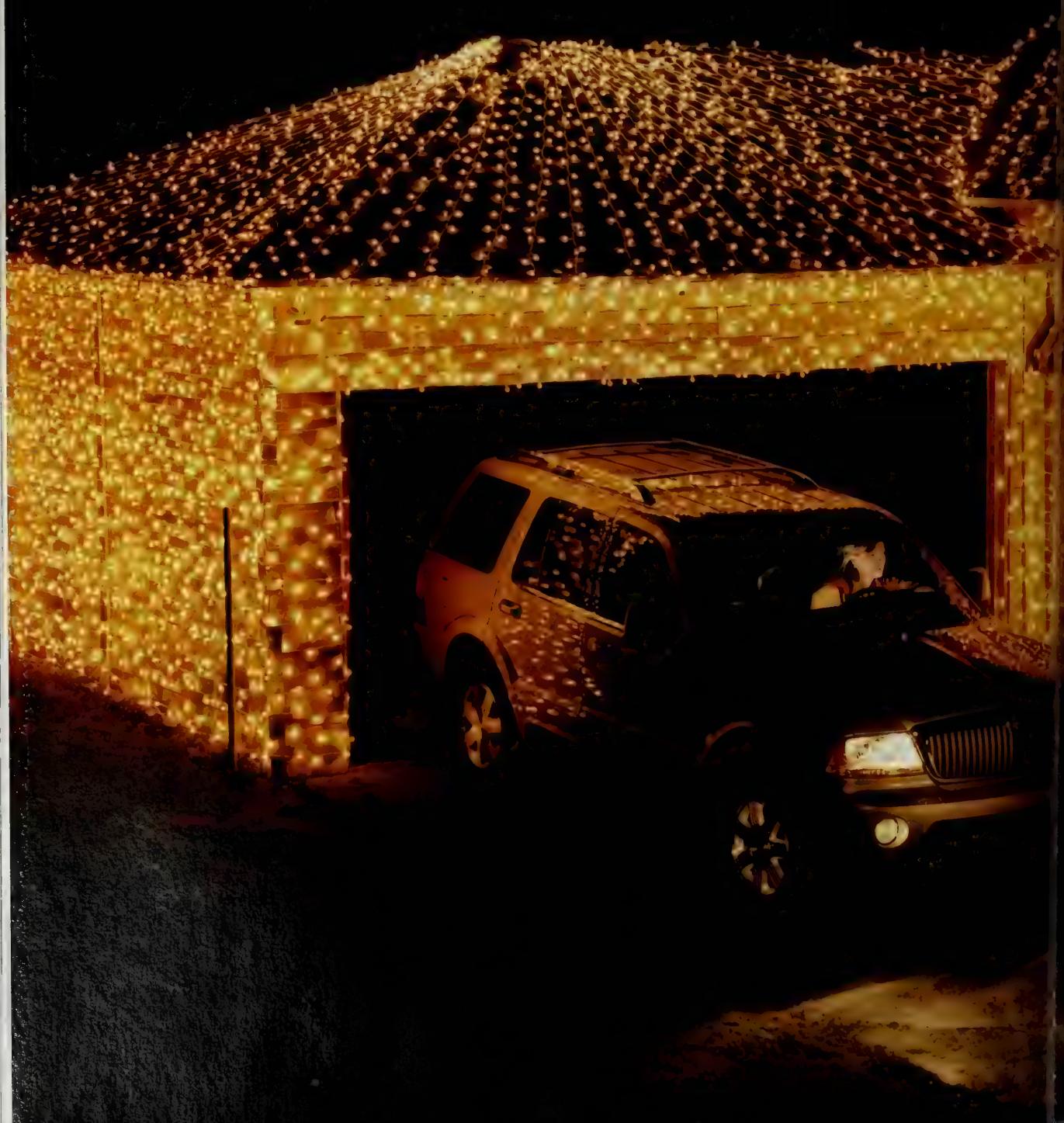
LINCOLN

North, south, east, or west. It can happen anywhere: You sense that there's something in the air. The lighting is ideal, and you're in perfect tune with your surroundings. You think to yourself, "This feels like a scene from a movie." On the following pages, a cast of celebrities from both the screen and the road present a collection of these moments. Proof that wherever the compass points, when you're in a Lincoln, you're traveling well.

The neighbors' kids make up stories about him. They call him spaceman,
and stare out of their windows as they tell tales to each other about the planet he must
have come from. He's heard them all, and happily plays alo N g. The simple fact is, he just likes stars.

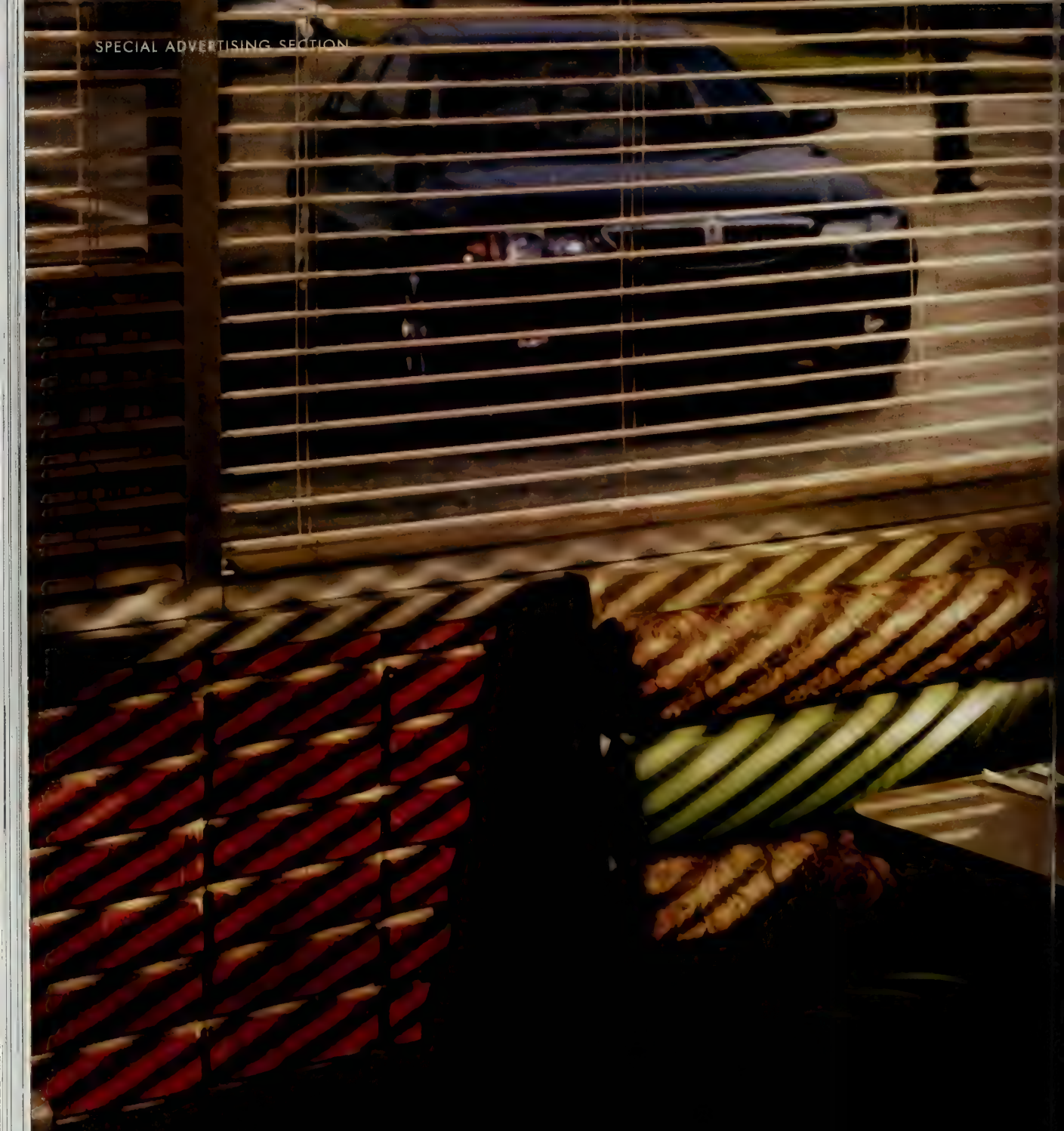
W E

The children's parents stare, too, but for a different rea S on.
They stopped wondering about the lights a long time ago.
The only thing they wonder about is what kind of SUV is parked in the spaceman's driveway.





John Rzeznik of the Goo Goo Dolls and the Lincoln Aviator.



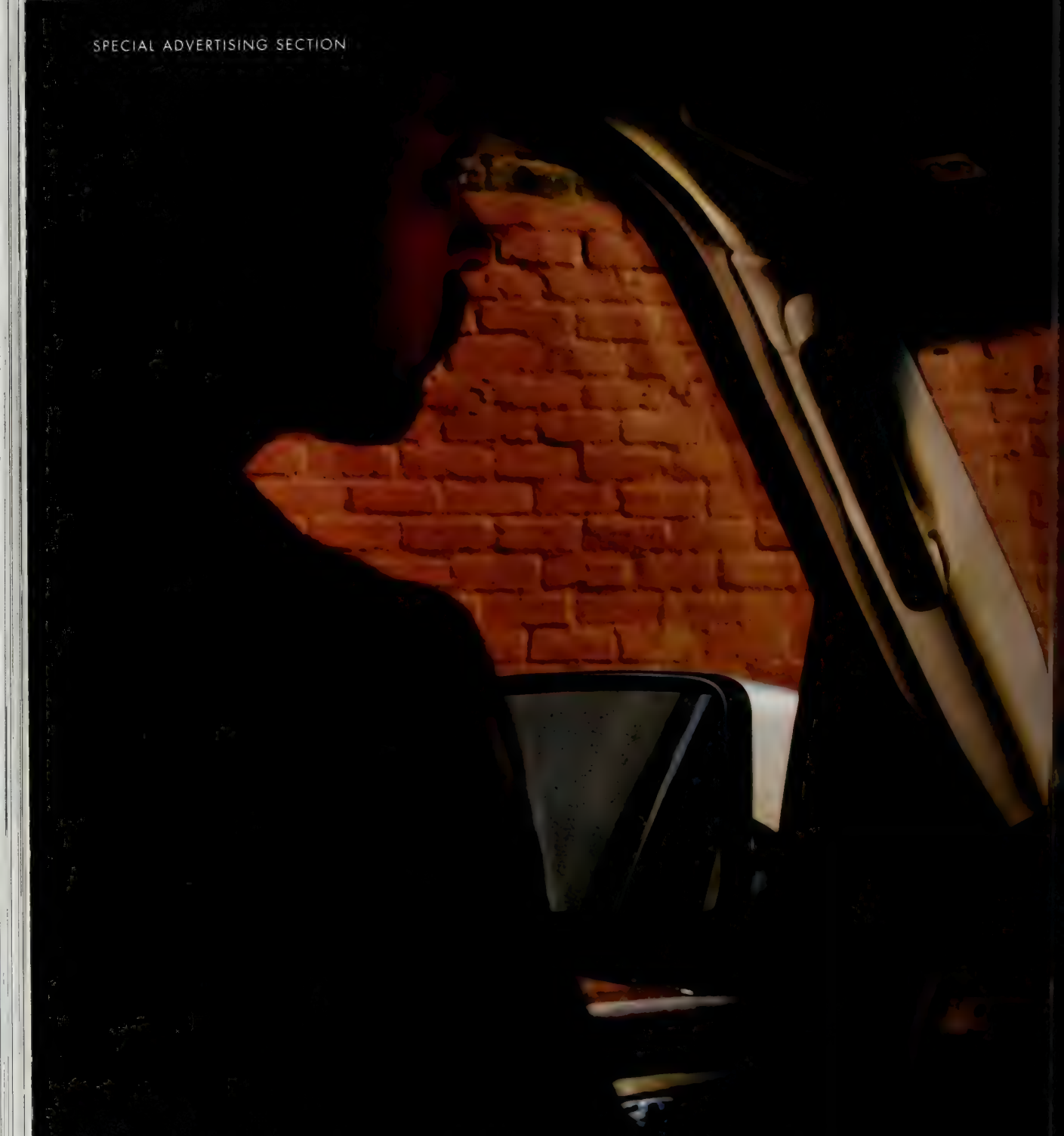
For two hours and thirty-five minutes, she has been waiting, watching that car outside the diner.
She spent six years with the man who drives it, but hasn't talked to him in two.

Except he doesn't know she's waiting. If he did, he'd run over
and tell her the last two years were the worst of his life.

At 11:52, a waiter drops a tray of dishes, and she helps him pick up the pieces.
At 11:53, she looks out the window and the car is gone. Two years ago, he wasn't into fast cars.



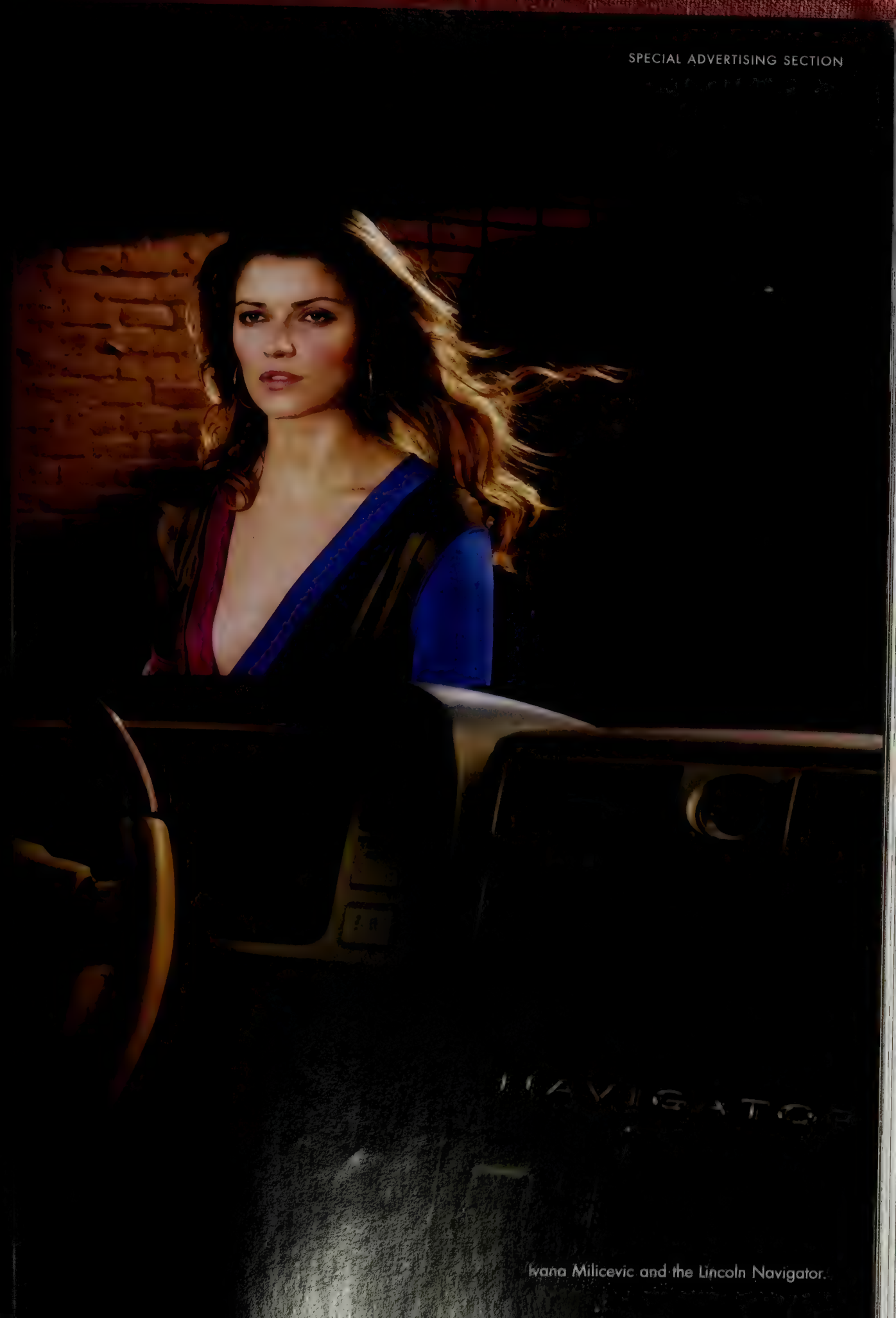
Rosanna Arquette and the Lincoln LS.



Him: Don't stare back, don't stare back. Okay, stare back but don't look like you're staring back.
But how can I not stare? Look at her, the wind blowing through her hair.
I bet she digs the mustache. Some wome N are into that.

W E

Her: Nice vehicle. Oh look, I can S ee my reflection in the windshield.
I should wear my hair like this more often.



Ivana Milicevic and the Lincoln Navigator.



Lauren Graham and the Lincoln Town Car



When your life gets to a certain point of clutter, sometimes the only fix is movement.
You take what you can carry: 30 pairs of high heels, three overcoats, an evening dress, a picnic basket for two, that set of china (the one mom gave you), a saddle, riding boots, sconces, and that paiNting from college. Put it in the trunk and go.

W E

And wear that Stunning green dress. When you strut into a new city, you'll want people to remember what you're wearing.





Dulé Hill and the Lincoln Aviator.

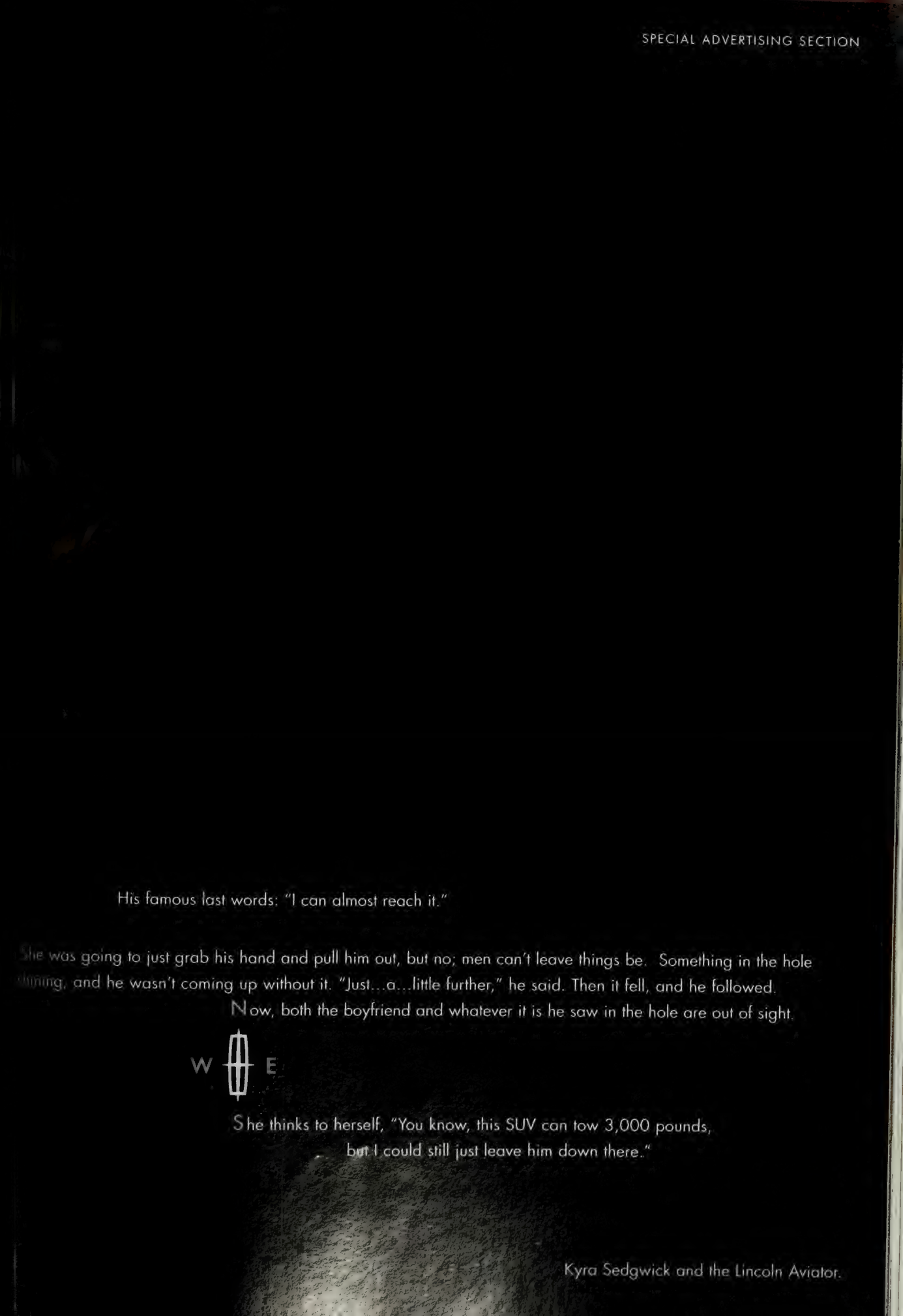


It's usually only sailors who find love on the docks.
He thiNks about this as he waits. And waits.

W E

When he was tranSferred out of the country, he had to leave her behind.
Now, after six weeks on the high seas, she's due any minute.
As he watches he remembers how, in the movies, as soon as you look away,
there's your love standing in the doorway. Or, in this case, suspended.


LINCOLN


His famous last words: "I can almost reach it."
She was going to just grab his hand and pull him out, but no; men can't leave things be. Something in the hole glinting, and he wasn't coming up without it. "Just...a...little further," he said. Then it fell, and he followed.
Now, both the boyfriend and whatever it is he saw in the hole are out of sight.
W
E
She thinks to herself, "You know, this SUV can tow 3,000 pounds,
but I could still just leave him down there."
Kyra Sedgwick and the Lincoln Aviator.

They used to watch spy movies together in college. One day, they got an idea.
"Let's bury some loot in the woods. You know, in case we ever have to go on the lam."
For laughs, they actually did it.

W E

Years later, it wasn't a joke anymore. The papers said it best: "Couple gets caught in web of intrigue."
With her red hair capped in a bad wig, they drove their luxury car into the woods
where he searched in vain for the money. It was actually found and spent by a hiker named Roy.
Roy bought a tent, three pairs of new shoes, a plane ticket to Buenos Aires, and a really nice mountain bike



Peter Facinelli and the Lincoln Town Car.



Afterwards, he would sit in the den of the house on the property.



It's the house he grew up in. His father would be the first to talk.
"Remember when you used to stand in front of that huge mirror we had on this wall and watch yourself sing Beatles songs into a hairbrush?"
"Yeah," replied the son.

"Whatever happened to that mirror?"



William Fichtner and the Lincoln Aviator.



LINCOLN

TRAVEL WELL.

CELEBRITIES OF THE SCREEN

JOHN RZEZNIK/AVIATOR
Rocker John Rzeznik entered the music scene in the mid-80s—and changed it forever. Lead vocalist and co-founder of the critically acclaimed band the Goo Goo Dolls, Rzeznik has led the group through seven studio albums including the Grammy nominated *Dizzy Up The Girl*, which has sold more than six million copies worldwide.

ROSANNA ARQUETTE/LINCOLN LS
A member of one of Hollywood's most prominent show-business families, Rosanna Arquette earned a name for herself as the enigmatic star of offbeat, independent films such as *After Hours*, *Desperately Seeking Susan*, and *Pulp Fiction*. This season, the accomplished actress makes her directorial debut in *Searching for Debra Winger*, airing on Showtime.

IVANA MILICEVIC/NAVIGATOR
When Ivana Milicevic took a stand-up job at The Comedy Store to jump-start her acting career, she never dreamed she'd be cast in hits like *Seinfeld* and *Jerry Maguire* soon after. The Sarajevo-born beauty has most recently starred in the HBO original series, *The Mind of the Married Man*. This spring, she appears in the 20th Century Fox film, *Down With Love*.

LAUREN GRAHAM/TOWN CAR
With an incredible versatility for both comedic and dramatic work, Lauren Graham earned a well-deserved Golden Globe nomination for her cynical yet sensitive portrayal of Lorelai Gilmore in the critically acclaimed television series, *Gilmore Girls*. This fall, she will star in Miramax's eagerly anticipated film, *Bad Santa*.

DULE HILL/AVIATOR
When Dulé Hill was nominated for an Emmy for his portrayal of Charlie on NBC's hit drama, *The West Wing*, the newcomer proved he could shine, even amongst a cast of Hollywood veterans. This year, he hits the big screen in the film *HOLES*, Walt Disney Pictures' adaptation of the award-winning children's novel by Louis Sachar.

KYRA SEDGWICK/AVIATOR
Over the past two decades, Kyra Sedgwick's no-holds-barred acting style has earned her two Golden Globe nominations, a Theater Award, a Los Angeles Drama Desk Critics Circle Award, and a Dramalogue Award. She currently stars in Rebecca Miller's independent film, *Personal Velocity*, which received the Dramatic Grand Jury Prize at the 2002 Sundance Film Festival.

PETER FACINELLI/TOWN CAR
Peter Facinelli continues to emerge as one of Hollywood's most sought-after young actors with his powerful portrayal of Van Ray Strummer in Fox's sexy television drama, *Fastlane*. Facinelli first grabbed rave reviews for his performance opposite Kevin Spacey in *The Big Kahuna*, which debuted at the Toronto and Sundance Film Festivals.

WILLIAM FICHTNER/AVIATOR
Known for his extraordinary ability to play strong yet vulnerable male characters, William Fichtner earned high marks for his role in the Oscar-winning film, *Black Hawk Down*, as well as box-office hits including *Armageddon* and *The Perfect Storm*. He also can be seen in the celebrated film, *Julie Walking Home*, directed by Agnieszka Holland.

CELEBRITIES OF THE ROAD

LINCOLN LS
It's the perfect luxury car for those who like to move fast. With its 280 hp, V8 engine, the Lincoln LS goes from 0 to 60 in just 6.42 seconds. Exclusive THX Certified Sound provides exceptional listening pleasure no matter what your musical preference.

TOWN CAR
With power speed-sensitive, variable-assisted rack-and-pinion steering, the Lincoln Town Car guarantees a smooth, stylish drive wherever you're headed. A power pull-down trunk with 21 cubic feet of storage capacity allows for plenty of comfort—no matter what you bring along on your travels.

NAVIGATOR
Strength and elegance combine for the ultimate SUV design. A 300 hp, 5.4L V8 engine and available power features that include a fold-flat third row, rear lift-gate, and deployable running boards, provide the strength. An interior draped in wood, satin nickel, and leather, supplies the elegance.

AVIATOR
A smaller, spirited offspring of the Lincoln Navigator, the Aviator boasts a 302 hp, best-in-class V8 engine. Heated and cooled seats, and convenient third-row, fold-flat seating let you take just about anyone along for a brisk, agile, and luxurious ride.

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 250 hot sweats and anxiety attacks he alled "the whammies," and he was not helped by psychotherapy—hough his newfound interest in the writings of Sigmund Freud and aruch Spinoza did produce a fortuitous moment onstage. During ne performance of *Top Banana,* he accidentally addressed a oung male cast member as "Honey"; catching himself, he exlained that he'd made a Freudian slip, then launched into a proacted, extemporaneous monologue about a famous debate beveen Freud and Spinoza, who in reality had lived two centuries part. After an awesome, prolix display of psychological gobledygook that had everyone onstage getting nervous—"It went n a good five minutes," Rose Marie says—Silvers wound up is ad-lib by announcing that reud finally convinced Spino- of his argument, and fed his ewildered castmate the prompt You know how?" The young an obligingly asked, "How?" *He hit him!*" Silvers replied. "It t the biggest scream you've ever eard," says Rose Marie. The Freudpinoza bit was permanently writn into the show.

"Off-camera, he'd sit by himself and just be musing. It seemed like he wanted to be friendly, but it wasn't in his nature."

When *Top Banana* finally ended its run, Silvers bided his time in another Blinky part, in e half-cocked Doris Day movie *Lucky Me.* The same year, 954, he agreed to be an M.C. at the annual White House Correondents Dinner, which turned out to be the more auspicious gagement—he knocked 'em dead, convulsing Eisenhower and tching the attention of another audience member, Hubbell obinson Jr., the head of programming at CBS. A few days later, obinson called Silvers to propose that he develop a new half-our sitcom with the writer Nat Hiken.

It was a shrewd pairing—Hiken, if quieter and more intellectual an Silvers, had the same shtetl blood coursing through his veins hough he had grown up in Milwaukee rather than Brooklyn) d, like Silvers, felt insufficiently respected in middle age. Hiken d labored for years as the great unsung comedy writer of the oadcast industry, working first for the radio comedian Fred len and then, in the early 50s, for Martha Raye's variety proam on NBC. Though his fellow writers recognized him as a borrline genius, Hiken was frustrated by the lack of credit accorded m, particularly by Allen, who was notorious for claiming he rote all his own material. Hiken was an amateur pilot, and one his running jokes was that he once had to make an emergency nding on a remote Indian reservation near the Grand Canyon, here the chief asked him what he did for a living. When he told e chief that he wrote for *The Fred Allen Show,* he claims, the ief laughed dismissively and replied, through a translator, "Everye know Fred Allen write his own material!"

The very first concept that Hiken came up with was to make vers a sergeant in a U.S. Army camp, an idea Silvers initially smissed as too "Abbott and Costello ... dumb drills, guys mping into each other and their pants falling down." But Sil-'s soon came around to the idea, recognizing the chance to ntinue the Punko Parks–Harrison Floy–Jerry Biffle line of coners. He'd once again have a chance to incorporate all his old rlesque tricks, but, this time, within a framework of intricate, isty plots, Hiken's forte. Hiken, for his part, wisely recognized t Silvers, no matter what the role, always essentially played il Silvers. Though the show was more tightly plotted and adaverse than anything Silvers had done before, Hiken made a int of drawing upon Silvers's own quirks and foibles, in parular his gambling habit, to shape Ernie Bilko.

The program's original title, in fact, was *You'll Never Get Rich,* and in one of the best episodes of the first season, "The Twitch," Hiken was particularly to the point. The premise was that Colonel Hall had become disgusted with the epidemic gambling and poker playing in Bilko's platoon, and was bringing in a clean-cut captain to put the fellas right. (Clean-cut captains on *Bilko* are like the young ensigns in red tunics on *Star Trek*—you know from the beginning of the episode that they're doomed.) The captain's plan was to culturally educate the boys by having his proper wife (played by Charlotte Rae) deliver a lecture on Beethoven. Bilko knew he had to get his men to attend the lecture, but didn't know how to swing it—until he noticed that the captain's wife had a nervous tic, a habit of periodically tugging at her girdle. Soon enough, he'd organized a betting pool, first at Fort Baxter, then extending to army bases across the country, on how many times the woman would twitch during her lecture. The climactic scene is sublimely funny, with the woman delightedly addressing a packed hall but puzzling over the men's periodic unison pronouncements of "One ... Two ... Three ... Four ... " Bilko's shenanigans are ultimately foiled, as all Bilko shenanigans must be, when Colonel Hall walks in on some soldiers who are illicitly broadcasting the twitch count on the radio, ball-game-style, to the other army bases.

Terrific as Hiken was at plotting, he was equally good at casting—like *The Sopranos'* David Chase, he loved un-Hollywood faces and was adept at getting the most out of both seasoned character actors and nonperformers who just *looked* right. When he was working on Martha Raye's show, he'd successfully made use of the comic-sketch ability of the boxer Rocky Graziano. For *The Phil Silvers Show,* Graziano acted as a de facto casting assistant, bringing aboard the gnarled but handsome middleweight Walter Cartier to play one private, Dillingham, and enlisting his own former manager, a slab-featured pug-mug named Jack Healy, to play Private Mullen. "Mullen, he was a wiseguy," says Mickey Freeman, the pip-squeak stand-up comic who played the banty private Fielding Zimmerman. "He brought Rocky Graziano to the Mob and they gave him points. But he was a very nice man." When Harry Clark, the gruff, burly actor who played the company cook, died midway through the first season, the show's producers asked Freeman to help track down a fellow stand-up comic, an obscure, low-rent gagman named Joe E. Ross—"which was like Noël Coward saying, 'Can I get Sadie Banks?,' who was a burlesque girl," Freeman says. "Joe E. was not a great comic. But he had a quality—rough." Ross was duly located in Hawaii, where he was working in a strip club. After he arrived in New York to take the part of company cook Sergeant Rupert Ritzik, he confided to Freeman that he'd been mid-coitus with a lady acrobat when the casting agent called, and wasn't sure if he should have accepted CBS's offer. "He said, 'What am I doing?,'" Freeman says. "'I've got the sun, I've got the ocean, and I've got the acrobat—what else do I need?'" Ross ended up staying for *Bilko's* entire run and co-starring with Fred Gwynne in Hiken's next series, *Car 54, Where Are You?*

Even the professionals in the *Phil Silvers Show* cast were humorously misshapen—the broken-nosed comic Billy Sands, who played Private Paparelli; the pudgy, bug-eyed character actor Maurice Brenner, who played Private Fleischman; and good old Herbie Faye, brought in by the ever loyal Silvers to play Corporal

Fender. Hiken also recruited a few actors who'd done service in other military-themed shows. Paul Ford had already played his share of addled officers before becoming Colonel Hall, and was appearing as another colonel on Broadway in *The Teahouse of the August Moon.* Allan Melvin and Harvey Lembeck, the beanpole-fireplug combo who played Bilko's two henchmen, Corporals Henshaw and Barbella, were both plucked from the Broadway play *Stalag 17,* where they were also playing soldiers. (And lest you think of John Frankenheimer's 1962 film *The Manchurian Candidate* as an unremittingly sober Cold War exercise, note that two of the brainwashed soldiers in that movie are named ... Melvin and Lembeck.) Audaciously for the time, Hiken, who wanted the platoon to look like a real army platoon, cast a couple of black actors, P. Jay Sidney and Terry Carter, as Privates Palmer and Sugarman, even though this discomfited some advertisers in the South.

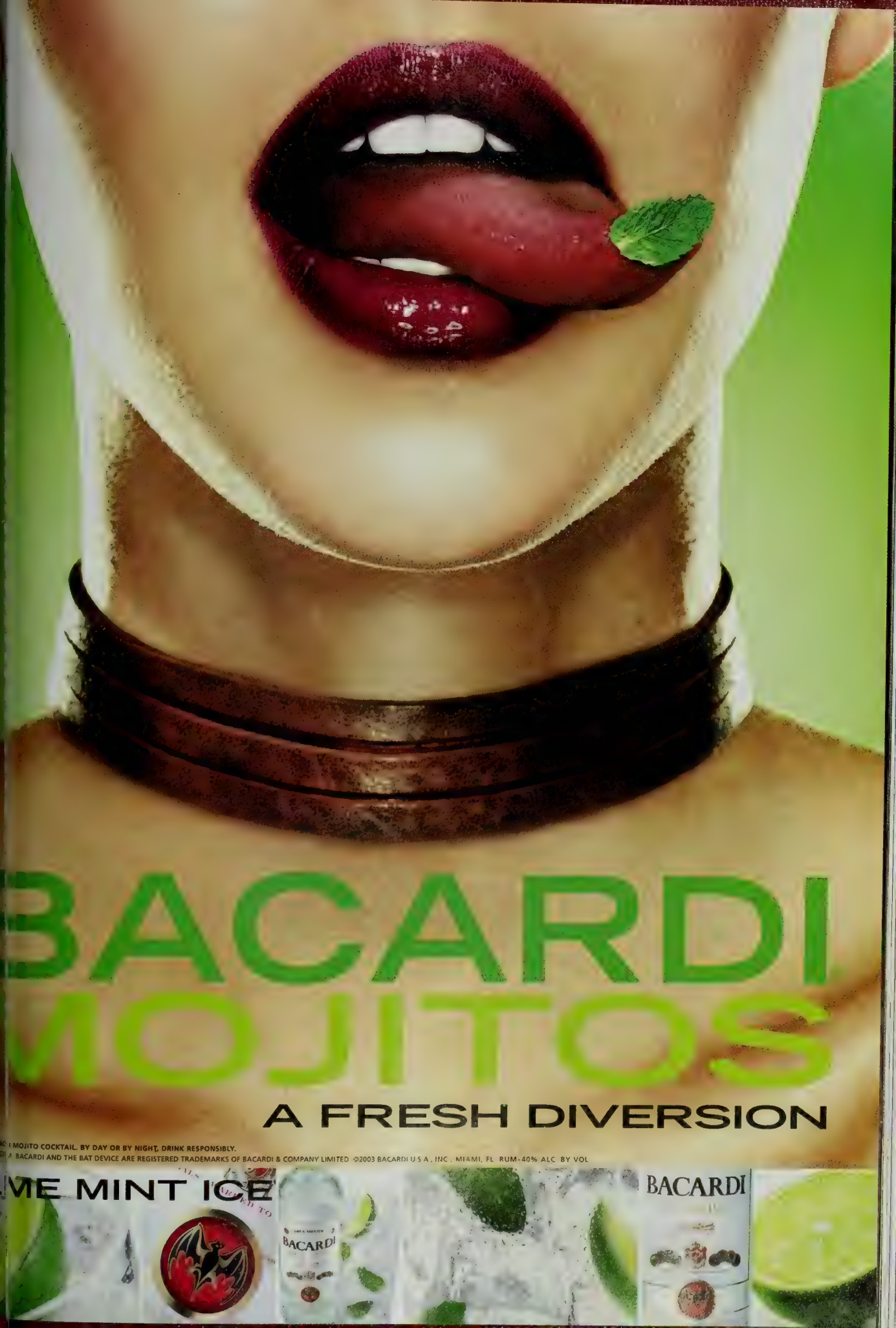
The final assemblage of talent simultaneously impressed for being so compellingly street-real and begged some serious suspension of disbelief—particularly the idea of the weedy, 56-year-old Faye passing for an enlisted man. But the whole thing worked in a glorious, deze-and-doze, Runyonesque sort of way. "Nat Hiken had a genius for putting together a group of people who were perfect in what they did. All of us were absolutely right for what we were doing, if not for anything else," says Brenner, who, along with Freeman and Melvin, survives as a keeper of the *Bilko* flame. The eldest of Silvers's five daughters, Tracey, was born during the show's run—he had married his second wife, a Revlon model named Evelyn Patrick, in 1956—and she remembers referring to her father's program as "Daddy and the Dirty Men."

The Phil Silvers Show faced one major crisis on the way to its premiere on September 20, 1955: CBS scheduled it for Tuesday night at 8:30—opposite Berle's blockbuster variety series on NBC, which was a television fixture, having been on the air for six years. Even Berle felt sorry for Silvers when he heard the news. "I'll *kill* you," he said, more out of concern than competition. "For your sake, move the night!" Indeed, the Berle show walloped the Silvers show the first few weeks, winning in the ratings by an almost two-to-one ratio. But after a few weeks, as word of mouth spread, and after Silvers made a guest appearance with the Fort Baxter platoon on *The Ed Sullivan Show,* the numbers started to shift, and soon Berle was the one getting trounced. It turned out to be the death knell for Berle's run as King of Tuesday Night, a circumstance he h dled with remarkable magnanimity, par ularly given that Silvers had zinged h before with *Top Banana.* "Milton sen telegram: I *TOLD* YOU TO MOVE TO ANO ER NIGHT!" says Tracey Silvers. "It was zarre, because you think they would h fallen out. But Milton and my dad w around each other when they were c dren—they had a whole life history tog er. The great thing about them was, at Hillcrest Country Club [just south of B erly Hills], which everyone belonged t the time, there would be this table of I Silvers, Jack Benny, and Milton Berle, they would sit around and help each er with their acts: this brotherhood of medians. Try to imagine, you know, Carrey and Steve Martin sitting arou helping each other. It's almost incom hensible."

Life on the set of *The Phil Silvers Sh* which was rehearsed above Lin restaurant on West 52nd Street filmed at the old DuMont television stu on East 67th, was exactly what you'd h expected of a mostly stag show set o army base. "The minute we were thro with a scene, we all raced to a table to poker," says Brenner. "The game wen for years, nickel and dime," says Freem "We played that stake just so it would become too involved. And Phil use come out and say, 'Can I play here?' said, 'Yeah. But inside, you're a star– here, you're unemployed.' So he used t and play with us, nickel and dime. Ho er, he'd say to me, 'I'll give you half nickel on hearts, half the nickel on spa He had the whole board covered with ferent bets."

The boys were all suitably awed by vers's talent; if you watch some episo closely, you can see G.I.'s laboring m ily in the background to stifle laugh they watch him perform. Melvin fo Silvers's scenes with Colonel Hall e cially priceless, particularly the run gag in which Bilko sought to win colonel's favor by showering his easily tered wife (Hope Sansberry) with the-top compliments. "Phil's associa with the colonel I found so amusing– he would do these little dodges of Melvin says. "But he was always so a that the colonel was going to get hip And then the bit with the wife. [*P Bilko impression.*] 'Colonel, you didn me there was a movie star on the p heavens, it's Mrs. Hall!' 'Colonel, didn't tell me your daughter was vis for the weekend—why, bless my sou Mrs. Hall!'" (At times, Bilko's flatte Mrs. Hall verges on gay camp. In Twitch," he gushes madly, "You ma

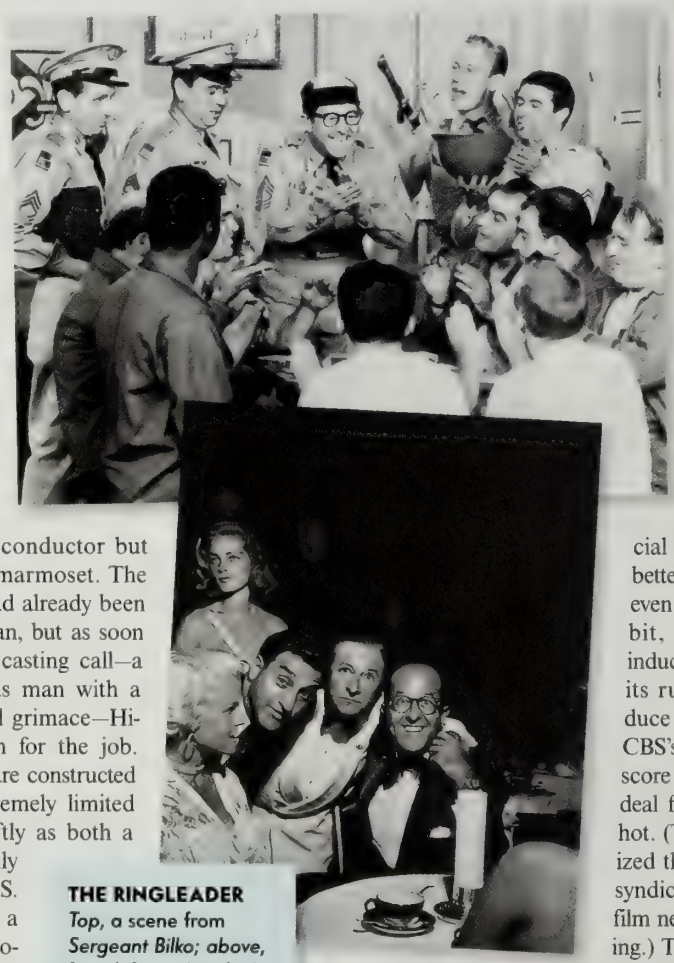
CRISP & CLEAN, SWEET AND TART, SMOOTH AND REFRESHING, ALL TOGETHER IN THE UNIQUELY FRESH TASTE OF THE BACARDI® MOJITO COCKTAIL
BACARDI®
MOJITO
.com
DRY & SMOOTH
BACARDI
SUPERIOR
SINCE 1862
RUMS of PUERTO RICO
ONLY THE FINEST
THE FINEST TIMES ARE THE ONES YOU ENJOY RESPONSIBLY. ©2003 RUMS OF PUERTO RICO/PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY
THE BACARDI MOJITO COCKTAIL. BY DAY OR BY NIGHT, DRINK RESPONSIBLY. BACARDI.COM. BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. ©2003 BACARDI U.S.A., INC., MIAMI FL. RUM-40% A.C. BY VOL.


BACARDI
MOJITOS
A FRESH DIVERSION
MOJITO COCKTAIL. BY DAY OR BY NIGHT, DRINK RESPONSIBLY.
BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED ©2003 BACARDI U.S.A., INC., MIAMI, FL RUM-40% ALC. BY VOL
ME MINT ICE
BACARDI
BACARDI

sofa a throne! When are you going to get one of those Italian boy cuts and drive the post out of its mind?")

Even in these fun times, though, the cast members noticed, as Rose Marie had backstage at *Top Banana,* that Silvers was occasionally gripped by a palpable melancholia. "It was strange with Phil," says Melvin, a TV lifer who went on to play Sam the Butcher on *The Brady Bunch,* and Archie Bunker's friend Barney on *All in the Family.* "You know how sort of bombastic and open and wild he was on-camera. When he was off-camera, he'd sort of sit by himself and he'd just be . . . musing. I used to go and sit and chat with him. And it seemed like he wanted to be friendly and open, but it just wasn't in his nature."

But Silvers did join the guys in their amusement over Maurice Gosfield, otherwise known as Private Duane Doberman, who had a name fit for a symphony conductor but the face of a dyspeptic, overfed marmoset. The show's other Maurice, Brenner, had already been cast to play the part of Doberman, but as soon as Gosfield walked into an open casting call—a short, plump, appallingly hideous man with a high, raspy voice and a perpetual grimace—Hiken knew he had the right man for the job. Many of the best *Bilko* episodes are constructed around Gosfield, an actor of extremely limited range whom Hiken deployed deftly as both a sight gag (Doberman is mistakenly chosen to be the face of the U.S. Army on a recruiting poster) and a teddy-bear object of sympathy (Doberman hangs his head balefully when no one wants to date his sister). "Doberman used to destroy Phil," says Melvin. "Phil looked at Doberman as a kind of . . . he didn't know *what* he was, or how he functioned. He always had the head cocked to his side, and he'd sort of crab over—there were never any definite steps or anything. His movements, and his whole persona, were sort of baffling." And Gosfield was every bit as slovenly in real life as his forlorn character was—"notorious for breaking wind," says Brenner. "The smell would spread, and it was so bad, Nat would take one whiff and say, 'All right, let's take 10 minutes.' Just to let the room clear."



THE RINGLEADER
Top, a scene from *Sergeant Bilko; above,* from left, unidentified blonde, Lauren Bacall, Danny Thomas, George Jessel, and Silvers, in Hollywood, 1953.

As soon as *The Phil Silvers Show* became a hit, Doberman became the most popular character on the show. Gosfield received more fan mail than even Silvers, and was in high demand in society circles as a sort of found-object source of amusement. "The Beautiful People of New York invited him to their cocktail parties; he was the rage of the playboys on Fire Island," wrote Silvers in his memoir. Silvers took this circumstance in stride in public; in the pre-show warm-ups before the live audience, he'd bring Gosfield out and introduce him as "the *real* star of our show." But privately he was a little miffed that all this attention was being lavished on a man who was essentially a nonperformer (Gosfield, though he could barely blurt out his lines, was even nominated for an Emmy one year), and in his memoir Silvers noted with irritation that Gosfield came to belie he was actually a great actor, and started to carry himself wi hauteur: "Off camera, Dobie thought of himself as Cary Gra playing a short, plump man." After *The Phil Silvers Show,* t only serious employment Gosfield found was as the voice of Be ny the Ball in the Hanr Barbera cartoon *Top Ca* essentially *Bilko* transpos to a feline realm—and was the first of the ser regulars to die, in 1964.

The Phil Silvers Sh whizzed by quickly, bc in terms of its breakne pace—most of the half-hc episodes were shot live, sequence, in long tak in less than an hour—and its time on the air as original series. By 1959, j four years after it h started filming, Silvers a the boys were done. C pulled the show for fin cial reasons. Though it was gett better Nielsen ratings than eve even as its quality had slippec bit, owing to Hiken's burnc induced departure halfway throu its run—it was expensive to p duce owing to its large cast, a CBS's executives thought they co score a more lucrative syndicat deal for the show while it was hot. (This was before networks r ized that a series could run in d syndication even as it continuec film new episodes for nighttime vi ing.) The platoon dispersed, and vers went back to Broadway, star in *Do Re Mi,* a minor musical hit with songs by Jule Styne, B Comden, and Adolph Green.

In his post-*Bilko* years, Silvers became, and remained until death, a Californian—a move that enabled him to while a the hours at the Hillcrest Country Club and the Nate 'r delicatessen with his comedian friends, most of whom had relocated to palmy Beverly Hills; Berle lived two houses dc from him on Alpine Drive. But karmically, L.A. was unfa able to Silvers, who had a history of flourishing in New Y and struggling in Hollywood. His California years were without their moments—he was one of the few comics v were actually funny in *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World,* S ley Kramer's all-star UltraPanavision bloatathon, and he ha charming reunion with Buddy Ebsen when he took a recur role as a con man on *The Beverly Hillbillies*—but he failed in 1963 attempt at another TV series, *The New Phil Silvers Si* which had him playing a foreman in a factory, and his per al life got messier as the 60s went on. He developed glaucom both eyes, which adversely affected his balance and agility performer, and he plunged into a deep depression from wl he never completely recovered. He also continued to gambl cessantly. The Silvers family never wanted for anything mate ly; between good management and Silvers's 50 percent ow ship of *Gilligan's Island,* which he co-produced with Sherw Schwartz, solvency was not a problem. But Silvers's thrall tc


TA CHICAGO HONOLULU LOS ANGELES NEWARK CA NEW ORLEANS NEW YORK SAN DIEGO SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE SYDNEY
SOON MEXICO CITY SEOUL
W
HOTELS

addiction, compounded by his depression, made him unpleasant company sometimes. Frank Capitelli, the longtime maître d' of the New York branch of the Friars Club, remembers Silvers as "not my cup of tea, not a happy man. When you gamble, you are not a happy person."

Evidently, it all got to be too much for Silvers's wife, Evelyn, who literally set his packed belongings out on the front lawn one day in 1966. He came home from the Hillcrest club and was totally blindsided, just as he'd been in the late 40s when Dennison asked him for a divorce. "He was stunned, and I think it was just something he never got over," says his daughter Tracey. "My dad would have stayed with my mom. And he would have stayed with Jo-Carroll." After a lifetime of living in hotels, working nights, and playing cards till sunrise with the guys in the orchestra pit, Silvers never quite adapted to being husband material. (Evelyn Silvers, who still lives in Beverly Hills, declined to be interviewed for this article.)



GENIUS SUMMIT Buster Keaton, Silvers, and Zero Mostel on the set of the 1966 movie *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.*

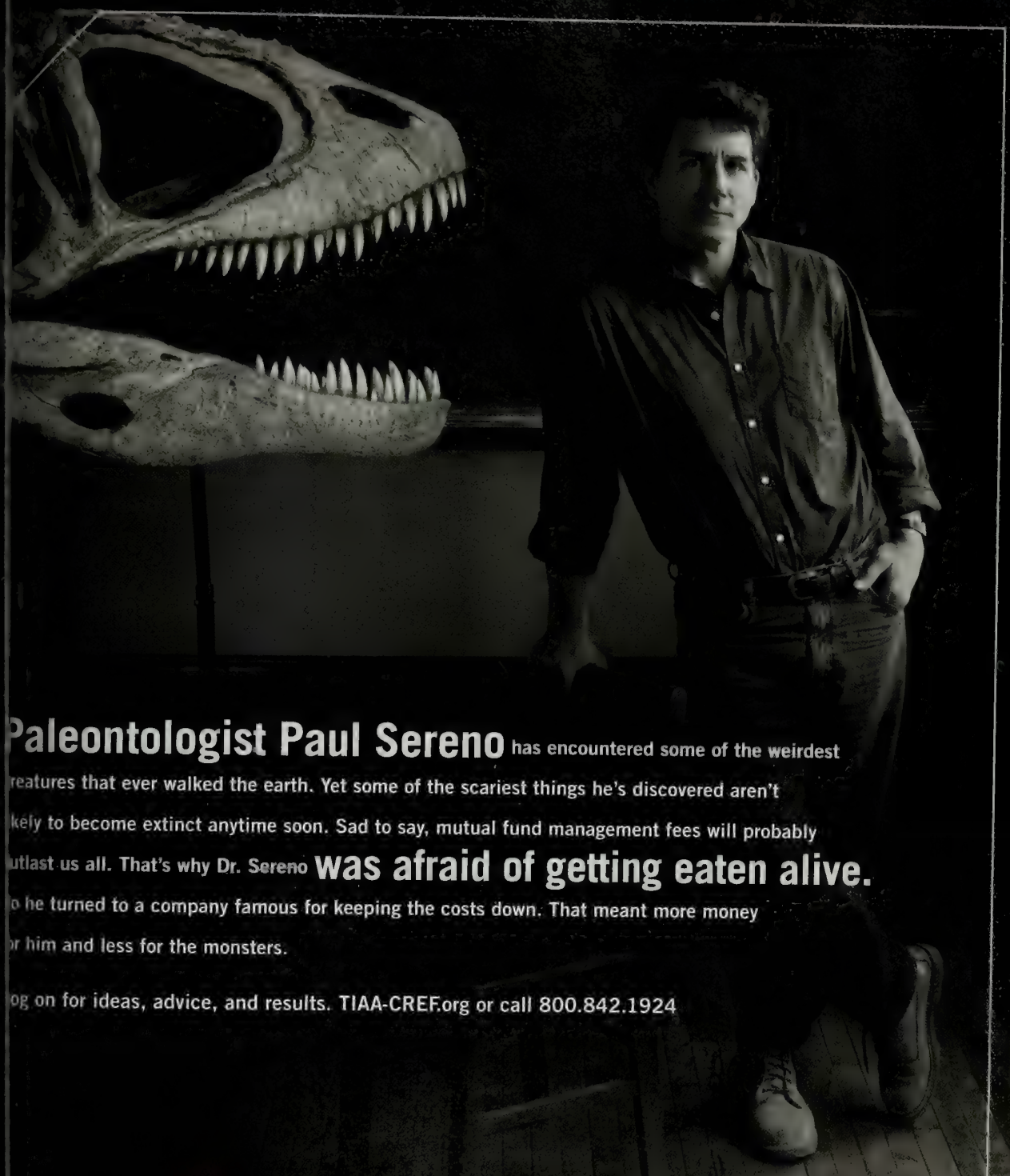
This, however, did not preclude his being a good parent to his five daughters. Silvers always had a natural rapport with children. "When I was a little boy, I used to see him all the time at my parents' house in Palm Springs," says Frank Sinatra Jr. "And I loved seeing him. He'd go 'Woof, woof' at me, and I used to go 'Scram, doggy!' and giggle." Judy Garland, witnessing Silvers's ease with kids, chose him to be Liza Minnelli's godfather. His own children, too, considered him the ideal playful, doting grown-up. "He would have been a content bachelor, but having children was a great thing for him," says Tracey Silvers. "Because he liked children—he didn't feel uncomfortable around them. He would play these little-kid tricks on us all the time. My sister worked at a movie theater once, selling tickets in the little booth out front, and he'd come with his clarinet and stand under the marquee, serenading her while she sold tickets. And though he was gone a lot, when he was there, he was very there. When I was up sick in the middle of the night, it was my dad with me, not my mom. And if you wanted to discuss a problem with him, he would sit down and really discuss it with you—he would have a serious, deep conversation and try to help you."

"He became the kind of angry that a lot of comics become," recalls Freddie Fields. "He'd get unreal."

In 1972, Silvers enjoyed one last, brief career upswing—in New York, naturally. He returned to Broadway as the lead in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* (a role that he'd passed on a decade earlier, opening the door for Zero Mostel) and became the first-ever performer to win the best-actor Tony in a revival. At the awards ceremony, Silvers, perhaps recognizing that this might be his big valedictory moment, delivered a rambling, emotional acceptance speech. A few days later, he suffered a debilitating stroke that paralyzed his entire left side and closed down the show. Though he regained his ability to move and speak through intensive therapy, "it was the beginning the end for him," says Freddie Fields, who'd been Silvers's age and close friend since the *Bilko* years. "He became the kind angry that a lot of comics become. He would lash out: 'W couldn't I do that?' 'Why didn't I get a chance at that?' 'Why Paul Newman playing Butch Cassidy?' He'd get unreal. And it w a pressure on me, because I didn't have a relationship with hi where I could go out and say, 'Hey, listen, asshole, go fuck yo self.' The truth is not in an agent's vocabulary at that time." Wh Kenneth Tynan, unaware of the stroke, saw Silvers in a touri production of *A Funny Thing* in England two years later, he i tially suspected Silvers of being hung over, which he found oc knowing that the comic hardly ever drank. He was sadden to see the old-timer stru gling, and, after a postsh supper with Silvers duri which the two former ph noms reminisced about d gone by ("Like many these Jewish non-drinkers, has total recall," Tynan wrot the critic confided to his dia "I have the bleak and comfc less premonition that he n not have long to live." (In fa Silvers outlived Tynan by f years.)

Tracey Silvers says her fat was "very happy and v sad" at the end of his l It got him down that he v wifeless and not working, b unlike many faded midcent stars, he did not regard the 6 70s, and 80s as a blaring, comprehensible sens assault on everything held dear. He enjo the music of the B tles, she says, admi Michael J. Fox's w on *Family Ties*, a "thought *Airplane!* hysterical." His act career ended on a p gnant note, with a g spot on ABC's *Ha Days* late in that sh run. His daughter Cathy had a recurring role as Joanie Cunn ham's best friend, Jenny Piccalo, and Silvers appeared as Piccalo, her dad.

Thereafter, Silvers, who looked much older than his 70-c years, lived the retiree's life in his apartment in the Cent Towers, an enormous condominium complex built on what once the Twentieth Century Fox back lot. There, upon the same acreage where he'd served time as Blinky, Silvers, usu in the company of his daughter Tracey and her husband, an dependent filmmaker named Iren Koster, spent his final watching movies and eating copious quantities of Mallomars, favorite snack. It was Koster who found Silvers the afternoon died. He'd been napping, and he lay in bed, his arms ne folded on his chest, his bald head covered by the wool knit he wore to keep warm, his face caught in a beatific smile—a he'd been dreaming of a perfect ad-lib at the Gaiety, or of hit a four-horse parlay at Belmont. □



Paleontologist Paul Sereno has encountered some of the weirdest creatures that ever walked the earth. Yet some of the scariest things he's discovered aren't likely to become extinct anytime soon. Sad to say, mutual fund management fees will probably outlast us all. That's why Dr. Sereno **was afraid of getting eaten alive.** So he turned to a company famous for keeping the costs down. That meant more money for him and less for the monsters.

Log on for ideas, advice, and results. TIAA-CREF.org or call 800.842.1924

TIAA CREF

Managing money for people with other things to think about.℠

RETIREMENT | INSURANCE | MUTUAL FUNDS | COLLEGE SAVINGS | TRUSTS | INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT

Paul Sereno became a participant in 1987. TIAA-CREF Individual and Institutional Services, Inc. and Teachers Personal Investors Services, Inc., distribute securities products. © 2002 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association-College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF), New York, NY. For more complete information on TIAA-CREF Mutual Funds, please call 800 [illegible] a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. Paul Sereno is a trustee of Project Exploration (www.projectexploration.org) [illegible]

NEVERLAND









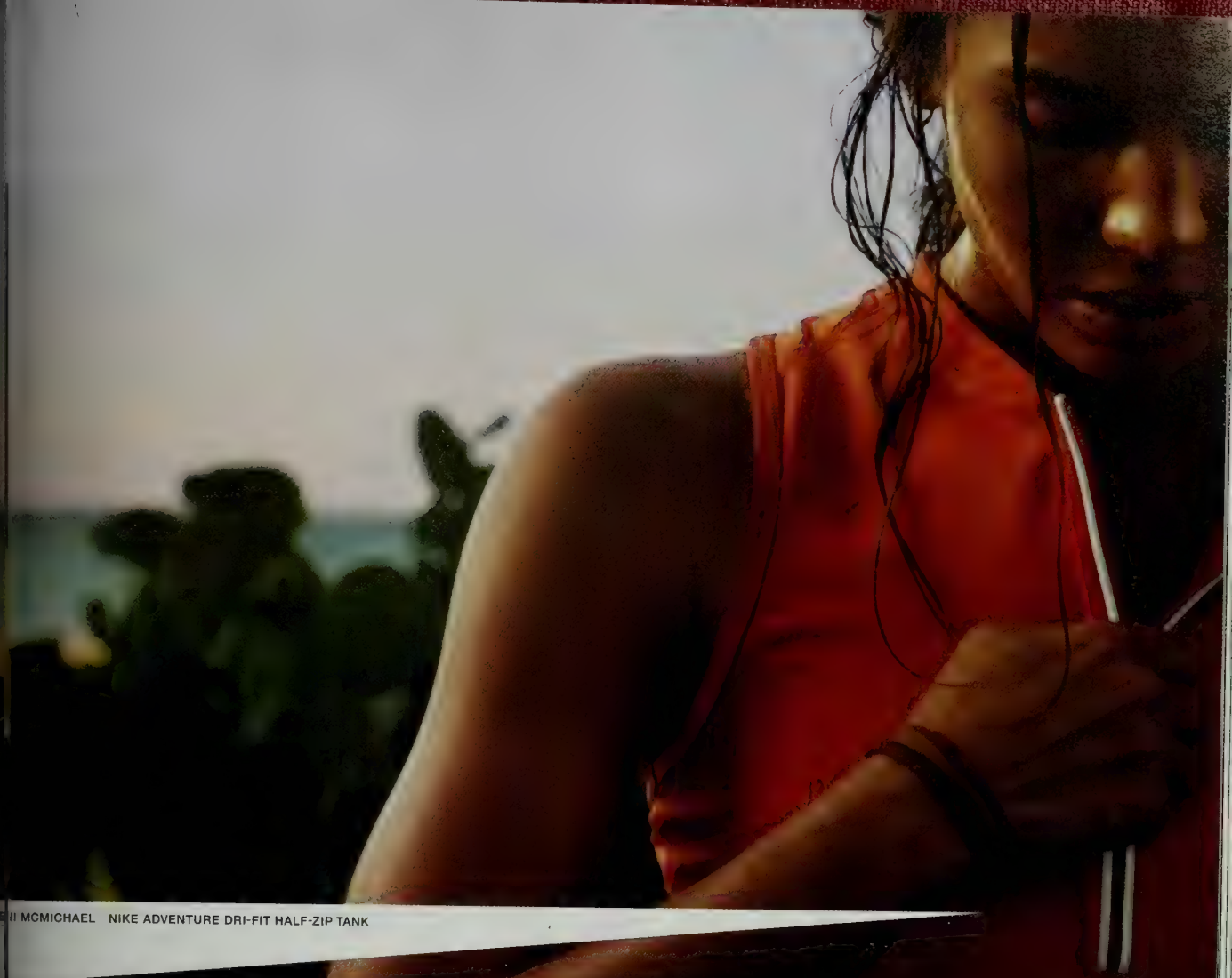
THE PLAY'S THE THING.

Clockwise from top left: Dustin Hoffman as impresario Charles Frohman; Freddie Highmore, who plays Peter; Kate Winslet, Johnny Depp, and Julie Christie; Johnny Depp with Highmore. Photographed at the Richmond Theatre in London on August 8, 2002.

Neverland takes an entirely original approach to the classic story of Peter Pan, who first appeared as a minor character in the 1902 novel *The Little White Bird,* by the Scottish author and playwright Sir James Matthew Barrie. Directed by Marc Forster (*Monster's Ball*), *Neverland* gives Barrie the *Shakespeare in Love* treatment, imagining his life in the year leading up to the premiere of his play *Peter Pan,* in which the airborne boy-for-life takes center stage, in 1904. (Barrie's 1911 novel, *Peter and Wendy,* is the basis of most screen adaptations.) The movie stars Johnny Depp as Barrie (yes, he does the accent) and Kate Winslet (who played Wendy onstage early in her career) as Sylvia Llewelyn-Davies, a widowed mother of fo whose chaotic household inspir Barrie to create a fantasy wor where no one ever has to grow u "The fascinating thing about Johnny as an actor is that his choic are not typical," says Forster. "Ultimately he represents the pers who never grows up, who always has the child alive in him, wh always creative." Dustin Hoffman plays a theater impresario fr New York who champions Barrie, and Julie Christie portra Sylvia's prim, society-matron mother. "For me," Forster conclud "it is about the transformation of imagination—being able to tra form yourself into something greater than you are, even if nobo believes in that or believes in you."

—KRISTA SMI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN BROAD



II MCMICHAEL NIKE ADVENTURE DRI-FIT HALF-ZIP TANK

LE DIVORCE









L'AMOUR THE MERRIER

Clockwise from top left: director James Ivory preps the cast for a luncheon scene on location near Paris; Kate Hudson as heroine Isabel Walker; Leslie Caron as the family matriarch; Naomi Watts as Roxy, the young American woman on the verge of a divorce.

Like her American predecessors—from Jerry Mulligan to Sabrina—Isabel Walker (Kate Hudson) has a lot to learn when she arrives in Paris from Santa Barbara to help out her pregnant stepsister, Roxy (Naomi Watts), and soak up the refinements of the City of Light. She lands smack in the center of her older, wiser sibling's perfectly arranged life just as everything in it is turning to *merde*. Roxy's French husband has left her for another woman, thus setting the stage for much sophisticated distress and, possibly, divorce. Perfect fodder for those anthropologists of drawing-room intrigue Ismail Merchant and James Ivory, Diane Johnson's witty best-selling novel, *Le Divorce,* on which the film is based, is a coming-of-age tale set to the not subtle rhythms of international di macy. "The characters, full of hu and fun, are delightful," says M chant, "and the French-versus-American divorce speaks volu about the two worlds." Pressed into the role of general liaisor abel is soon partaking in the quiet scandals and romantic en glements of a Parisian society peopled by diplomats, exp and vengeful spouses. "It's tragicomic," says Merchant. Acc ing to Ivory, "It's gone a bit toward farce. It's not strictly reali and that's fun." The splendid cast includes Glenn Close, Stock Channing, and, most fittingly, Leslie Caron. Who better to gu an American in Paris?

—SARA SWIT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SNOWDON



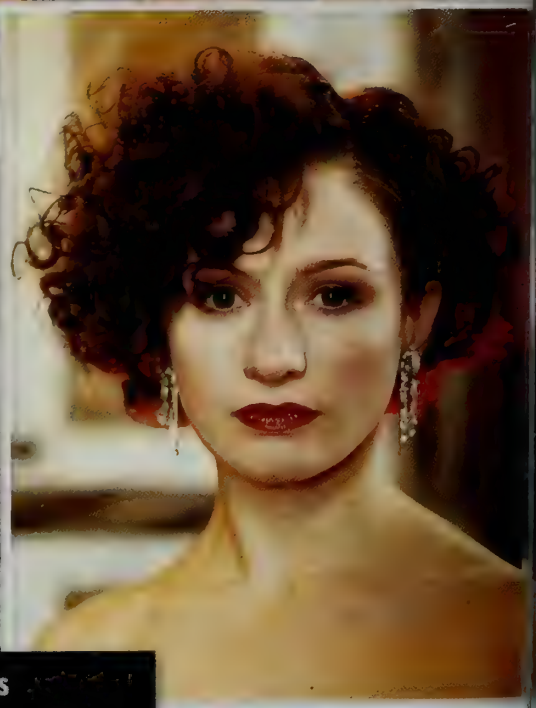
RAND NIKE SPHERE SLEEVELESS TOP

BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS









JAZZ BABIES

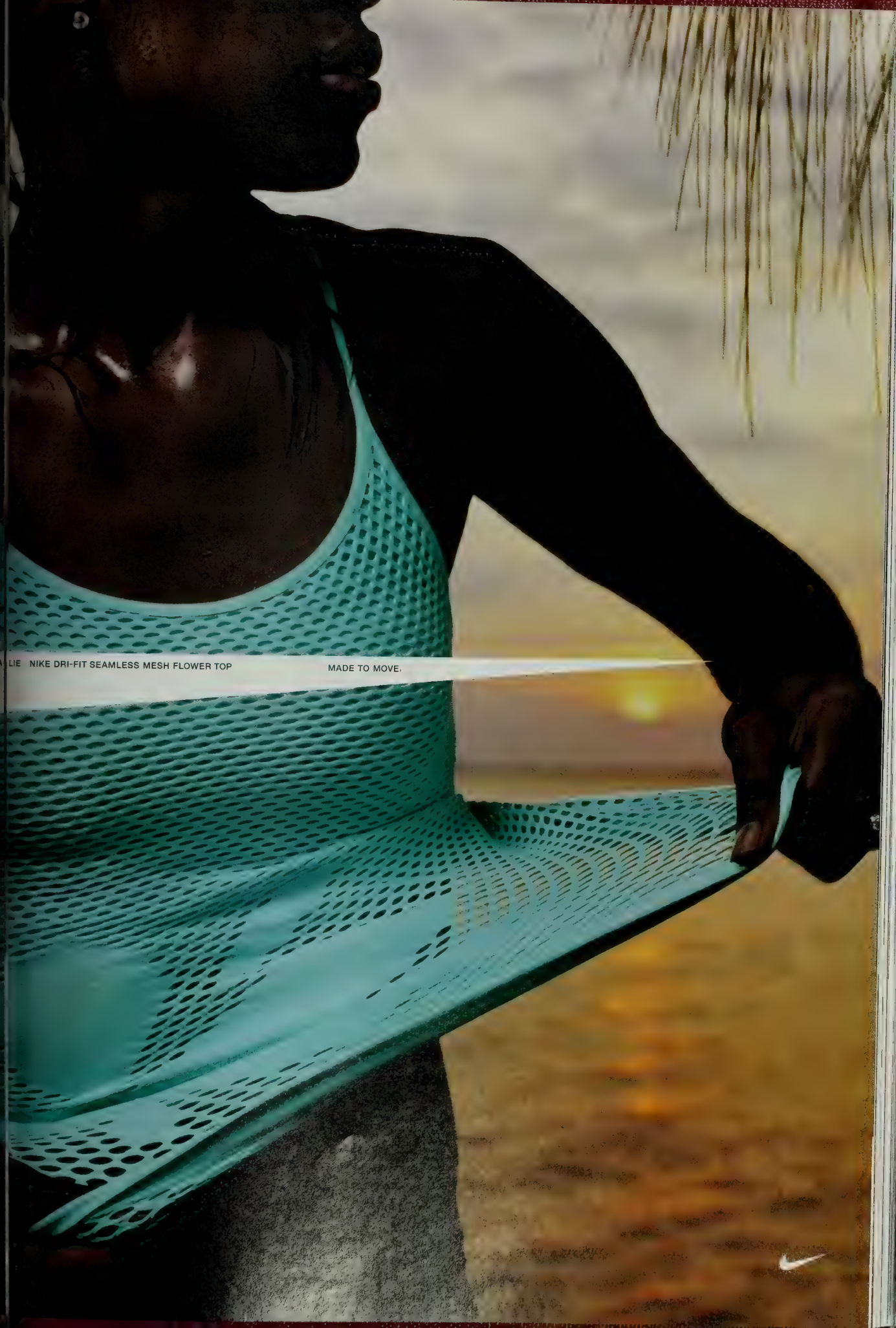
Clockwise from top left: **Stockard Channing as Mrs. Melrose Ape, with Jessica Hill; Stephen Campbell Moore as Adam Fenwick-Symes; Emily Mortimer as Nina Blount; and Margaret Tyzack as Lady Thring, with Sir John Mills.**

No writer of fiction was meaner to his characters than Evelyn Waugh. In *Vile Bodies,* Waugh's second novel, written in 1930, Adam Fenwick-Symes aims to make his fortune with his memoirs, written in Paris. But they are confiscated and burned by English customs at the very opening of the book. That's the start of Adam's many hapless attempts to get enough money to marry the socialite Nina Blount, who is the *belle idéale* of her set. "For physical pleasure I'd sooner go to my dentist any day," she says.

Her sensibility may have something in common with that of Stephen Fry, the actor and novelist. "My first words, as I was being born," he reportedly said, "[were when] I looked up at my mother and said, 'That's the last t I'm going up one of those.'" At rate, Fry saw other similarities betw the milieu of his own youth as "a p animal in the 80s" and the cynical and debauched glamou the bright, young people in London at the twilight of the J Age, featured in *Vile Bodies.* He wrote a screenplay basec the novel and is making his directorial debut with it, under title *Bright Young Things.* Two relative unknowns, Emily M mer and Stephen Campbell Moore, play Nina and Adam, one can anticipate a spate of deliciously wicked cameos f Peter O'Toole, Margaret Tyzack, Simon Callow, Sir John M Stockard Channing, and Dan Aykroyd.

—DOUG STU

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGH STEWART


LIE NIKE DRI-FIT SEAMLESS MESH FLOWER TOP
MADE TO MOVE.



ROYAL TREATM David Ross (circle was one of the sc at a luncheon on MGM lot with th studio's stars on 1937. *Inset*, the Ju edition of the L.A *News*, after Patri Douglas accused of raping her du the convention.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT . . . AT MGM

When Patricia Douglas was raped by an MGM salesman at a 1937 studio party, the 20-year-old dancer filed charges, taking on Hollywood's most powerful institution. Today, as Douglas breaks a 65-year silence, the author exposes the perjury, bribes, and smear tactics used to destroy her

BY DAVID STENN

"What," asked Jacqueline Onassis, "are we going to do next?" It was September 1993. She had just edited *Bombshell: The Life and Death of Jean Harlow,* in which I solved the long-standing mystery of how Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's beloved Blonde Bombshell died suddenly and inexplicably at 26. (Unbeknownst even to herself, Harlow had been suffering from kidney failure since she was 15.) Now, over lunch at the Peninsula hotel in Manhattan, I told Jackie of an intriguing topic I'd stumbled onto in my Harlow research. A month before the star's death, in 1937, a dancer named Patricia Douglas had been raped at a MGM party thrown by Louis B. Ma Instead of bartering her silence for a dio contract or cash, Douglas went pu with her story and filed a landmark suit. One person I interviewed told "They had her killed."

I didn't believe that, I told Jackie,

ura Division of American Honda Motor Co. Inc. Registered ... ed trademark of OnStar Corporation. Make an intelligent decision. Fasten your seat belt.



60-hp Acura TL Type-S. Most cars simply get you from here to there. For those who enjoy the pavement
een, there's the TL Type-S. It sports a robust 260-hp V-6, laser-quick acceleration, available OnStar® service
r-telepathic handling. Thank you, Mr. Cartographer. Call 1-800-TO-Acura or visit acura.com. ACURA

"THEY NEVER MENTIONED IT WAS FOR A PARTY," DOUGLAS RECALLS. "*EVER.* OH GOD, I WOULDN'T HAVE GONE."





TOP BRASS Officers of MGM—including general manager Eddie Mannix (in the dark hat) and founder Louis B. Mayer, to the right of him—gather at the Pasadena station to greet the conventioneers. *Inset,* one of the entrances to the studio lot.

cause, though MGM was then the world's most powerful movie studio, with its own railroad and in-house police force, it would never have gone to such an extreme. Jackie smiled and said, "Well, why don't you find out what *did* happen? You're the only person who can, David."

It has taken a decade, but the story is astounding. Absent from all reference works, presumed by participants to be buried forever, the Patricia Douglas case is probably the biggest, best-suppressed scandal in Hollywood history. However, I managed to find old newspaper coverage, previously unseen photos, damning studio documentation, long-forgotten legal records, privately shot cinematographic evidence hidden in an MGM film vault, and, most amazing, Patricia Douglas herself. I tracked the reclusive invalid down and eventually persuaded her to break her 65-year silence.

In the spring of 1937, Patricia Douglas was a chunky, chestnut-haired 20-year-old with porcelain skin and perfect teeth. Born in Kansas City, Missouri, she had migrated to Hollywood with her mother, Mildred Mitchell, who was determined to design gowns for screen queens. Instead, she became a couturière for high-end call girls; in the meantime, she neglected her teenage daughter. Patricia dropped out of convent school at 14; she did not drink, date, or dream of film fame—an appealing rarity for the half-dozen male stars for whom she soon became a platonic mascot. She had lemon Cokes at drive-ins with Dick Powell ("When the waitress saw him, she almost fainted"), barhopped with Bing Crosby and pre–*I Love Lucy* Bill Frawley ("The three of us used to go to this dive on Sunset Boulevard; Bing would sing, and the drunks didn't even care"), dined at the Brown Derby with Jimmy Durante ("His daddy wanted him to marry me, and I was all of 15"), played kid-sister confessor to George Raft ("He couldn't get it up, but he had to keep that manly reputation, so the studio manufactured a big romance with Betty Grable"), and learned "truckin'," the Cotton Club's latest hep step, from Larr Fine, one of the Three Stooges ("What blue tongue! Even at the dinner table, yc should've heard him: 'Pass the fuckir potatoes!'"). A natural-born dancer, Dou las drifted into movies "just fi something to do." By 15 she ha already appeared in two classic *So This Is Africa,* a pre–Productic Code comedy that climaxed wi the wedding of its two leadir men, Bert Wheeler and Robe Woolsey, and *Gold Diggers of 193* a Busby Berkeley extravaganz in which Douglas hoofed behir Ginger Rogers.

Since she was supported b her mother, Douglas had no nee to work. So when a casting ca came on the afternoon of Sunda May 2, 1937, she demurred at fir but later agreed to show up. "Th never mentioned it was for a pa ty," she recalls. "*Ever.* I wouldn have gone! Oh God, oh God, wouldn't have gone."

MGM had much to celebra that year. To battle the D pression, which had alrea sent rivals Fox, Paramount, a RKO into bankruptcy or receiv ship, MGM sales executives had devised radical scheme to re-structure film renta rather than charge exhibitors on a slidir percentage scale of box-office receip which declined with each booking, the s dio would set fees on a per-film basis, c culated on first-run grosses in 30 key citi That way, a success in select, urban m kets could command higher rentals on the film went into wide release.

The new sales formula relied on hi and MGM quickly supplied three all-s blockbusters: *San Francisco,* with Clark G ble, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spenc Tracy; *Libeled Lady,* with Tracy, Jean H low, Myrna Loy, and William Powell; a *The Great Ziegfeld,* with Powell and Lu Rainer, which won an Oscar for best p ture. (*San Francisco* and *Libeled Lady* w also nominated.) The combination of soc box office and adjusted film-rental fe spiked MGM's profits to $14 million, most double those of the prior year. Wh other studios struggled to stay solve MGM was in fiscal heaven.

Bowing to the sales force that had er neered this miracle, Louis B. Mayer creed that MGM's annual five-day sa convention would, for the first time ir decade, be held in Culver City, on the s dio's home turf. Mayer promised salesm "a super-special production," and from start that Sunday, as 282 conventioneers rived in Pasadena CONTINUED ON PAGE


IKEA
unböring

LOOK UP YOUR OLD FLAME.

The Better Business Bureau.

We're shedding light on issues that affect you now, such as Internet fraud, home improvement, travel, and privacy. To check on businesses and charities, call your local BBB. Or just click on this web site for helpful information:

www.newyork.bbb.org

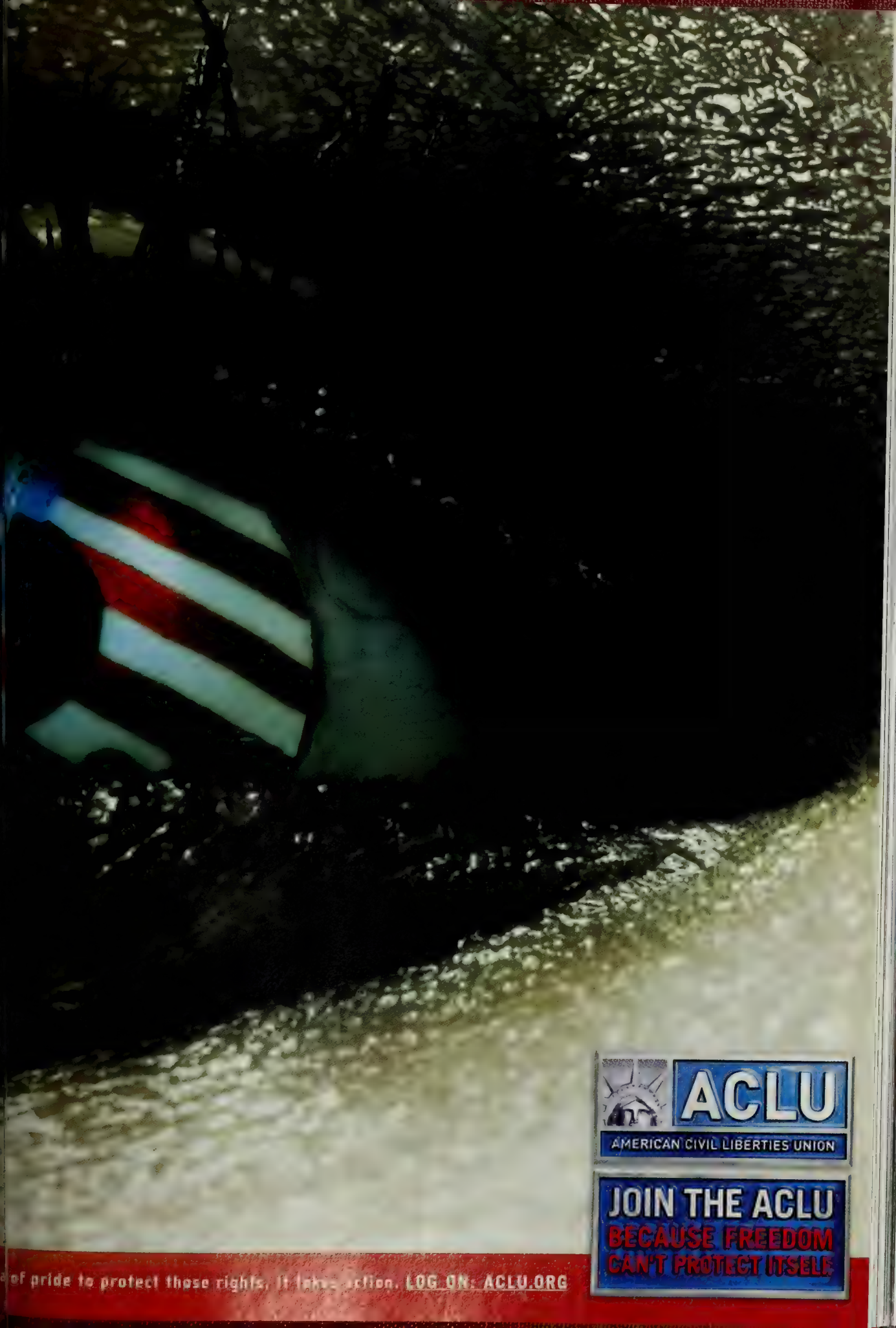
BBB

The Better Business Bureau

Helping you find solutions.


CHICO'S
For the store near you and a free catalog with a special savings certificate, call department 898 at 1.888.855.4986 or shop online at www.chicos.com.
Linen Island Shirt $68,
Victoria Tee $29,
Sunset Salsa Pant $54,
Victoria Necklace $48,
Earring $14.


TAKE A STAND FOR LIBERTY.
At the heart of freedom lie our basic civil rights. And we hold these rights to be sacred. It takes


ACLU
AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION
JOIN THE ACLU
BECAUSE FREEDOM
CAN'T PROTECT ITSELF
of pride to protect those rights, it takes action. LOG ON: ACLU.ORG

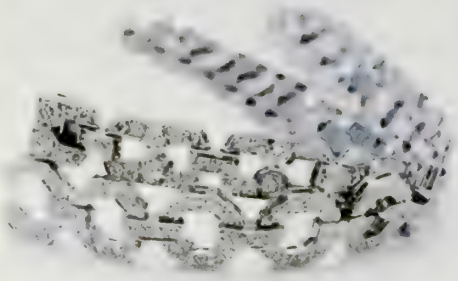
2003 OGI Ltd.



CREATING

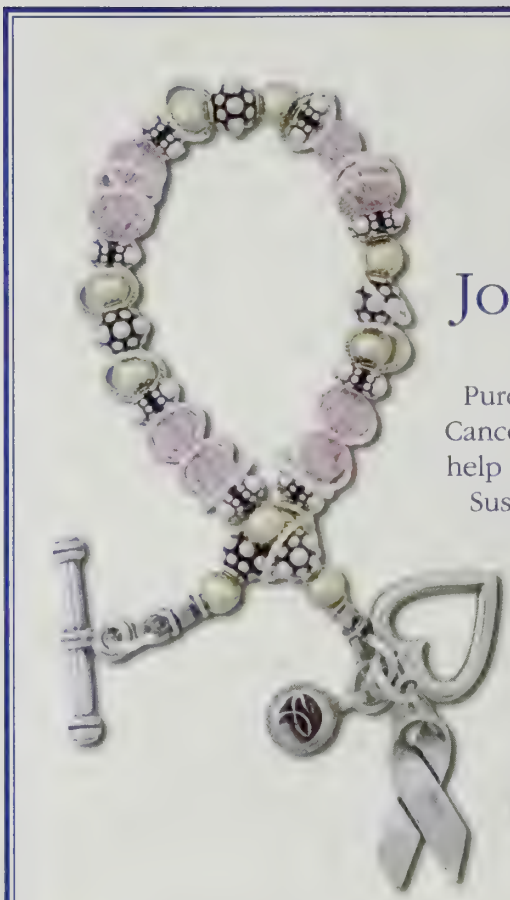


BEAUTIFUL



JEWELRY

800 578 3846
www.ogi-ltd.com
MADE IN USA



Join the Fig

Purchase an Elisa Ilana B
Cancer Awareness Bracele
help fund research throug
Susan G. Komen Founda

elisa ila

www.ElisaIlana.co
(402)926-3479

Mother's Bracelets · Bridal Collection · Custom Jewelry



Exclusively in 18 Kt SOHO ® Gold
800-699-7646 · www.sohoenamel.com

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 284 by private rail-ar (and Patricia Douglas received her fate-ul casting call), a freewheeling and fore-oding tone was set. Emboldened by three lays of binge drinking, detraining dele-ates groped starlets assigned to pin car-ations on their lapels. "The Santa Fe is ot on the job," one salesman cracked. We ran out of scotch last night!"

From a makeshift stage at the Pasadena :ation, which was festooned with red-/hite-and-blue MGM banners, Mayer wel-omed his honored guests: "Our fine Chief f Police [James] Davis remarked to me a ioment ago [that I] must think a lot of iese men to have sent the beauty that he :es before him." The allusion was not to ical sunshine or orange groves. "These ively girls—and you have the finest of iem—greet you," continued the purport-ily puritanical Mayer. "And that's to iow you how we feel about you, and the nd of a good time that's ahead of you. . . . nything you want."

That night there was a dinner at the Am-ssador Hotel, and the next day, Monday, otorcycle police escorted the salesmen to ilver City, where cigar-chomping, bulldog-ced MGM general manager Eddie Man-x, known and feared as "a fucking gang-r"—during one tantrum he broke his fe's back, and an ex-mistress, actress Mary olan, endured 15 abdominal surgeries af- his beatings—presented Mayer with a key ceremonially open the main gates of the 7-acre lot. As a marching band played he Gang's All Here" and 4,000 MGM mily members" hurled confetti, dazzled legates were paraded through the "world's eatest film studio" to a swank luncheon th some of Hollywood's biggest stars, in-ding Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Joan awford, Norma Shearer, Charles Boyer costume as Napoleon for *Conquest,* op-site Greta Garbo), Rosalind Russell, and phie Tucker.

To a bunch of starstruck Babbitts, hob-nobbing with Hollywood royalty was a once-in-a-lifetime thrill, and MGM understood the effect it would have on them. "We want you to go back to your respective territories," a studio bulletin exhorted the salesmen, "firmly convinced that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under the leadership of Louis B. Mayer, is bending every effort to back up the men who provide the one connecting link with the exhibitor, and through him, the public."

Bending every effort. Anything you want.

After three days of "strenuous business activities," delegates were rewarded with a down-home respite. "Yippee! Get Set for Wild West Show at Roach's," announced the convention schedule for Wednesday, May 5, 1937. "It will be a stag affair, out in the wild and woolly West where 'men are men.'" This "typical California celebration" would be hosted by producer Hal Roach, whose Laurel and Hardy and *Our Gang* shorts were distributed by MGM.

At four P.M. that day, 120 young female dancers, plus several girls who had answered a small classifed ad for MGM party hostesses, reported to the Hal Roach Studios on Washington Boulevard in Culver City, just up the block from MGM. Summoned by casting assistant Vincent Conniff, these fetching unknowns with marquee-friendly names—Teddie Blue, Dona Dax, Iris Gaye, Maren Marlin—were outfitted in felt cowboy hats, belted bolero jackets, leather-studded cuffs, short suedette skirts, and black boots. If the results seemed less Annie Oakley than Gypsy Rose Lee, to hungry hopefuls that was beside the point: here was not only their best shot at stardom but also a hot meal and $7.50 for the day.

After applying thick camera makeup, the girls were bused to "Rancho Roachero," a remote, eucalyptus-lined studio property several miles away. Herded into a large banquet hall, they were ordered to sit at tables and wait. Two hours passed, but Patricia Douglas stayed patient. Had she possessed a savvier nature, she might have noted a disturbing detail: though an orchestra and bar were being assembled, this "location set" lacked any sign of a crew, lights, or cameras.

At seven o'clock Mayer, Mannix, Roach, assorted MGM bigwigs and male stars, and almost 300 revved-up conventioneers appeared at the ranch. Given that they had been promised a stag affair, the salesmen's lust-at-first-sight response to a bevy of young, over-made-up beauties makes sad and terrible sense. Delegates mistook the professional dancers for party favors and treated them accordingly; without telephones or transportation, the young women had no means of escape. Tricked into attendance, then trapped into service, they were left to fend for themselves.

"You'd never think they'd pull anything like that," says Douglas, seething as she recalls the scene. "You're *trusting* with the

WHEN DOUGLAS STARTED TO BLACK OUT, ROSS SLAPPED HER AND SNAPPED, "COOPERATE! I WANT YOU *AWAKE.*"



Reproduced from the holdings of the National Archives – Pacific Region (Laguna N

THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNI
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF CALI
CENTRAL DIVISION

CIA DOUGLAS, by her ian Ad Litem, MILDRED ELL,

Plaintiff,

's.

ROSS, HAL E. ROACH, T CONNIFF, EDWARD J. and JOHN DOE ONE TO

Defendants.

No.

COMPLAINT

DEMAND FOR JUSTICE
From left: the formal complaint by Patricia Douglas against her attacker, studio officials, and conventioneers; Douglas identifies David Ross from a stack of photographs; Ross in L.A. for a grand-jury inquiry, June 16, 1937.

How Many Oscar Are on Your Shelf

Warner Home Video Presents Eleven Oscar-Winning Best Pictures on DVD



1939



1943



1951



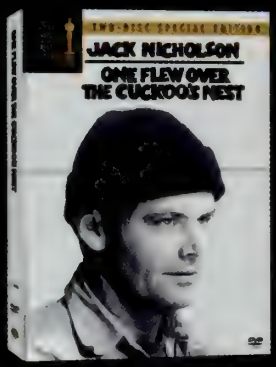
1958



1959



1964



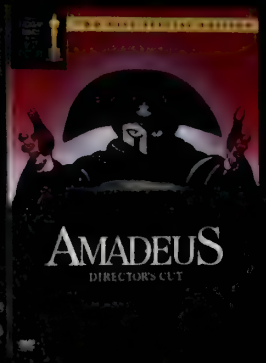
1975



1981



©A.M.P.A.S.®



1984



1989



1992

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION WITH THESE UNFORGETTABLE FILMS

"OSCARS®" is the registered trademark and service mark of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. © 2003 Warner Home Video. All rights reserved.

studios. You're not expecting anything except to work in a movie. That's what you're *there* for."

At first the Wild West party seemed tame. Though the open bar featured only scotch and champagne—500 cases for 300 men—other, inoffensive diversions existed: barbecue was served cafeteria-style in a large mess tent, and there were exhibition boxing matches to enjoy in an adjacent arena. Laurel and Hardy tipped off delegates on the upcoming Kentucky Derby ("Bet on Dellor!" said Hardy of the horse that would take the Trial Purse). The Dandridge Sisters, 13-year-old Dorothy included, performed in a live revue.

David Ross, a roly-poly, 36-year-old Catholic bachelor from the Chicago sales office, had eyes only for Patricia Douglas. When he saw her truckin' on the dance floor, he approached her and demanded a lesson. Douglas obliged, but she says she found Ross "repulsive. He was slimy, with eyes that bulged like a frog." Accustomed to her chivalrous star cronies, Douglas had no clue how to handle "an annoying creep doing his best to cop a feel." After their dance, Douglas ducked into the ladies' room. "I've got a man, and he's really sticking," she fretted to the attendant.

DELEGATES MISTOOK THE PROFESSIONAL DANCERS FOR PARTY FAVORS AND TREATED THEM ACCORDINGLY.

By 10 P.M. the party's polite veneer had vanished. "The men all became intoxicated," Oscar Buddin, a waiter, would later testify under oath. Buddin heard "filth in conversation" and saw "girls get up and move from the tables because the men were attempting to molest them."

"The party was the worst, the wildest, and the rottenest I have ever seen," said Henry Schulte, another waiter, in his affidavit. "The men's attitude was very rough. They were running their hands over the girls' bodies, and tried to force liquor on the girls." Ginger Wyatt, an 18-year-old ex–Miss Wichita, begged the actor Wallace Beery for help. "I'm tired of being mauled," she told him. Beery rushed her from the premises and "socked a couple of men" in the process.

Patricia Douglas had no such luck. Spurned by a nobody who, he presumed, was there for his pleasure, David Ross decided to retaliate. "He and another man held me down," she says, shuddering. "One pinched my nose so I'd have to open my mouth to breathe. Then they poured a whole glassful of scotch *and* champagne down my throat. Oh, I fought! But they thought it was funny. I remember a lot of laughter." As soon as her tormentors released her, Douglas fled to the washroom and threw up.

Still woozy, she stepped outside the banquet hall to get some air. Before her lay a freshly tilled field, covered with studio Ford sedans; from behind, a hand clamped over her mouth. "Make a sound," hissed David Ross in her ear, "and you'll never breathe again."

Ross dragged her to a parked car and pinned her onto the backseat. "I'm going to *destroy* you," he boasted. When Douglas started to black out, he slapped her with the back of his hand and snapped, "Cooperate! I want you *awake*."

At approximately 11:30 P.M.—almost seven hours after the dancers' arrival at the ranch—parking attendant Clement Soth heard screams and then saw Douglas staggering toward him. "My god," she moaned, her eyes swollen shut. "Isn't anything sacred around here?" As Soth approached, he saw David Ross run away.

A hysterical Douglas was taken to Culver City Community Hospital, across the street from MGM, where she vomited again. Since childhood, Douglas says, she had not undressed "around *anyone,* not even my mother." Intensely modest, she now suffered more torture: "I was given a cold-water douche. *Then* the doctor examined me. It's no surprise he didn't find anything. The douche had removed all evidence."

Dr. Edward Lindquist, who treated Douglas, co-owned the hospital, and his practice was largely dependent on MGM. "For us, he was 'the family doctor,'" one old studio employee explains. A botched exam gave Lindquist room to equivocate. He claimed that while he could not prove his point, he believed there had been no intercourse.

Douglas was driven home in a studio car. Despite the presence at the Wild West party of 11 officers from four different police departments (California, Los Angeles, Culver City, and MGM)—one of whom, Culver City motorcycle cop Tom Lindsay, accompanied Douglas to the hospital—no crime-scene report was ever filed.

Douglas was in a state of collapse for 14 hours. When she awoke, she recalls, "I was *so sore* down there, and my face was still swollen." She did not seek medical aid. "I would've been too embarrassed," she says. "Someone would've seen me naked."

Two days later she returned to the Roach Studios. "You ought to know what hap-

Collection
Complete
hout These
est Picture
Giftsets



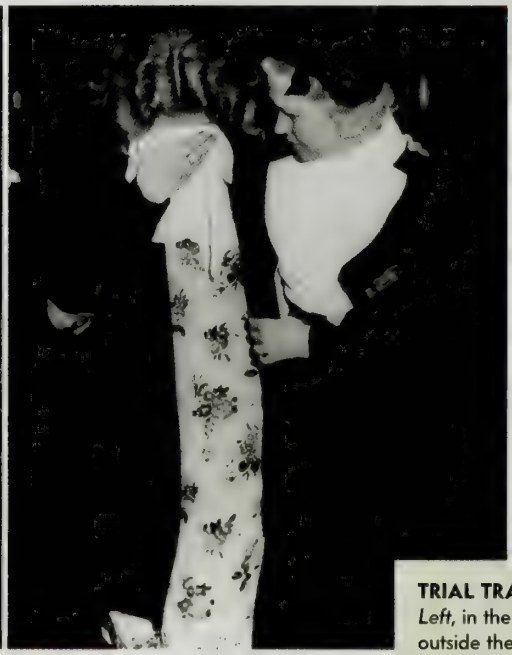


h Set Includes
r-Winning Films
Just $49.98

registered trademark and service mark of
demy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.
Warner Home Video. All rights reserved.

ASKED WHAT BECAME OF "THAT GIRLIE" WHO TOOK ON MGM, MANNIX ALLEGEDLY RETORTED, "WE HAD HER KILLED."





TRIAL TRAUMA *Left,* in the hallway outside the grand-jury room, Douglas comes face-to-face with the man she claimed raped her; *above,* moments later, Douglas, in tears, is helped from the scene by her mother.

pened to me," Douglas said to the cashier, Maude Van Keuren, "so it doesn't happen to anyone else." Instead of receiving sympathy and compassion, Douglas was handed her $7.50, just like everyone else, as if her nightmare had been a bona fide movie call.

Another victim might have exploited the cover-up for advancement, demanding hush money or an ironclad contract. Douglas had no desire for either. "I wasn't trying to get anything," she insists. "I just wanted somebody to *believe* me." But she heard nothing from MGM, and her rapist returned to Chicago scot-free.

Douglas's anger led her to make a momentous decision. Chaperoned by her mortified mother—"I don't remember any words of comfort from her, no 'Too bad this happened to you,' *nothing*"—Douglas appeared at the Los Angeles County district attorney's office to swear a complaint against David Ross. Since Douglas was still a minor, Mildred Mitchell signed the document as a court-appointed guardian.

In an era that branded rape victims as damaged goods, the Douglas complaint was unique and historic. No woman had ever dared to link a sexual assault to a Hollywood film studio, especially the almighty MGM. Even if a victim were to win her case in court, the stigma would wreck her name and her career. Patricia Douglas was undaunted. "I guess the Irish in me came out," she says. "You knew you'd be blackballed. Me, I didn't care. I just wanted to be vindicated, to hear someone say, 'You can't *do* that to a woman.'"

If she imagined the D.A. to be that special someone, Douglas could not have been more mistaken. Six months earlier, Buron Fitts had been elected to a third term in spite of an indictment for perjury in a rape case involving a 16-year-old girl (his acquittal caused a furor). Fitts counted Louis B. Mayer as a close friend; MGM had been the top contributor to his campaign. "There was a strong bond between them," concedes Fitts's daughter today.

Budd Schulberg is much more blunt. "Buron Fitts was completely in the pocket of the producers," says the son of Mayer's former partner B. P. Schulberg and the Oscar-winning screenwriter of *On the Waterfront,* his own rallying cry against organized corruption. "The power MGM had is unimaginable today. They owned *everyone*—the D.A., the L.A.P.D. They *ran* this place."

Patricia Douglas trusted the system and waited. Weeks passed without any word from Fitts. Most women would have given up, but Douglas was quickly proving to be unlike most women. She sought advice from a Mob-connected acquaintance ("He looked just like James Gandolfini"), who contacted attorney William J. F. Brown. Described by his son, Kelly, as "a larger-than-life character, the Johnnie Cochran of his day," Brown wore double-breasted suits, drove custom Packards, and i dulged in controversial but effective cou room theatrics. When his ex-wife shot h next husband four times, Brown's impa sioned appeal saved her from the gallow "He always went for the underdog," sa Kelly Brown, "and took cases no one el would touch." After offering to represe Douglas pro bono, Brown fired off an ul matum to Fitts: either the D.A.'s offi would investigate his client's complaint she would share it with the press.

Fitts dismissed the threat as a bluff, b once again he was underestimating Pat cia Douglas.

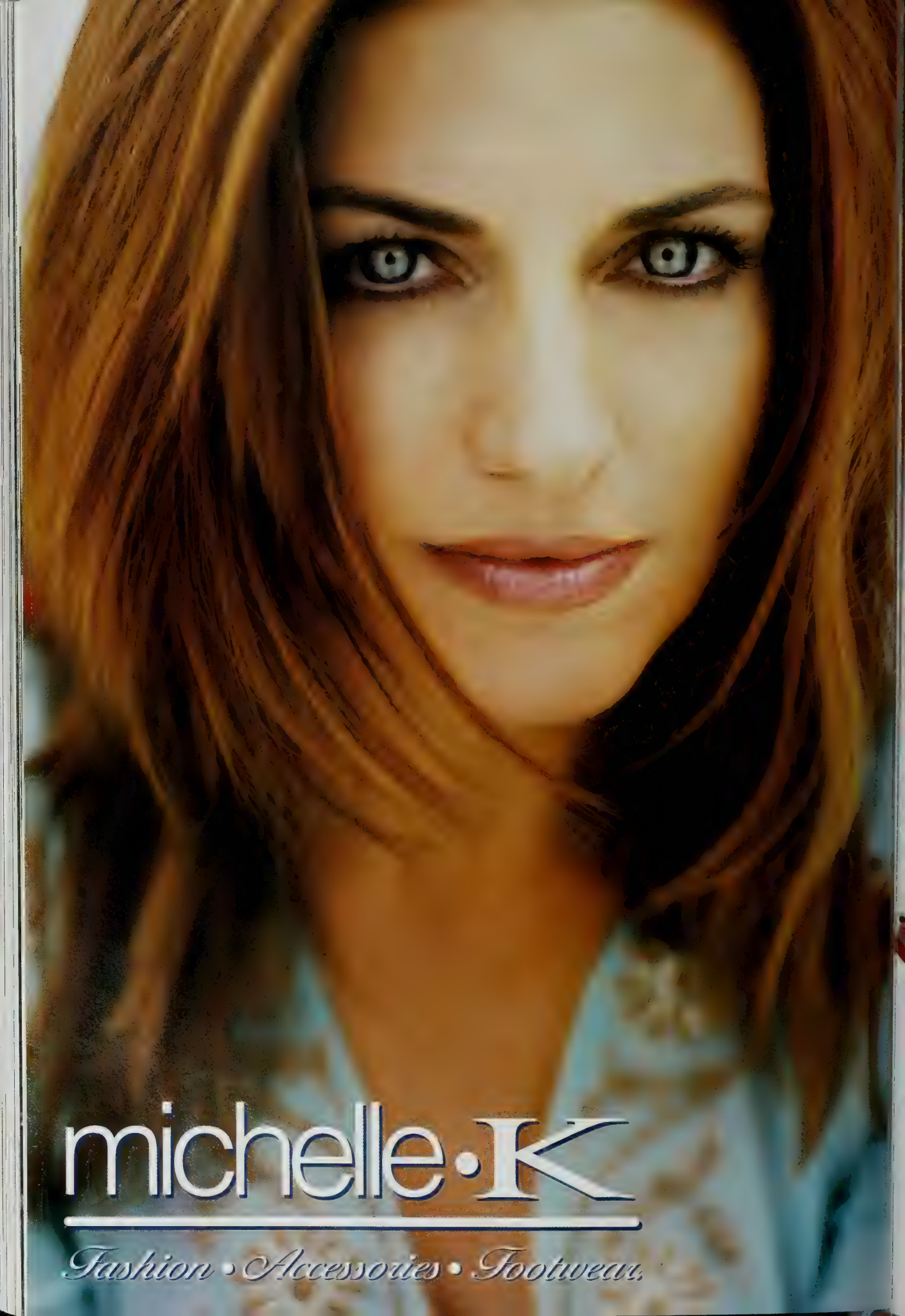
PROBE OF WILD FILM PARTY PRESSE headlined the William Randol Hearst–owned *L.A. Examiner* on Ju 4, 1937. Douglas's sensational story push ahead of accounts of the Duke of Win sor and Wallis Simpson's wedding a Jean Harlow's mortal illness. Since "rap was still ruled a four-letter word, reporte had to resort to prudish euphemisms: Dou las had been "attacked," "o raged," or "ravished" at a "s dio orgy." In an ominous si of MGM's clout, the stuc went unnamed in the newsp pers, which published not o Douglas's name and photo b also her home address.

The unidentified studio leased a brief statement. "' have read with astonishment alleged charges of the girl,' began. "It is difficult to make any r comment as to a situation which appe so impossible and as to which we kn nothing."

Behind its gates, MGM was in a par Except for Paul Bern's bizarre suicide (t months after his 1932 wedding to Je Harlow, the revered producer had sto nude before a full-length mirror and pu .38 to his temple), the studio had m aged to steer clear of scandal. Now a body had MGM at her mercy, for, eve her rape charge could be refuted, Dougl disclosure of a "stag affair" costing $35,(($440,000 today), with free-flowing liq and teenage girls, would not only hor the stockholders of Loews Inc., the cor rate parent of MGM, but also tarnish b the studio's squeaky-clean image and moral sanctity of Louis B. Mayer hims

So began a blame-the-victim sm campaign unparalleled in Hollyw to this day. Operatives of the Pinl ton Detective Agency, the nation's old and largest security-services company, w deployed to track down every girl on "guest list" and strong-arm her into toe the party line. In studio-sponsored in


EVRIL
TOURNEAU
SINCE 1900
SHOP-AT-HOME: 800.348.3332 www.tourneau.com
NEW YORK ATLANTA PALM BEACH BAL HARBOUR
CHICAGO HOUSTON SOUTH COAST PLAZA
LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO
GEVRIL
AVENUE OF AMERICAS: LOWER: GMT, 40 HOUR POWER RESERVE
DAY-DATE-MOON-AUTOMATIC, 316L STAINLESS STEEL, 25 JEWELS, LIMITED EDITION 500 PCS
TOLL FREE: 866.425.9882 PHONE: 845.425.9882 WWW.GEVRIL.CH


michelle·K
Fashion • Accessories • Footwear



Designer Michelle K in michelle·K footwear



michaelsta

Michael Stars®
the original tee

iews, 19-year-old Virginia Lee assured reporters that the alleged orgy was actually 'a jolly affair, with lots of good clean fun." Grace Downs, a bottle blonde from Pittsburgh, portrayed Douglas as an "unrefined" lush who had swigged scotch "from a quart bottle" all night. Sugar Geise, a 27-year-old chorine whose stage mother socialized with Buron Fitts, described a prior sighting of Douglas "passed out" in the Knickerbocker Hotel bar.

"Anyone who knew me knew I didn't drink," counters an indignant Douglas. "And since when is getting raped 'good clean fun'?"

Pinkerton detectives also shadowed Douglas in order to dig up dirt. "Douglas must have attempted to proposition men," read an internal Roach Studios memo. "Many of them must have turned her down but can testify to her solicitation." When the Pinkerton men returned with the truth—that before her rape Douglas had been a teetotaling virgin—studio efforts to besmirch her grew desperate, especially after Dr. Wirt Dakin, a urologist who had previously treated a cyst on Douglas's bladder, stood firm and declined a request from Hal Roach himself to re-diagnose it as a genital urinary infection, a discreet euphemism at the time for gonorrhea.

Meanwhile, in the face of scandal, Douglas was abandoned by all her celebrity pals. "My name was mud, and they couldn't get dirty," she says without rancor. "They had their careers to think about."

Front-page coverage of the Wild West party intensified when Buron Fitts showed Douglas photos of two dozen MGM salesmen and she—as the D.A. reluctantly told reporters—"without hesitation" identified David Ross. "That's the man," said Douglas. "I can never forget that face." Left with no choice but to convene a grand jury, Fitts summoned Ross (who called the charge against him "absurd" and "ridiculous") from Chicago on an overnight flight. Upon landing, Ross went into immediate conference with Mendel Silberberg, Louis B. Mayer's personal attorney.

Held in the Los Angeles Hall of Justice on June 16, 1937, the grand-jury hearing traumatized Douglas all over again. Of the 30 dancers present at the party, only 2, Ginger Wyatt (whose rescue by Wallace Beery was now denied in the actor's MGM-scripted statement) and Paula Bromley, agreed to testify on her behalf. Forced to recount her rape in detail, Douglas had to watch Lester Roth, a Silberberg law partner representing Ross, point at her with withering scorn and say to the jurors, "*Look* at her. Who would want *her?*"

Exiting the courtroom, Douglas found herself face-to-face with her rapist. She froze. He calmly smoked a cigarette as photographers shoved them together, shouting to Douglas, "Look at Mr. Ross!"

"I can't. I just *can't,*" she cried, and ran down the hall to a window. "I was going to jump through the glass," she confesses. "To get away from everything and everybody . . . so I couldn't be hurt anymore." Douglas was restrained by her mother and her lawyer as flashbulbs popped. Wire services picked up the photos, which ran nationwide the next day.

Back in the grand-jury room, Lester Roth called Clement Soth, the parking attendant who had discovered Douglas. Soth had originally said that he had seen David Ross flee the scene, but now he recanted that crucial detail. "The man was much thinner," Soth said under oath. "Mr. Ross's face is fat." When I contacted Soth's daughters, they confirmed that, in exchange for their father's perjury, MGM offered him "any job he wanted." Soth joined the studio "family" as a driver and remained there for the rest of his life.

The grand jury did not indict David Ross.

WHEN I CONTACTED CLEMENT SOTH'S DAUGHTERS, THEY CONFIRMED THAT, IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR FATHER'S PERJURY, MGM HAD OFFERED HIM "ANY JOB HE WANTED."

Douglas's oppressors considered the case closed, but again they had misjudged her. A month later, with her mother still acting as guardian, Douglas filed suit in Los Angeles County Superior Court against David Ross, Eddie Mannix, Hal Roach, casting assistant Vincent Conniff, and "John Doe One To Fifty" for their "unlawful conspiracy to defile, debauch, and seduce" her and other dancers "for the immoral and sensual gratification of male guests." She asked for $500,000 in damages.

This salvo made even more headlines. Although MGM issued no public statement, in private memos the studio lawyers nicknamed Douglas "our girlfriend," and they rewarded perjurers with jobs. "I just had another talk with [bit player and gossipmonger] Bobby Tracy, one of our star witnesses in the Douglas case," reported Roach Studios attorney Victor Ford Collins to general manager S. S. Van Keuren. "He seems badly in need of work, and was very much in the hopes that somebody could phone Mr. Mannix direct about him getting a few days at M-G-M. . . . It is highly imperative that we keep these people in good humor, and get them some kind of work. May I again say—it is really important!"

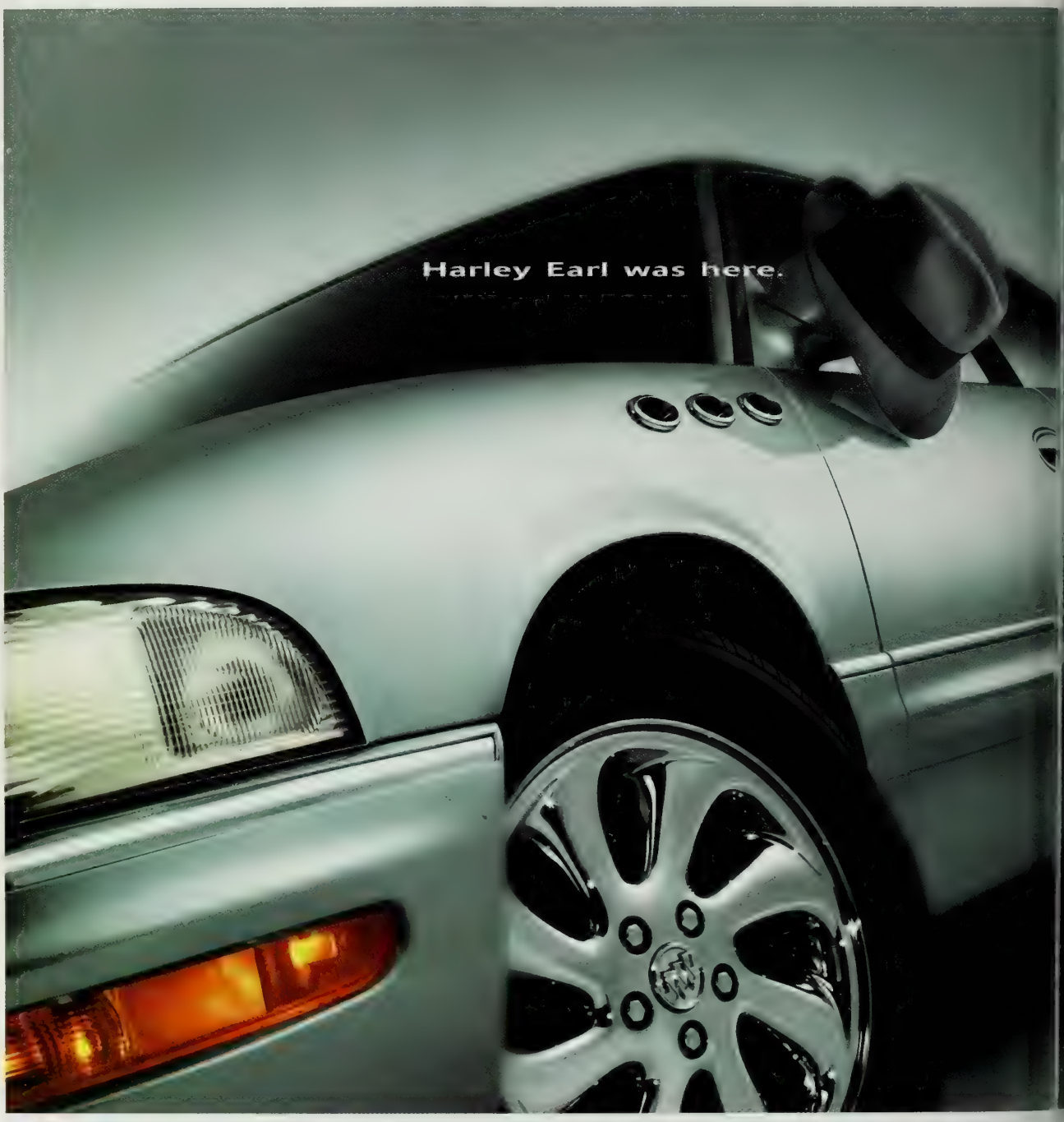
It certainly was: the studio had just been notified by its insurer that it would be wholly liable for any damages awarded to Douglas. This made MGM lawyers stall the proceedings, and, although David Ross was the main defendant, process servers never contacted him. Finally, on February 9, 1938, a superior-court judge dismissed the case.

Douglas seemed to have exhausted all options, yet just 24 hours after the judge's dismissal—again with her mother as guardian—she filed an identical suit in U.S. District Court. In an apparent legal first, a female plaintiff made rape a federal case, based on its violation of her civil rights.

The timing of Douglas's suit was most unfortunate for Mayer and Mannix. By then, as movie-theater attendance hit 85 million people per week—two-thirds of the entire U.S. population—and MGM remained first in grosses, Mayer's annual income had soared to $1.2 million, making him the highest-paid executive in the United States. Only three weeks earlier, he and Mannix had signed new five-year contracts with Loews Inc. that guaranteed them both a percentage of MGM profits. A federal rape case would jeopardize their jobs. Patricia Douglas had to be stopped.

The best means to this end was her press-hungry attorney, and here MGM had a huge stroke of luck. Enraged by Buron Fitts's bungling of the Douglas case (the "subservient" D.A. had allowed rape "without reprisals to the rapers"), William J. F. Brown had vowed to challenge his nemesis in the next election. And since no campaign could be won by a candidate who was in litigation with MGM, the largest employer in L.A. County, Brown sacrificed Douglas to his political race, failing to appear in court three consecutive times, until a federal judge finally dismissed the case "for want of prosecution." Since counsel for the defendants also skipped each hearing, Brown appears to have illegally apprised MGM of his plan.

Douglas had been betrayed yet again, this time by her lawyer and, worse yet, her mother. As court-appointed guardian to a minor, Mildred Mitchell had sworn



Expressive styling is just one of the many legacies of America's greatest car designe

All of which live on today at the car company where he hung his hat.

The new 2003 Park Avenue® Ultra.

BUICK®

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN STYLE™

Find out more at buick.com. ©2002 GM Corp. All rights reserved.

o protect her charge's best interests; had he done so by exposing Brown's brazen nalpractice, another attorney could have aken the case. Instead, she ignored the agrant misconduct of Brown.

Six decades later, one question lingers: Vere Douglas's lawyer and mother bought ff? No smoking gun survives to confirm , but, if so, any ill-gotten gains became sses: Fitts trounced Brown in the 1940 rimary election, and Mildred Mitchell arried an alcoholic gambler who blew rough her life savings and then disapeared.

Douglas's quest had been doomed from e start. "I never sued about money," she resses. "That's not me. And it wasn't for ory; it was just to make them *stop hav-g those parties*.... And, besides, money n't cure a broken heart."

Before Eddie Mannix died in 1963—six ars after Louis B. Mayer succumbed to ukemia, 10 months after David Ross was vaged by rectal cancer, and a decade be-re the gunshot suicide of Buron Fitts—was asked what ever became of "that lie" who took on MGM. "We had her led," Mannix allegedly retorted. Though hindsight his meaning was metaphori-l, the insinuation remains chillingly clear: st–Patricia Douglas, no rape case on cord would implicate MGM. And so ccessfully did the studio expunge its ld West party from history that, though was national news at the time, not a gle published source since that I could d—on MGM, Mayer, Mannix, Hal ach, or Hollywood—mentions the once torious event.

A one-reel short commemorating the nvention (complete with Mayer an-uncing the festivities, star cameos, and limpse of delegate-rapist David Ross), ich MGM shelved in the ensuing scan-, now sits in a studio film vault, its his-ical importance unrealized. After re-sting a screening (without revealing my tive), I stared slack-jawed at the on-nera, incontrovertible proof—Mayer ping starlets, conventioneers consort-with Harlow and Gable, a brazen plug the Wild West party. An archivist on y informed me, "Only useful stuff e's the candid star footage. The rest of as no value at all."

A similar fate befell Patricia Douglas. A e-one story and a legal pioneer in 1937, at girlie" was never heard from again.

"I ruined my life. It absolutely *ruined my fe*," says Douglas. She is 86 and a reat-grandmother, housebound by glau-ma, emphysema, and fear. "They put through such misery," she murmurs. ook away all my confidence." She has spoken of her rape since the case was dismissed. Until now, not even her family knew about it.

Douglas has agreed to go public again because she realizes this could be her last chance. "When I die, the truth dies with me, and that means those bastards win." Her need for vindication remains as strong today as it was back then. She can still feel that freshly tilled field underfoot moments before David Ross raped her, she says, adding, "And to this day I can't stomach the smell of scotch."

Such sense memories come at a cost. After the dismissal of her federal case, she tells me, "I went from 'Little Miss Innocent' to a tramp. I did it to demean myself. I was worthless, a 'fallen woman.'" Douglas married three times in five years, and two of her husbands were exposed as bigamists. "All washed up with fellas" at 37, she has gone without relationships or sex ever since. "I've never been in love," she states flatly. "And I've never had an orgasm. I was frigid."

Douglas fled Hollywood to settle first in Bakersfield, a desert town she terms "hotter than hell," and later in Las Vegas, where she subsists on Social Security with a bullterrier named Magdalene. She likes to be called Patsy now, and won't even answer to Patricia. All her recollections of herself are laced with self-laceration: she says she was "naïve," "stupid," "a lousy mother," "a walking zombie who glided through life." And because she never shared her deepest secret, which was also the defining event in her life, Douglas can say with confidence, "There's nobody in this world who really knows me."

In 1937, burying her past for self-preservation made sense. But even now, in this Oprah era of confession as catharsis, Douglas still lives under self-imposed house arrest, oblivious to her historic status. "What was it I accomplished?" she wonders. "What's so special about my story?"

When I tell her what I've turned up, including corroboration from fellow Wild West–party girls and an apology from the children of Clement Soth, whose perjury helped exonerate David Ross, the truth begins to dawn on Douglas. "Pretty gutsy, wasn't I?" she says.

"Before you found me," she confides during one of our many long conversations, "I was getting ready to die. I'd buy less food; I wasn't planning to be around long. Now I don't want to go. Now I have something to live for. And for the first time I'm *proud* of myself."

The lion raped, but Patricia Douglas was—and still is—the mouse that roared. Her heroic cry was once cruelly silenced; 66 years later, the last word is hers. □

Harley Earl was here.



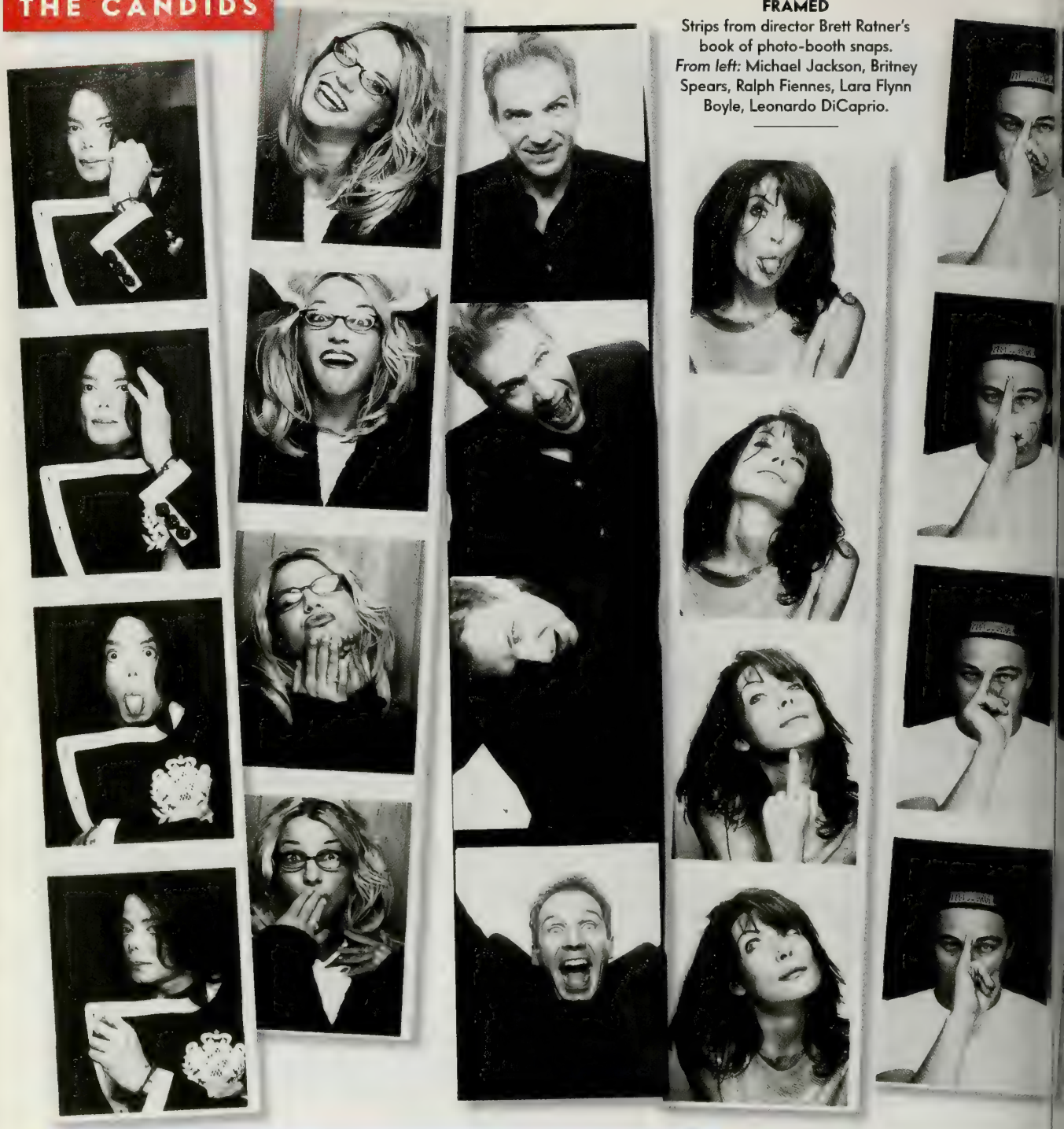
When first introduced by legendary GM design guru Harley Earl, the tail fin was the ultimate expression of forward thinking. It was just one more touch of flair that helped Buick stand out on the American road. And while the tail fin may no longer be in vogue, Harley's unique brand of forward thinking has never gone out of style.

BUICK

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN STYLE™

buick.com

©2002 GM Corp. All rights reserved



FRAMED
Strips from director Brett Ratner's book of photo-booth snaps. *From left:* Michael Jackson, Britney Spears, Ralph Fiennes, Lara Flynn Boyle, Leonardo DiCaprio.

EVERYONE INTO THE BOOTH!

When Brett Ratner isn't staking his claim as one of Hollywood's fast-rising young directors (*Rush Hour*), he's luring star chums into his private photo booth. His collected strips, soon to be a book, get raves from an industry legend

BY ROBERT EVANS

Whether it be a Mon watercolor, a Fra Lloyd Wright home Henry Moore scul ture, or a Michael J dan jump shot, th all share one comm ality. No price too hi does an original bear.

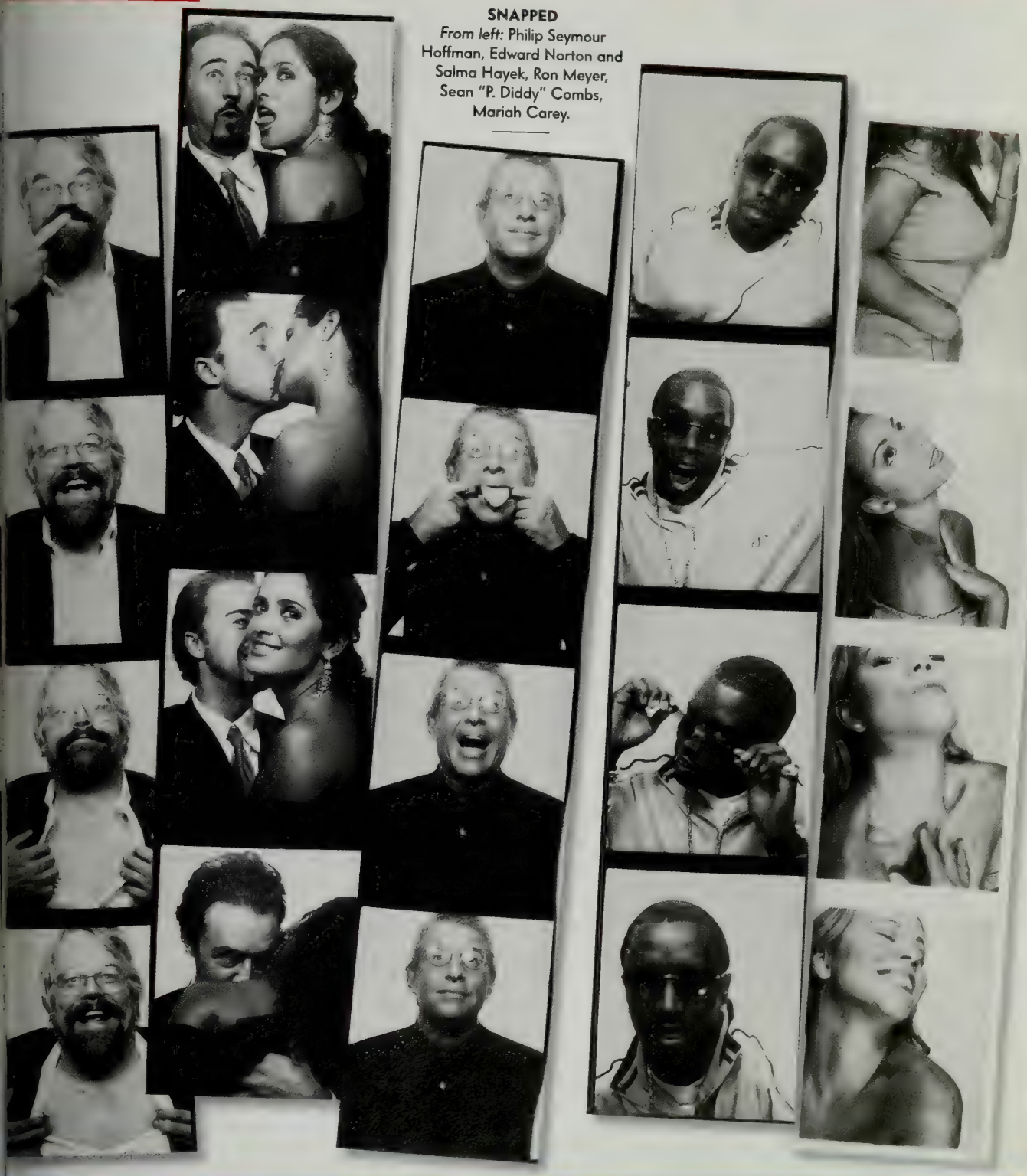
That fits Brett Ratner too. His succe may come from his talent, but there a many talented people. It is his perso that is singular. Truth's truth, that p sona comes through in *Hilhaven Lodge: T Photobooth Pictures,* Brett's totally origi forthcoming book. While rolls of quart were its budget, rolls of millions could


Can you wait?



The Queen Mary 2 will make her maiden voyage January, 2004. To start your trip, call your travel agent or 1.800.7.CUNARD or visit www.cunard.co

Canyon Ranch SpaClub Todd English The Planetarium Waterfor



SNAPPED
From left: Philip Seymour Hoffman, Edward Norton and Salma Hayek, Ron Meyer, Sean "P. Diddy" Combs, Mariah Carey.

akeup, no airbrushing, just a photographic remembrance of time spent together.

ve bought its cast. It is a revelation, capturing Hollywood's nous and infamous through the magic of the still frame. ett looks upon this collection as he would any major film oduction.

Here is a young director, an artist, whose films (*Red Dragon, sh Hour 2*) have grossed into the stratosphere, whose dance d is filled for years to come, who can maestro most anything wishes. Yeah, but that isn't as important to him as taking the ny friends he has embraced at his home into an antique photo booth he has set up—no more sophisticated than one you would see at an arcade—and snapping strips of pictures. No lighting, no makeup, no airbrushing, just a photographic remembrance of time spent together. It is the only book of photography I have ever seen that captures personas—especially of Hollywood personalities—this candidly.

Like its creator, *Hilhaven Lodge: The Photobooth Pictures* is a one of a kind that only a kid who has extraordinary vision and is totally devoid of pretense could have pulled off. □

SPIEGEL'S MIGHTY SHADOW

Lawrence of Arabia ... The Bridge on the River Kwai ... On the Waterfront ... The African Queen ... To know how four of Hollywood's greatest movies got made is to understand the greatness of the man who produced them. Here, in an excerpt from a new biography, is Sam Spiegel, in all his ruthless, maverick, multiple-Oscar-winning glory

BY NATASHA FRASER-CAVASSONI



DESERT SPIEGEL Sam Spiegel on one of the desert sets of his epic triumph Lawrence of Arabia, 1962.

The Academy Awards, March 26, 1958: there was a hush in the auditorium of the RKO Pantages Theatre as Gary Cooper struggled with the envelope. Cooper paused, broke into one of his shy, charismatic smiles, and announced, "Sam Spiegel for *The Bridge on the River Kwai.*"

Three years after gaining his first Oscar, as producer of *On the Waterfront,* Spiegel had won again for best picture. Five years later he would win a third time, for *Lawrence of Arabia.* All three triumphs were financed by Columbia and led to Spiegel's becoming the studio's uncrowned prince. "Uncrowned because it would have been too expensive if he was crowned," said the producer Charles Schneer. Spiegel remains the sole producer to have won three Academy Awards within eight years.

Spiegel had a face that stood out in a crowd. "In profile, he looked like a Roman emperor," said director Fred Zinnemann. His black hair was oiled and swept back behind large ears, showing a high forehead and a forceful, prominent nose. The eyebrows, arched more on the right than on the left, indicated a mixture of wisdom and humor, while a sparse line of eyelashes, curled and pushed back to his heavy lids, betrayed a certain old-world vanity and charm. Yet his dark-



THE SMOOTH CONTOURS™ BRA

Our remarkable new memory cup contours to your body and remembers your shape.

brown eyes, which usually twinkled, were still that night.

He knew better than to make an awkward rush for the stage. Like a portly eagle preparing for flight, Spiegel murmured something to his beautiful, much younger wife, Betty, and rose sedately. Immaculately dressed, with a white handkerchief in his tuxedo pocket, the 56-year-old producer stood five feet nine, weighed 200 pounds, and was rotund, with short, skinny legs, yet he was noted for his "nutty elegance."

As he walked to the stage, while the orchestra played the picture's theme song, "Colonel Bogey March," Spiegel nervously licked his top lip. But the moment Cooper presented him with the gilded statue, his face creased into its familiar dimples and smile. "The soundstages of Hollywood have been extended in recent years to the farthest corners of the world," Spiegel began. "No land is inviolate to the glare of our camera. Yet it is fitting and proper that people the world over are waiting for a decision which only you in this community are able to render." Most award recipients in those days gave one-line speeches, but, as usual, Spiegel—a rogue elephant—set his own tone. Also, typically, the Eastern European producer was awash in intrigue, which that night concerned the authorship of his film's screenplay.

Pierre Boulle, who had written the novel *The Bridge over the River Kwai,* on which the picture had been based, was credited, and earlier in the ceremony, when the film won for best screenplay, Kim Novak had collected Boulle's award. Breathy and mermaid-like in a tight sequined dress, the actress said that her boss the late Harry Cohn was "very proud" of the film.

In fact, when the famous studio head had first heard of the project, which would put Columbia back in the black, he picked up the telephone and shouted, "How can you idiots in the New York office give a crook like Sam Spiegel $2 million and let him go to some place like Ceylon?" Nevertheless, the burning question in many people's minds that night was "How could a Frenchman have written this script?" A month before the Oscars, gossip columnists, including Hedda Hopper, had bandied about the names of two blacklisted writers, Carl Foreman and Michael Wilson. Was it just a coincidence that the theme music from *High Noon* was played at Cooper's entrance? *High Noon* had earned the actor his last Oscar, but it was also the last script Foreman had been credited for before becoming a victim of the McCarthy era.

Backstage, speculation soared. When asked about the screenplay, David Lean, who directed the film, admitted that an American writer had worked on it, but declined to mention his name. Spiegel, however, continued to lie through his teeth, insisting to all the newspapers that "neither Michael Wilson nor anyone else worked on our version." Boulle had been credited, he said, "because it was taken directly from his contribution—the book." Spiegel's behavior may seem shocking and has become one of the many black marks held against him, but he had his reasons for being careful. Columbia Studios refused to have anything to do with a blacklisted w er, and any mention of Foreman or Wils would have threatened the film's releas

LITTLE GOLD MEN Sam Spiegel and director David Lean pose with *Lawrence of Arabia*'s seven Oscars, 1963.



"How can you idiots in the New York office give a crook like Sam Spiegel $2 million and let him go to some place like Ceylon?," Harry Cohn shouted.

Spiegel was well attuned to the ways Hollywood. He claimed to loathe town, dismissing it as "a factory in sun," but he had spent 12 years living th and he knew the studio system. It had t en time for Spiegel to prove himself p fessionally. He was a late, late bloomer.

least 20 years behind his fellow émig who included directors Anatole Litvak, Preminger, and Billy Wilder. Accordin Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who directed *denly, Last Summer* for Spiegel, he the "perfect example of the producer walked in without a penny and made l self into something ... and made incr ingly better films as he became wealth

In Spiegel's opinion, there were no r for his profession. "It's really a negative makes you a success," he remarked. maverick attitude allowed him to ma his onetime partner John Huston and v with other equally demanding but gi directors, including Julien Duvivier, O Welles, Joseph Losey, Elia Kazan, Arthur Penn, as well as Lean and M kiewicz. In total, he made 20 films, while not all of them were successes, best were to make up the pride of the gel legacy: *The African Queen, On the terfront, The Bridge on the River Kwai, Lawrence of Arabia.*

Spiegel could be accused of shark

Excerpted from *Sam Spiegel,* by Natasha Fraser-Cavassoni; to be published in April by Simon & Schuster; © 2003 by the author.


our straight days, the shirt was still making new friends.
ONLY
Vegas

behavior and an appalling ruthlessness, but he was also recognized for his exquisite manners and his *kleine Aufmerksamkeit,* a German expression meaning the little gesture or courtesy. He had such an aversion to honoring financial agreements that Billy Wilder called him "a modern-day Robin Hood, who steals from the rich and steals from the poor." Sometimes, the tales concerning the producer were exaggerated, or just plain apocryphal, but he rarely corrected what he heard. As the last of the great showmen, he recognized the power of myth.

By the end of his life, Spiegel's pictures had collected 35 Oscars. He had made millions, acquired a priceless art collection, and entertained some of the most glamorous people of the 20th century, including Gianni and Marella Agnelli, King Farouk, Greta Garbo, Sir James Goldsmith, Jackie Onassis, and Babe Paley.



YACHT CLUB Spiegel, center, with Kathleen Parrish, Marie-Hélène Arnaud, and Edward and Rosemary Chodorov, 1962.

Yet Spiegel, whom Arthur Miller once called "the Great Gatsby," never lost his air of mystery. When asked about his birthplace by Annette Hohenlohe, an Austrian aristocrat, Spiegel replied, "I can't remember." The producer had a few stories that harked back to a different era: his escape on the last train from Berlin when Hitler came to power, for instance, or his escape from Vienna with Otto Preminger. The first was true, and the second was a bit exaggerated, but both stories gave credence to Spiegel's much-repeated remark, "But for the grace of God, I would have been a lampshade."

Director Billy Wilder, who was a friend, called Spiegel "a modern-day Robin Hood, who steals from the rich and steals from the poor."

Though he liked to say that he was from Vienna, Spiegel was born in the Galicia region (now part of Poland) to a family of highly educated middle-class Jews in 1901. An avid Zionist, he left in 1920 for Palestine, where he met his first wife, Rachel "Ray" Agranovich, with whom he had a daughter, Alisa. In 1927, Spiegel walked out on his wife and daughter and sailed for the United States, predicting, "I'll either become a very rich and famous man or I'll die like a dog in the gutter." The following year, he was arrested by the Secret Service in Los Angeles and jailed on charges of illegal immigration and falsifying checks. In 1930, after a brief stint at MGM, he was deported to Poland. Over the next decade, he would hop from city to city, running into trouble with the law everywhere he went, but also producing movies in Berlin, Vienna, and London and forging connections in the international film community. In 1939 he illegally re-entered the United States from Mexico and settled in Los Angeles.

In 1941, while making his first Hollywood film, Tales of Manhattan, *Spiegel took the advice of Darryl Zanuck and changed his name, adopting the nom de plume S. P. Eagle, to the amusement of many. (One executive at Fox would address memos to E. A. Gull.) The next year, Spiegel moved to 702 North Crescent Drive in Beverly Hills, where he became a celebrated, even infamous, host.*

Much was made of the female compa
that was found at North Crescent Dri
Orson Welles referred to the prostitutes
met there, and Marilyn Monroe was kno
to be one of the house "gals." In her me
oirs, the actress Evelyn Keyes, John Hu
ton's third wife, mentioned seeing Monr
at Spiegel's, and it is possible that Sp
gel introduced Monroe to h
mentor, the agent Johnny Hy
who was a close friend of t
producer's.

Spiegel was friendly with
the studio talent scouts, and w
soon circulated that his ho
was a good place to meet p
ple in the business. "He was
inspired pimp," said the writer Budd Sch
berg. "He could create those very hi
class mosh pits. Women were looking
acting jobs and it was a knee up the l
der." The regular gin-rummy players at
house—Wilder, Kazan, Mankiewicz, Pre
inger, and occasionally Mervyn LeRo
were quite a group for an aspiring actr
to meet. There were also the agents: Cha
Feldman, Kurt Frings, and Paul Kohn
According to Kazan, an upstairs bedro
was at his "disposal any afternoon whe
had no other accommodation to take
vantage of a sudden piece of social g
fortune."

By 1944, Spiegel's house had beco
the place to be seen on December 31. "
asked everyone," recalled the writer I
nora Hornblow. "Film-studio heads, st
starlets (which is a euphemism), and w
ers. Sam liked writers, and at the ti
writers were way down." In 1948 alo
the guests included Lucille Ball, Cha
and Oona Chaplin, Zsa Zsa Gabor, C
Grant, Danny Kaye, James Mason,
Charles and Lady Mendl, Judy Garl
and Vincente Minnelli, George Sand
Shirley Temple, Darryl and Virginia Z
uck, as well as rival columnists He
Hopper and Louella O. Parsons.

Charles Feldman took Lauren Ba
one year. "It was the first time that I
Howard Hughes," she remembered. Th
was a story about Hughes and the pa
Apparently, Hughes had heard that S
gel was broke and couldn't pay for it
the eccentric billionaire offered to help
Supposedly, Spiegel turned him down,
ing, "It just would not be the same."
story seems unlikely: Spiegel *never*
money when he threw a party, and he
never been known to refuse finan
assistance.

According to writer Eric Ambler,
husband of producer-writer Joan Harri



Choice is the ultimate luxury.
Fancy Feast®, in more than forty varieties, is the ultimate choice.

Delight the palate and arouse the senses of the true connoisseur with the gourmet selections of Fancy Feast. An unparalleled collection of culinary delights for those who demand the very best.

Good taste is easy to recognize.

www.FancyFeast.com

the parties always ended the same way. "It would be the early hours of the morning and Abbey Rents—whom Sam had rented the glasses and tables from—would turn up wanting all their stuff back, as well as a check. The latter was always the difficulty."

Another year, Humphrey Bogart was dancing with Bacall when a sailor pinched her ass. Apoplectic with rage, the actor immediately seized the offender and two others from the navy and locked them in the lavatory while he reported them to the shore patrol. "That was him, the hero of *Casablanca*!" recalled Billy Wilder.

The parties made Spiegel a Hollywood celebrity. His guests, in turn, invited him to their parties, according to Hornblow. "It was deliberate, but no one ever said that Sam wasn't smart." But the producer had grander ambitions. According to director Lewis Milestone, "Sam was always scared that he would only be remembered for his New Year's Eve parties."

On December 8, 1947, Spiegel stunned the film community by forming Horizon Pictures with John Huston, who was hot off the success of The Treasure of the Sierra Madre. *"Huston was a genius, Spiegel was not," said Lauren Bacall, echoing the sentiments of many at the time. Horizon's first few pictures came and went without generating much excitement or money, but the partners' fourth film, the second to be directed by Huston, became a sensation.*

Spiegel was so enthusiastic about *The African Queen* that he even tempted fate by bragging to Lillian Ross, "It will give John the kind of commercial hit he had when he made *The Maltese Falcon* in 1941." Set in Africa at the beginning of World War I, the film follows a proper English lady missionary, Rose Sayer (Katharine Hepburn), and a gin-soaked Canadian riverboat captain, Charlie Allnut (Humphrey Bogart), who are thrown together on Allnut's boat, *The African Queen,* after the Germans burn down Sayer's mission.

The African Queen was to be a major Spiegel production, even though he was sharing the costs with the British production company Romulus Films, which was paying for the supporting actors, the technicians, and the expenses involved with the African locations. When Spiegel's financing for the director and the leading players fell through in April 1951, however, Hepburn refused to budge from Hollywood without an assurance from her agent that moneys were forthcoming. Spiegel immediately cabled her: I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM AFRICA WHERE JOHN REMAINED WITH ENTIRE TECHNICAL STAFF BUSILY BUILDING BOATS FOR AFRICAN QUEEN. Claiming to be IN SHOCK THAT LAWYERS STILL HAGGLING OVER WORDING OF GUARANTEE BETWEEN LONDON AND LOS ANGELES, he urged her to sail the following day, AS DELAYS IN GUARANTEES PURELY OBSTINACY OF LAWYERS . . . WILL BE SETTLED LONG BEFORE YOU ARRIVE . . . PLEASE CABLE ME CLARIDGES.



SHIPMATES John Huston, left, who caught the marlin, with Captain Ed Jani, Spiegel, Jeff Selznick, and Orson Welles, 1947.

After Huston confronted his partner on some barefaced falsehood, Spiegel replied, "If I hadn't lied, I would now be a bar of soap."

In true Spiegel style, he wanted Hepburn to think that he was staying at one of London's most expensive hotels, when he was actually living in a rented apartment nearby, in Grosvenor Square. In the meantime, his partner had not been paid since mid-January 1951, and his employees in the United States were being threatened with eviction and the disconnection of the office telephone. But such news has never stopped Spiegel from sleeping at night. Indeed, he was eating hearty three-course meals, playing cards, and dancing the rumba, while, it was said, girls were "coming in the front door and coming out of the back door." He was clearly relieved to be back in Europe and away from his second wife, Lynne Rue Baggett, whom he had married in April 1949. (She had stayed in Hollywood.) The only thing nagging at Spiegel was Huston, who refused to concentrate on the screenplay.

"John was only interested in killing an elephant," said Peter Viertel, who had been enlisted to co-write the ending and add dialogue. "Poor old Sam, he believed in *The African Queen* much more than John did."

Spiegel sensed a certain coldness in his partner. "He seems to hate me for some unknown reason," he admitted to Viertel. Was it the fact that Huston hadn't been paid in several weeks? Whenever Huston could disgrace his partner he did. At one lunch, the director was giving a speech when he noticed that Spiegel had already started on his first course. Huston stopped mid-sentence and said, "I'll wait until my partner has finished going down on the asparagus and then proceed." On another occasion, Huston made a reference to Spiegel's time in Brixton Prison in England, where he had been jailed several times in 1936 for not paying his rent and forging a guarantee.

However, there was a truce after Huston confronted his partner on some barefaced falsehood and Spiegel replied, "If I hadn't lied, I would now be a bar of soap." The director was amused, but then Spiegel left for Africa and forgot to take a copy of the screenplay with him. "I'm hooked up with a madman," a penniless Spiegel declared as he and Viertel rode back from the airport in the producer's chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce.

Spiegel arrived in the Congo on May 1, 1951. According to Lauren Bacall, who accompanied Bogart, he looked "quite a sight" with his "dead-white skin in safari shirt, shorts, and kneesocks, with a regular hat." Viertel had a different impression:

Buying a wedding gift is now easier

than deciding what to wear to the wedding.



With over 1 million wedding registries from all the top stores,

we bet you'll find your friend's registry and the perfect gift

in less than 10 minutes.

WeddingChannel.com

The only place you need to go to buy a wedding gift.

sion. "Sam wanted to be in Africa as much as he wanted to be shot to the moon," he recalled. "He had absolutely no taste for that, but he really took charge. He was on death row and he had to function. Without him, we would never have made the movie."

To arrive at the first location, the crew had to board a wooden train. "It would set itself alight every three or four yards," said Angela Allen, the film's "continuity lady." "And you were bitten from ear to ankle by anything that happened to be flying around." Hepburn sat with Spiegel, who was sweating profusely. "And he kept on mopping it up and taking showers," the actress wrote in her memoir.

Only Hepburn took to the forbidding climate and terrain. "What divine natives! What divine morning glories!" she gushed as her nimble figure slipped in and out of the lush undergrowth. Nevertheless, she insisted on having her own lavatory, which was nicknamed the Queen's Throne by the natives. "It used to drive everyone mad because it was yet another piece to add to the floating flotilla," said Allen.



DOCK HOLIDAY Marlon Brando, right, with his parents and Spiegel on the Hoboken set of *On the Waterfront*, circa 1953.

When the shoot moved to Uganda, Spiegel arranged for the entire unit to live on board *Lugard II,* a houseboat that had previously been used by the crew of *King Solomon's Mines.* However, although the cabins were comfortable, the water filters were clogged, so the water drinkers of the group swallowed every conceivable tropical microbe. Apart from Bogart and Huston, who drank only whiskey—it was said that they shaved with the stuff—nearly all the crew came down with either malaria or dysentery. For the opening scene in the church, in which Hepburn sings and plays the organ, a bucket had to be kept nearby so that she could vomit between takes. "I was concerned about her skin looking green in Technicolor," said the cinematographer, Jack Cardiff.

During the height of the sickness, Spiegel flew in. "Huston started to foam at the mouth. 'If you don't get these people water, I'm going to shut down the movie,'" Bacall remembered. "John was ready to kill him."

Back in Europe, Spiegel took full advantage of the cast's remote location. For example, when one of his backers gave him $50,000, $43,000 of which was intended for Huston, Spiegel instead put the sum toward his outstanding U.S. income-tax bill of $57,043.85. It was an act of appalling selfishness: Huston's young wife was expecting their second child, Anjelica, in early July 1951. Stalling payment, then giving only 50 percent of the promised amount after considerable threats, typified Spiegel's behavior during the making of *The African Queen.* "Don't ask and don't tell: that was the way Sam operated," said Albert Heit, his New York lawyer. "If you didn't ask, you didn't get your money."

By the time production was completed, on November 1, a certain amount of bad blood had built up between Spiegel and his partner. In Spiegel's opinion, there had been too many instances when Huston was not paying attention. This had led to numerous shouting matches. Much later, Huston admitted that, despite their battles, Spiegel was the best producer that he ever had. "He just had two big weaknesses: money and women."

When the producer returned to Los Angeles with the reels of *The African Queen* in time for that year's Oscar derby, he was greeted like a hero. The trade papers had picked up on his mad ru and it became public knowledge that t cans of film had gone through a sto over the Atlantic and a customs hold in Boston before arriving in Hollywood Wednesday, December 19, 1951. "Me while, everyone here is proceeding cal ly, as if the print had been in the va for months," *Daily Variety* cracked. T picture, which cost Horizon $729,219 and Romulus £248,000, was viewed a "true dark horse," but it struck gold the box office, earning $4.3 million first release.

Spiegel had proved his low producers wrong, par ularly Sir Alexander Kor who had said, "A story of t old people going up and do an African river.... Who's ing to be interested in th You'll be bankrupt."

In July 1953, Spiegel's house on Nc Crescent Drive was off-limits to him two reasons: first, he was scared of ing arrested there (as always, he ha number of unpaid debts), and, seconc had been royally messed up by Lyn whom he had sued for divorce in O ber. Armed with a pair of scissors, had gone to work on his suits, his un pants, and even some of his paintir which, according to Spiegel, included Picassos. She also smashed every r ror and glass in the house.

As a result, he checked into the nea Beverly Hills Hotel, in a suite oppo Elia Kazan and the writer Budd Sc berg, whose project *The Golden Warrio* would later be renamed *On the Waterfro* had been refused by every studio. ("W going to care about a lot of sweaty l shoremen?," Darryl Zanuck had as them.) One day, Spiegel appeared at t door, "smart as paint" and smelling crushed lilacs. "Are you boys in troub he asked. They told him about their dicament. "He said, 'I'll do it,' and to surprise, he did it right away," reca Kazan. The next morning, Spiegel lef New York with the screenplay of *The G en Warrior* in his briefcase. Shortly th after, he sold Columbia on the film.

"On the Waterfront wouldn't have been made without Sam, and that's a pretty positive thing to say about someone," said Elia Kazan.

"*On the Waterfront* wouldn't have b made without Sam, and that's a p positive thing to say about someone," Kazan. When Kazan's agent heard al Spiegel's involvement, he laughed. "W out for him!" he warned. "He's got m that you've never seen before."

Set on the docks of Hoboken, New sey, *On the Waterfront* tells how Terry loy (Marlon Brando), the errand boy crooked union boss Johnny Friendly J. Cobb), joins the fight against cor

{REASON #14 FOR A COFFEE HOUSE DRINK WITHOUT THE COFFEE HOUSE}

You're tired of tipping the "espresso technician."



Divinely Mocha. One of six delightful varieties to stash in your own kitchen.



NEW Nescafé® Frothé,® foaming with flavor.™

www.nescafeusa.com America Online Keyword: Nescafe

tion. The stellar cast included Eva Marie Saint as Terry's girlfriend, Karl Malden as a crusading priest, and Rod Steiger as Terry's corrupted brother.

During their screenplay conferences at the St. Regis Hotel in Manhattan, Schulberg became increasingly frustrated with Spiegel, whose "tricky ways" pushed him to the end of his tether. "It was just deep in his psyche to conspire and play one [person] against the other," Schulberg said. Each time Schulberg went to the bathroom, he returned to find Buddha—the director's name for Spiegel—whispering in Kazan's ear. "Well, after about the eighth or ninth time, I blew up. I said, 'What the fuck are you two guys whispering about? What secret can you have that you don't want me to know about?'" After this outburst, Kazan took him for a walk around the block. "Gadg [the director's nickname, short for "gadget"] apologized and said, 'It's absolutely true, every time you leave the room, Sam comes over and starts to whisper in my ear, and almost all the time it's nothing that can't be said in front of you.' But he'd say, 'You have to remember this: nobody in Hollywood would do our picture. He did bail us out.'"

Schulberg's fury with Spiegel nonetheless led to an incident that has since become part of Hollywood lore and has been incorrectly attributed to Irwin Shaw. At 3:30 one morning, the writer was discovered shaving by his wife. When she asked what he was doing up at that hour, Schulberg replied, "I'm driving to New York . . . to kill Sam Spiegel."

In direct contrast to the blacklisted artists whom Spiegel had worked with, including Arthur Laurents, Dalton Trumbo, and Lewis Milestone (who was graylisted), both Schulberg and Kazan had "named names" during the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings. Their cooperation with the McCarthy witch-hunt cast a shadow on both their lives, and some critics have speculated that *On the Waterfront* was a personal apology for informing. Schulberg, however, dismissed the idea as "insanity" and "unfair to the theme of the picture." "It would be hard to imagine Kazan coming up to me and saying, 'Budd, I would like to make a movie which justifies my testimony.'"

When they initially approached Marlon Brando, whom Kazan had mentored, first directing him in *A Streetcar Named Desire* on Broadway, the actor rejected the part. "Marlon was going through a period when he felt very badly about Kazan testifying," said Jay Kanter, the actor's agent. Schulberg and Spiegel were at Kazan's house when Brando turned down the picture. It was August 1953. After a brief conference, Frank Sinatra was contacted. "We had a handshake agreement," Schulberg recalled.

But Spiegel never gave up on Brando. "Marlon never liked to work to begin with," said Kanter. "He was always looking for ways to avoid it." And while Sinatra was being measured for his costume, or so Schulberg remembered, Brando's father contacted Kanter. He was insistent that his son work. "He said, 'Isn't there anything that you feel that he should do?,'" Kanter recalled. "Of course, at the time, people were chasing Marlon to do everything and anything. He was the top of the heap as far as the young stars of that period." Schulberg's screenplay was mentioned again. "Marlon said no, but asked if it had been cast." Kanter then rang Spiegel. At the time, Brando was living in Room 867 in the Carnegie Hall apartment block, on West 57th Street. "We walked over to Spiegel's suite," Kanter said. "I left the two of them together."

When Budd Schulberg's wife asked him what he was doing up at that hour, he replied, "I'm driving to New York . . . to kill Sam Spiegel."

Later, according to legend, Spiegel was at the Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue when Brando wandered in off the street at three A.M. Spiegel then allegedly called Kazan and persuaded him to join them. During the meeting Spiegel supposedly turned to Brando and said, "Politics has nothing to do with this—it's about your talent, it's about your career." He may easily have said this, but it would have been unlike Spiegel to be haunting a deli at that time for no good reason.

During the filming, which lasted from mid-November of 1953 until early January of the following year, Kazan received word that Spiegel was upset about his being behind schedule. "Gadg went mad," said Schulberg. "'That son of a bitch, I'm not going to let him near the set.' So I said, 'Just remember one thing, Sam Spiegel was the only one . . . ' and Gadg said, 'Oh, Christ, all right.'" Spiegel then began phoning Schulberg at three and four in the morning, because Kazan refused to speak to him. "Sam would call to say, 'Budd, this is serious. . . . We are going to run o of money. You have got to make Ga go faster.'"

Although Spiegel was constantly int fering, causing dissension and disruptic physically he kept his distance. He p ferred whooping it up at the '21' Club the Stork Club and then making the occ sional grand appearance with a blonde tow. One night the crew, who had be working all day on the Hoboken docks the bitter cold, started to mutiny. "Char Maguire [the first assistant director] te phoned Sam, who had been at the '2 Club," recalled Schulberg. (Kazan said was the Stork Club.) "It was a marvelo scene, straight out of a movie, and came out in his limo, in his camel-h coat, his alligator shoes. These guys w freezing, exhausted, and furious. He sta ed to make a speech. 'I thought of you professional and I cannot have anythi happen on the set. You have got to f fill your obligations. Am I making n self clear?' In that wonderful accent, h making this impassioned speech."

The exhausting shoot lasted 35 da Neither Kazan nor Spiegel knew that it v going to be a classic. When he first saw t film, Brando was "so depressed" by performance that he got up and left t screening room. "I thought I was a hu failure," he later wrote. Kazan was dee hurt. "Not a word, not even a good-by he recalled. Moments later, hearing Spieg apologetic tone with Leonard Bernste who was composing the score, Kaz shouted out, "This is a great picture!"

On the Waterfront went on to coll eight Oscars, including those for best scre play, best director, best actor, best actr in a supporting role, and best picture. Sp gel was spared accepting the award as S Eagle, thanks to Kazan, who advised h to "put his right name on the picture." told Gadge [*sic*], Mr. Eagle had just d very happily," the producer told *The N York Times.*

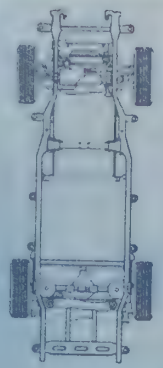
Sam Spiegel used to say that he upon Pierre Boulle's *Le Pont de Rivière Kwaï* (*The Bridge over the R er Kwai*) when his flight had been dela in Paris. He was so "gripped by the st line" that he immediately made inqui about the film rights. Henri-Georges Cl zot had been the first to option the b selling novel. Yet when the renowi French director ran into trouble find a producer, Carl Foreman entered scene. Initially, the American screenwi had the backing of Sir Alexander Kor on the understanding that his brot Zoltan would direct. However, when A ander had financial setbacks and Zolt health declined, Spiegel barged in. Ag

"ALONE AT LAST."

- YOUR WIFE REALIZING YOU'RE THE ONLY ONES ON THE ROAD DURING AN ICE STORM



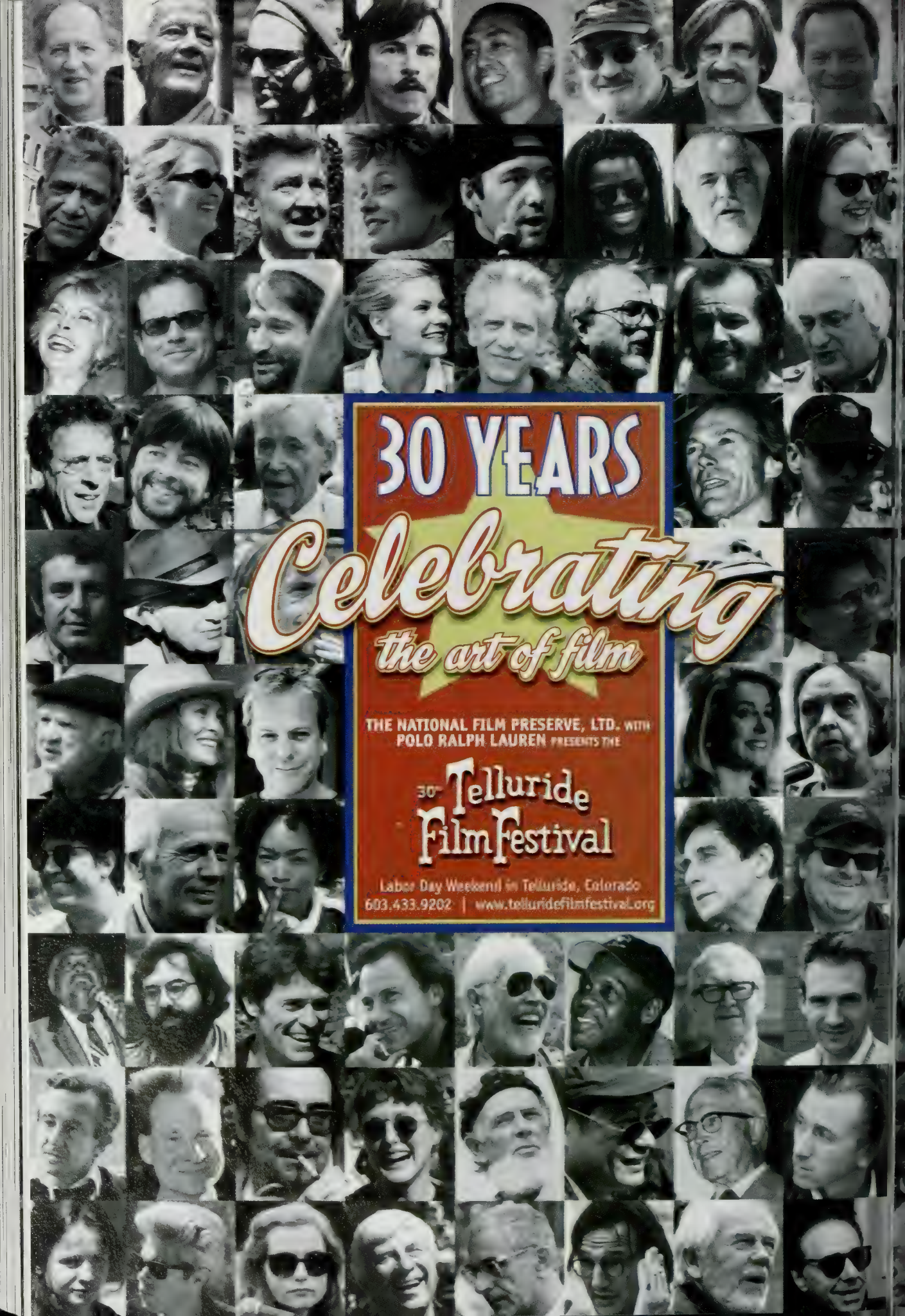
STABILITRAK



2003 GMC YUKON XL DENALI WITH STABILITRAK: A COMPUTERIZED STABILITY ENHANCEMENT SYSTEM THAT MONITORS ROAD CONDITIONS ON ANY SURFACE. IT THEN ADJUSTS BRAKING AND ACCELERATION, ALLOWING YOU TO STAY ON YOUR INTENDED PATH. NOW ICE, SLEET, RAIN OR SNOW NEED NO LONGER KEEP YOU INSIDE. GET USED TO IT.

WE ARE PROFESSIONAL GRADE.™ GMC

Yukon, Denali, StabiliTrak and GMC logo are registered trademarks of [illegible]


30 YEARS
Celebrating
the art of film
THE NATIONAL FILM PRESERVE, LTD. WITH
POLO RALPH LAUREN PRESENTS THE
30th Telluride
Film Festival
Labor Day Weekend in Telluride, Colorado
603.433.9202 | www.telluridefilmfestival.org

olumbia was enlisted to fund the picture. nce Foreman was blacklisted and the stu- o was nervous about artists with a former ommunist connection, Spiegel referred to m only as "Zoltan's partner."

The director Howard Hawks suggested Spiegel that he use a British cast and an l-British crew, advice that may have ompted Spiegel to send the book to avid Lean, the director of such English assics as *Brief Encounter, Great Expecta- ns, Oliver Twist,* and *Hobson's Choice.* Lean as working on *Summertime* with Kath- ine Hepburn, and the actress strongly commended Spiegel, saying, "You'll learn lot from him. And he'll learn a lot from u."

Set in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp ep in the Burmese jungle, the film con- rns the captured British officer Colonel cholson (Alec Guinness), who makes heroic stand against the camp's tyran- cal commander, Colonel Saito (Sessue ayakawa), but then loses his grip. cholson agrees to direct the exhaust- P.O.W.'s under his command in build- g a railway bridge that will be a con- erable help to the Japanese war effort. eanwhile, a commando team includ- an American named Shears (William lden) arrives on a mission to blow up bridge.

Lean recalled being "thoroughly seduced" by Spiegel's huge personality and intelligence at their first meeting. Spiegel declared that he had "a magnificent script" by Carl Foreman, but Lean was thoroughly disappointed by the first draft when he read it. Lean had liked Boulle's book, describing it as having "real size and style," but after reading Foreman's screenplay he sensed that the "whole spirit of the book" had been lost. When Lean first voiced his opinion about the screenplay, Spiegel allegedly turned white.

In the six weeks that followed, Lean and his onetime associate producer Norman Spencer toiled on a film treatment at the Hotel Fourteen on East 60th Street, where the director thought of the opening sequence—the soldiers whistling the "Colonel Bogey March" on their arrival at the prisoner-of-war camp. Throughout, they had script conferences with Spiegel, who, in Spencer's estimation, was "often brilliant." "Sam had this ability to put his finger on what was wrong. . . . He was very focused and wouldn't forget the original intention." Spencer was amused by Spiegel's two maxims: "'Always turn your liabilities into assets,' and 'I'm not interested in your efforts; I am only interested in your results.'"

At Spiegel's insistence, Lean took Foreman with him to Ceylon, but the two men were incapable of getting on. Finally, Spiegel replaced Foreman with Michael Wilson, at Foreman's own suggestion. Though he was blacklisted and lived in Paris, Wilson had continued to write for Hollywood, and his uncredited screenplay for *Friendly Persuasion* was nominated for an Oscar in 1956.

Spiegel and Wilson arrived in Ceylon on September 9, 1956, and Lean's outlook immediately improved. "It was really Mike's and my script," he later said. Wilson, who received $10,000 for his polish, was forced to write under the name John Michael.

Alec Guinness was said to have turned down the role of Nicholson three times. Finally, in late autumn, Spiegel took Guinness out to dinner. "He was a very persuasive character," the actor recalled. "I started out maintaining that I wouldn't play the role, and by the end of the evening, we were discussing what kind of wig I would wear."

By contrast, there was a scramble over the role of Shears. Cary Grant had accepted the role immediately. "Fortunately or unfortunately, by that time Holden had accepted it as well," the producer wrote to

please refrain from standing on the deck railing and shouting, "I'm king of the world!"



summit silver series starts at $999

HOW MANY GRILLS HAVE YOU OWNED? DID IT SEEM ONCE A COUPLE OF GRILLING SEASONS WERE DONE, SO WAS THE GRILL? AT WEBER, WE'RE PASSIONATE ABOUT CREATING EXCEPTIONAL PRODUCTS. PERHAPS THAT'S THE REASON WE CONTINUALLY RECEIVE TOP RATINGS FROM INDUSTRY AND CONSUMER EXPERTS. NOW, WE'VE JUST TAKEN GRILLING TO A HIGHER LEVEL. the new summit grill and outdoor oven

weber

www.weber.com

Lean. "I was in a most embarrassing position with Cary who was most eager to play it.... He was absolutely brokenhearted. He cried actual tears when notified." Grant even approached Holden directly, begging him to withdraw. Naturally, the circumstances thrilled Spiegel, who concluded, "All this, as sad as it is, because of Cary's hurt feelings, should be very cheering to us as indicating the effect that this script has on two intelligent actors."

Guinness and Lean clashed almost immediately, and Spiegel was called upon to act as intermediary. "Guinness had an entirely different concept of the part than David and I," Spiegel recalled. The actor was trying to inject tongue-in-cheek humor into his lines. "I totally agreed with David, that it would be disastrous." Both producer and director saw Nicholson as a tragic, misled character who had to be "made understandable" to an audience.

At one point, Lean was so frustrated by the actor that tears started to roll down his cheeks. "I tried to calm him," Spiegel said. "We had dinner together ... and I went to Alec that same night ... and I don't think that I've ever been so indignant with an actor.... I screamed, I really told him that what he was doing was destroying the director and the picture." The following day, Spiegel joined them on the bridge, where they were shooting a scene. "He [David] was still under the impact of the previous night, so I had to get on the set with him, and I kind of mediated between the two of them and referred David's instructions to Alec and Alec's instructions to David for a good hour until they started communicating directly with each other."

Guinness's temper tended to be particularly short after filming with Sessue Hayakawa. The distinguished Japanese actor, who had had a career in Hollywood, was getting old and had lost his grasp of English. "He says 'yes' all the time," wrote Lean. Hayakawa, who would warm up after a few takes, was also of the "Hollywood-starlet school of script reading"—he read only his own lines. Adding to the problems was the potion that Hayakawa used for his bloodshot eyes. "The liquid clears his eyes ... but halfway through the scene, it comes streaming from his nose." Unfortunately, this tended to happen at the very moment that Guinness had found his pace.

After dinner one night, Lean and Spiegel took a stroll by the ocean. Out of nowhere, three youths appeared, and one of them, to the director's horror, began running his knife up and down Spiegel's back. "I said, 'Put that knife away,' and Sam said, 'What are you saying?' ... I said, 'This man's got a knife at your back,' and it was as if 10 feet of film had been cut out.... I could hear Sam gulp even with the sea in the distance. And I turned round and I said, 'Look, just fuck off.'" Both men were terrified, but as soon as the youth put the knife down, Spiegel began to roar and retaliate. "He stuck his hand in his trouser pocket, stuck a finger out, and said, 'I'm now going to shoot you full of bullets, the shit will just pour out of you onto the grass,' and a whole string of obscenities, actually," Lean recalled. Eventually, the director guided Spiegel back to his hotel. "The next thing I knew he was yelling at the concierge over the desk and saying there were a gang of men, murderers, out there with knives and guns, and I don't know what they hadn't got by the time Sam had finished."

The first attempt to blow up the bridge was a complete fiasco. It had been promoted as a huge event, and Spiegel invited local dignitaries who had helped with the production. The prime minister of Ceylon, Solomon Bandaranaike, headed the band of 100 invitees. Spiegel, Lean, and the explosives expert gathered in a hut where there was a panel with lights that lit up when each of the five camera operators switched on his camera to film the bridge. The train started, and, one by one, the lights went on until the last, which stayed dark. Lean had to make up his mind: allow the explosion to go off and risk the life of the cameraman or abort the operation. "Don't blow up the bridge!" he cried. The train crossed the bridge, tore through the sand dragon—the pile of sand that had been put there as a precautionary measure—and went into the London bus that contained the generator.

"I remember standing outside the theatre after the ceremony with Sam holding his Oscar for best picture and shaking it at me in fury."

Lean's gallant gesture of buying dinner for the offending cameraman, who had simply forgotten to turn his camera on, infuriated Spiegel. "You can't take the biggest idiot to dinner to congratulate h for fucking up the scene," he complain

Due to Lean's complicated tax sit tion, the picture was cut in Paris. was staying at the Queen Elizabe while Spiegel was at the George V. Th were stories of Spiegel gallivanting arou town and having endless parties, but was also deeply involved in the editing.. had quarrels with David in the cutti room because he wanted to cut too muc he recalled.

The producer had promised to hav print ready by September and—much Lean's amazement—he delivered. Lea tax problems prevented him from atte ing the opening, but Spiegel's office k kept him abreast of all the action. "I h seen the advert in the Sunday *Times.* W a size! All the same, they've gone a bit haven't they?," Lean wrote to the prod er. A month after the film had come o it was still playing to full houses at Plaza Theatre in London.

But after the excitement of the fil success, the director's letters and telegra began to include gripes about two iss the bogus screenplay credit for Pie Boulle and the fact that "A Sam Spie Production" was looming over all the o er titles. According to Kevin Brownl Lean's principal biographer, "Lean had n er had worse billing, even in his early da Spiegel's need to have his name above title, which had also caused Kazan Schulberg to complain bitterly after the lease of *On the Waterfront,* was esser to his image as a producer. It was the peror's stamp, showing that he was ab the cast and crew.

Even the studio was shocked by S gel's megalomania. Somewhat ou geously, he had tried to limit mentio Columbia to the trademark at the be ning of the film. In the end, several dio executives objected and rectified situation.

The producer won his second Ac my Award for *The Bridge on the R Kwai,* and Lean won his first. In t their picture brought in seven Oscars cluding that for best actor for Alec G ness. There was every reason to rejoi the sparring partners had scored— Lean could not resist irritating Spie When a journalist held a microphone der his nose and asked who really w the script, Lean replied, "You're asking $64,000 question, and as you have got $64,000 I'm not prepared to tell y The radio stations quickly picked up remark. "Sam went berserk," Lean w "I remember standing outside the the after the Oscar ceremony with Sam h ing his Oscar for best picture and sha



KATA®

KATA EYEWEAR
by Blake Kuwahara

kataeyewear.com
866 534 2243


Judith Leiber®
NEW YORK • LAS VEGAS • SOUTH COAST PLAZA • ATLANTA • LONDON • BANGKOK
Bergdorf Goodman Neiman Marcus (select

at me in fury. I shouting back at him, randishing mine. It was a ridiculous cene."

Betty Spiegel, the producer's third wife, as unaware of the incident. "I was in a ight stupor from the boredom of the vent," she recalled. "Best picture was st on the bill. During the ceremony, I ad been thinking 3,000 things. How would console Sam if he idn't win the Oscar, and ow I would deal with him he did. It was a double-lged sword."

awrence of Arabia took 23 months to make, cost $14 million (five times e projected budget), and was such an ormous directorial task that there was crucial change in the billing: this time, avid Lean's name joined Sam Spiegel's ove the title.

The film tells the story of T. E. Lawnce, the British intelligence officer and lventurer, and his extraordinary camign in the Arabian Desert during World ar I, in which he led a coalition of Arab bes in a successful assault on the Axisgned Ottoman Turks.

When asked by Betty if he had read *ven Pillars of Wisdom*—Lawrence's acunt of the Arab revolt, as well as a conlerable amount of background history—iegel's answer had been surprising: "Of urse not, baby. Who could sit down and lly read it?" It was unlike the producer t to do his homework, and this was one the first signs that his success had made n a little dilettantish.

Once again Columbia was backing the ture. A steady two-year campaign was gineered to educate Americans about wrence—a very British hero. Writers such Alistair MacLean were commissioned write books on Lawrence of Arabia, ite terry-cloth robes with hoods were nufactured for children, and Lawrence's e was engraved on Bonbons Gilbert fee candy.

Just as a new chapter in Spiegel's life s opening with *Lawrence of Arabia,* other abruptly closed when his second e, Lynne, took her life with an overdose sleeping pills on March 22, 1960. It s her second attempt. "Sam seemed hrug it off and get on his merry way—ming evenings at the theater, reading pts, and taking trips to Europe," Betty egel said. "He didn't like things that e unpleasant or depressing—illness or pitals—and he didn't like Lynne." Spieg did not attend the funeral. There was talk that he had refused to pay for service, though, in fact, he did pick he bill.

To find his Lawrence, Lean needed to see several films each day. Eventually, an actor portraying a feckless young man in a film called *The Day They Robbed the Bank of England* caught Lean's attention. Peter O'Toole was 27 years old and proud to be Irish, although he had been brought up in Leeds. The actor signed a five-picture deal with Horizon and had a nose job to improve his screen appearance.

Anthony Nutting was hired as the picture's "Oriental Counselor." A former British minister of state for foreign affairs who resigned in 1956 over the Suez conflict, he was an inspired choice, and in all the negotiations with Arab interests he became Spiegel's trump card.

By the end of 1960, King Hussein—the great-nephew of Prince Faisal, played in the film by Alec Guinness—had given his blessing to having the film shot in Jordan. Spiegel was terrified of filming in an Arab country. According to Nutting, for the first half of the filming "he thought he was going to be poisoned intentionally," and during the second half "he thought he was going to be poisoned accidentally." But, true to his motto, he turned the liability into an asset. He insisted that a boat be included in *Lawrence of Arabia*'s production costs so that he would never have to sleep on Arab soil, arguing that it was "perfect for script sessions, as well as entertaining."



SPARRING PARTNERS David Lean and Sam Spiegel face off in Jordan during the filming of *Lawrence of Arabia*, 1961.

"You were absolutely horrible," Lean said. "Why did you behave so badly to me?" Spiegel replied, "Baby, artists work better under pressure."

Spiegel had acquired *Malahne* in the autumn of 1960. Several months earlier, Billy Wilder and director Robert Parrish had gone with him to see the 165-foot-long twin-screw motor yacht, designed by Charles E. Nicholson for Camper & Nicholsons and built in 1937. After talking to the crew, Wilder took the producer aside and said, "Nobody can afford a boat this size anymore, Sam. You must be going crazy." Spiegel replied, "Don't be so plebeian, Billy."

The yacht was in Spiegel's possession for 23 years and, according to Faye Dunaway, was his "true love." "Sam became very English when he pronounced the word 'boat,'" said the producer George Stevens Jr. Columbia chartered it from Spiegel during the filming of *Lawrence of Arabia* and picked up the expenses, which were so astronomical that members of the boat community used to joke that Spiegel had charged the studio the full purchase price of *Malahne* as a charter fee.

Spiegel greatly preferred sleeping in his own berth to risking a night in Jordan. He was so petrified that, when he stayed in the king's summer palace in 'Aqaba, he insisted that Lean share his bedroom. Before turning the lights out, Lean opened the French windows for a view of the bay. Spiegel, who was then in bed, asked where Israel was. "I'm not sure, Sam, but I think it's over there," he replied, pointing into the dead of night. "Don't point, they'll shoot!" the producer cried out.

Spiegel had initially spotted Omar Sharif, who was brought in to replace the French actor Maurice Ronet in the role of Sherif Ali, in an Arabic-language Egyptian film with French subtitles. "He

was really quite first rate," Spiegel wrote to Lean, "and while committed to half a dozen Egyptian pictures, some of which are being made by his own company, he is willing to chuck them all if we have a good part for him."

Sharif arrived on the set in June and quickly became friendly with O'Toole. "'Omar Sharif. No one in the world is called Omar Sharif,' Peter said at our first meeting," Sharif recalled. "'Your name must be Fred.'" After that, Sharif was known on the set as "Cairo Fred."

Throughout the filming, the cast and crew would work for 21 days straight and then have 3 days off. "Some people went to Jerusalem . . . others Amman. We went to Beirut," said Sharif. At the time, the capital of Lebanon was a thriving, cosmopolitan city, known as "the sin city of the East." "The company gave Peter and I a little plane to visit the fleshpots. It was fun, except we were drunk from beginning to end—we would start on the plane and by the time we got there, we were out of it. We would take Dexedrine pills to keep awake. Neither of us wanted to waste time."



GARBO SITS! Greta Garbo takes her seat as Spiegel, a famously controlling host, helps a guest board the launch, in the early 60s.

Spiegel was a social fixture throughout the 1970s, and *Malahne* became just as associated with New Hollywood as it had been with the old.

After seeing the first batch of rushes, Spiegel immediately congratulated Lean and his team. "I really felt that Peter sounded like a true Lawrence, who will be understood and appreciated both in England and America and I also thought that the photography of the night shot was absolutely the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen," he wrote. "For the first time, I felt I was not just seeing pretty scenery but began to realize a little of the heart of our story." However, despite the praise, telegrams began to pour out of Spiegel's Dover Street office in London that the production had to pick up the pace or else. The threats increased when Robert Bolt, the film's credited screenwriter, who is best known for his play *A Man for All Seasons,* told London's *Sunday Times* that life on Lean's set was "a continual clash of egomaniacal monsters wasting more energy than dinosaurs and pouring rivers of money into the sand."

Lean was furious that Spiegel wanted him to hurry up and get out of Jordan. The director had fallen in love with the desert valley of Wadi Rum, as had the rest of his crew. It was more grand and romantic than the other locations in Jordan, which included Jebel Tubeiq and Al Jafr. When Nutting arrived on the set, there had just been a sandstorm. The first person he saw was Lean, who was caked in dust. "It looked as if he'd been with a makeup artist who'd really laid it on thick," he said. "So I said, 'Well, what do you think of my desert now?' I thoug there was going to be an almighty exp sion." But the director replied, "Anth ny, everything you said was an understa ment." In Nutting's opinion, it was "another Englishman going potty in t desert."

Taking this into account, Spiegel h good reason to be nervous. "Spiegel v quite convinced that if he didn't pull t rug from under his [Lean's] feet he wo be there till now shooti pretty pictures," said R Stevens, Lean's first assist director. In September 19 Lean finally finished the J dan shoot and agreed to le the desert, but he remain convinced that it was a n take to go to Spain, and fel had everything to do with too many Ho wood dollars going into Arab hands.

By late May 1962, Spiegel and Le were at war. The producer, convinc that his partner was going too slo had fixed the New York and Los Ange release dates and scheduled a royal p miere in London for the end of the y In Peter O'Toole's opinion, it was a m terstroke. "David and I had begun to get we were making a film," he admitt "After two years it had become a way life." But the director was furious and cused the producer of "sacrificing the q ity of the picture."

Lean and Spiegel had a pre-dinner m ing in Almería, Spain, on May 21. At fi Spiegel tried the "Baby, you're overtir routine. He argued that Lean should h over the "big action stuff" to the sec units, which would save both time money. But the director hated second u and was violently opposed to the i that the second-unit directors would "staging the big action scenes while I in the hotel." Spiegel realized that argument was going nowhere and sud ly started to shout, telling Lean that h Spiegel—was a ruthless man and was ing to be ruthless with him. At the clir of Spiegel's rage, he bent over Lean, in the face, and bawled, "Perfidious bion!" The next morning, Lean inforr the second-unit directors "that under p sure of time and money" he was gc against everything he had said and wc allow them to shoot "a certain amo of film."

Throughout the editing process, partners were barely on speaking ter "It was like a marriage that had rur course," Norman Spencer sensed. "Eve Sam did something good, David woul realize it at the time and there were gers drawn." As a peace gesture, Spi

vited Lean to dinner at the Berkeley, ıe of the director's favorite London staurants. But after a couple of drinks, ean decided to let Spiegel have it—how could have been "a very happy picture," ıt most of the time it was not, because the producer's cables, messages, and neral behavior. "You were absolutely rrible," Lean said. "Why did you be- ve so badly to me?" Spiegel took "a eat gulp," then replied, "Baby, artists rk better under pressure."

piegel was intent on making Peter O'Toole the focus of *Lawrence of Arabia*'s American promotion, and consequently he refused to fly Omar Sharif the U.S. But O'Toole balked when he ard the plan. "He said, 'Bollocks,' and meant it," Sharif recalled. "'Omar is ing and we're going together.'" It was tunate that the Egyptian actor was inded, since he was a great asset to the mpaign, winning over reporters everyere, whereas O'Toole behaved disacefully, leading Spiegel to remark, ou make a star, you make a monster." nen the blond leading man wasn't giv- interviews while drunk, he was dending outrageous sums for appearing television.

Lawrence of Arabia received 10 Oscar nominations. A few hours before the ceremony, Sharif went to Spiegel's suite in the Beverly Hills Hotel. "The only sure thing, that year, was that I was going to get the Academy Award," Sharif said. "David told me, 'Now, Omar, when they call your name, I want you to walk slowly up the aisle, like you did in the film—don't rush, don't run.' ... Sam said, 'Baby, walk slowly.'" The actor was so prepared that as soon as Rita Moreno started reading the nominees, he got off his chair. "I was walking slowly, as David had told me. Then she said Ed Begley."

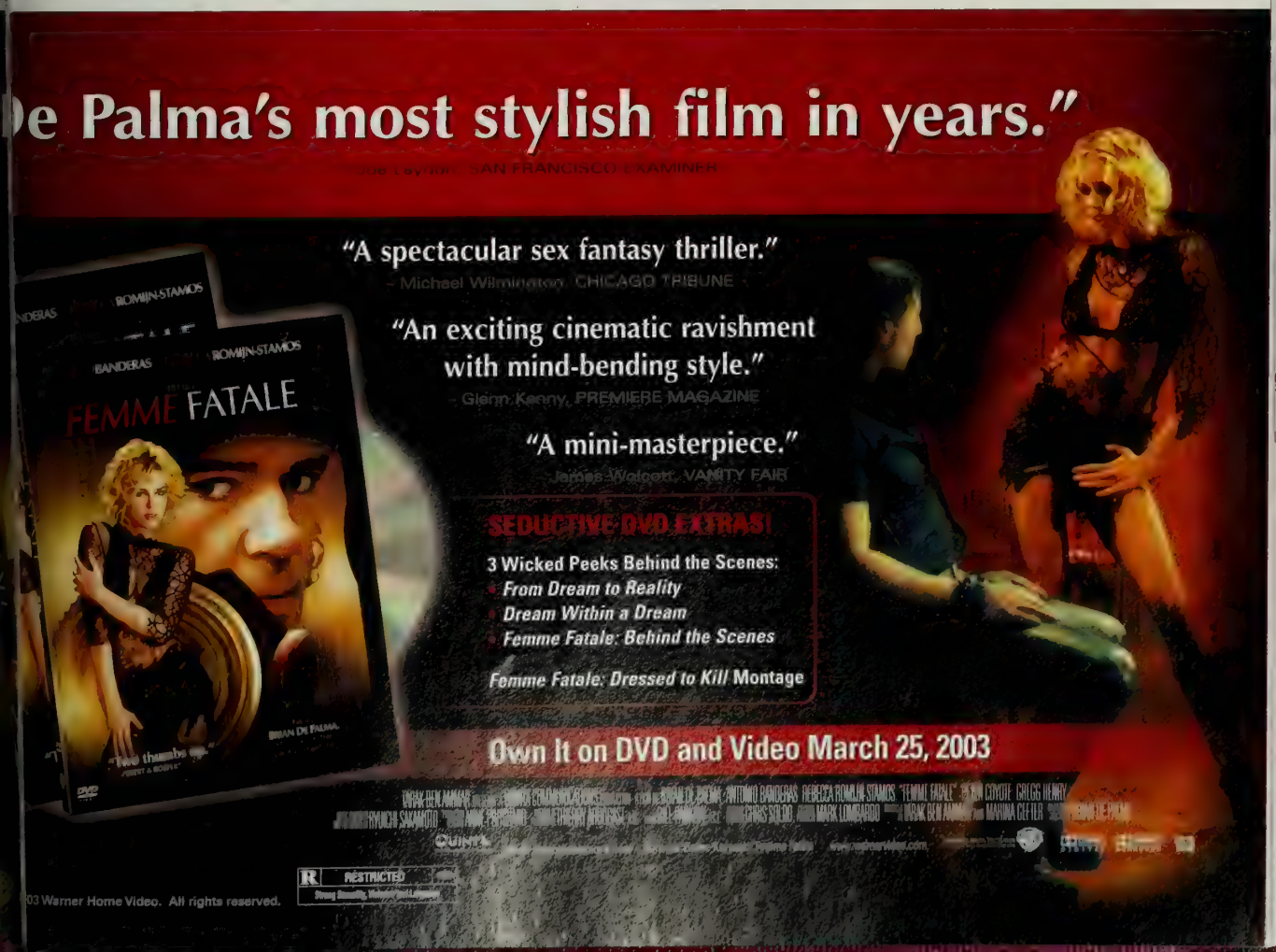
Lean ended up winning, as did Spiegel. With his third Academy Award, Spiegel was treated with even more respect in the film community. The picture was a hit and would eventually gross $70 million. But the "uncrowned prince" of Columbia had changed. "He changed after what may turn out to be one of the best movies of all time," said director Mike Nichols. "Everything changed." Before that, Nichols sensed, Spiegel had been "the very soul of true ideas in a movie.... He was as close to an artist as a producer could get."

After an extraordinary 10 years of producing, Sam Spiegel floundered. "People get corrupted," Barry Diller said. "They don't lose their brains. God knows they don't lose their talent. But success ... removes their objectivity, it removes their instinct." Spiegel went on to make films of interest—*The Chase, The Night of the Generals, Nicholas and Alexandra, The Last Tycoon,* and *Betrayal*—but nothing to compare with his earlier triumphs.

Spiegel's genius for life never failed him, however. When he entered a restaurant, waiters hovered. He was always surrounded by a bevy of beautiful young women, and when he sat down he never looked to see if the chair was there. He presumed it would be, and it was. His enthusiasm for food continued, and he was capable of flying to London on a moment's notice for a special at the Connaught Hotel.

In many respects, *Malahne* became a never-ending Spiegel production. The boat was old-fashioned by today's standards, but possessed a majestic charm. Stepping onto *Malahne* was like stepping into another era. "There was such comfort," said George Stevens Jr. "It was beautifully done—caviar, pâté, great wines, bullshots served in alabaster goblets."

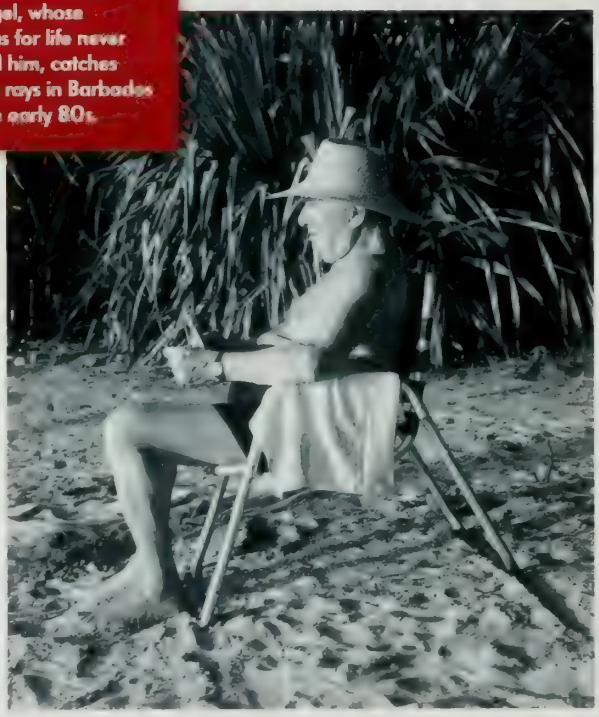
The stories from *Malahne*—both true and apocryphal—became a staple of gossip and the stuff of stand-up comedy. Some tales



were dark, leading to the boat's being called the "floating ship of evil." But *Malahne* also became synonymous with the Cannes Film Festival, and even appeared on the cover of *Life* magazine under the heading "Luxury and Languor of Riviera Yachting."

It was where the stars rubbed shoulders with the aristocracy and the superrich. As a result, there were the occasional odd incidents. Brigitte Bardot was introduced to Edward Heath, and the former British prime minister was clueless about who she was. One Italian aristocrat had never heard of his lunch partner: Greta Garbo.

BATHING BEAUTY Spiegel, whose genius for life never failed him, catches some rays in Barbados in the early 80s.



Spiegel was capable of great kindnesses to his lady friends such as Bettina Graziani, Kitty Carlisle Hart, Slim Hayward, and Leonora Hornblow. "He was very important to them when the worst things happened in their lives," Nichols said. "He had great sympathy with the swans who were left." When Slim Hayward's husband, Leland, publicly deserted her, Spiegel took the time and trouble to look after her. He also dared to tell her a few home truths, which no one else did. "Slim, everybody in the world knows Leland's going to marry Pam [Churchill, later Harriman]," he said. "She's told everybody, and he's told everybody."

He was less gracious to another kind of female company, however. Lauren Bacall had been on *Malahne* when Spiegel had "this little girl" who was "so intimidated" that she never knew how to behave. "Then she left and Sam had another little girl who arrived!" "There was a certain amount of thinness and meanness around the edges," said Nichols. "Like the semi-hooker who dropped a cushion in the ocean by mistake and was made to get off the boat. She had to leave at the next port of call because of his cushion."

Spiegel was a social fixture throughout the 1970s. Included on Katharine Graham's exclusive guest list, he became a pal of Linda Ronstadt's (Spiegel took the singer and her mother to the ballet), and *Malahne* became just as associated with New Hollywood as it had been with the old. According to Nichols, the producer was "like the head of the family." "Jack [Nicholson], Warren [Beatty], Anjelica [Huston], and me. That's spanning a lot of different kinds of people, careers, and lives." Warren Beatty wrote the first draft of *Shampoo* on the boat, and Jack Nicholson used to refer to Spiegel as "my main man." When ordering suits from John Pearse, his British tailor, Nicholson referred to the cut of Spiegel's jackets. "Nicholson liked the way that Spiegel's shoulders were always soft and sloping," recalled Pearse. "During fittings, he used to say, 'Gimme Sam's shoulders.'"

David Geffen—then a record producer—was also part of Spiegel's inner circle. "He used to refer to me as 'darling boy.'" Spiegel became "a kind of role model" for Geffen. Spiegel was determined to convert his "darling boy" to a suit and tie. "He always told me that if I wanted to be a big success I had to dress like a big success." The lectures came to an abrupt halt, however, when Geffen informed Spiegel that he was wealthier than Spiegel was. "He couldn't understand how you could make more money with record than you could with movies."

Spiegel was increasingly obsessed with death and trying to avoid it. "I believe in mortality but not inflicting it on myself," he once said.

During one voyage, Geffen got int trouble with Spiegel when he told Iren Mayer Selznick, the daughter of Louis B Mayer and former wife of David O. Selznick, to "fuck herself." First, Spiege called to check if his "darling boy" ha really said this. Geffen admitted that h had. "She was driving me crazy," he e plained. "And Sam said, 'Darling boy, sh drives everyone crazy. You must apol gize. You're on my boat and yo must apologize.' I did, and it wa an unpleasant encounter wit Irene for the entire cruise. We a tually became quite good friend but she was incredibly dominee ing." Selznick wrote a letter t Spiegel insisting that she had dor her "best not to be Mrs. Danve [the sinister, omnipresent hous keeper in *Rebecca*]," and all ha worked out well, "despite David distinct lack of charm."

In the summer of 1983, Spieg sold *Malahne* to Sheikh (Ade Al Mojil. The widow of d rector William Wyler may ha summed up this decision be when she said, "Poor Sam, h has this expensive boat and ha his life is spent searching f guests." With its teak decks ar topless sunbathing, the yacht r mained glamorous, but the ca ing had slipped a notch. "Sa did get very involved with the Eurotras which was very boring, since they on seem to find themselves interesting," sa the interior designer Joan Axelrod. A his health declined, Spiegel continued socialize and even made efforts to sta another picture, but he was increasing obsessed with death and trying to avo it. "I believe in mortality but not i flicting it on myself," he once said. I used to tell his secretary, "I will give y $80 million if you could take me ba 40 years."

Spiegel never fully recovered from operation to have a 20-gram benign pr tate growth removed in December 19 Against his doctor's advice, he flew fr London to New York and then went alo to St. Martin, in the French West Indi where he died in a bathtub on New Yea Eve. Joseph Mankiewicz recognized t irony of Spiegel's dying "on the night th he was famous for, long before he w known as an excellent producer." Yet, things considered, it's difficult not to ag with David Geffen, who said, "Sam ha great life. It wasn't as if he ever had to down on his cream." □

Grand Marnier®



margarita

2 OZ. PREMIUM TEQUILA, 1 OZ. GRAND MARNIER, 2 OZ. LIME JUICE.

AND MARNIER. IT CHANGES EVERYTHING.

WWW.GRAND-MARNIER.COM

HERB RITTS'S LEADING LADIES



THE LEGACY OF HERB RITTS, WHO DIED LAST DECEMBER, CAN BE CONVEYED IN ONE WORD: "BEAUTY." HE SAW IT, CELEBRATED IT, AND CAPTURED IT, OFTEN IN THE PAGES OF *VANITY FAIR*. FOR THIS SPECIAL 20TH-ANNIVERSARY PORTFOLIO, *V.F.* CULLED RITTS'S MOST GLORIOUS PORTRAITS OF AN ERA'S MOST GLAMOROUS WOMEN

ABOVE, OSCAR-WINNER PROMENADE: MARLEE MATLIN, ELLEN BURSTYN, KATHY BATES, MARISA TOMEI, WHOOPI GOLDBERG, LIZA MINNELLI, SOPHIA LOREN, AND HOLLY HUNTER.

April 1995



JULIA ROBERTS
July 1990



BARBRA STREISAND
September 1991

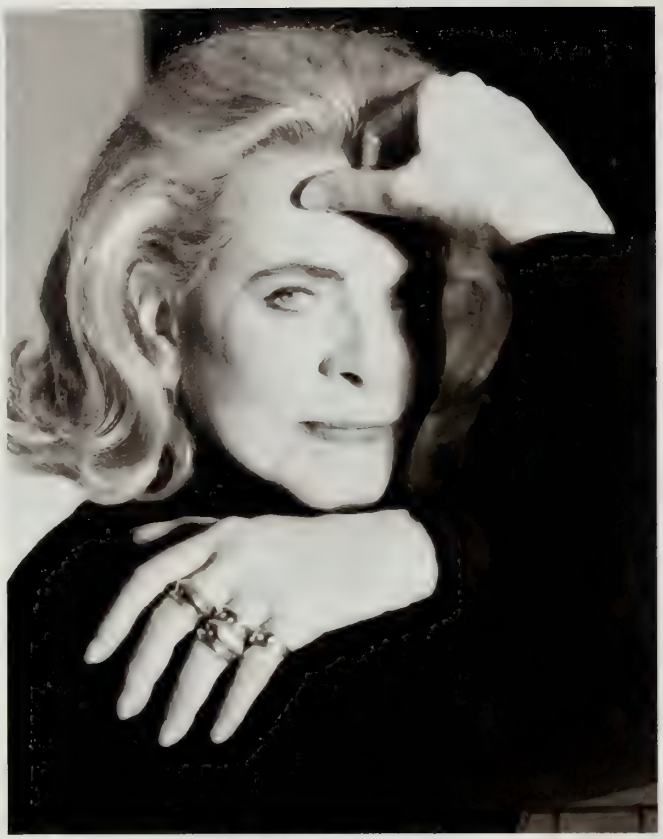


GOLDIE HAWN
September 1989



KIM BASINGER
June 1989


ESTĒE LAUDER
Re-Nutriv
Ultimate Lifting Creme
Crème lifting suprême
Re-Nutriv Ultimate Lifting Creme
Endow your skin with amazing powers.
ESTĒE LAUDER
Defining Beauty



LAUREN BACALL
April 1997



JENNIFER LOPEZ
June 2001



DEBRA WINGER
October 1990



CHER
November 1990


Pure Color Crystal
Sheer electricity. Daring shine.
ESTĒE LAUDER

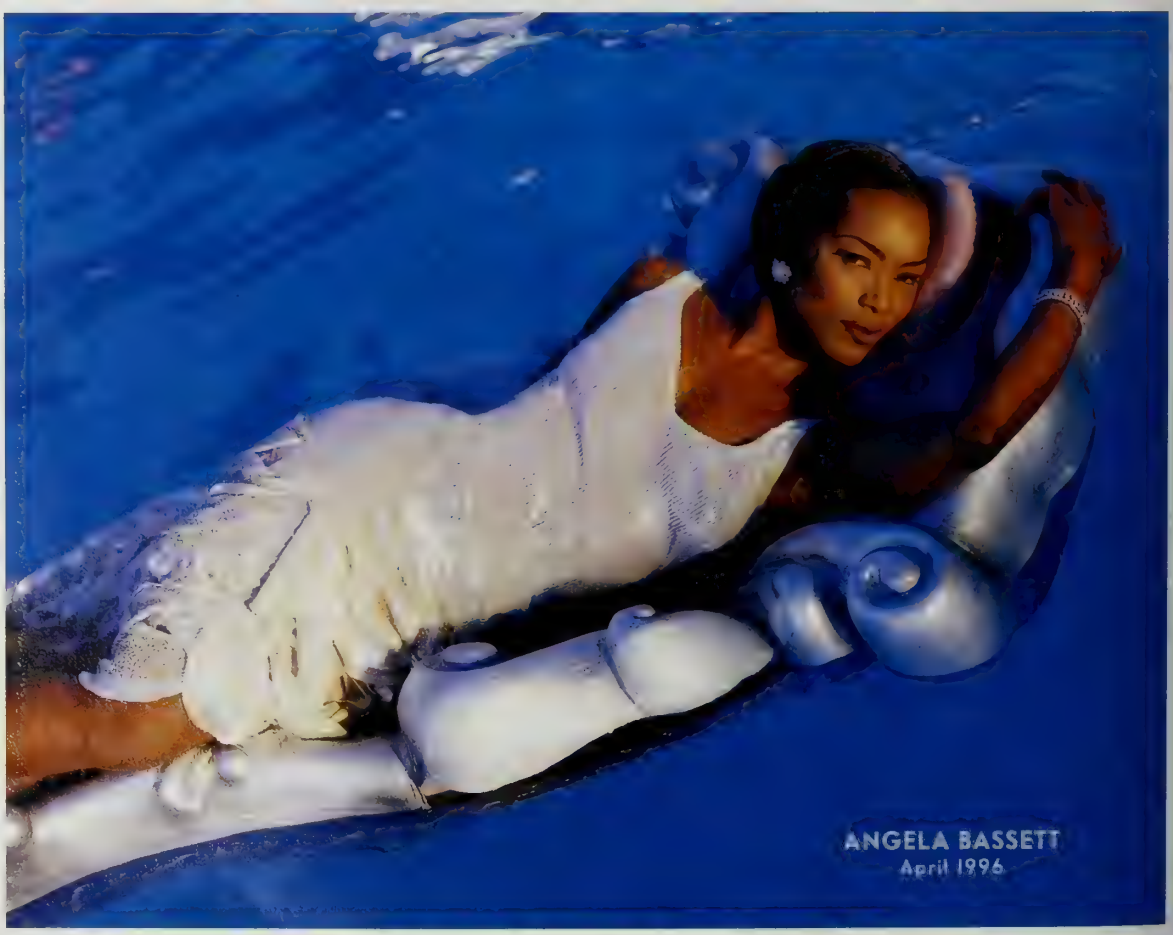


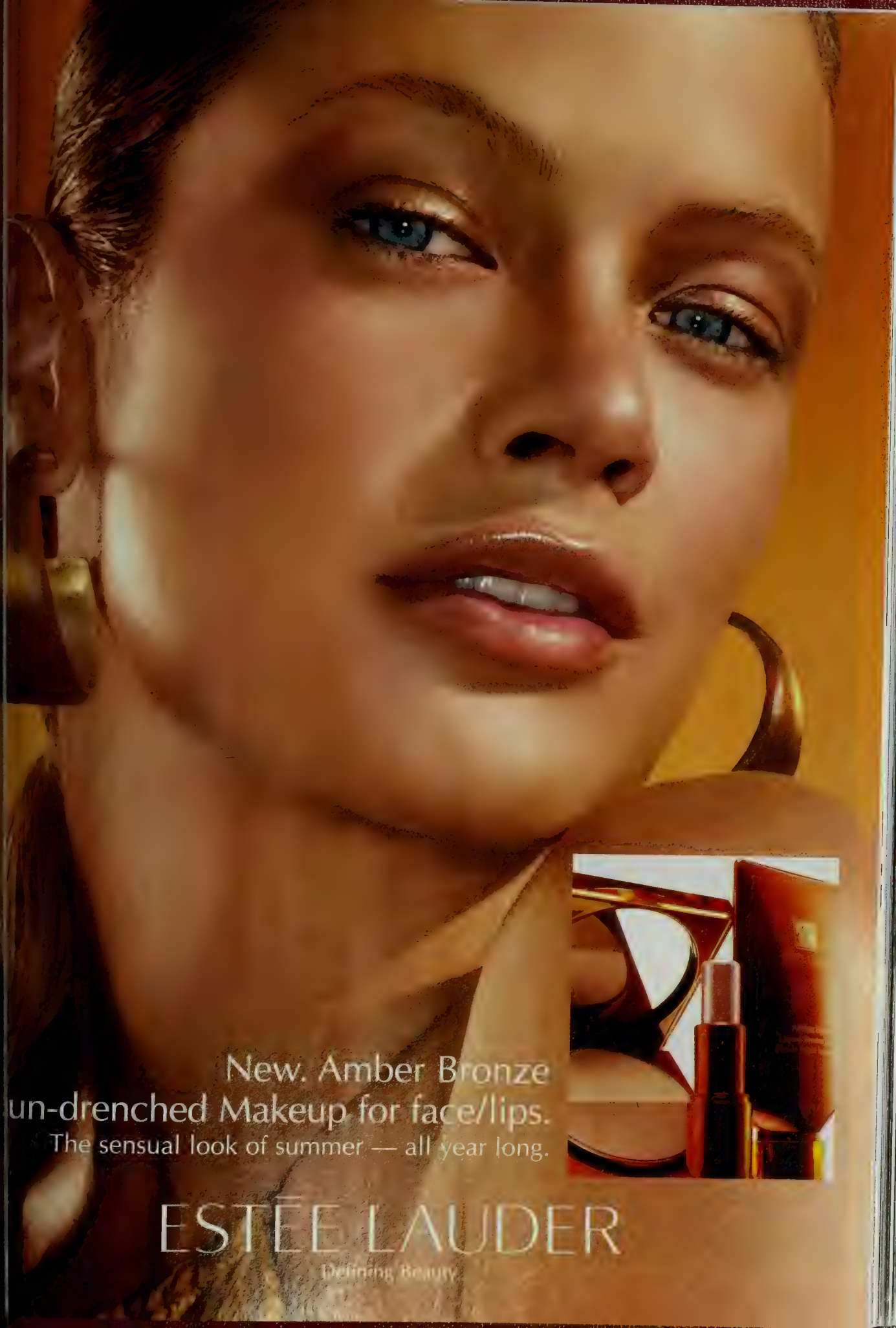


MICHELLE PFEIFFER,
JODIE FOSTER,
AND MEG RYAN
April 1999



JULIE CHRISTIE
April 2002




New. Amber Bronze
un-drenched Makeup for face/lips.
The sensual look of summer — all year long.
ESTĒE LAUDER
Defining Beauty







MERYL STREEP
September 1998


New MagnaScopic
Maximum Volume Mascara
ESTĒE LAUDER



CATHERINE ZETA-JONES
April 2000



SOPHIA LOREN
April 1995



BETTE MIDLER
December 1987



JESSICA LANGE
From a shoot for V.F.'s
October 1988 issue


© 2003 Estée Lauder Inc.
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



Enter the ageless future.

New. Perfectionist Correcting Serum for Lines/Wrinkles

If you're thinking about lasers, peels or shots, consider this gentle retinol-free alternative. Fast, effective and continuous, this is how Perfectionist works:

DAY 1 Fine, dry lines are reduced–instantly. Skin is luminous.

WEEK 1 Deep lines look lifted away as our exclusive BioSync Complex™ amplifies skin's natural collagen.

MONTH 1 and BEYOND Improved visible wrinkle-reducing effect equal to 24 weeks of retinol-based treatment*.

Welcome to the ageless future.

News from the lab @ www.esteelauder.com

ESTĒE LAUDER

Defining Beauty

*Test results compared to Estee Lauder's Anti-Wrinkle Retinol Treatment



AMERICA'S

LUCKY

LUCKY BRAND
AMERICA'S FINEST
BLUE JEANS
BUY A PAIR DO IT TODAY

FAVORITE

BRAND

REGISTERED TRADEMARK

WWW.LUCKYBRANDJEANS.CO

VISIT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD LUCKY BRAND STORE TODA

VANITIES



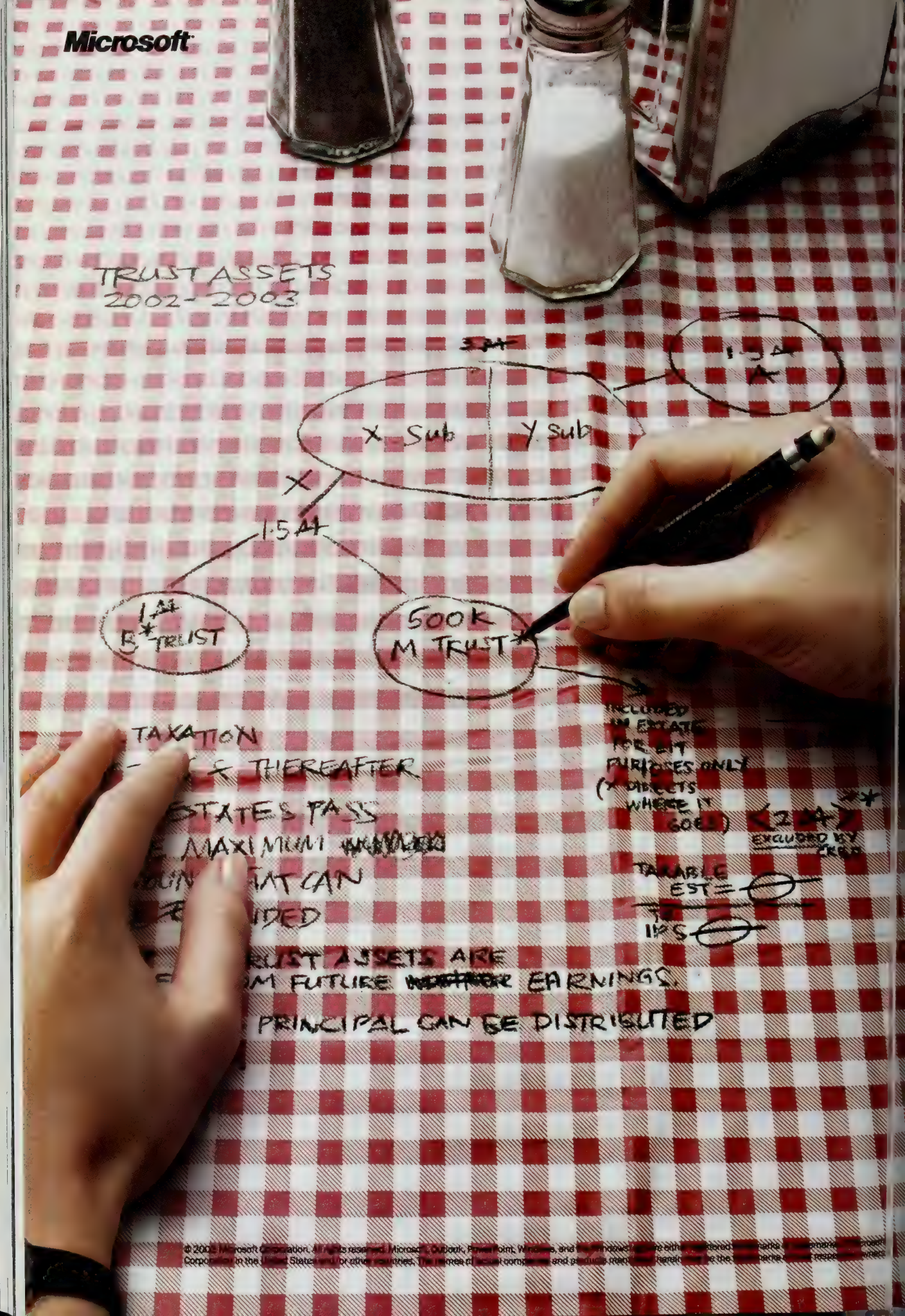
Jessica Paré

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 21, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Montreal. **BLAME CANADA:** Paré starred in the little-seen Canadian films *Stardom*, with Dan Aykroyd, and *Lost and Delirious*, a lesbian coming-of-age drama in which she shared some memorable screen time with Piper Perabo. **LESBIAN SCHOOLGIRLS? YEEHAW!** "With *Lost and Delirious*, a lot of people were like, 'Oh, lesbian schoolgirls, yeehaw!' But we didn't see it like that." **HEY, CANADA, YOU CAN HAVE DAVID FRUM BACK IF WE CAN KEEP HER:** Currently, she's filming director Paul McGuigan's *Wicker Park*, with Josh Hartnett, in her hometown. **THIS APPLE HAS FALLEN FAR FROM THE TREE:** Paré comes from the decidedly unglamorous world of academia. "My father's the chairperson of the Department of Integrated Studies [at McGill University in Montreal], and my mom's a simultaneous interpreter, so she does conferences from French to English and English to French." —KRISTA SMITH

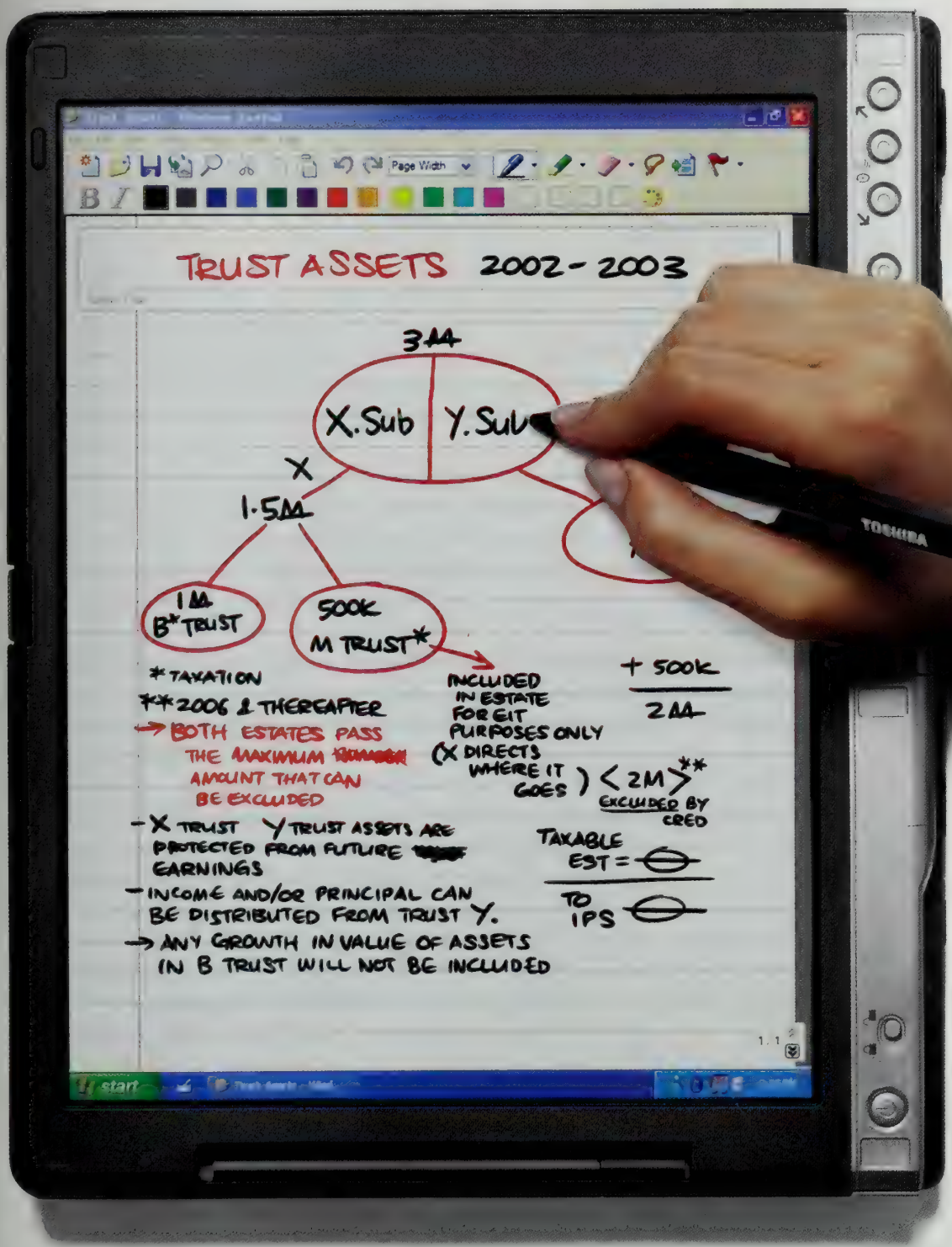
2003

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SANTE D'ORAZIO

Microsoft



© 2002 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft, Outlook, PowerPoint, Windows, and the Windows logo are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries. The names of actual companies and products mentioned herein may be the trademarks of their respective owners.


TRUST ASSETS 2002-2003
3M
X.Sub
Y.Sub
X
1.5M
1M
B* TRUST
500K
M TRUST*
* TAXATION
** 2006 & THEREAFTER
→ BOTH ESTATES PASS THE MAXIMUM AMOUNT THAT CAN BE EXCLUDED
INCLUDED IN ESTATE FOR EIT PURPOSES ONLY
(X DIRECTS WHERE IT GOES)
+ 500K
2M
<2M>**
EXCLUDED BY CRED
TAXABLE EST =
TO IPS
- X TRUST Y TRUST ASSETS ARE PROTECTED FROM FUTURE EARNINGS
- INCOME AND/OR PRINCIPAL CAN BE DISTRIBUTED FROM TRUST Y.
→ ANY GROWTH IN VALUE OF ASSETS IN B TRUST WILL NOT BE INCLUDED
TOSHIBA

The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor

VANITY FAIR
PUNCH HUTTON
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

March 4, 2003

Graydon:

Just to update you on our Oscars-week crisis . . .

What I'm told is that we've asked for more rooms than the hotel can give us, so some of us will have to double up. Dominick is rooming with Sebastian Junger; I will be sharing a room above the garage with Matt Trainor: Marie Brenner and Amy Fine Collins have graciously agreed to bunk together, and Amy is bringing along some vintage Beene scarves to create a lovely partition. Ed Coaster, as usual, is being difficult—says he won't share with anyone. The most agreeable proposal we could come up with is to have him spend nights in the War Room suite, where Jane and Sara will be planning the Mortons party by day. Ed's been told that he has to be up by 7:30 each morning and out by 8 to make way for the gang; he said O.K. Let's keep our fingers crossed . . .

Punch

EDWIN COASTER

Dear Graydon:

3/

Just to let you know—the kids in the V.F. back are trying to talk me into sharing a room at th hotel with Bob Colacello or some such. The old would have tossed a shit fit, but the new Ed wa to be helpful. So—get this—I'm sleeping in the gi planning room, and scramming in the mornings.

I will, however, need the room for one importar meeting I'll be having with Brad Grey. I guess I should have told you about this sooner: Some sharp young writer kid in N.Y.C. contacted me, told me he'd heard the media-land scuttlebutt about our ups and downs, and suggested that this could become th stuff of an HBO series. I've never been one for comedy, but the kid flew up to see me in Maine an wrote up a damned funny pilot, and his agent sent to Grey, who's interested. So me and this kid—whose name is Josh Freelantzovitz, by the way—are setting up a reading for Grey in the hotel, and we've gott Rip Torn to play me and Conrad Bain to play you. Anyhoo, we'll raise a dram of Blanton's to each other in L.A., and I promise I won't lay a finger on Kelly Lynch this time.

Ed

VANITY FAIR
JANE SARKIN
FEATURES EDITOR

TO: Graydon
FROM: Jane

March

You're in transit as I write this, but as soon as you get here, I need y to authorize Ed Coaster's expulsion from the War Room. This job is enough as it is, and it's even harder when you've got a septuagenarian creep lingering in his bathrobe and telling all of our girls that they loo tense and giving them neck massages. And then yesterday, while I'm dealing with about 600 phone calls and Gray Davis's office asking why h didn't get his invite, Coaster strolls in during the prohibited hours with so loser goateed writer and Rip Torn, who's asking, "Where's Conrad? Wher Conrad?" I have no idea what's going on, and then *Brad Grey* walks in, an Coaster starts acting all obsequious and orders Lauren, *my* assistant, to get him some coffee! Coaster's getting nervous, and Rip Torn keeps asking, "Where's Conrad?," and Brad Grey's looking at his watch. Then some guy shuffles in, and it's Conrad Bain in an Anderson & Sheppard suit—dressed as you! Coaster says, "Let's begin," and suddenly Torn and Bain are calling each other "Graydon" and "Ed" and hurling profanity at each other and knocking over chairs and coffee cups while I only happen to be on the phone with the office of THE GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA. Which is nothing compared with this morning, when Lauren turns the key and finds Coaster still asleep, and there's a NAKED WOMAN in the BATHTUB! Graydon, this man is defiling our workplace and putting your reputation at risk. I want him out. Now.

I do have to say, though, that Conrad Bain was really good—he has you down to a T.

Jane



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1971



ence Fishburne says sip responsibly

www.tanqueray.com



Do you have a pale, joyless friend who insists that you haven't seen Kubrick's *Spartacus* until you've seen the Criterion Collection laser-disc edition? Can you not quit comprehend why Douglas Sirk is considered an *auteur?* Are you discomfited by a secret suspicion that chop-socky films are cheap, garish, noisy junk rather than the vanguard o cinema? Well, fret not, for David Kamp and Steven Daly hereby introduce . . .

THE FILM SNOB'S DICTIONARY

VOLUME 1

The Film Snob's stance is one of proprietary knowingness—the pleasure he takes in movies derives not from the sensory experience of watching them, but from knowing more about them than you do, and from zealously guarding this knowledge from the cheesy, Julia Roberts–loving masses, who have no right whatsoever to be fluent in the works of Samuel (*White Dog*) Fuller and Andrei (the original *Solaris*) Tarkovsky. Like his thinner, marginally more presentable cousin, the Rock Snob (see "The Rock Snob's Dictionary," Volumes 1 through 3, *Vanity Fair,* Novembers 2000–2002), the Film Snob is willfully perverse in his taste. He scoffs at Ingmar Bergman and Federico Fellini, deeming them to be mere name-drops for bourgeois losers wishing to seem cultured, and instead devotes his attention to drecky Hong Kong martial-arts flicks and such misunderstood works of genius as Mike Judge's *Office Space* and Michael Mann's *Heat.* The Film Snob fairly revels, in fact, in the notion that The Public Is Stupid and Ineducable, which i what sets him apart from the more be nevolent Film Buff, the effervescen Scorsese-style enthusiast who de lights in introducing novitiates t *The Bicycle Thief* and Powel Pressburger movies.

This abridged edition c "The Film Snob's Dictionary provides lay readers with rudimentary grasp of Fil Snobbery—just enough of a education to sustain yo should you find yourself pu zling over the organization principles of your "altern tive" video store (where Wes A derson's *Bottle Rocket* has bee shelved in the James L. Brooks se tion, because, as the indignant cle says, "Brooks was the executive produ er!"), or should you wind up snowbound Middletown, Connecticut, surrounded by We leyan University film-studies majors. Alas, space co straints forbid an explication of why Snobs feel that Toronto's the only film festival worth taking seriously, but perhaps this om sion will be redressed in a future edition.

Anime. Catchall term for Japanese or Japanese-style animation, an understanding of which is said by Snobs to be crucial to understanding the future of cinema (yea, of our very culture!), since it, like CHOP-SOCKY, will inform all filmmaking visionaries worth a damn—even though it reliably focuses on species-nonspecific furry animals and childlike humanoids with enormous, saucery eyes. A societal subculture as much as it is a genre, anime takes many forms, including merchandise-shifting product (*Pokémon*), lyrical children's fare (the films of Hayao Miyazaki), and explicit pornography (the subgenre known as *hentai,* in which the childlike humanoids have enormous, R. Crumb–inspired bosoms to go with their enormous, saucery eyes). Anime has established an American beachhead with the Chicago-based Manga Entertainment, the distributor behind the cult hits *Ghost in the Shell* and *Blood: The Last Vampire.*



Dario Argento

Argento, Dario. Italian horrormeister who forsook his legitimate screenwriting background (he co-wrote Sergio Leone's *Once upon a Time in the West*) to popularize a genre of splatter pic, known in Italy as the *giallo,* whose films, like those of HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS, are required viewing for Gore Snobs. His Snob-ratified classic is *Suspiria* (1977).

Bollywood. Broad term for India's Bombay-based film industry, which, though it has produced visionaries like Raj Kapoor, more routinely pumps out soapy, mass-market movies that, when projected in theaters in American university towns, somehow morph into art films.

Brakhage, Stan. Prolific, Kansas City–born maker of labor-intensive films known only to difficult art-world people; the proto–Matthew Barney. At it since the 1950s, Brakhage has made more than 300 films using various methodologies—sometimes hand-painting the celluloid frame by frame, sometimes filming actual scenes of childbirth, autopsy, and intercourse in Warholian deadpan. Recently accorded the honor of being anthologiz by the CRITERION COLLECTION. Titles include *Thigh Line Lyre Triangul Christ Mass Sex Dance,* and *The Cat of the Worm's Green Realm.*

Cahiers du Cinéma. The single greatest force in inviting ridicule of French tellectuals as absurdist twits. Founded in 1951, the still-extant Paris-bas monthly first attracted significant American attention when, in 1954, published contributor François Truffaut's *auteur* theory, which posited t director as the sole author of a film. Subsequent issues built *auteur*-mythologies around such red-blooded Americans as DON SIEGEL, SAMU FULLER, and Nicholas Ray, putting far more thought into analysis of the directors' B pictures than the directors had put into making them. *Cahi du Cinéma* also abetted the French mania for Jerry Lewis, deeming h "le Roi du Crazy."

Cassavetes, John. Handsome actor-director (1929–1989) whose heavily improvised, occasionally tedious independent films, especially *Faces* (1968) and *Husbands* (1970), anticipated and influenced the DOGME 95 movement—though Cassavetes carried off his self-indulgences with an acuity and slim-lapelled flair that his heirs lack.



John Cassavetes

Chop-socky. Formerly derogatory term for Asian martial-arts movies, since repurposed, à la "queer," as the hipster's term of choice. Though it encompasses everything from the Taiwanese kung fu films of the 70s to the product cranked out by the Singapore-based Shaw Brothers studio, chop-socky is most identified with the Hong Kong film industry that begat Jackie Chan, Chow Yun-Fat, and John Woo. Despite genre limitations that its Asian audiences plain-

A-C

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSS MacDONALD


TRUCK SHUI.
HUMMER
LIKE NOTHING ELSE.
HUMMER.COM

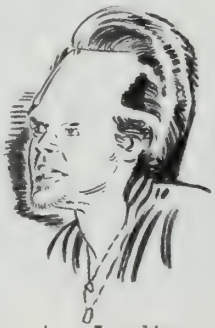
ly recognize, chop-socky, like ANIME, is upheld by feverish Snobs as the path all future cinema must take, which is why the only recent mainstream films that matter are *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon,* the *Matrix* trilogy, and Quentin Tarantino's upcoming *Kill Bill. Tarantino's a Johnny-come-lately; I was going down to Chinatown for my* chop-socky *fix in '83!*

Cinecittà. Massive filmmaking complex located outside of Rome, best known as the place where Fellini shot most of his films and where U.S. studios, seeking to lower production costs, steered their business in the wide-screen era of *Quo Vadis, Ben-Hur,* and *Cleopatra.* For Snobs, the ability to pronounce "Cinecittà" (Chee-nih-chee-*tah*) is a crucial demarcator between the savant and the idiot.

Criterion Collection, the. Achingly tasteful video-reissue company that, like Starbucks, has found success by convincing consumers that connoisseurship always comes at a cost. (The lovingly packaged two-disc Criterion version of *Straw Dogs*—with Dolby Digital Stereo 2.0, a Peckinpah documentary, and a new interview with Susan George!—will set you back 40 bucks.) Having all but cornered the market on the works of prestige directors like Jean Cocteau, Federico Fellini, and Akira Kurosawa, Criterion has branched out into repackaging rock documentaries (*Gimme Shelter, Monterey Pop*) and "acceptable" fun movies such as *My Man Godfrey, Armageddon,* and *Withnail and I.*

Dogme 95. Severe, self-parodying directors' collective (founded by the Danish filmmakers Lars von Trier and Thomas Vinterberg in 1995) that calls for greater authenticity in film and argues that new video technology will democratize the filmmaking process and deliver the masses from their oppression by evil, formulaic, special-effects-laden studio fare. Dogme 95 makes its members adhere to a "Vow of Chastity" whose 10 rules include "The camera must be handheld" and "The film must not contain superficial action. (Murders, weapons, etc. must not occur.)" Official Dogme films are amusingly numbered and titled like abstract-art studies—e.g., *Dogme #2: Idioterne, Dogme #8: Fuckland.*

Falconetti, Maria. French stage actress of the early 20th century, renowned for having given only two film performances, the more significant of which was in the title role of the Snob urtext *The Passion of Joan of Arc* (1928). A FILM COMMENT writer recently tried to stump the "Oracle of Bacon at Virginia" Web site—which runs a computer program that plays the "Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon" game—by entering Falconetti's name, only to find that she, despite her scant film credits, could be connected to Bacon in just three steps.


Larry Fessenden

Fessenden, Larry. Gaunt, raggedy character actor turned hotly tipped savior of indie horror. Having written and directed the vampire movie *Habit* (1997) and the creepfest *Wendigo* (2001), Fessenden now bears the weight of Snob expectation that he will deliver some sort of horror masterwork that will place him in league with John Carpenter, George Romero, DARIO ARGENTO, and 70s-era Brian De Palma.

Film Comment. Smug, aggressively elitist bimonthly magazine published by the Film Society of Lincoln Center. Where Snobs go to read (or write) dithery articles about BOLLYWOOD and despairing critiques of popular cinema.

Film Threat. Surprisingly buoyant, unsmug Web 'zine (originally a print magazine) devoted to independent film. Where Snobs go to read fulsome appreciations of Sam Raimi and interviews with such "Queens of the B's" as Debbie Rochon and Tina Krause.

Fuller, Samuel. Grizzled, irascible, ultra-prolific director and ex–crime reporter (1911–1997) who defined the first era of independent film with his violent pulp pictures in the 1950s and 60s. Though his Snob repute is unimpeachable, many Film Snobs would be hard-pressed to actually name one of his films. (His 80s comeback movies, *The Big Red One* and *White Dog,* are the fallbacks.) In the latter part of his life, he relocated to France and basked in his *auteur* status there.

Kael, Pauline. Revered film critic (1919–2001) whose work, most of which appeared in *The New Yorker,* stood out for its bracing, provocative prose and its author's loony, nonsensical taste; no one was smarter and more cogent about Cary Grant's career and Steven Spielberg's early films, yet no one was more reckless in overpraising grim 1970s murk and unbearably blowsy female performances (e.g., Elizabeth Taylor in *X Y & Zee,* Karen Black in *Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean,* Bette Midler in *Big Business*). A tiny woman, Kael nevertheless inspired fear in her legions of movie-critic acolytes (known as "Paulettes"), full-grown men and women who tremulously sought her unforthcoming approval and pilgrimaged to her home in the Berkshires in the vain hope of being anointed her heir apparent.

Kehr, Dave. Third- or possibly even fourth-string *New York Times* movie critic. Preferred by Snobs over Elvis Mitchell, A. O. Scott, and Stephen Holden.

Laser disc. Outmoded digital-video format, introduced in the early 1980s but superseded by the DVD in the late 90s. Though the unwieldy, pizza-size disc never caught on in the mass market, Snob purists insist that it offers superior picture and sound quality, and pride themselves on owning out-of-print, special-feature-enhanced discs from the CRITERION COLLECTION. *Dude, I just found a* laser disc *of* Blade Runner *on eBay!*

Laughlin, Tom. Eccentric writer-director-producer-star of the 1971 movie *Billy Jack,* a queasy melding of hippie proselytizing, proto-CHOP-SOCKY fight sequences, and Costnerish embrace of Native American wisdom. Filmed on a tiny budget outside of the studio system, *Billy Jack* is a Snob rallying point, though it resides in an uncertain place between kitsch classic and fearless feat of maverick 70s filmmaking. Laughlin tends carefully to his cult, selling tapes of his lectures on Jungian psychology and occasionall threatening to run for president and/or make more films.

Lewis, Herschell Gordon. Dilettante filmmaker hailed by Snobs as the Goc father of Splatter. On a lark, Lewis, who to this day works full-time as a advertising executive, began making low-budget, excessively gory movies i the early 60s, among them *Blood Feast, Two Thousand Maniacs!,* and *Th Gruesome Twosome*—all required titles for anyone wishing to flaunt hi trash credentials.

Mini-DV. Abbreviation for "miniature digital video," the preferred format of both independent filmmakers shooting on a shoestring and affluent directors seeking to infuse their films with a frisson of guerrilla intransigence. Steven Soderbergh used Canon's XL1S Mini-DV camera to shoot *Full Frontal,* his DOGME 95 homage. *For my next film, everyone's working for free, and we're shooting it entirely on* Mini-DV *in Casey Affleck's garage.*


Mini-DV camer

Mitchell, Cameron. Ursine veteran character actor (1918–1994) with astonishingly long list of horror and straigh to-video credits; the Brian Dennehy of the B's. Though he had "straight roles in the 50s studio films *How to Marry a Millionaire* and *Carouse* Mitchell derived his Snob cred from playing military men and police office in such obscure 80s splatter pics as *Rage to Kill, Killpoint,* and *Kill Squad.*

Nykvist, Sven. Swedish cinematographer who, by virtue of his early renow as Ingmar Bergman's regular cameraman and his later work for Wooc Allen, Philip Kaufman, and ANDREI TARKOVSKY, among others, has earne that rarest of honors for a cinematographer: his own section in your loc alternative video store. *Idiot, you're looking in the wrong place!* Star 80 *is the* Nykvist *section, not the Bob Fosse one!*

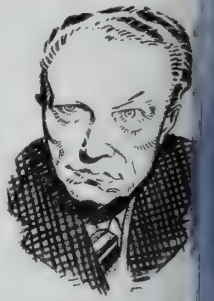
Office Space. Mildly diverting 1999 comedy about cubicle life in corpora America, puzzlingly accorded classic status in Snob circles, where ritu mass viewings are common. The sole live-action feature by *Beavis and Bu head* and *King of the Hill* creator Mike Judge, *Office Space* is representati of a whole strain of underperforming studio films that only Snobs "got such as John Boorman's *Excalibur,* the Keanu-Swayze surf movie *Poi Break,* the Val Kilmer vehicle *Real Genius,* and the PAULINE KAEL–anointe *Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai.*

Rosenbaum, Jonathan. Industrious but mirthless film critic for the *Chica Reader;* one of the few important film writers of the post-KAEL era. Giv to chiding fellow Snobs about their ignorance of Iranian cinema.

Siegel, Don. American-born, Cambridge-educated director and Clint Ea wood mentor (1912–1991) who earned Snob plaudits by virtue of havi directed the prison drama *Riot in Cell Block 11,* the original *Invasion of t Body Snatchers,* and the Eastwood masterworks *Dirty Harry* and *Esca from Alcatraz.* Like SAMUEL FULLER, Siegel elicits strong public endor ments from wannabe-toughster Snobs trying to make up for dermatologic and penile shortcomings; unlike Fuller, Siegel was more bemused than fi tered by the *auteur* treatment he received in France.

Sirk, Douglas. Prime purveyor of the lavish and lachrymose "women's p tures" of the 1950s. A refugee from Hitler's Germany, Sirk transform himself into America's premier soapster, elevating the schlock melodram *Magnificent Obsession, Written on the Wind,* and *Imitation of Life* into Sn classics with his keen eye and prescient kitsch sensibility (as evidenced Dorothy Malone's suggestive fondling of a model oil derrick in *Written the Wind*). Snob *auteur* Todd Haynes paid painstaking homage to S with last year's *Far from Heaven.*

Tamiroff, Akim. Hirsute Russian character actor beloved for his swarthy, often comic turns in Orson Welles's films of the 50s (*Touch of Evil, Mr. Arkadin,* the unfinished *Don Quixote*) and seemingly every movie made in the 1940s. Valued by Snobs for the Welles connection and for being less known to lay film buffs than his contemporary Euro-eccentric Peter Lorre. *Orson always said to Cybill and me, "There's no one I liked working with better than* Akim Tamiroff."


Douglas Sirk

Tarkovsky, Andrei. Russian director (1932–1986) of stunning intellect and visual acuity, but afflicted with a glacial sense of pacing that makes watching his films not so much an entertainment choice as a lifestyle. His seven features, which include the original *Solaris* and the SVEN NYKVIST–shot *The Sacrifice,* are manna to Snobs for wh Jean Cocteau, Ingmar Bergman, and Alain Resnais are insufficier opaque.

Tasty print. Grating Snob catchphrase for a museum-quality print of a stored film. *The Film Forum had a* tasty print *of* The Manchurian Can date—*the blacks were so deep!*

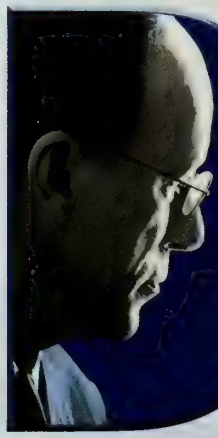
W.I.P. Snob abbreviation for Women in Prison, the exploitation subge whose films reliably feature sadistic lesbian wardens, gratuitous sho scenes, and titillating-appalling catfights. Though the heyday of W.I.P.'s the early 1970s, when Roger Corman's New World Pictures released "Women's Penitentiary" trilogy of *The Big Doll House, The Big Bird Ca* and *Women in Cages* (all of which starred Pam Grier), W.I.P.'s continu be made by low-budget outfits to this day, and tastemaker directors such John Waters and Quentin Tarantino have incorporated many stock W. elements into their work.

C–Z

HE DIVIDED A CITY.
HE UNITED A NATION.

JAMES WOODS IS

RUDY

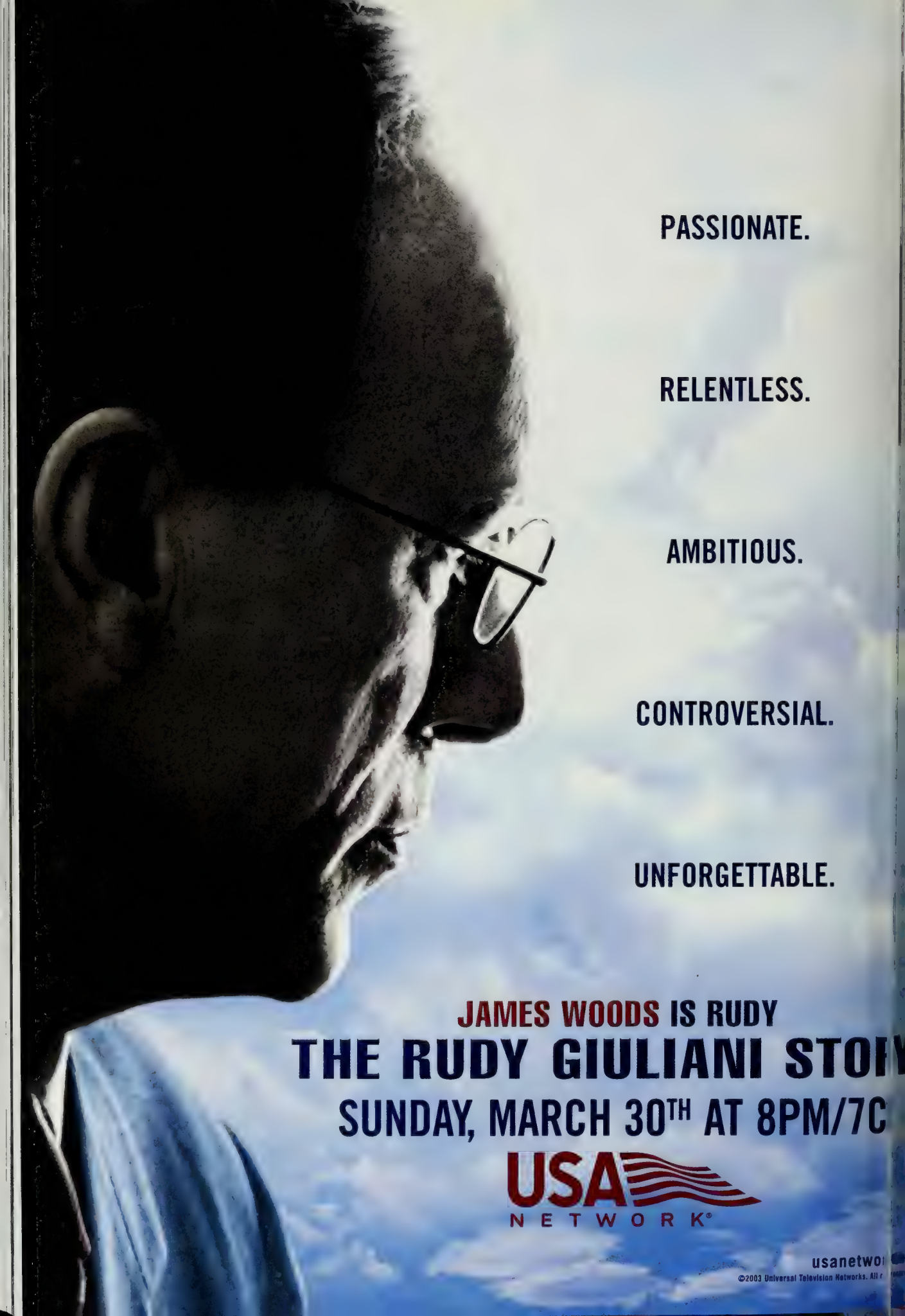


THE RUDY GIULIANI STORY



A USA NETWORK TELEVISION EVENT

SUNDAY, MARCH 30TH AT 8PM/7C | USA NETWORK®


PASSIONATE.
RELENTLESS.
AMBITIOUS.
CONTROVERSIAL.
UNFORGETTABLE.
JAMES WOODS IS RUDY
THE RUDY GIULIANI STOI
SUNDAY, MARCH 30TH AT 8PM/7C
USA
NETWORK
usanetwo
©2003 Universal Television Networks. All r

Intelligence Report: HOLLYWOOD 2003



	STUDIO CHIEF	STAR	D-GIRL	AGENT	WRITER
	Exec with a heart ▶	Aussie bad boy	"I just, like, always liked watching movies." ▶	*The Bachelor* ▶	Sister team
	Brentwood flats	Perth	Upper Montclair, New Jersey	Great Neck, Long Island	Upper West Side
ADDRESS	Brentwood hills	Beverly Hills Hotel, Bungalow 7 ▶	Silverlake	Maple Drive	PiRo (Pico and Robertson)
	Vicente Foods	Polo Lounge patio	"I spend, like, half my life on Cahuenga."	Wilshire and Beverly	The Grove
	"I wear every color of Armani suit ever made."	Frock coat and jackboots	Seven jeans, white collared shirt with fitted sweater, Marc Jacobs blazer, and long red scarf	Hugo Boss three-button suit, no tie	Toffee velour sweat suit
	Sherry Lansing ▶	Marlon Brando ▶	Amy Pascal ▶	Bernie Brillstein	The brothers Coen, Weitz, Warshawski, Hughes, and Farrelly
FOOD	Mini turkey burger, no bun	Carney's chili-cheese fries with egg	Low-fat monster muffin from Newsroom	Food-free office	Whole Foods' Emerald ◀ Sesame Kale
	Minimum 75 calls per day	"I'm the only one with any agates on this set."	"I just get it."	*The 48 Laws of Power* by Robert Greene	"We write great urban."
NANCE	▼ Hot-stone therapy	"Sometimes I just gotta have a barney [a brawl]."	Beverly Hills Dermatology ▶	Art Luna	Burke Williams
	Hotel Bel-Air	Room service in bed ▶	Katsuya	Mastro's ▶	Label's Tables
	Mortons	Ago	Lola's	A.O.C.	El Chavo
	The Age of Sequels	"Not a friggin' Brit."	"We're called creative execs now."	Bush-era M.B.A. chic	Anti-*Lampoon* backlash
	Stainless-steel Humvee	Blue Jetta ▼	BMW X5	Volvo S70	
	Sada Sat Kaur of Golden Bridge	Bill and Jeff of Golden Bridge	Silverlake Bikram	Barry's Bootcamp, 5:30 A.M. class	Ahimsa
	The Food Network ▶	"The band's where I'm really at." ▶	Making your own soap	Superintending client interventions	◀ Eavesdropping on high-school students for dialogue snippets
	Auteur	"I didn't catch the name."	www.matchmaker.com	Assistant	Musician

–RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

VF CAMERA

The L.A. Lakers playing the New Jersey Nets at the Staples Center in Los Angeles, January 24, 2003

Shooting Stars

One of these days someone will set up a booth outside the Staples Center and hawk maps to the stars' seats. It's not a bad idea. When a team is as dominant as the Los Angeles Lakers have been over the past few years (an early funk this season excepted), even winning championships (three in a row and counting) can get a little tired. And when that happens, when the Shaq-and-Kobe Show starts looking like network television in July, what's a guy up in Section 309 to do? There are more than 1,000 video monitors in the arena and not a remote to be found. The Laker Girls shake their pom-poms only after the whistle blows. And worse yet, beer costs about a quarter a sip. That's when the map would come in handy, facilitating what is for many attendees the real game: celebrity spotting. You can't miss Jack, but there are 123 other courtside seats, many of them filled with Hollywood's elite. These go for $1,750 per game. They're not the toughest tickets in town, though. Those would be the gold passes that during halftime get just 85 people past the arena's bouncers and into "The Room," a private bar that Mr. Section 309 can only dream about. —STEPHEN LEVEY

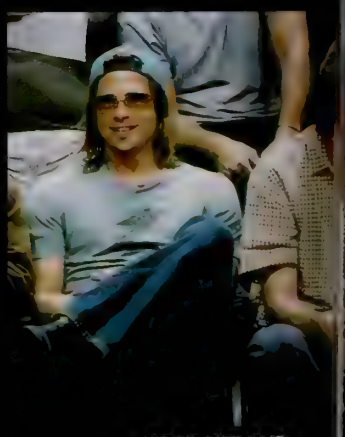
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART STREIBER



LOU ADLER AND JACK NICHOLSON



DYAN CANNON



BRAD PITT AND DAVID E. KELLEY



SHAQUILLE O'NEAL


ALTOIDS
TANGERINE SOURS
FRUITY, YET STRONG.
THE CURIOUSLY STRONG SOURS

VANITIES



BRIAN WILSON
(CENTER)



MARK WAHLBERG
(CENTER)



ANDY GARCIA
(CENTER)

VF CAMERA



MARK CANTON AND
DENNIS HOPPER



JEFFREY KATZENBERG
(RIGHT)



LAURENCE FISHBURNE AND
ORLANDO JONES



HANK AZARIA



KOBE BRYANT



DON JOHNSON AND
DAVID WOLPER



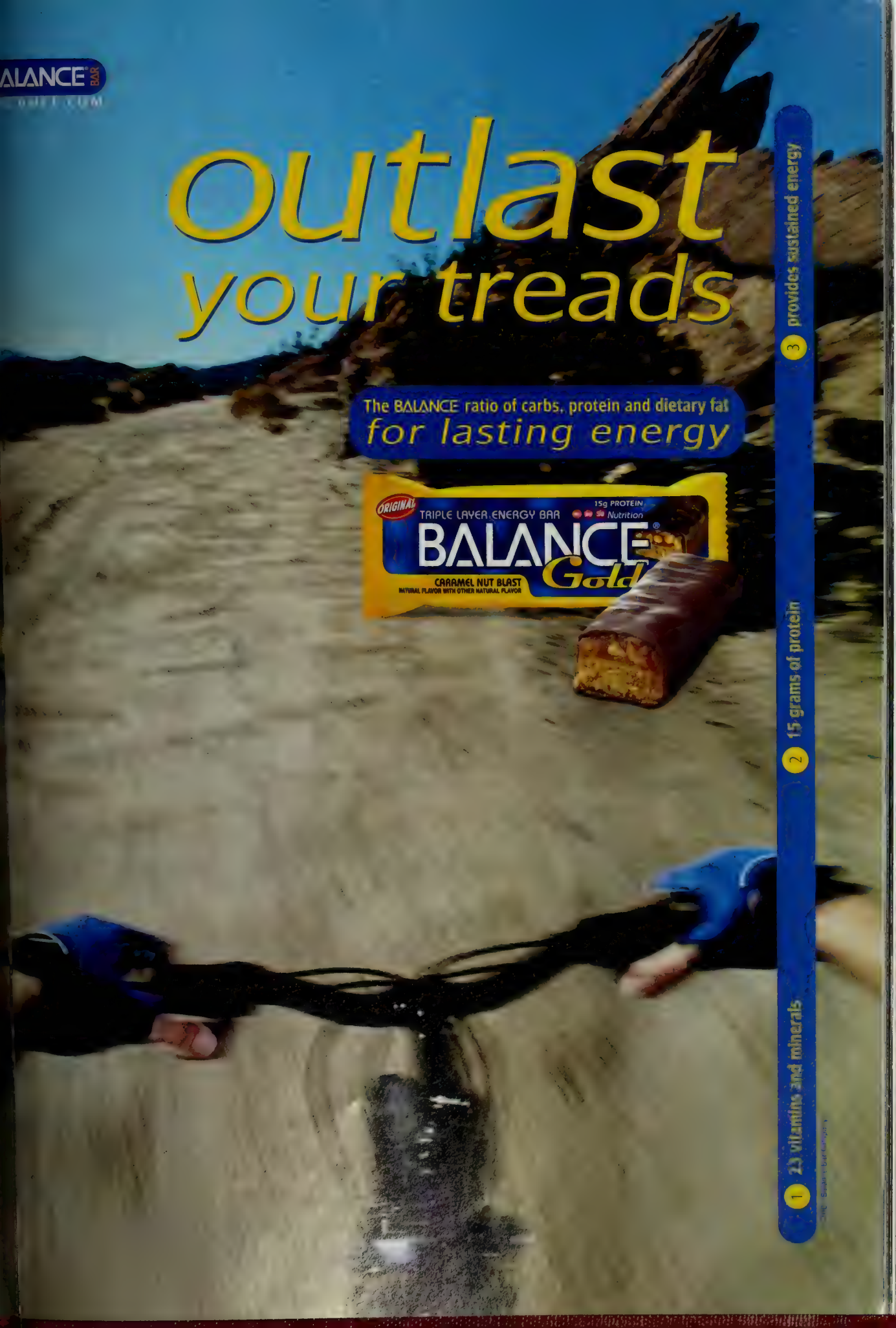
PHIL JACKSON AND
ASSISTANT COACHES



JOHN LITHGOW



BILL NUNN (RIGHT)


ALANCE BAR
outlast
your treads
The BALANCE ratio of carbs, protein and dietary fat
for lasting energy
ORIGINAL
TRIPLE LAYER ENERGY BAR
15g PROTEIN
Nutrition
BALANCE
Gold
CARAMEL NUT BLAST
1 23 vitamins and minerals
2 15 grams of protein
3 provides sustained energy

Handicapping the Academy Awards



23 to 1 Odds that there'll be a big *Gangs of New York* dance number featuring a butcher's cleaver and a lot of rhinestone-studded codpieces.

4 to 1 Odds that someone will thank a lawyer before a spouse in an acceptance speech.

14 to 1 Odds that Daniel Day-Lewis will still be in character as Bill the Butcher.

7 to 1 Odds that, somehow, it will be all about Julia. Again.

2 to 1 Odds that Nick Nolte will show up at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.

3 to 1 Odds that one of the courses on Wolfgang Puck's Governors Ball menu will be at least 11 inches tall.

EVEN Odds that anyone, four months after the awards, will remember who won.



*Apple juice and vodka named after Jeremy Oliver at the Poi

NIGHT TABLE READING



AMY PASCAL
chairman, Columbia Pictures

The Ultimate *Star Wars* Classic Sticker Book (DK Publishing). "My son, Anthony, who is two and a half, is in love with *Star Wars*, and that's what we're currently reading together. He is obsessed with the Skywalker-family saga and the *Star Wars* sticker book."

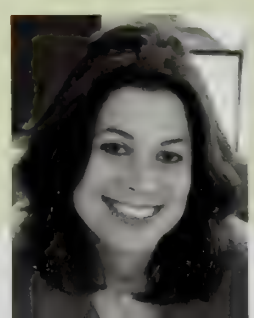


SHERRY LANSING
chairman, Motion Picture Group, Paramount Pictures

The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay, by Michael Chabon (Random House). "It's about the magic of art and escapism in a time when people had so little to hope for . . . an incredible story of friendship."

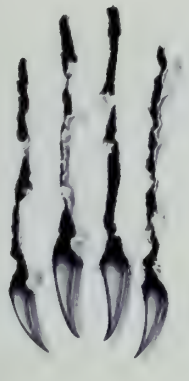
MERYL POSTER
co-president of production, Miramax

Stuffed: Adventures of a Restaurant Family, by Patricia Volk (Vintage). "I love intimate New York stories, and this is such a charming family memoir, told through the love of food."











The Jaguar X-TYPE, the only car in its class with Permanent All-Wheel Drive. Standard.



MSRP starting at $29,950*

Permanent All-Wheel Drive is always active. And the continuous transfer of power between all four wheels means the X-TYPE helps you gain a grip on the asphalt so tight, it's almost ferocious. The X-TYPE with Permanent All-Wheel Drive. The road is at your mercy.

*MSRP excludes tax, title and license fees; see retailer for their price. ©2002 Jaguar Cars.

jaguar.com/us 1-800-4-JAGUAR

The art of performance | JAGUAR

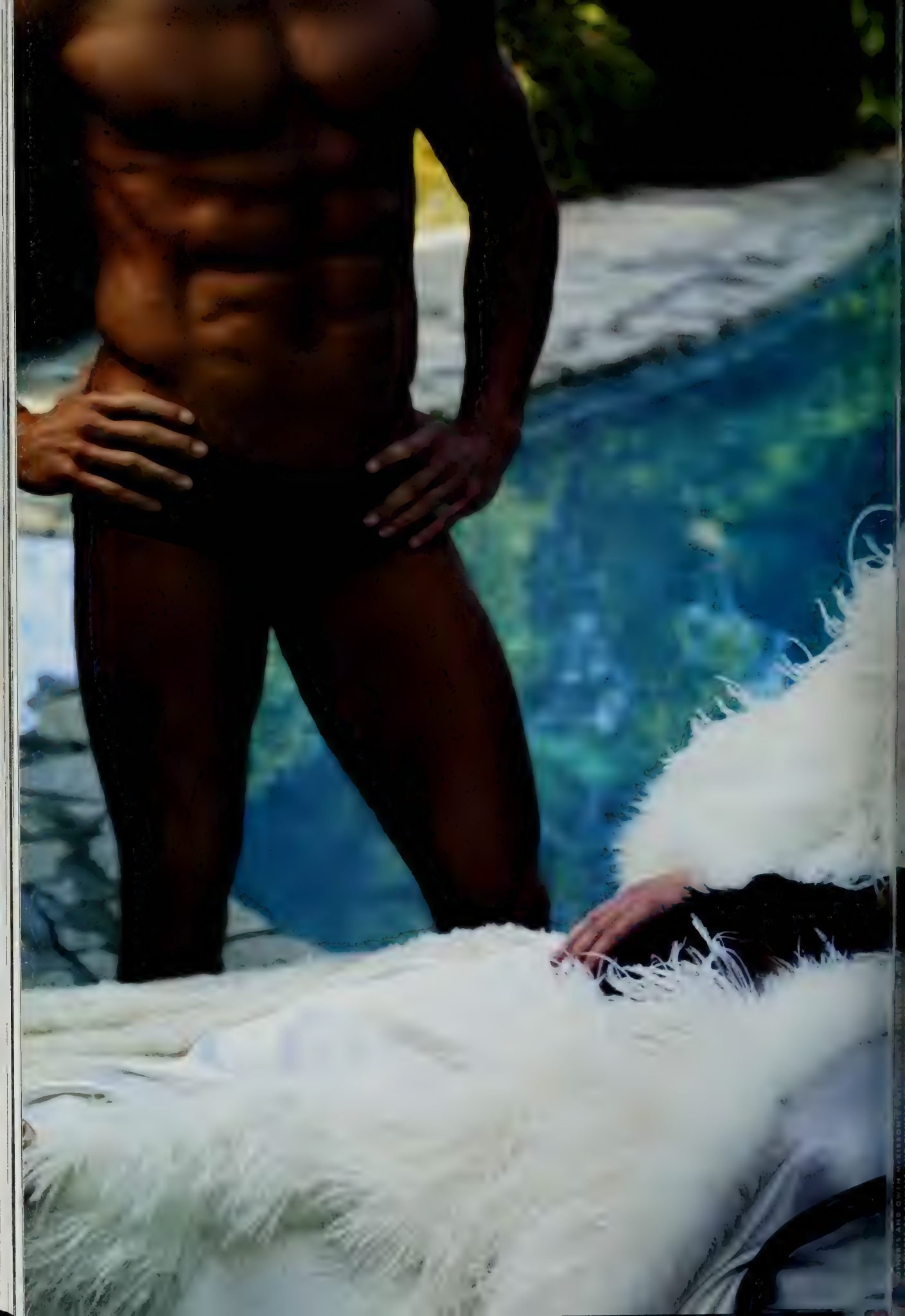


DONNAKARAN
NEW YORK
MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK


DONNAKARAN
EYEWEAR

THE HOLLYWOOD PORTFOLIO

Unmistakable signs that spring is just around the corner: H&R Block ads. Oscar fever. Snowdrops. And—yes, here it comes, t-shirt *V.F.*'s fabulous, one-and-only, 100 percent cholesterol-free annual roundup of Hollywood legends, big guns, and scene-stealers. On the next 41 pages, find out who made the cast of 2003.





The Real Deal

KATHY BATES, actress.

Forty films; one Oscar, three nominations; two Golden Globes.

From her Oscar-winning performance in *Misery* to her breast-beating in *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*, Kathy Bates has made an art out of channeling the damaged and deranged. And yet she's just as memorable playing lovable Southern eccentrics (*Fried Green Tomatoes* and *Primary Colors*) as she is going all-out psycho (don't forget *Dolores Claiborne*). In fact, Bates has developed such a firm grip on her craft that she can afford to moonlight as a television director (she's helmed episodes of the HBO series *Six Feet Under* and *Oz*). And in a business where all the talk is of the season's new hot young things, perhaps no actress made a bigger splash last year than Bates did when she slid into a hot tub with Jack Nicholson in *About Schmidt*. When was the last time you saw *him* speechless?

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Bates's home in Los Angeles with her Yorkshire terriers on January 17, 2003



The Heartbreaker

DIANE LANE, actress.

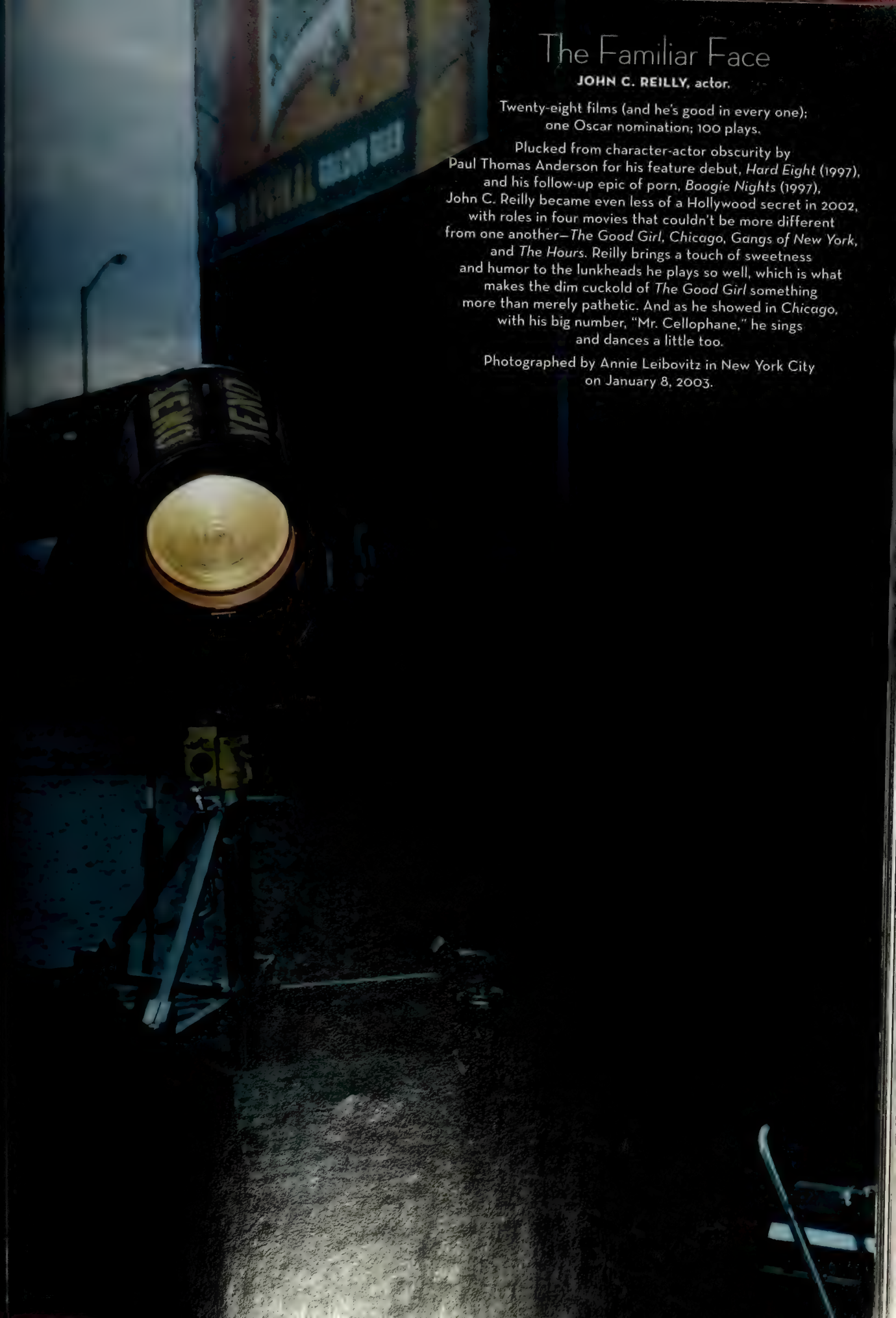
Thirty-three films; seven TV movies; one Oscar nomination.

At 19, Diane Lane was a Hollywood ingen with a *Time* cover on her résumé and a ticket to stardom in a Francis Ford Cop epic. But *The Cotton Club* (1984) floppe and Lane found herself off the Hollywood fa When she returned after a three-year br she found herself going straight-to-vide There were a few small triumphs over the d that followed, until she broke out anew v terrific performances in *A Walk on the Moo* and her first blockbuster, *The Perfect St* (2000). And then she finally got the Ro in the past year she won best-actress award both the New York Film Critics Circle and the National Society of Film Critics fo portrayal of a wife taking a walk on the w side in *Unfaithful;* the brave scene on the home, where a cycle of lust and guilt, thrill and remorse, plays across her fac is already a Hollywood classic. And nearly 20 years after it was suppos to happen, Lane is a star at last.

Photographed by Bruce Weber in New York City on December 12, 2002.







The Familiar Face

JOHN C. REILLY, actor.

Twenty-eight films (and he's good in every one); one Oscar nomination; 100 plays.

Plucked from character-actor obscurity by Paul Thomas Anderson for his feature debut, *Hard Eight* (1997), and his follow-up epic of porn, *Boogie Nights* (1997), John C. Reilly became even less of a Hollywood secret in 2002, with roles in four movies that couldn't be more different from one another—*The Good Girl*, *Chicago*, *Gangs of New York*, and *The Hours*. Reilly brings a touch of sweetness and humor to the lunkheads he plays so well, which is what makes the dim cuckold of *The Good Girl* something more than merely pathetic. And as he showed in *Chicago*, with his big number, "Mr. Cellophane," he sings and dances a little too.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in New York City on January 8, 2003.

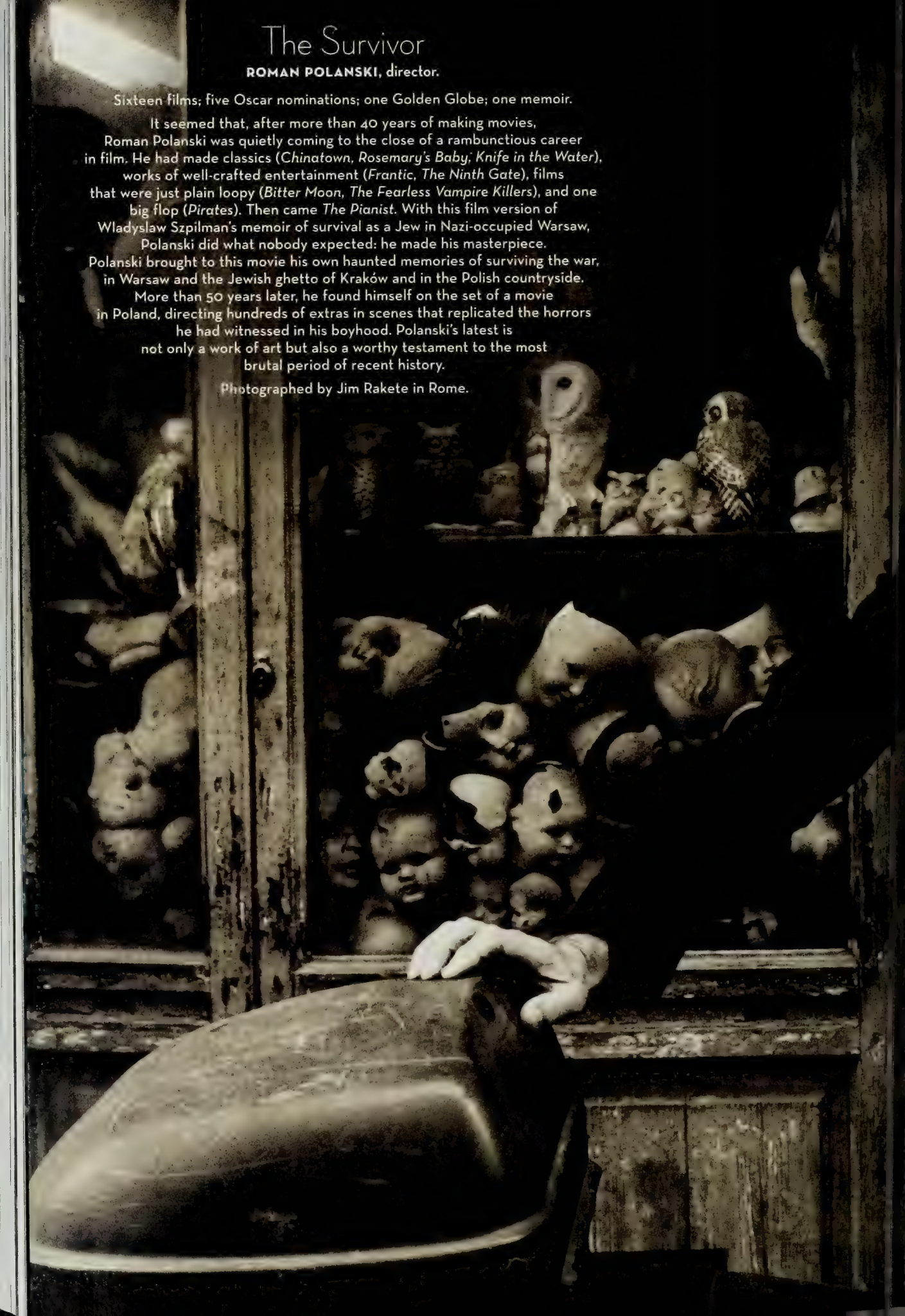
The Survivor

ROMAN POLANSKI, director.

Sixteen films; five Oscar nominations; one Golden Globe; one memoir.

It seemed that, after more than 40 years of making movies, Roman Polanski was quietly coming to the close of a rambunctious career in film. He had made classics (*Chinatown, Rosemary's Baby, Knife in the Water*), works of well-crafted entertainment (*Frantic, The Ninth Gate*), films that were just plain loopy (*Bitter Moon, The Fearless Vampire Killers*), and one big flop (*Pirates*). Then came *The Pianist*. With this film version of Wladyslaw Szpilman's memoir of survival as a Jew in Nazi-occupied Warsaw, Polanski did what nobody expected: he made his masterpiece. Polanski brought to this movie his own haunted memories of surviving the war, in Warsaw and the Jewish ghetto of Kraków and in the Polish countryside. More than 50 years later, he found himself on the set of a movie in Poland, directing hundreds of extras in scenes that replicated the horrors he had witnessed in his boyhood. Polanski's latest is not only a work of art but also a worthy testament to the most brutal period of recent history.

Photographed by Jim Rakete in Rome.





The Match Made in Heaven

TODD HAYNES and **JULIANNE MOORE,**
director and actress.

Haynes: seven films; one Oscar nomination; numerous obscure awards.
Moore: 36 films; four Oscar nominations; one Golden Globe.

He is the visionary writer-director who once made a movie with a cast of Barbie d
the cult classic *Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story*. She is the versatile,
brainy bombshell who started out in soaps and theater and is now equally at ease i
budget blockbusters and low-key indie films. Together, Haynes and Moore hav
made two classics of domestic unease—the tense, absorbing drama of a woman alle
modern bourgeois life, *Safe*, and the strange, riveting homage to 1950s melodra
king Douglas Sirk, *Far from Heaven*. With Moore occupying nearly every frame of bo
theirs is a particularly deep collaboration of director and star. She seems particul
right for playing Haynes's heroines, who find themselves tortured by their
seemingly harmless surroundings. So here's to another discomfiting masterpie
from the team of Haynes & Moore.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Culver City, California,
on January 17, 2003.







The Ingenues

KATE BOSWORTH, KERRY WASHINGTON, ZOOEY DESCHANEL, ALISON LOHMAN, SOPHIA MYLES, and **JOY BRYANT**, actresses.

Kate Bosworth, 20, was a surf savant in last summer's *Blue Crush* and can't stop riding the big ones: in the forthcoming *Wonderland*, Bosworth plays the teenage girlfriend of porn legend John Holmes. *Sin* and *The Human Stain* could be the titles of rival Holmes biopics—instead they are two of four new movies featuring *Save the Last Dance*'s breakout star Kerry Washington, 26. Since her debut in 1999's *Mumford*, quirky Zooey Deschanel, 23, has been a certified scene-stealer; in her first lead role, in *All the Real Girls*, she steals hearts as well. Alison Lohman, 23, may have been cast in *White Oleander* for her diamond-cut cheekbones (she looks like she could really be Michelle Pfeiffer's daughter), but it was her haunting performance that impressed the critics. Look for Lohman in *Matchstick Men* and *Big Fish*. Londoner Sophia Myles, 23, has spent much of her celluloid career corseted up for Dickens and Austen dramas. Uninhibited, this winter she'll star in the sexy English boarding-school thriller *Out of Bounds*. Finally there's Joy Bryant, a 27-year-old who left Yale to model for Tommy Hilfiger and Victoria's Secret. As she proved in *Antwone Fisher*, though, Bryant has the talent to drop "Model/" from her résumé. Come 2004, this year's girls won't need an introduction.

Photographed by Peggy Sirota in Los Angeles on January 23, 2003.





The Professional

CHRIS COOPER, actor.

Twenty-one films; 13 TV movies; one Oscar nomination; one Golden Globe.

Sometimes moviegoers are treated to a performance by a relatively unknown actor so powerful that, no matter who headlines the film, it's the wild card who gets much of the buzz. Such was the case [illegible] Chris Cooper, who mesmerized *American Beauty* audiences with his raw portrayal of the repressed Marine colonel Fitts. But lying low playing what he calls "concealed characters" might soon be difficult—John Laroche, the freewheeling orchid thief in Spike Jonze's *Adaptation*, earned the Missouri native his first Golden Globe award, and this summer he stars in Gary Ross's *Seabiscuit* with Tobey Maguire. Paying homage to Laroche, a lanky redneck, Cooper thanked the Hollywood Foreign Press Association "for giving stringy-haired, toothless people everywhere hope."

Photographed by Julian Broad in Los Angeles on January 18, 2003.



The Kid Brother

KIERAN CULKIN, actor.

Fourteen films.

The title character in Burr Steers's *Igby Goes Down* hails from D.C., but Manhattan is his playground, and only a New York City kid could have infused this renegade preppy with the proper measure of Caulfieldian insouciance. Enter Kieran Culkin, a pale, skinny youth pre-jaded by the celebri arc of older brother Macaulay and a less than idyllic family life on the Upper West Side. Kieran had already shown a rebellio streak last year in *The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys*: his Igby is the perfect incarnation of that timeless wise child wh quips hard and defiant as he circles the sinkhole of adulthood. And when Igby's Older Woman, Amanda Peet, rode the lank-hair lad—who then seduced the age-appropriate Claire Danes—some female viewers started to wonder if Culkin might be a legitimate object of lust. He's 20—you decide.

Photographed by Julian Broad in Los Angeles on January 18, 2003.



The California Girl

YVETTE MIMIEUX,
actress, writer, yoga instructor.

Twenty-four films; 15 TV movies.

Los Angeles–born Yvette Mimieux began her career wearing a toga and fending off blue-skinned Morlocks opposite Rod Taylor in *The Time Machine* before settling down as the ultimate California beach bunny in *Where the Boys Are* and then on the *Dr. Kildare* TV series. When hippie chicks replaced surfer girls in the public imagination, Mimieux updated herself accordingly, recording an LP, *Baudelaire's Flowers of Evil*, in which she read poetry to a raga accompaniment by Indian master musician Ali Akbar Khan. As an empowered woman in the 70s, Mimieux wrote a TV movie starring herself, and played a wronged woman in the cult classic *Jackson County Jail*. She still has a knack for doing the right thing at the right time in the right outfit: note her instructional yoga video. To judge from her appearance in a snug unitard, she still looks great in a bikini too.

Photographed at her home in Bel Air, California, by Firooz Zahedi on January 24, 2003.


SURF'S U
HELLO KITTY

The Nebraskan

ALEXANDER PAYNE, director.

Three films; one Oscar nomination; one Golden Globe.

Alexander Payne has no wizards in his movies, no car chases, no flashy sex. In his orks so far—*Citizen Ruth* (1996), *Election* (1999), and *About Schmidt* (2002), all written with Jim Taylor—e simply follows ordinary people through their unfolding personal crises. He tells his stories, all of which has set in his hometown of Omaha, crisply and surely, ut flinching from moments that might make you squirm. At the same time, somehow, he doesn't forget ld the laughs. *About Schmidt* may not have the sunniest ake on the human condition, but it has real heart—th Jack Nicholson in the kind of role (retired actuary facing existential despair) most other young nmakers wouldn't bother themselves with these days.

Photographed with his new wife, Sandra Oh, y Annie Leibovitz at El Mirage Dry Lake Bed, in the Mojave Desert, California, on January 20, 2003.





The Ghost

DANIEL DAY-LEWIS, sometime actor.

Seventeen films; one Oscar, three nominations.

How fortunate we are that Martin Scorsese was able to persuade the world's most famous cobbler's apprentice to forsake the awl and the boot last in order to give movie acting another try! Five years on from his last film, Day-Lewis magnificently re-emerged in *Gangs of New York*—with droopy mustache, plaid waistcoat, stovepipe hat, and glass eye—as "Bill the Butcher" Cutting, the ruthless leader of New York's "Nativist" anti-immigrant thugs in Scorsese's muddy 19th-century epic. As Bill, he turns in not so much a performance as an exhumation, of postures, presences, and speech patterns previously thought to be irretrievable, frozen in daguerreotypes, lost to pre-electronic history; he's more vividly real even than Dante Ferretti's amazing sets. Alas, no new projects on the horizon ...

Photographed by Brigitte Lacombe in New York City on November 13, 2002.



The Tween Queen

HILARY DUFF,
actress, burgeoning Disney franchise.

Three films; five TV movies;
one TV show.

How cool is Hilary Duff's so-called life? The 15-year-old actress and budding pop star has a hit Disney TV show, *Lizzie McGuire*, a couple of hot-selling CDs—even her own fashion doll. And now, this spring, two movies are on the way: *Agent Cody Banks*, with Frankie Muniz, and *The Lizzie McGuire Movie*. Duff is so beloved by the tween TV audiences—viewers too old for *Rugrats* but too young for *Dawson's Creek*—that she's fast on the heels of mega-star multi-taskers like the Olsen twins and even Britney Spears. But don't expect her to be, like, *conceited* or anything. A down-to-earth Texan, she's got bigger things on her mind. Such as turning 16 and getting her driver's license. Hey, Justin, need a ride?

Photographed by Mark Seliger in New York City on January 17, 2003.





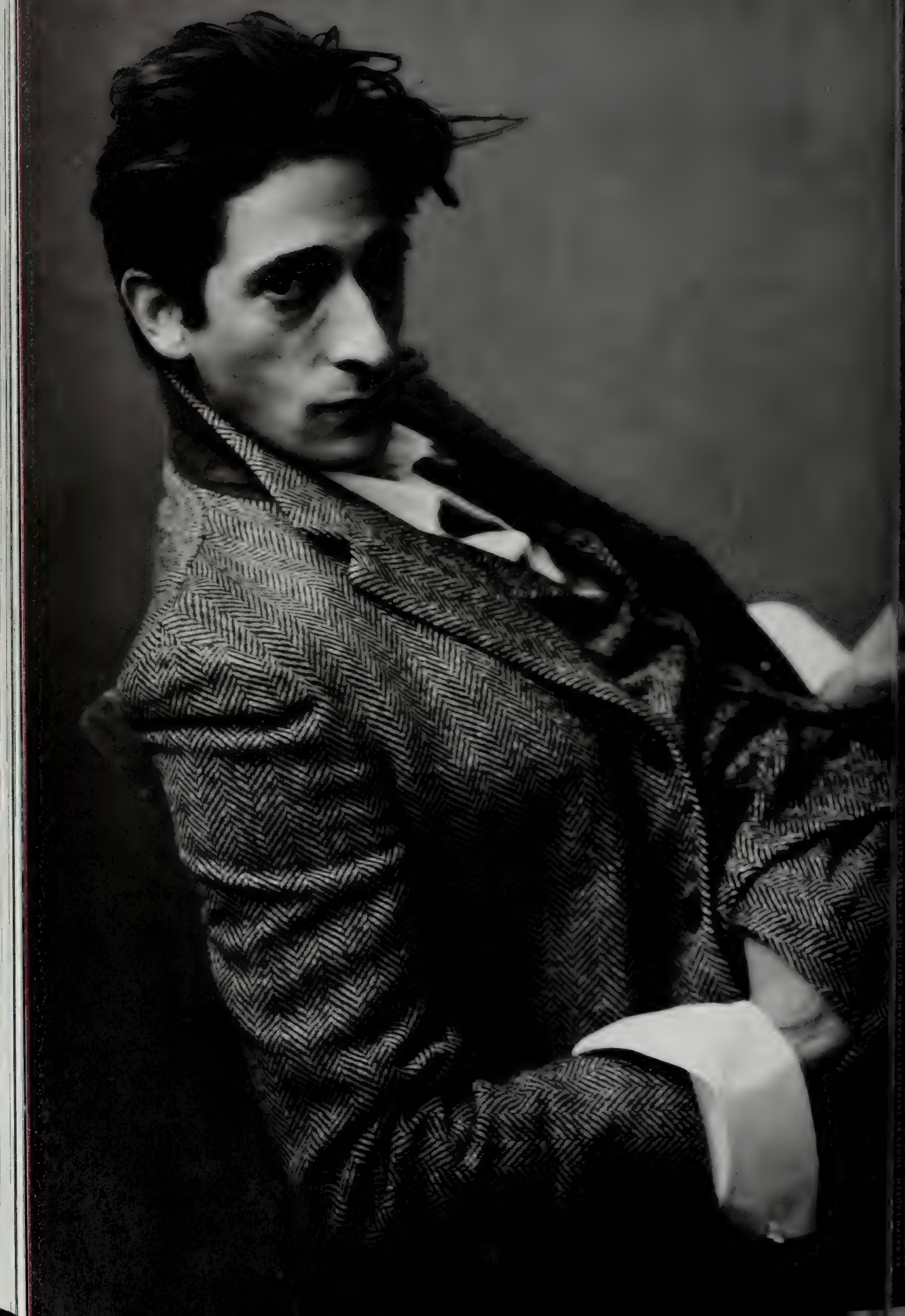
The Man to See

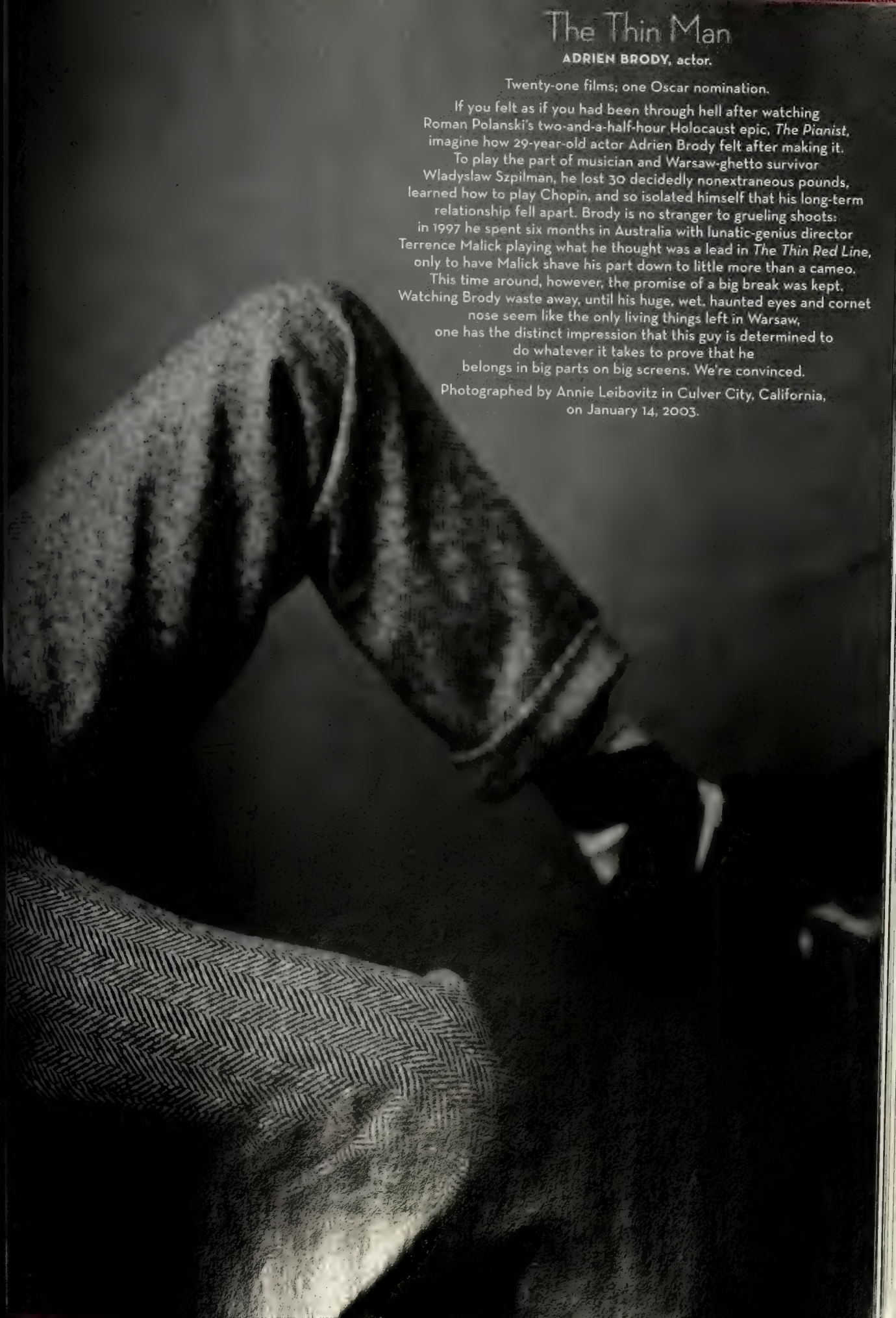
ICE CUBE, rapper, actor.

ighteen films; six solo albums and two with N.W.A.; born O'Shea Jackson.

even as he was recording a series of multi-platinum gangsta-rap records that came straight outta ompton, Ice Cube had begun working new territory: Hollywood. In 1991 he made his acting debut as angsta-with-a-heart Doughboy in John Singleton's *oyz N the Hood* and stole every scene he was in. Since then he has starred in more than a dozen films, cluding David O. Russell's masterpiece, *Three Kings*. His greatest successes, however, have been medies, especially the cash-raking *Friday* series, now in its third installment, which Cube co-writes h the same hand that once fed dirty lyrics to Eazy-E. And last year Ice Cube completed his conversion from scary street thug to huggable Hollywood icon with *Barbershop*, the surprise it of the fall. Not that Ice Cube has gotten soft— his mother*@#&ing records still attract [illegible]

otographed by Sam Jones at the Palace Theatre in Los Angeles on January 22, 2005.





The Thin Man

ADRIEN BRODY, actor.

Twenty-one films; one Oscar nomination.

If you felt as if you had been through hell after watching Roman Polanski's two-and-a-half-hour Holocaust epic, *The Pianist*, imagine how 29-year-old actor Adrien Brody felt after making it. To play the part of musician and Warsaw-ghetto survivor Wladyslaw Szpilman, he lost 30 decidedly nonextraneous pounds, learned how to play Chopin, and so isolated himself that his long-term relationship fell apart. Brody is no stranger to grueling shoots: in 1997 he spent six months in Australia with lunatic-genius director Terrence Malick playing what he thought was a lead in *The Thin Red Line*, only to have Malick shave his part down to little more than a cameo. This time around, however, the promise of a big break was kept. Watching Brody waste away, until his huge, wet, haunted eyes and cornet nose seem like the only living things left in Warsaw, one has the distinct impression that this guy is determined to do whatever it takes to prove that he belongs in big parts on big screens. We're convinced.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Culver City, California, on January 14, 2003.

The One in Demand

NAOMI WATTS, actress.

Twenty-two films.

Naomi Watts played "the friend" to Nicole Kidman in the Australian film *Flirting* back in 1991. Since then the careers of the two Sydney girls have followed different paths. While Kidman was on the fast track to world domination, Watts went on countless auditions and starred in one cult favorite, *Tank Girl* (1995). Then came her incredible performance in David Lynch's wonderfully incomprehensible—not to mention sapphically charged—*Mulholland Drive*. Playing the lead in *The Ring*, last year's biggest horror hit, she showed some box-office clout. Now she has four movies about to be released: *Plots with a View*, opposite Christopher Walken; *The Kelly Gang*, a grand Australian biopic, with Heath Ledger; *Le Divorce*, a modern-day drawing-room comedy from Merchant Ivory; and, most eagerly awaited of all, *21 Grams*, directed by Alejandro Gonzáles Iñárritu.
She never has to play "the friend" again.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the Mallory-Neeley House in Memphis, Tennessee, on January 26, 2003.





The Mind Warp

CHRISTOPHER WALKEN, actor.

Sixty-eight films; 11 TV movies; one Oscar, two nominations; nearly as many appearances hosting *Saturday Night Live* as Alec Baldwin.

For someone who has made films at the rate of nearly two and a half per year over the last three decades, Christopher Walken may still be one of our most underused actors. So often called upon to play spooky or kooky, he has become one of the movies' most reliable weirdos, up there in the oddball pantheon-attic with Dennis Hopper and the late John Carradine. And a great thing, that. But what a joy to see him in Steven Spielberg's *Catch Me If You Can*, where, as Leonardo DiCaprio's downwardly mobile dad, broken but never bowed, he gave an otherwise breezy movie its soul, won an Academy Award nomination, and reminded us what a powerful and versatile actor he really is.

Photographed by Mark Seliger in Los Angeles on January 18, 2003.



The Actresses

JENNA JAMESON, TAYLOR HAYES, and SAVANNA SAMSON, Vivid Girls

Jameson: eight films; six *A.V.N.* (*Adult Video News*) awards, including one for Best All-Girl Sex Scene. Hayes: 24 films; four *A.V.N.* awards. Samson: six films.

Take the old studio-contract system, update it for pornography—Louis B. Mayer, meet Larry Flynt—and voilà: more adult-film stars than there are in heaven! That was the inspiration behind the Vivid Entertainment Group, said to be porn's biggest company, which markets its actresses the way MGM used to sell Judy Garland and Ann Rutherford. Well, sort of. Jenna Jameson, whose filmography includes *Deep Inside Chelsea Sinclaire* and *I Love Lesbians #10*, was recently named the leading female adult star of all time by *Adult Video News*—which these days pretty much makes her a leading female star, period. (Measured by Google hits, she's still less popular than Julia Roberts but comfortably ahead of Drew Barrymore.) Taylor Hayes, whose image will soon be seen on specially licensed Vivid Girl snowboards, is famous for having, in one critic's words, "the nicest real breasts in the biz." Her credits include *Boob Town* and *Taylor Does Rocco*. Savanna Samson is one of the newest Vivid Girls. A former ballet student, she was discovered dancing at Scores, the renowned Manhattan gentlemen's club. Catch her in *Big Blow Out*.

Photographed by David LaChapelle in Cannes on May 27, 2002.





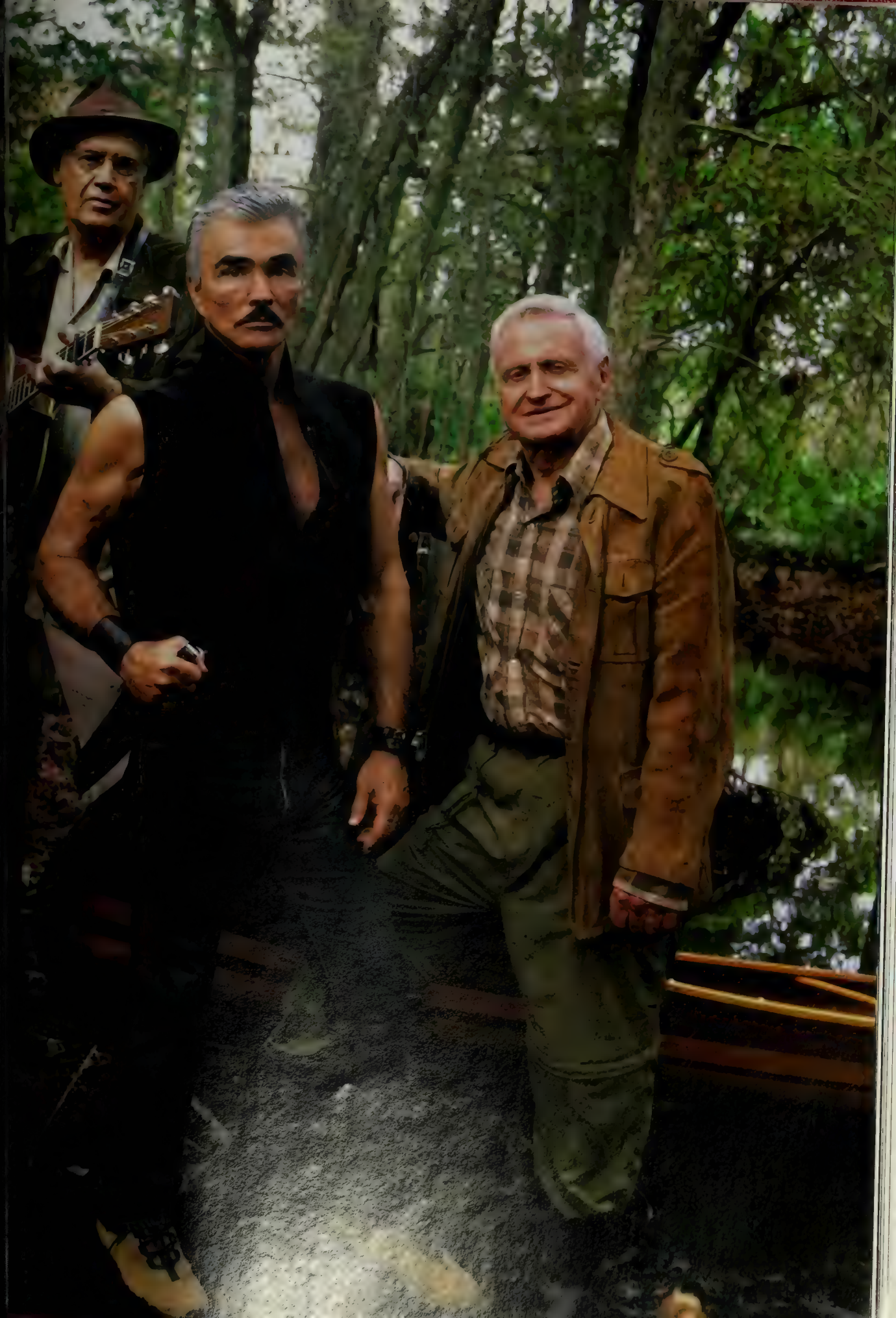
The Weekend Warriors

THE REUNITED CAST OF *DELIVERANCE*

Jon Voight, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox, Burt Reynolds (in replicas of their original costumes), and director John Boorman.

Released in 1972, at a time when urban America was choking on crime and decay, *Deliverance* was the movie that left an entire generation with a paradoxical fear of the Great Outdoors—or, more specifically, of toothless, hog-calling mountain men. The saga of a weekend canoe trip gone horribly awry, the film in its day was seen as a parable about civilization's effeteness in the face of more primal forces; some critics lumped it in with *Straw Dogs*, as a paean to man's inner ape (and thus a template for the next 30 years of action pictures). But John Boorman, working from James Dickey's adaptation of his best-selling novel, was as interested in moral ambiguity as in the visceral crunch of white water, as compelled by guilt as he was by revenge. The result is a film that is more nuanced (or muddy) than people may remember, one that avoids easy catharsis and instead unfolds with the slow, sickly logic of a nightmare.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at Jonathan Dickinson State Park, near Tequesta, Florida, on December 1, 2002.



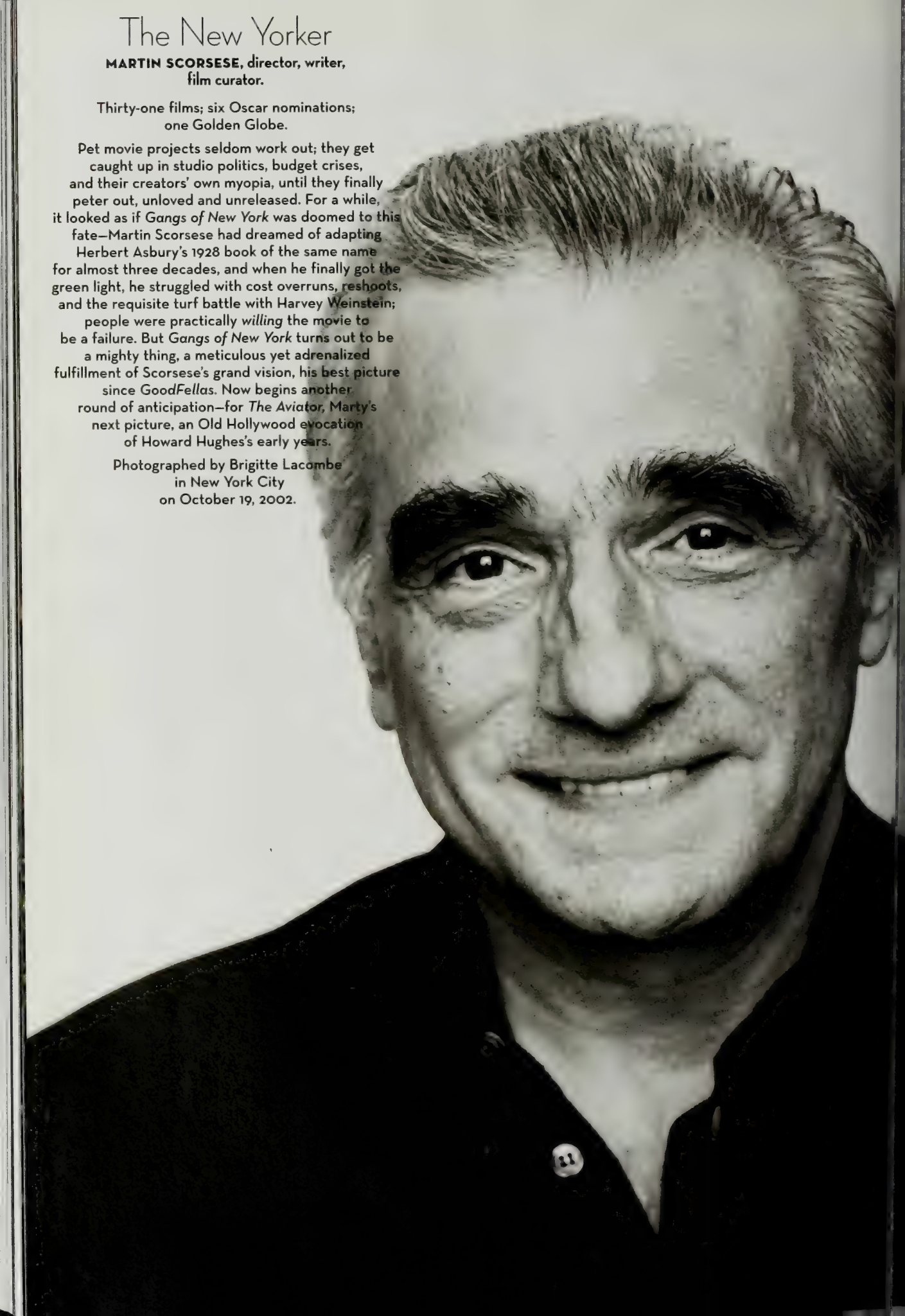
The New Yorker

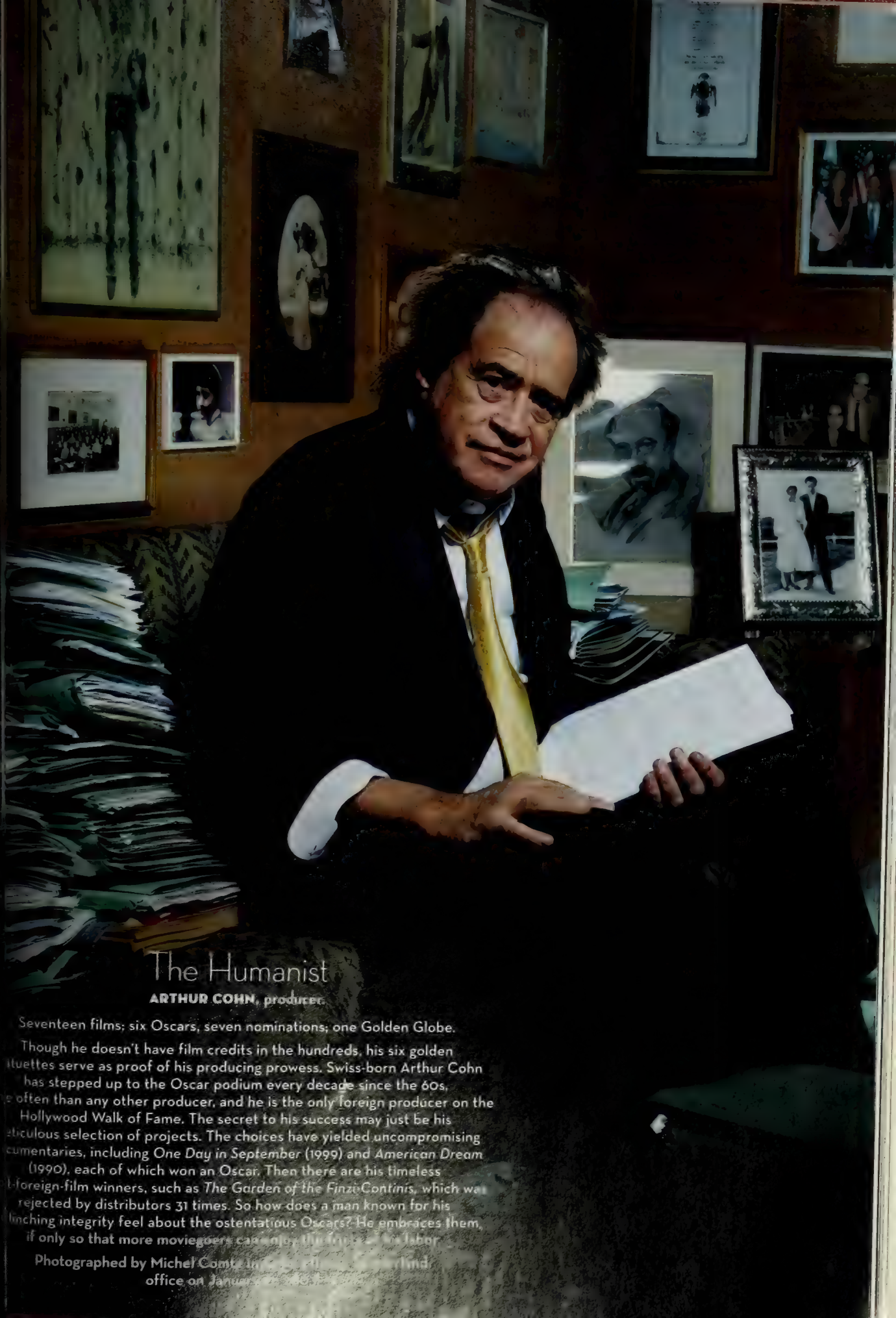
MARTIN SCORSESE, director, writer, film curator.

Thirty-one films; six Oscar nominations; one Golden Globe.

Pet movie projects seldom work out; they get caught up in studio politics, budget crises, and their creators' own myopia, until they finally peter out, unloved and unreleased. For a while, it looked as if *Gangs of New York* was doomed to this fate—Martin Scorsese had dreamed of adapting Herbert Asbury's 1928 book of the same name for almost three decades, and when he finally got the green light, he struggled with cost overruns, reshoots, and the requisite turf battle with Harvey Weinstein; people were practically *willing* the movie to be a failure. But *Gangs of New York* turns out to be a mighty thing, a meticulous yet adrenalized fulfillment of Scorsese's grand vision, his best picture since *GoodFellas*. Now begins another round of anticipation—for *The Aviator*, Marty's next picture, an Old Hollywood evocation of Howard Hughes's early years.

Photographed by Brigitte Lacombe in New York City on October 19, 2002.





The Humanist

ARTHUR COHN, producer

Seventeen films; six Oscars, seven nominations; one Golden Globe.

Though he doesn't have film credits in the hundreds, his six golden
ituettes serve as proof of his producing prowess. Swiss-born Arthur Cohn
has stepped up to the Oscar podium every decade since the 60s,
e often than any other producer, and he is the only foreign producer on the
Hollywood Walk of Fame. The secret to his success may just be his
eticulous selection of projects. The choices have yielded uncompromising
cumentaries, including *One Day in September* (1999) and *American Dream*
(1990), each of which won an Oscar. Then there are his timeless
l-foreign-film winners, such as *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, which was
rejected by distributors 31 times. So how does a man known for his
linching integrity feel about the ostentatious Oscars? He embraces them,
if only so that more moviegoers can enjoy the fruits of his labor.

Photographed by Michel Comte in his [illegible] office on January



The Seductress

TUESDAY WELD, actress.

Thirty films; 11 TV movies; one Oscar nomination; one Golden Globe.

Tuesday Weld carved out a name for herself as a sweater-clad sex kitten in films like *Lord Love a Duck* and *Wild in the Country*. But life got more interesting (at least on film) when she starred as lethal cheerleader Sue Ann Stepanek in the 1968 cult-classic high-school thriller *Pretty Poison*. That role gave moviegoers a glimpse of the depth (and occasional darkness) behind her doll-like green eyes and Ivory-soap complexion. Weld went on to portray the Joan Didion heroine searching for meaning in *Play It As It Lays*, Diane Keaton's freewheeling sister in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, a junkie in *Who'll Stop the Rain*, James Woods's moll in *Once Upon a Time in America*, and Robert Duvall's neurotic wife in *Falling Down*. Over the years she has also acquired a reputation as a blithe eccentric with no-nonsense wit. When a reporter once asked what had driven her into seclusion in the 1970s, Weld replied, "I think it was a Buick."

Photographed at her New York City home by Brigitte Lacombe on January 28, 2003.



The "Kid"

ROBERT EVANS, producer.

Eleven films as actor, 14 as producer; one Oscar nomination; one Golden Globe; one memoir; one Bobumentary;

"I went from legend to leper," Robert Evans likes to say—a tidy encapsulation of the first two acts of a Hollywood c
has been an exemplary *and* cautionary tale. As chief of production at Paramount in the late 60s and early 70s,
often working from the bedroom at his Beverly Hills estate, he saved "the mountain," green-lighting many of the movies th
the era: *Chinatown*, *Love Story*, *The Godfather* (Parts I and II), *Rosemary's Baby*, *Harold and Maude*. Then the fal
cocaine addiction, a drug-possession conviction, and the Cotton Club murder trial (he was ultimately exonerated). Ruine
well suited to retirement, he resurfaced for a triumphant third act with a 1994 memoir, *The Kid Stays in the Picture*, th
of last year's stylish documentary of the same name (the editor of this magazine is one of the film's producers).
Evans narrates his story in his husky baritone, bringing us through a self-invented Hollywood career like no other a
proving once and for all that his greatest production is his own life.

Photographed with his new wife, Leslie Ann, and his butler, Alan Selka, at the Evanses'
Beverly Hills home by Jason Schmidt on January 20, 2003.





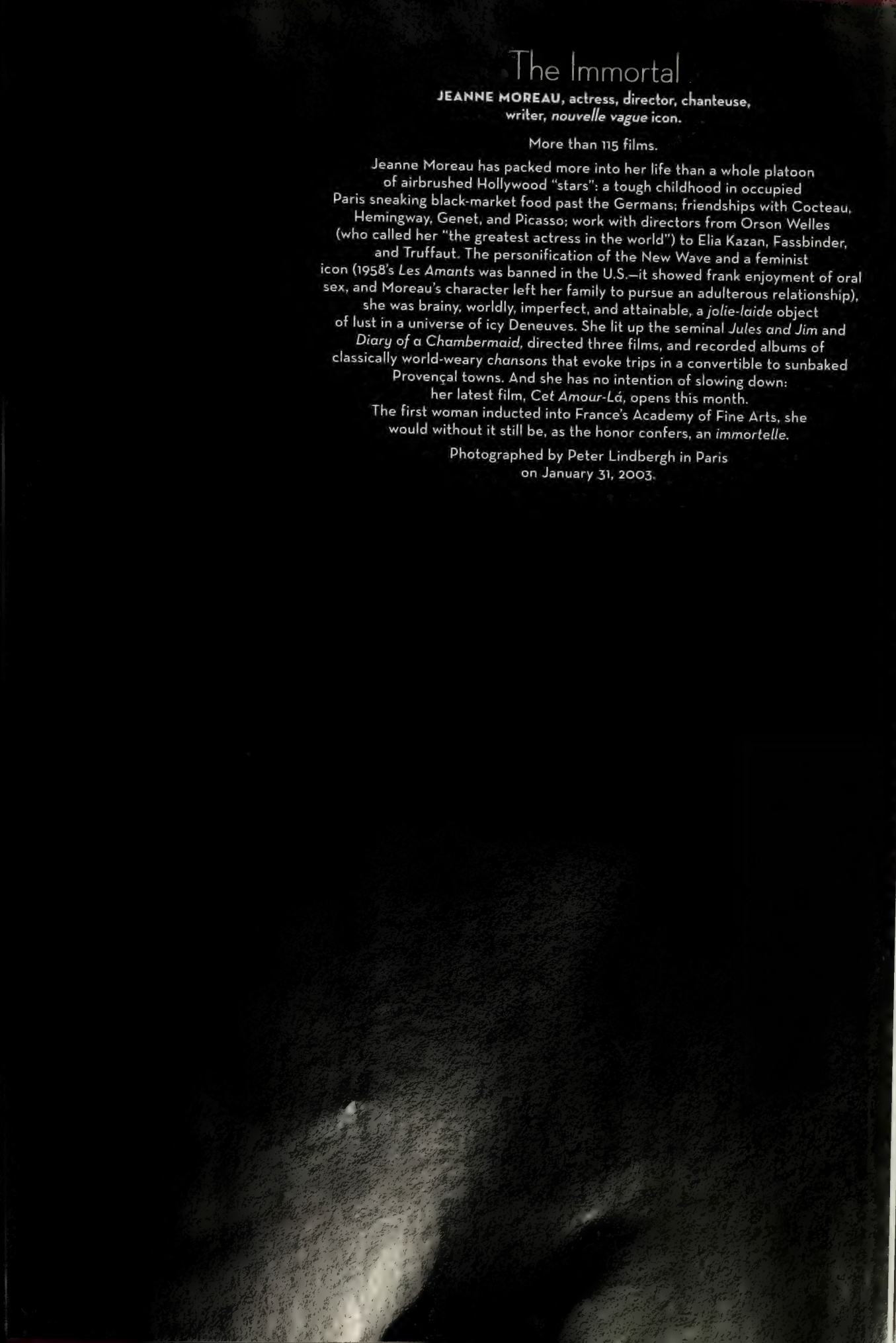
The Immortal

JEANNE MOREAU, actress, director, chanteuse, writer, *nouvelle vague* icon.

More than 115 films.

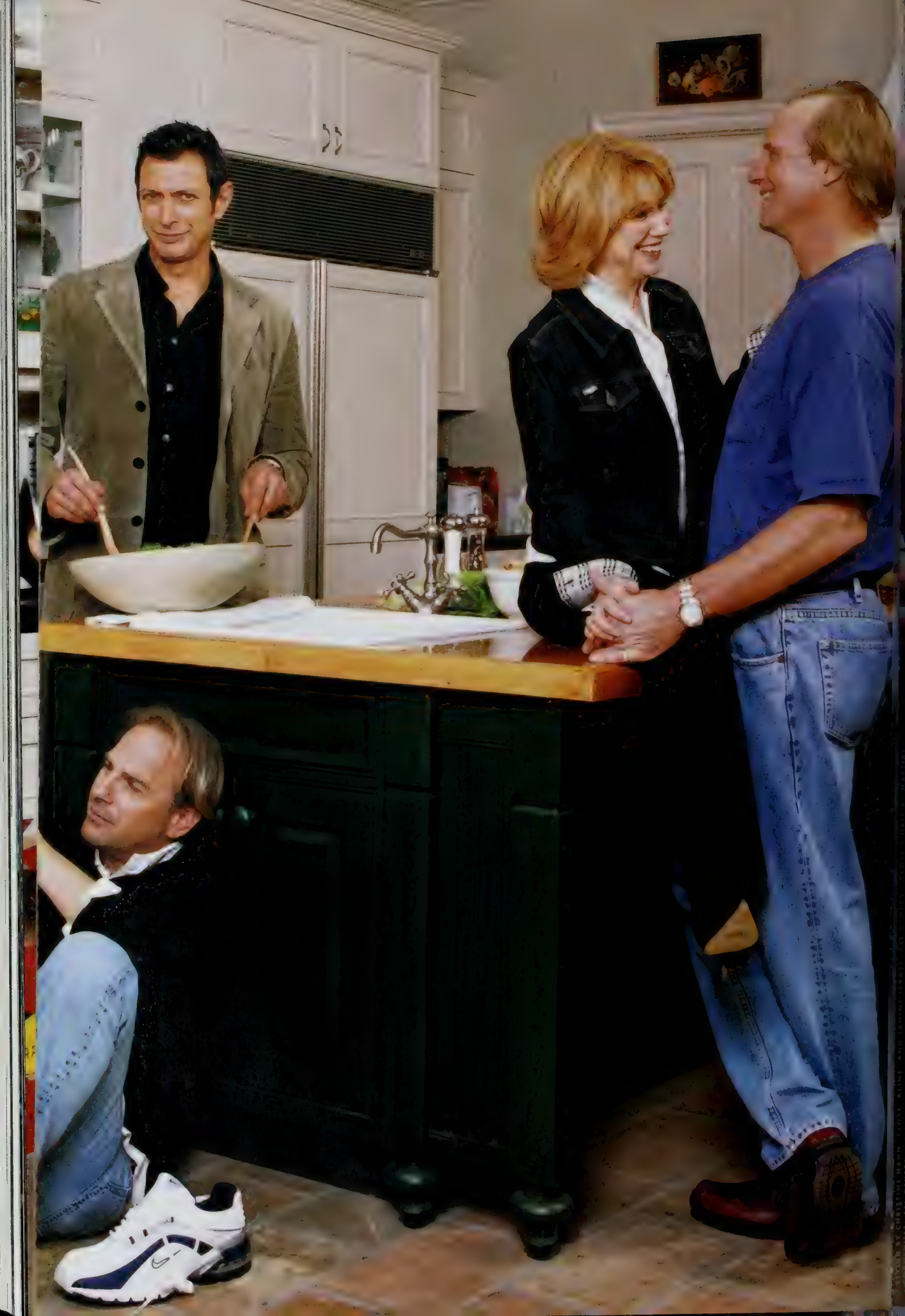
Jeanne Moreau has packed more into her life than a whole platoon of airbrushed Hollywood "stars": a tough childhood in occupied Paris sneaking black-market food past the Germans; friendships with Cocteau, Hemingway, Genet, and Picasso; work with directors from Orson Welles (who called her "the greatest actress in the world") to Elia Kazan, Fassbinder, and Truffaut. The personification of the New Wave and a feminist icon (1958's *Les Amants* was banned in the U.S.—it showed frank enjoyment of oral sex, and Moreau's character left her family to pursue an adulterous relationship), she was brainy, worldly, imperfect, and attainable, a *jolie-laide* object of lust in a universe of icy Deneuves. She lit up the seminal *Jules and Jim* and *Diary of a Chambermaid*, directed three films, and recorded albums of classically world-weary *chansons* that evoke trips in a convertible to sunbaked Provençal towns. And she has no intention of slowing down: her latest film, *Cet Amour-Lá*, opens this month. The first woman inducted into France's Academy of Fine Arts, she would without it still be, as the honor confers, an *immortelle*.

Photographed by Peter Lindbergh in Paris on January 31, 2003.




KEVIN
LAWRENCE
MARY KAY
MICHAEL
JEFF
WILL


DAVID YURMAN





The Reunion of a Reunion

THE REUNITED CAST OF *THE BIG CHILL*

Meg Tilly (on TV), Kevin Kline, Glenn Close, co-writer Barbara Benedek, Kevin Costner, Jeff Goldblum, Mary Kay Place, William Hurt, JoBeth Williams, Tom Berenger, producer Michael Shamberg, and director Lawrence Kasdan.

Here it is, the 20-year reunion of the amazing cast that director/co-writer Lawrence Kasdan put together for the greatest reunion movie of them all (including Kevin Costner, whose big scene was left on the cutting-room floor). With its mix of serious social themes, intimate moments, and feel-good 60s hits (Motown, baby), *The Big Chill* struck a cultural nerve amid talk of nuclear winters and Reaganomics in 1983. People loved it. People hated it. They said it was phony. They said it was all too painful. Just like the 80s themselves. At a time when the word "yuppie" was just entering the lexicon, the actors stood in for everyone who had given up their old Utopian dreams. Because *The Big Chill* raised so many issues that haven't entirely left us, it seems as if it has never really gone [illegible]s for the cast, they look like they could still play a mean game f touch football. Here's wagering they would kick the *St. Elmo's Fire* ensemble's ass,

[illegible]on Schmidt in Pacific Palisades, California, [illegible]n January 8, 2003.

DAVID YURMAN





DAVIDYURMAN.COM 877 226 1400 © D.YURMAN 2003



MADISON AT 64TH SOUTH COAST PLAZA

All Thanks to Max

Plenty of ink has been devoted to the rise of Miramax Films, the personalities of the two brothers who run it, and the company's extraordinary run of Academy Award nominations. Now, in a deeply personal reflection, BOB WEINSTEIN reveals the key to his and Harvey's success: their father, Max, a diamond cutter whose dreams and passion for the movies turned two young boys from Queens into Hollywood's most formidable team







YOU *CAN* GO HOME AGAIN

Harvey and Bob Weinstein flanking their mother, Miriam, in front of their former apartment building in Flushing, Queens. Photographed on January 22, 2003. *Opposite*, Max Weinstein washing his car, 1952.

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

In 1979 my brother, Harvey, and I founded Miramax Films, the company that we named in honor of our parents, Miriam and Max, and that we continue to run to this day. Harvey is the public face of Miramax, a role born out of the necessity to win recognition for the "art house" films we began our careers by distributing—films of high quality, but most of them sorely lacking in bankable stars. Harvey tapped into his inner showman and became the voice these small jewels needed to win the recognition they deserved.

My style is more low-key. Outside of the movie business, I tend to be known as the "quiet brother," which is fine by me. We have different means of working toward the same end, which have proved successful for 25 years. It actually works out for the best that only one of us likes the spotlight. There wouldn't physically be enough room in it for both.

For the first 18 years, we pretty much worked on everything together. We had to agree on the buying of a film, otherwise it wasn't bought. We then collaborated on the marketing, the distribution, and the thousands of other details that go into creating and running a movie company.

Over the last seven years, as the company has grown from 30 employees to more than 400, our roles have altered considerably. My brother and I now choose and market our own films separately, Harvey under the Miramax banner, which has accumulated 176 Academy Award nominations, including a best-picture nomination an unprecedented 11 years in a row, as well as two winners, *The English Patient* and *Shakespeare in Love*. I created the Dimension banner, under which I produce the company's more mainstream, commercial movies, such as the *Spy Kids* films, *Scary Movie 1* and *2*, *The Others*, and the *Scream* trilogy. Despite our different focuses, not a day goes by that we don't speak to each other at least five times, to offer suggestions, ask advice, deal with business matters, and generally watch each other's back. We remain partners in every way.

I offer the above as a brief overview of the company that has been our life's work. When you are running a company, time for reflection is a luxury you can't (or don't) usually afford yourself, but on this past Father's Day my thoughts traveled back to our dad. Although he had died 26 years earlier and never lived to see a single film that Miramax produced, his influence extends far beyond merely lending his name to the company. His passions in life, from his love of movies and business to his belief in the importance of family, have infused our own personal and professional lives. Max Weinstein was more responsible than anyone else for the creation and success of Miramax Films, and I feel compelled to give him the credit he deserves and tell his story.

My father was born in 1924 on the Lower East Side of New York City. He served in World War II and upon his return met my mother at a dance; the rest, just barely, became history. Spotting the beautiful 19-year-old Miriam Postal from across the room, he swiftly moved in and asked her to dance. She just as swiftly turned him down. As he walked dejectedly away, she took pity and called him back over. What? Whatever it was he lacked in first impressions he must have subsequently made up for, and they were married soon after. They moved to Queens, and my brother was born in 1952; I came along in 1954. We grew up in a small two-bedroom apartment in a lower-middle-class housing development called Elechester. Harvey and I shared a bedroom until he left for college, but honestly we didn't spend much time inside. We had a stoop where all the kids from the building, and those nearby, would congregate. There was always some kind of game going on, and we spent every minute we could taking part.

The Movies

In the 60s and 70s every Saturday was Mom's "beauty-parlor day," a ritual that had to be observed by her and a thousand like her—six hours to get their hair "done," i.e., wash, cut, teased, God forbid colored, and then heat-fused to a helmet-like condition under the huge old-style dryers, all in the quest for the perfect hairdo.

Upon returning, week after week, year after year, my mom would ask the same question:

"Max, what do you think?"

And, on cue, whether he liked it or not, whether he even looked or not, his response was unfailingly the same:

"Great."

One memorable Saturday, my mom came home sobbing, with a truly laughable and horrible new hairstyle that she had been "talked into." The inevitable question came. The inevitable answer was given. Only after hours of my mom begging and pleading through teary eyes for him to stop lying and tell her the truth did Max finally relent and, once and reply:

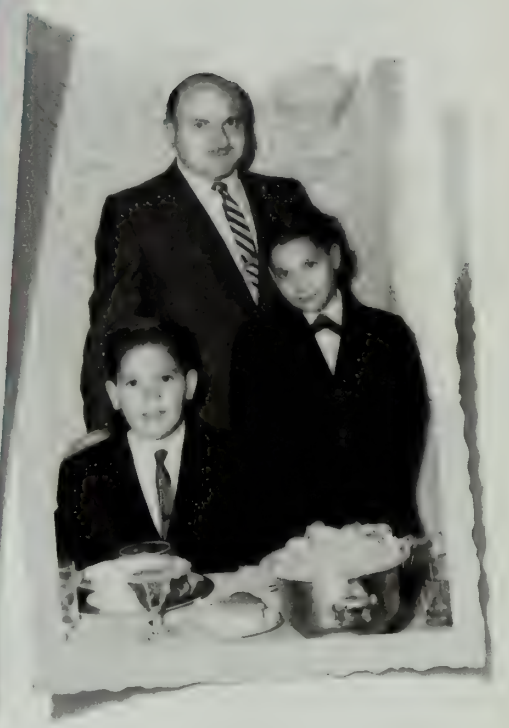
"Yeah, they really killed you."

The sound of horror that emanated from my mother will be remembered forever by those who heard it. Of course, Max was ordered to seek retribution: "Have the hairstylist fired and sue the beauty parlor for everything they've got!" Max and his boys learned a valuable lesson that day. No matter what, the hair always looks great.

On these Saturdays, it was Max's responsibility to "do something with the boys." His interpretation of that was to take us to the movies, and not a few matinee days now and then, but *every* Saturday. We loved movies, all kinds—adventures, comedies, thrillers, foreign films, love stories, Westerns. I think that through these

> For my brother and me, there would be no playing catch. Instead, it would be a darkened theater and a new adventure unfolding. We weren't complaining.







GROWING UP WEINSTEIN
Clockwise from top left: Harvey and Bob show off their Afros, 1975; Harvey, Max, and Bob at Harvey's Bar Mitzvah, 1965; Miriam and Max's wedding, June 25, 1950.

was transported to a place where his
beliefs, among them that the im-
ible was possible, were nurtured. I
remember sitting with my father
brother and watching Alec Guin-
blow up the bridge on the River
ai. We sat through *Sink the Bis-*
ck, were dazzled by the greatest
y of stars ever assembled in *The*
gest Day, cheered along with the
of the audience as Jimmy Brown
or daylight only to be shot at the
second in *The Dirty Dozen.* For
rother and me, there would be
Field of Dreams–like playing
h, no nature lessons with our
nan. Instead, it would be a dark-
l theater, the projector light
ing on and a new adventure
lding. We weren't complaining.
for Max it was killing two
with one stone: he had to do
thing with us, and he was able
o something he loved and pass
love on to his sons. Everyone
e out ahead.

ne Saturday, Miriam decided things
ed to change.

Max, why don't you do something dif-
t with them? They're not getting any
air! No sunlight!"

y mom's persistence always yielded
e result and Max was left with no
e but to give in.

, off to the beauty parlor my mom
, leaving Max to break the news: no
e today. *What?!* What else was there?
here would be no debate. My father
firm when he had to be, and direct
s from Miriam meant he had to be.
he had already come up with a plan.

oys, we're going fishing."

ence is not something the Weinstein
ers will ever be remembered for, but
is day it was the only response we
l come up with. Had our father gone
e?

f we went to Wainwright's, the local
rpose department store. In the record
of 30 minutes, our father bought three
reels, hooks, flies, sinkers—everything
more that was or might be instrumen-
catching a fish.

teen minutes later, we were in Flush-
leadows Park at the man-made lake
er from the 1964 World's Fair. We set
ur new stuff alongside several actual
men, put our lines in the water, and
l. And waited. Thirty minutes went by
othing. We were still hopeful. Forty-
inutes passed. Had we ever possessed
ing resembling patience, it would
been wearing thin. Since we had nev-
en supplied with any, we just felt acute anxiety. One hour now, and nothing.

Max finally turned to the fisherman nearest him.

"How's it going?"

"Good."

"Catch anything yet?"

"Not yet."

"How long have you been here?"

"Oh, about four hours."

Max gave the orders:

"That's it, we're outta here!"

The rods, reels, sinkers, flies, etc., were left on the ground, abandoned without guilt. The grand experiment was over. Thirty minutes later, the lights went down, the projector came on, an adventure began to unfold, and order was returned to our universe.

Most of our moviegoing consisted of the types of films I mentioned earlier—action adventures, war epics, musicals . . . basically whatever the local movie house was playing that week. We loved them all. But on one occasion Harvey started pressing to go to a *foreign* film. Being 15 and having been to a few on his own already, he argued that it was educational and cultural and a bunch of other things that made me think my brother had lost his mind. I was 13 and I didn't want to *read* my movie! Before I could protest too much and ruin the plan, he took me aside and explained: The name of the film was *I Am Curious, Yellow,* a specially imported Swedish "art" film. We needed our father in order to get in because it was rated X, the first film containing scenes of full-frontal nudity ever to be played in regular movie houses. Suddenly foreign didn't sound like such a bad idea.

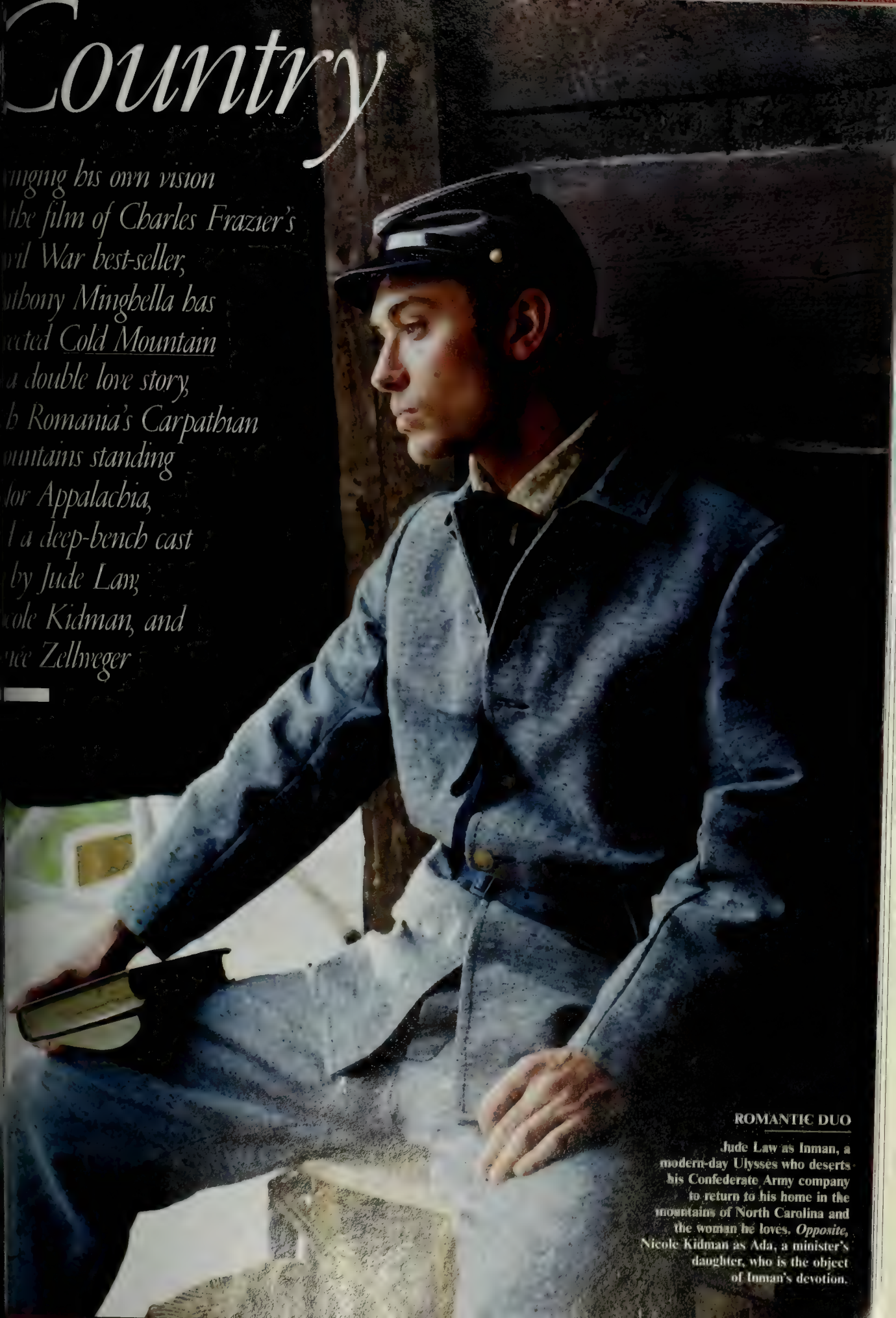
Miriam disagreed, citing a lack of convincing evidence of any "art," foreign film or not. Max won the day for us by agreeing to chaperon and supervise should anything be inappropriate. So off we went. Max fell asleep a half-hour into it. I know that Harvey has been quoted in many articles as saying *The 400 Blows* was one of his favorite foreign-language movies ever, but I can tell you what mine was at that moment in time—I was 13, after all! There was no chance of CONTINUED ON PAGE 440

In Cold Mountain



Country

inging his own vision
the film of Charles Frazier's
vil War best-seller,
nthony Mingbella has
ected Cold Mountain
a double love story,
h Romania's Carpathian
ountains standing
for Appalachia,
l a deep-bench cast
by Jude Law,
cole Kidman, and
née Zellweger



ROMANTIC DUO

Jude Law as Inman, a modern-day Ulysses who deserts his Confederate Army company to return to his home in the mountains of North Carolina and the woman he loves. *Opposite,* Nicole Kidman as Ada, a minister's daughter, who is the object of Inman's devotion.

"I don't think I've made a Civil War film," says director Anthony Minghella about his adaptation of Charles Frazier's best-seller, *Cold Mountain,* the *Odyssey*-like tale of a Confederate soldier's journey through the Appalachians to his home and the love who awaits him there. "I think Charles was writing more about the relationship between man and nature and the mixed messages we can extrapolate from the latter insofar as we look to nature as an index of harmony. In actual fact," he adds, "nature is also full of messages of cruelty."

Nature was certainly cruel in the mountain ranges of Romania, where Minghella assembled his cast and crew in temperatures that soared above 100 degrees Fahrenheit and dropped to 20 below. He cast an international array of actors: Brit Jude Law as the Confederate Inman, Australian Nicole Kidman as his love, Ada, and American Renée Zellweger as Ruby, a hard-scrabble hoyden. "I'm ready to be criticized for the way I've put this film together," he says. "But the reason I finally wanted to do it was that it was absolutely catholic; it wasn't particular to history or the United States. That is no more impudent for me—a native of the Isle of Wight—than making a film about Cairo in the 30s and Italy in the 40s [*The English Patient*] or one about Italy in the 50s [*The Talented Mr. Ripley*]. . . . I felt that Jude had a particular dignity as a man that appealed to me in terms of a template for his character. Nicole does have a lot of Vivien Leigh in her," he says when it is pointed out that there is a precedent for casting a foreign actress as a southern belle drawn from an immensely popular novel. "Ada is a woman who has been caged, and her release comes not through the agency of a love for a man but rather through the companionship of a woman. In a way, I was casting two love stories of different complexions. I was just very excited by the prospect of seeing Renée and Nicole in a two-shot. Renée is by nature vivacious. She's dynamite. Nicole has this coltish, intellectual grace. I had to pinch myself every single day to see who was showing up for work, because the film is necessarily one of traveling and meeting." Natalie Portman, Donald Sutherland, and Philip Seymour Hoffman are part of the stellar cast. "Jude, in some respects," says Minghella, "was like a host at a wonderful party."

—KEVIN SESSUMS







EPIC SETTING

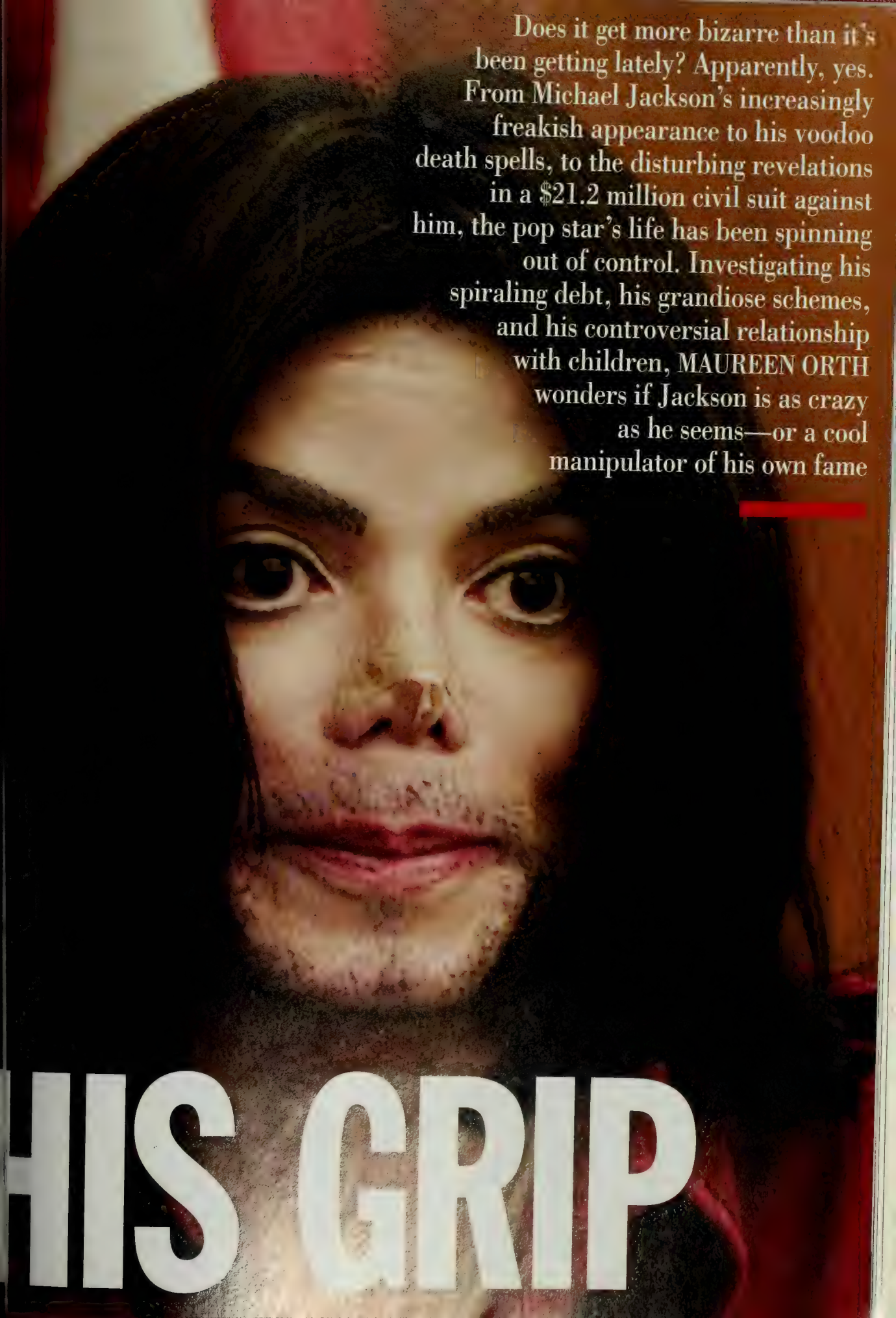
On location near Poiana Braşov, Romania, *clockwise from top left:* Jude Law, as the wounded Inman on his voyage home; Nicole Kidman and Jude Law with director Anthony Minghella; Renée Zellweger as Ruby, the tough, practical mountain girl, with her baby; the set of Cold Mountain, North Carolina, with Donald Sutherland and Nicole Kidman in the foreground.



DADDY DEAREST

Michael Jackson dangles his nine-month-old baby, Prince Michael II, whom he calls Blanket, from a hotel balcony in Berlin, November 2002. *Opposite,* Jackson testifying in Santa Maria, California, a week earlier, in a $21.2 million civil suit brought against him by his European concert promoter for breach of contract.

LOSING



Does it get more bizarre than it's been getting lately? Apparently, yes. From Michael Jackson's increasingly freakish appearance to his voodoo death spells, to the disturbing revelations in a $21.2 million civil suit against him, the pop star's life has been spinning out of control. Investigating his spiraling debt, his grandiose schemes, and his controversial relationship with children, MAUREEN ORTH wonders if Jackson is as crazy as he seems—or a cool manipulator of his own fame

HIS GRIP

"David Geffen, be gone! Steven Spielberg, be gone!" The witch doctor cursing Michael Jackson's enemies and blessing the tarnished King of Pop himself in a voodoo ritual in Switzerland in the summer of 2000 had promised that the 25 people on Jackson's enemies list, some of whom had worked with him for years, would soon expire. The voodoo man later assured one close observer of the scene that David Geffen, who headed the list, would die within the week. But Geffen's demise did not come cheap. Jackson had ordered his then business adviser, Myung-Ho Lee, a U.S.-educated Korean lawyer based in Seoul, to wire $150,000 to a bank in Mali for a voodoo chief named Baba, who then had 42 cows ritually sacrificed for the ceremony.

Jordie Chandler had drawn an explicit picture showing markings on Jackson's testicles.

Jackson had already undergone a blood bath. The pop star, who is said to be $240 million in debt, had paid six figures for a ritual cleansing using sheep blood to another voodoo doctor and a mysterious Egyptian woman named Samia, who came to him with a letter of greeting from a high-ranking Saudi prince, purportedly Nawaf Bin Abdulaziz Al-Saud, now the chief of intelligence of Saudi Arabia. She had taken an eager Jackson to her basement in Geneva, where, he later told associates, he saw with his own eyes piles of $100 bills which Samia said totaled $300 million. It was "free money," she said; he could have it, and she could also get him a villa and a yacht. She arranged to have three men fly from Switzerland, at Jackson's expense, to Neverland, his luxurious California ranch, to discuss further deals. When the hex delegation arrived at Neverland, Jackson asked Lee to authorize $1 million in cash to be brought to the ranch. Lee refused, but Jackson obtained the money by other means. Lee found out about it only when a $20,000 bill came for an armored truck.

Jackson, in turn, sent Lee to Geneva to check out yet another voodoo doctor, whose specialty was pulling money out of thin air. At the Hôtel d'Angleterre, the voodoo man produced a show of sound, lights, and pigeons before leading his visitors one at a time into the bathroom, where the tub was full of cash amounting, he claimed, to $50 million. When they asked where it had come from, he said, "The U.S. Federal Reserve." There was just one catch: all this money would disappear unless Michael Jackson paid thousands of dollars for the blood of a number of fowl and small animals for yet another ritual. The sacrificial animals were already assembled at a location on the French-Swiss border, waiting to die to make Jackson's wishes come true. Lee was horrified and left in disgust.

What could possibly be next in the most bizarre celebrity story within memory? Now, two and a half years later, we know: a dangling baby, hysterical claims that Tommy Mottola, the head of his record company, is racist, and a string of lawsuits. In a few years the principal on a $200 million loan Jackson has with the Bank of America will be due. In order to pay that off without selling his most valuable asset, the Beatles song catalogue, he will have to earn about $400 million before taxes, a virtual impossibility. Michael Jackson's career has been taking a steep downward slide ever since 1993, when he was accused of sexually molesting a 13-year-old boy. He paid at least $25 million to settle the civil suit brought by the boy, and barely escaped being arrested. Now 44, Jackson is long past the prime earning age for a pop star, and each album since his record-breaking *Thriller* in 1982 has cost more to produce and sold fewer copies than the one before. In addition, as his career has stalled, his freak factor has risen. Routinely referred to in the tabloid press as "Wacko Jacko" and characterized in his hometown newspaper as a "dancing personality disorder," Michael Jackson is off the charts.

Who has not seen photos or footage of a hyped-up Jackson playing to the crowd in Germany last November by dangerously dangling his squirming nine-month-ol whose head was covered with a towel the balcony railing of his hotel roon one seems to know where this appa white baby, Prince Michael II, came Four months earlier Jackson had jus denly appeared, baby on board, at a fried and Roy show in Las Vegas. the overwhelmingly negative public re to the dangling, however, it was clea he had gone too far. The next day Ja apologized to the press and, to demor that he was a normal, caring father. his two older children, Prince Michae and daughter Paris, four, also both a ently white, to the Berlin Zoo, with d of photographers in tow. However, h covered the children's heads with bi colored gauze scarves resembling b and they at times appeared unprotec the frenzy, which prompted another of outcries from the tabloids for an tigation into child endangerment.

Just the week before, Jackson hac fied in a civil suit in a court in Santa California, near Neverland. He was syllabic, dazed, and disheveled, and of his nose seemed to be missing, ov exaggerated amounts of plastic surge one point he appeared to fall asleep stand. The next day he showed u hours late. Among the papers filed other lawsuit was his monthly budget, includes a $10,000 charge from a E Hills pharmacy.

In early December, he appeared ir again in Santa Maria, as a defenda $21.2 million civil suit brought again by European concert promoter Mar ram, who blames him for the failure canceled, back-to-back concerts to ce the new millennium. That time I wa to see him.

Jackson's choreographed arri a black Ford van at the cour in Santa Maria, a workin town 50 miles north of San bara, were made with the sol that would ordinarily be ass with the Popemobile. Some aide would open an umbrella as t stepped out into the sun; other da two-umbrella days, designed to shie from cameras and reporters. Jacks always flanked by security and greet crowd of several dozen mostly old some of whom had brought their kid his autograph. When Jackson was no stand, he sat in an anteroom off the room and spoke only with childre he were Santa Claus or the Dalai L

Up close, Jackson's appearance i ing. He wears a black pageboy wig,

NEVERLAND

(1) Jackson with Macaulay Culkin (in sunglasses) and other boys in Bermuda, 1991. (2) Jackson—with his brothers—holding Emmanuel Lewis, 1983. (3) Detail of Jordie Chandler's complaint of child abuse at Jackson's hands. (4) Jackson with his children Paris and Prince Michael at the Berlin Zoo, 2002. (5) Jackson with a young friend on a shopping spree in New York, 1999. (6) Jackson performing at the British Music Awards, 1996. (7) Jackson with Gavin Arvizo—a young cancer patient he befriended—in Martin Bashir's documentary. (8) Jackson denies child-abuse charges on CNN, 1993. (9) A spread in Victor Gutierrez's book, *Michael Jackson Was My Lover,* showing Jordie Chandler, gifts Chandler's mother received from Jackson, and a Jackson doll the pop star gave to Jordie.

1

3

mitted
battery upon plaintiff
State of California and in other locations
unty of Los
within
without the State of California as more fully describe
raphs 5 through 7, below.
. Defendant Michael Jackson, with the intent to cause
or offensive contact with an intimate part of plaintiff
ily committed sexual battery upon plaintiff by having
offensive contacts with plaintiff. These sexually
contacts include but are not limited to defendant
ckson orally copulating plaintiff, defendant Michael
sturbating plaintiff, defendant Michael Jackson having
f plaintiff, and defendant Michael Jackson having
ndle and manipulate the breasts and nipples of
chael Jackson while defendant Michael Jacks
ould

5

6

7

4

8

9

Jackson's taste

The gold Cartier watch and precious jewelry were gifts to June from Jackson when she opposed the singer sleeping with her son. After getting these presents the mother said that was fine if they want to sleep together.

Jackson gave Jordie a life sized statue of himself

face is caked with white makeup, which conceals a prosthesis that serves as the tip of his nose. One person who has seen him without the device says he resembles a mummy with two nostril holes. He uses red lipstick and perfume, pencils and dyes his eyebrows, and has black eyeliner that looks as if it's tattooed on. He also appears to have white makeup on his hands, and his clothes, right down to the crests on his ties, suggest a wealthy private-school boy or a young member of European royalty. The first day I was there, he was wearing a black jacket, a white-on-white tuxedo shirt, and a silk tie. He had only a sock on his left foot, but he was able to walk unassisted. As soon as it was time to enter the courtroom, however, Jackson fell onto a pair of crutches and started limping markedly. We were told he had been bitten by a spider. During a break I went up and asked him if it had been a tarantula. "Oh, no, I love tarantulas. I keep them in my reptile house," he replied, referring to Neverland's private zoo. The spider that bit him, he said, came "whoosh" out of the "bush" near his house, adding, "I had to have the house fumigated." It turned out that a brown recluse spider had bitten Jackson on the hand and leg, causing them to swell.

"Michael Jackson is about as crazy as Colin Powell. He knows everything he is doing."

Inside the courtroom, Judge Zel Canter, a portly man with horn-rimmed glasses who seemed starstruck, consulted his lawbooks as he allowed numerous lengthy delays, letting the lawyers argue over tiny points, often in front of the mostly white, female jury. At such times Jackson, on the stand waiting to testify, would bob his head to a silent melody, tap the mike occasionally to make sure it was on, and make a show of sharing the court reporter's candy—behavior one would expect of a 12-year-old. "Can I have another Jolly Rancher, please?" he asked during a sidebar. At one point he waved to two photographers in the back, and the next day he made devil's horns with his fingers and other mischievous gestures. When Avram's lawyer Louis "Skip" Miller objected to his antics, Jackson's own skillful lawyers, Steve Cochran and Zia Modabber, told the judge that spectators in the courtroom had been baiting their client, though I saw no evidence of that. When a video was shown of Jackson singing at one of the two charity concerts whose costs were in dispute, he sat straight up to watch it, clasping his hands and batting his eyes like a schoolgirl.

Known to insiders as an aggressive businessman with dreams of becoming an entrepreneurial mogul like Merv Griffin, Jackson on the stand was a reticent mix of dissociation and amnesia. He said over and over, "Could you repeat the question, please?" and "I don't recall." Once, after Skip Miller posed a difficult question and Jackson's lawyers again rose to his defense, Jackson said to the judge, "I've been holding it a long time. I really have to use the restroom." Later, in frustration, Miller asked him, "Have you had any memory problems—memory lapses, say—since your deposition was taken in early June?" Jackson replied, "Not that I can recall."

Jackson described himself as a visionary and compared himself to Walt Disney, who had let his brother take care of the books. When he was asked if he was acquainted with his well-known former public-relations guru Howard Rubenstein, who had charged him $10,000 a month for two years and whom Jackson had introduced to a crowd in Rubenstein's own home with lavish praise two years earlier, he replied, "I barely know his name. I've kind of heard of it."

This bizarre behavior often works to his advantage. The crazier Jackson appears, the more he is indulged and excused and not judged as a middle-aged man with serious obligations and responsibilities. The photographer Harry Benson, who has worked extensively with him, told me, "Michael Jackson is about as crazy as Colin Powell. He knows everything he is doing. He holds his baby over the balcony and everybody goes crazy, but he's in every newspaper around the world." An ex-publicist of Jackson's added, "Michael doesn't think bad publicity is bad—he thinks more is more. He just doesn't want to be forgotten." Apparently Jackson believes that the normal rules of conduct do not apply to him—that his extraordinary fame and ta entitle him to behave as he pleases. A if Jackson capitalizes on his weirdn Santa Barbara district attorney Tom S don, who led part of the child-molesta investigation against Jackson in 1993 1994, says, "Of course. It's delibera think it's frustrating that people let hin away with it. He's playing the fool an fools people, but he doesn't fool e body." Sneddon was disgusted by the tics Jackson and his lawyers used in J Canter's courtroom. "Any other judge w have thrown his ass in jail."

The contractual dispute at heart of the trial in Santa M which started last Noven concerns two benefit con Jackson gave in Munich Seoul in June 1999; the S concert alone lost milli owing to dismal ticket sales and wild overruns, which Avram blames on son. Although the concerts were a tised as part of Michael Jackson's se contribution to the Nelson Mandela dren's Fund, UNESCO, the Red Cross his own Heal the World Foundation, son was at one point slated to re a $1 million co-executive-producer f well as the sponsorship money an (including cable) and video rights. A who was contractually responsible f costs of the benefit concerts, realize much he would be out of pocket, b assumed he would make the mon with two additional scheduled concer ebrating the millennium. The jury decide whether he or Jackson is resp ble for not putting them on. The ch that were slated to benefit and that ated so much fawning publicity for Ja overseas were the real losers. A cor tion of only $100,000 was made to dela's charity, put up by Avram, w Jackson present the check so th could continue to cast himself as a of children.

In the *2000 Guinness Book of Re* Michael Jackson is cited for the mos ities supported by a pop star—39—a constantly flies around the world p up lifetime-achievement and human awards. In fact, that was why he Germany when he dangled the baby ever, as Roger Friedman reported Fox 411 on-line column in February "the last tax filing available—for shows Jackson giving no money to charities at all and receiving no don from others." The Heal the World F tion's Web site appears not to hav updated since 1996, and the charity



WEDDING PARTY
Jackson was a best man for his childhood friend David Gest, and Jackson's greatest pal, Elizabeth Taylor, was a maid of honor for Liza Minnelli at the Minnelli-Gest wedding at Marble Collegiate Church in New York, March 2002.

which his brother Jermaine announced *urry King Live* this past January, has aterialized. In 1998, Britain's Charity nission shut down Heal the World, had not made a donation in three According to London's *Daily Mail*, mmission concluded, "The name had so disfigured by the actions of Mi- Jackson that it was not worth contin- o run the organisation in any form." *Edition* recently reported that the donation Heal the World made in was a transfer of $100,000 to the he Kids Initiative, which Jackson be- ith gadfly Rabbi Shmuley Boteach, r of *Kosher Sex*. That $100,000 is unaccounted for, and the New York ttorney general's office has served he Kids with a notice of failure to y with filing requirements. Jackson's benefit song, "What More Can I recorded in the wake of 9/11, was by his own advisers when the news that he had given the production o a gay-porn director and producer. heless, last Christmas, Jackson an- d that he was forming yet another n's charity, to be kicked off with yet benefit concert. So far that charity even been named. (Jackson's rep- tives did not respond to repeated s for comment.)

In the stunningly beautiful Santa Ynez Valley, part of California's Central Coast wine country, there are constant rumors that Neverland, Jackson's 2,700-acre headquarters, is for sale, but local real-estate agent Joe Olla says that almost no one who can afford it would want the amusement park, with its toy railroad and private zoo, and all the other expensive facilities Jackson has added. "Those things might even give it a negative value," he says, declining to speculate on the ranch's worth—which others estimate at between $26 and $30 million—because "some foreigner could come in and, because it's Michael Jackson, double it." Jackson is the valley's most famous resident and is well known to the members of every jury pool in Santa Maria. He hires county firemen for Neverland's own fire department and sometimes employs off-duty and retired policemen in security jobs. Neverland, which costs $4 million a year to run, is organized into 13 departments, so it is a source of potential revenue for everyone from snake handlers (Jackson has a blonde serpent named Madonna) to owners of antiques shops, where Jackson spends thousands of dollars at a time in late-night visits with his children. He also makes visits to Toys 'R' Us in Santa Maria with boys who are sleeping over at Neverland. When Jackson's millionaire neighbors fly over his estate in their private planes in the evening, they report, they always see the amusement park up and running. "Employees who have seen him in close contact say he's gotten stranger and stranger in the last two years," a well-connected resident told me. But his employees rarely talk to outsiders. "They're all scared to death they'll be sued. He has a large legal team."

The valley has a lively party circuit, and Jackson's neighbors are hardly anonymous. Fess Parker, of *Davy Crockett* fame, owns a winery and an elegant inn in Los Olivos, the town closest to Neverland, where he and his wife entertain neighbors such as Cheryl Ladd and her husband, Brian Russell, a former Elton John backup singer, who perform in "community sings" in the lobby on Thursday nights. Bo Derek lives on a nearby ranch, former gossip queen Rona Barrett has a farm and a lavender business. CONTINUED ON PAGE 443

ANGELS WITH PRETTY FACES



GANG OF THREE

Bernie Mac, the new Bosley, reaches for an unpictured tag-team partner (perhaps it's Charlie himself?) as Angels Lucy Liu, Drew Barrymore, and Cameron Diaz go for the pin.



It's safe to say that *Charlie's Angels* won't appear on the American Film Institute's next Top 100 list, but unless you're one of those people who order a muffin and a cappuccino at the concession stand, you must admit that, as Friday-night fare goes, *Charlie's An-*
etty much kicks *Citizen Kane*'s ass. Director McG (Joseph
y Nichol), a music-video veteran, clearly understands that
n't need artistic ambition when you've got Drew Barry-
ameron Diaz, and Lucy Liu beating up bad guys, engaging
motion martial-arts combat, operating military hardware,
all kinds of little-known muscles, and changing their outfits
5 seconds. In the promisingly titled sequel, *Charlie's An-*
ll Throttle, which Sony Pictures will release at the end of
e heirs of Farrah Fawcett are instructed to retrieve a pair
of silver bands that contain the contact information for every participant in the federal witness-protection program, a mission that requires them to go surfing in barely-there bikinis and ride motorcycles while wearing metallic breastplates. While much of the cast has returned for the sequel (including Crispin Glover as the indestructible Thin Man), there are a few new faces: Demi Moore takes over villainess duties from Kelly Lynch, and Bernie Mac steps in as the "brother by another mother" of Bosley, played in the original by Bill Murray (whose reluctance to reprise roles helped doom the sequels to *Meatballs* and *Caddyshack*). "What you see on-screen is true: the girls was tight as a pair of drawers," Mac says, adding, "The look is fantastic, the skits are authentic. Part Two is gonna be better than Part One." It seems that nothing can dampen this sequel.

—MICHAEL HOGAN



Gentlemen's

Auditioning actresses with Cary Grant. Christmas shopping with Ronald Colman. Trying to get Jimmy Stewart to trade up from a 15-year-old Volvo. As a friend and colleague to three of Hollywood's most idolized stars, former producer WILLIAM FRYE shares his close-up memories of three very different men: their inimitable styles, their private quirks, and the women they married



AMERICAN [illegible]

Jimmy Stewart, perhaps the most beloved leading man in Hollywood history, in a photograph that first appeared in *Photoplay* in 1947. *Opposite,* Cary Grant, flaunting his "throwaway chic" look in London, 1946.

Agreement

The incident at the screening caused such a r that Ronnie and Cary were never friends again.



CLASS ACTORS

Ronald Colman, left, and his close friend and fellow "Musketeer" Richard Barthelmess in the 1920s. *Opposite,* Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Jimmy Stewart go over the script of *The Philadelphia Story,* 1939.

I don't remember many addresses from my days in Holly-l, but three are indelible: 9966 Beverly e Drive, 1003 Summit Drive, and 918 h Roxbury. Those were the addresses ars, respectively, of Cary Grant, Ron-Colman, and James Stewart, all of n I worked closely with and visited , many times. They were extremely ent, in their acting styles, in their nalities, and in the way they con-d their private lives. But they were eat stars—equally talented, equally some, and equally classy.

first trip to 9966 Beverly Grove Drive the late 1940s, when I was just out e navy and working for the Don e Agency. I had to deliver a *Lux Ra-heatre* script to Cary Grant, who was y a legend. Over the years he had rred with Irene Dunne, Constance tt, Katharine Hepburn, Jean Arthur, ind Russell, Ethel Barrymore, and West. The rambling, one-level house, of whitewood and brick, was high Hills, with a sweeping view of the d the ocean, and when I rang the ary Grant opened the door himself vited me in. I went over the sched-the show with him, and he asked if d stop by and drive him to the re-l the following week. I was thrilled. ed him up the next Friday, which ways the first rehearsal day. Satur-ere were re-writes, Sunday was the ehearsal, and the show was broad-n Monday night.

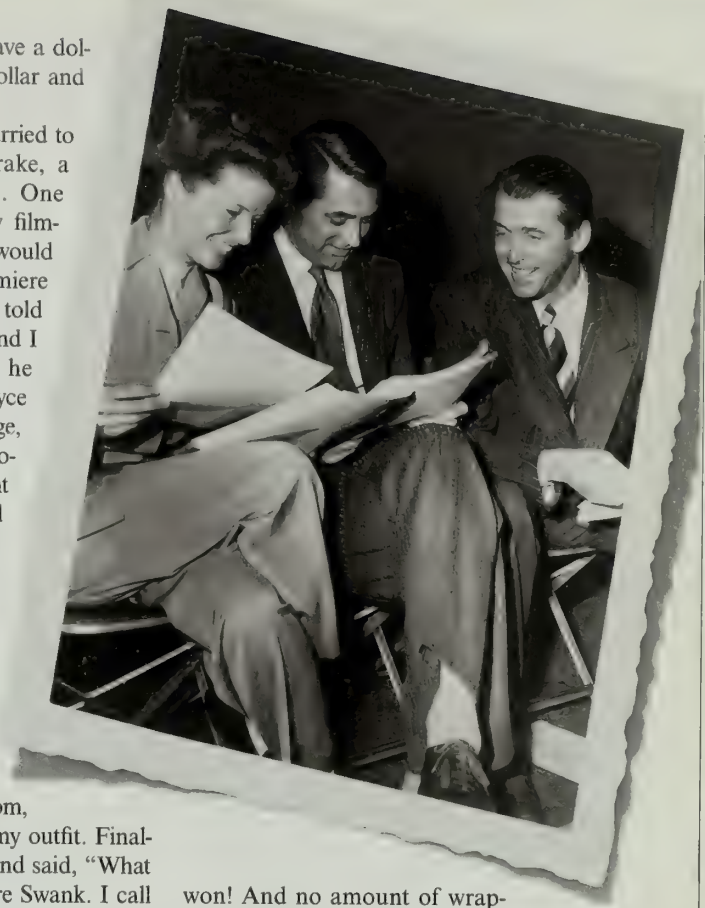
ing the rehearsal on Sunday, we had break, and he and I went across et to the Brown Derby. We were get-pretty well by then, I thought. As e eating, a woman came up to the old him how much she loved his nd said, "Mr. Grant, may I have tograph?" He looked at her without and said, "Do you have a dollar?" l, "What?" He repeated in his very metallic tone, "Do you have a dollar?" That ended it—no dollar and no autograph.

At that time he was married to his third wife, Betsy Drake, a charming young actress. One night when she was away filming, Cary asked me if I would like to go to a local premiere with him. I said yes. He told me it would be black-tie, and I said fine. "Pick me up," he said. Cary had a Rolls-Royce and a Cadillac in the garage, and I drove a beige Chevrolet convertible, but we went in my car, just as we had gone to all the *Lux Radio Theatre* rehearsals. I don't think in all the time I knew him I was ever in the Rolls or the Cadillac more than once.

I arrived early, and he said, "Come in and let's have a drink before we go." In the living room, I could feel him studying my outfit. Finally he pointed at my studs and said, "What are those?" I said, "They're Swank. I call them raisins. They cost me $12.50." He made a little grimace and said, "Bill, I think we can do better than that."

He led me over to some bookcases, and from behind a shelf of books he pulled out a drawer. In it was a box filled with watches, studs, and cuff links—all made with rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and pearls. I suppose they were all presents from his second wife, Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress. He said, "Pick out something." I chose the flashiest set of cuff links and studs, which happened to be made of diamonds and sapphires. "Good," he said as I put them on and placed the raisins in my pocket. Late that night I drove him home. It was pouring rain, and I pulled up to the front door so that he wouldn't get wet. Before he moved to get out, he said, "Oh, wait. You better come in and take off the studs and cuff links." It was the last time I saw them.

But he was generous in many ways. Cary and Betsy had two magnificent découpage lamps, about three feet high, sitting on the floor in their living room. They never got around to placing them on pedestals or tables, because Cary always said he never felt they were quite right. I admired the lamps and told them they were crazy not to put them to better use. One Christmas Day, Cary's houseman delivered the lamps to me, with no wrapping, just huge bows, and a note that read: "You won! And no amount of wrapping can disguise them. Still, merry merry Xmas Bill. Affectionately Betsy and Cary." They're in my house today.



Cary Grant was the best-dressed man in Hollywood, a perfectionist in every detail of his clothing, from the tie to the shirt to the length of the cuffs and trousers. His large, walk-in dressing room in his house was all mirrors—even the doors. He had what I call "throwaway chic." Nothing ever looked planned, but everything was.

One day he asked me to go with him to Lyons Moving & Storage on Santa Monica Boulevard. He said he wanted to get a few things out of storage. I was stunned to find that he had a room-size vault, and when an attendant opened the doors, I found myself looking at all the clothes Cary didn't have space for in his house. There must have been at least 250 suits, 50 to 75 overcoats, and dozens and dozens of jackets, shoes, and hats. He picked out a couple of the things he'd come for and then said, "Do you see anything you want? Just take it." Unfortunately, Cary Grant's jackets didn't fit me, or his suits, or his overcoats. I walked out as I had walked in, in my own seersucker jacket, gray flannels, and saddle shoes.

That was pretty much my uniform in those days, along with a Brooks Brothers

button-down shirt, knit tie, and handmade argyle socks. Before I'd known him long, Cary said, "You wear the best-looking socks I have ever seen." I was pleased he had noticed, because it was one of my few extravagances. "A friend of mine knits them for me," I told him. "Well, they're just super," he said.

A few months later I had my friend knit a pair for Cary. He was so overcome by this simple gesture that he sent not one but two thank-you notes. In one he said, "They fit me perfectly. The large size. I have large feet, ideas, mouth and tax-bills. But you, dear Bill, have largesse. I am deeply obliged to you, and properly glad for being so properly clad."

One day he called and asked if I'd ever been to the Hollywood Park racetrack. I said no. "Well, how about going with me one day this week?" I said, "Thanks, but I'm not sure I can get away from the office." He said, "Just tell Don that *I'm* taking you to the racetrack. Remind him that I'm your biggest client."

I made a special trip to the bank and cashed a check for $100—a lot of money for me in those days. When I picked up Cary, the first thing he said as he got into my convertible was "Have you got some money for the track?" I said, "I've got a hundred dollars." He said, "*A hundred?* I only ever take 50."

Cary Grant gave me my first ulcer. In 1950 he decided to do a radio series with his wife, Betsy Drake, based on *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House,* the very successful film he had starred in with Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas in 1948. He was able to get the rights through the Selznick estate, and his good friend Howard Hughes, the billionaire aviation pioneer and producer, was going to put up the money. The only time I ever met Hughes was at Cary and Betsy's house, the day he arrived—wearing tennis shoes—to deliver the check.

The series turned out to be a terrible headache. The writers, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, were among the best in the business, but Cary took a strong dislike to one of them and refused to speak to him. That made things difficult, to begin with. In addition, Betsy, who was a lovable actress on-screen, had problems in radio because she had a slight stammer, and that held production up for hours on end because she needed special editing and re-editing. Eventually, everyone's nerves were on edge.

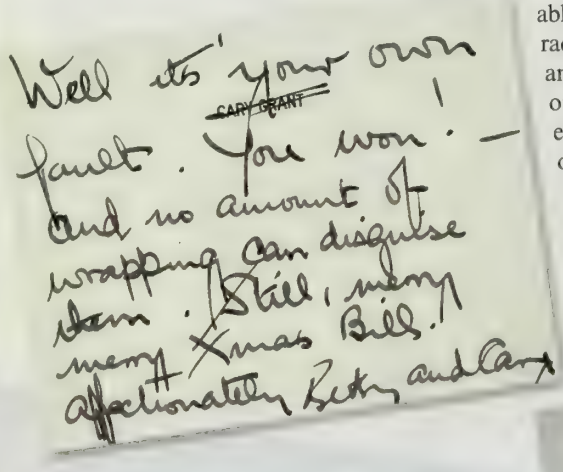
In one episode there was an important part for a second woman, and Cary said he wouldn't bother to go down to the station to read with several actresses—he said I could do that. I picked three of the top radio actresses in Hollywood and read t scene with each of them. When Cary tened to playbacks the next day, he s they were all terrible. I reminded him t they were considered the best there we and he said, "Well, I'm sorry, but I j don't like them." I said, "Fine. Tomorr I'll get three more, and you can co down and read with them yourself."

I thought about it for a while, th called the same three actresses and ask them to come back and read with C Grant. When the readings were over, said, "Bill, they are all just great. I dc know which one to pick, so I'll leave it to you." I said, "Cary, these are the sa three women you heard me read with terday." It was a small victory for me, by then I already had the ulcer.

My first association w Ronald Colman also on a radio ser called *The Halls of* about an Ivy League fessor named Hall. man's real wife, Be Hume, played Mrs. Hall. This was in 1 and originally I was just an overseer the show. However, Ronnie and I beca friends, and eventually I worked with and the writers on the scripts.

The Colmans were a glamorous cou Benita was known as one of the three g hostesses in Hollywood. The other were her best pals, and they had all s ed out as chorus girls in London. By time I knew them, they had married t of the biggest stars in the business. Be was Ronnie's wife, Sylvia Ashley was D las Fairbanks Sr.'s widow, Pat Paterson was Mrs. Cha Boyer. Sylvia would later g to marry Clark Gable a Russian prince.

When Ronald Colman c to Hollywood in the late he was also one of a th some, known as the T Musketeers. The others the actors William Pc and Richard Bartheln and they had met in while Ronnie was ma a picture with Lillian called *The White S* They became pals took vacations toge While they were l in Florence, Ronn ceived a cable Sam Goldwyn in him to Hollywood a contract for $



CARY GRANT

November 29, 1955

Bill, you thoughtful man. You kind and unforgetting man. They fit me perfectly. The large size. I have large feet, ideas, mouth and tax-bills. But you, dear Bill, have largesse.

I am deeply obliged to you, and properly glad for being so properly clad.

Affectionately,

Cary.



Cary looked at the autograph seeker without smiling and said, "Do you have a dollar?"

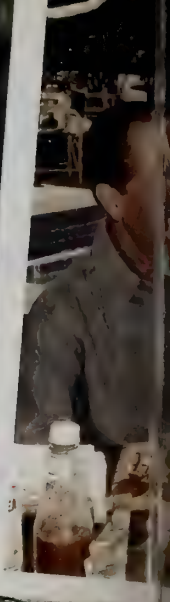


CHARMING CARY

Cary Grant and his wife, Betsy Drake, 1952. *Opposite, clockwise from right:* Grant rides and reads the script of *To Catch a Thief,* circa 1955; two notes from Grant to William Frye.










TV & RADIO LOGS—NOV. 6-12
TV-RADIO LIFE
PETER POTTER'S OWN VERDICT
On Today's Music





GOLDEN AGE

ald Colman at 1003 Summit Drive.
ny Stewart and Marlene Dietrich
e preview of *Destry Rides Again,* 1939.
iam Powell and Cary Grant at the
t Club in Palm Springs. **(4)** Stewart,
and Samuel Goldwyn with an
ified woman. **(5)** Stewart at 918 North
y. **(6)** The Colmans on the cover
Radio Life, 1954. **(7)** Grant and Greer
during a *Lux Radio Theatre* broadcast,
) Gloria McLean and Stewart in
e year before they were married.
nd Charles Boyer and the Colmans.
via de Havilland and Stewart, 1940.





week. He showed it to Powell and Barthelmess, who said, "Let us handle this for you."

They composed a response and cabled it to Goldwyn: ACCEPT YOUR OFFER OF $2,500 A WEEK. WILL SEE YOU IN HOLLYWOOD. When Ronnie received a telegram from Goldwyn confirming these terms, he asked his friends, "How did you do it?" They replied, "We just added a zero." They remained close for the rest of their lives, sailing, partying, and making movies. Over three decades, Ronnie played romantic leads in dozens of pictures, of which the most popular were *A Tale of Two Cities, Lost Horizon,* and *The Prisoner of Zenda.* When he died in 1958—he was only 67—Richard Barthelmess and William Powell were pallbearers at his funeral.

When the *Halls of Ivy* radio show ended, Ronnie and Benita went to their ranch in Santa Barbara for a few months, but soon Ronnie got bored and invited me to join them on a trip to England and the South of France. While we were on the Riviera, Ronnie looked up his friend the writer Somerset Maugham. He optioned 30 Maugham stories to turn into a television series, which he would host and sometimes star in.

Back in Hollywood, we made a pilot episode for *Ronald Colman Presents Maugham* from the story "A String of Beads," starring Ronnie and Angela Lansbury. Several agencies expressed interest, and soon Ronnie was ready to move forward with the project, but Benita was very unhappy because there wasn't a spot for her as a regular on the series. Meanwhile, several sponsors were keen to re-do *The Halls of Ivy* for television, and Benita was thrilled at that idea, so Ronnie agreed and dropped the Maugham project.

He made one condition for *The Halls of Ivy*—that I would produce the series. The backers were reluctant to hire someone who had produced only one pilot, but Colman said he would not do the show without me, so suddenly there I was, producer of *The Halls of Ivy.* With my new title and a big increase in salary, I gave up my beige Chevrolet convertible for a yellow Ford convertible.

I realized how fortunate I was to have worked with two of Hollywood's major stars, but I also began to realize how different Cary Grant and Ronald Colman were from each other. They had made one film together, in 1942, a very successful comedy called *The Talk of the Town,* with Jean Arthur. I soon learned that problems had arisen at a screening of that film at the studio. Cary was then married to his second wife, Barbara Hutton. Ronnie and Benita were on time for the screening, but the Grants were late, and after waiting half an hour, Benita asked the producers to start the picture. About 15 minutes into the film, the Grants arrived, and Barbara asked to have the picture re-started. That led to angry words between the two men and, I heard, between the two wives. The incident caused such a rift that Ronnie and Cary were never friends again.

Ronnie was as classy as Cary, and they both wore the best English suits, usually tailor-made. But Cary had a London style in his dress, whereas Ronnie had an English country look. Ronnie was much more conservative than Cary, and much more price-conscious. He was always looking for the best bargain on tailor-made jackets and slacks and monogrammed shirts. Whatever he wore, he always looked very distinguished.

In the spring of 1953, when Benita was visiting her family in England, Ronnie invited me to go to New York with him for a week. We stayed at the Plaza hotel, and as we were checking in I saw Cary Grant standing near us in the lobby. He looked up and said, "Bill, what are *you* doing here?" I said, "Ronnie and I are here to catch some shows." He said, "Well, have a good time." Then he turned away. He did not speak to Ronnie, and Ronnie did not speak to him.

In New York, Ronnie loved to walk along Fifth Avenue and ride through Central Park. We went to two or three plays. I remember Deborah Kerr was doing *Tea and Sympathy,* and she and Ronnie were great friends. We went, as everyone did in those days, to '21,' and when I learned that Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, the comedy couple, were appearing at the Persian Room, I thought it would be fun to go there for dinner and the show. Ronnie was not enthusiastic, but I finally talked him into it. I told the headwaiter we'd like a table way in the back, preferably in a corner. Ronnie hated crowds. I always thought of him as the male Greta Garbo. I was horrified, therefore, when, halfway through the show, a spotlight found him, and Peter Lind Hayes said, "We'd like to introduce a very special guest here, Mr. Ronald Colman." As the applause swelled, Ronnie literally sank under the table.

I had many amusing incidents with the Colmans. In 1956, when Ronnie was asked to do a cameo role in Mike Todd's *Around the World in Eighty Days,* he, like many of

the other actors involved, was not paid wages for his two or three days' work, but was given a new car, in Ronnie's case a yellow Cadillac Coupe DeVille. Shortly after they got it, the Colmans invited me for dinner. We met at the Beverly Hills Hotel for drinks and then got in the Cadillac to drive to Romanoff's restaurant. Ronnie was driving, and Benita was beside him. She went to look for something in the glove compartment and pulled out a jockstrap. "What's *this* doing here?" she asked, and Ronnie said, "What is it?" "It's a *jockstrap!*," Benita said. "Well, it's not mine," said Ronnie as he pulled into Romanoff's. I looked in the glove compartment and realized not only that there were other things there that didn't belong to them but also that this wasn't their car. The valet at the Beverly Hills Hotel had given them the wrong Coupe DeVille by mistake. "Don't worry, Mr. Colman," the parking boy at Romanoff's said. "We'll take care of it." By the time we finished dinner, the switch had been made, and Ronnie's car was waiting for us at the door.

Ronnie and Benita were not in the habit of mailing their own letters. They would put them on a table in their foyer, and a maid or a houseman would post them. Around Christmas one year, I went to get Ronnie for lunch, and he came downstairs with a bundle of envelopes. "These are Christmas cards," he said. "Can we mail them on our way to lunch?" Fine, I said, and I pulled up at the corner of Beverly Drive and Little Santa Monica, where there was a mailbox. He got out of the car, and a couple of minutes later I saw a man who sold newspapers there running over and calling, "Mr. Colman! Mr. Colman! Are those letters you're mailing?" Ronnie said yes, and the man said, "But you didn't mail them. You put them in the trash can." So Ronnie and the newspaper man rummaged through the trash can and retrieved the Christmas cards, and then Ronnie put them in the mailbox, which was a few feet away. "That was *very* embarrassing," he said when he got back in the car. I don't think he ever took mail farther than the tray in the foyer again.

That same Christmas I went shopping with him. Ronnie loved Benita dearly and gave her the same Christmas presents year after year, the most elegant lace and satin and silk nightgowns and peignoirs you could buy. He picked them out at an exclusive shop in Beverly Hills. That year Benita called me and said, "I do not need any more nightgowns, Bill, and I have seen the most gorgeous white-fox coat at Saks. Will you please take Ronnie in there and get him to look at it?" A few days later I asked Ronnie if he'd like to go shopping with me, and I managed to engineer him up to the fur department in Saks. They were expecting us, and within minutes a model came out wearing this beautiful, full-length, white-fox coat. Ronnie took one look and said, "Is that what I'm here for?" I said yes. He didn't even ask the price. He just said, "I would never buy that for Benita. It looks like a whore's coat." He politely thanked the model and the saleslady, and we left. That Christmas Benita got another peignoir.

The Colmans' ranch was called San Ysidro, in Montecito, on the outskirts of Santa Barbara. Ronnie had bought it in the late 30s, and he kept it until he died. I spent many weekends there. The ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and his wife, Frances, were regulars, because Ronnie loved to do magic tricks, and Edgar coached him. Other frequent guests included Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks, David Niven, Pat and Charles Boyer, Dick Powell and his wife, June Allyson, and Patricia Medina, who later married Joseph Cotten.

The weekends were perfectly planned. Benita always served a high tea around 4:30, in spite of Ronnie's objections that it ran right into the cocktail hour. When you arrived at San Ysidro, usually late Friday afternoon, you were assigned to individual cottages, which were named Rose, Carnation, Lilac, Lemon, Geranium—depending on what flowers were planted around them. They were done in a rather old-fashioned style, very English with lots of chintz. Since the ranch had a dining room but no bar, when you arrived at your cottage, there would be a tray with pint bottles of vodka, bourbon, scotch, and gin on it, all opened and slightly less than full so that you wouldn't feel self-conscious about opening a fresh bottle. There was always soda, ginger ale, and ice. Benita called this "the dressing drink," to have while you were dressing for cocktails and dinner.

San Ysidro is still there, but it has been toned up considerably. In the 40s, 50s, and 60s, it still had plenty of intimate charm. Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh were married there. Winston Churchill paid a couple of visits, and Aldous Huxley stayed there many times. In 1953 it was the honeymoon retreat of Jack and Jacqueline Kennedy.

Before Ronnie and Benita moved permanently to the ranch, they divided their time between San Ysidro and the house at 1003 Summit Drive, a large English Tudor structure, very traditional, with many paneled rooms. Their last night in Beverly Hills, they gave a farewell party, and the guests included Greer Garson, Sylvia Ashley, the Basil Rathbones, Nigel Bruce (who played Dr. Watson to Rathbone's Sherlock Hol in films) and his wife, and Robert Sinc the director of *The Women* on Broad and his wife, the actress Heather Angel

As the guests left, around midni Ronnie took me aside and said, "I'd you to have anything in this house want." Well, that was quite an offer. S I had just moved into a new, small h at the top of Coldwater Canyon, I nee everything. I almost chose a Turner p ing—probably worth millions today—t didn't have a wall big enough for it. I f ly said I'd like the beautiful Kuan Yin ue in the garden room. Ronnie said, "I Her name is Louella." I asked, "How she get *that* name?" He said, "Well, v Benita and I got married, Hedda Ho got the story and scooped Louella sons. Louella was so angry that she d print our names in her column for r than two years. So when we got this ue, we thought we should give her a n and Benita said, 'She's so silent, I t we'll call her Louella.'"

I went home that night with Louel the front seat of my convertible. Bec the statue, which was about half life was of a seated woman with one leg d up and one hanging down, it had a b rest on, and we put the box in the tru was late, and I'd had several drinks drove very slowly up Coldwater Ca A police car stopped me, and the cers told me I was driving too sl When one shone his flashlight int car and saw the Chinese statue, he "What is that?" I said, "That is Lou

I told them I had just left Ronald man's house, and that it was a gift him. If they didn't believe me, I sai could drive to the Colmans' or telep They looked at each other, and o them said, "O.K., move over." He me home, and the other officer foll When we got to the house, the of picked up Louella and carried her i cause of her hanging leg, I said, "Ol put her on the piano." Today she's house in Palm Desert, invariably a pc interest for visitors and a constant re er for me of Ronnie and Benita.

When we fin *The Halls o* the Colmans ed me to tak cation with in Europe, bu accepted a p er's job with Review Productions, sidiary of MCA, working with a Ronnie: Ronald Reagan, who was th of *General Electric Theatre*. MCA

Ronnie took one look and said, "I would ever buy that for Benita. It looks like a whore's coat."





TOWN AND COUNTRY

Top, Benita and Ronald Colman at their ranch, San Ysidro, with their daughter, Juliet, and their poodle, Coco, 1944. *Above,* the Colmans in 1942, at the premiere of *Talk of the Town.*

Wasserman had set up everything for irst picture, a Western starring James art, a longtime client of Wasserman's, had starred in a number of the most lar films ever made—*It's a Wonderful The Philadelphia Story, Mr. Smith to Washington, The Glenn Miller Sto-*ur picture turned out very well, and in ourse of making it Jimmy and I began g and wonderful friendship.

couple of weeks after the film was leted, I had a call from Gloria Stew-immy's wife, who asked me if I'd be o come the following week for dinner, g, "I already have a date for you. Do ke older women?" I said, "Yes, why?" aid, "It's my mother." Gloria had nev- eyes on me, so I asked her, "Wouldn't ke to meet me first?" She said, "No. my likes you, I'll like you."

at was the first time I was in the on North Roxbury. The Stewarts' omfortable red-brick house in the Tu- yle was very homey on the inside, ots of chintz chairs and sofas and everywhere. It was a quintessentially wood party, but very different from ening at the Colmans'. The Gary ers were there, as were the Clark s, the Van Heflins, and the Gregory . I realized right away that Gloria mmy Stewart had a very special re- hip. She had been a model and was eautiful, and she had two boys from evious marriage. Gloria was Jimmy's d only wife. They clearly had great d respect for each other, but Gloria ely ran the show, and Jimmy was o happy to let her. They had twin ters together, and Jimmy treated s boys like his own sons.

Jimmy Stewart loved to work. In 1975 he was asked to do a run of *Harvey,* his 1950 film success, on the stage in London. It's about a rather nebbishy man who has an invisible six-foot rabbit end. My producer friend Jim Wharn I went over to see it, and Jimmy magnificent performance. I'll never forget his curtain call. He came out and took a bow, and the English audience gave him a standing ovation. Then he did something magical. He turned to the wings and said, "Come on, Harvey, everyone wants to see you." By his gestures, he brought Harvey to the middle of the stage and put his arm around him. Everybody in that theater would have sworn that he could actually see Harvey standing there with Jimmy. Then Jimmy stepped back and gave Harvey a solo bow, and the audience went wild.

When I was producing feature films, I asked Jimmy to read a treatment of a film about the frontiersman Jim Bridger. He sent me a note saying, "I feel very strongly that I am too old for the part—and more and more I am discovering that I can't do anything about that." A few years later, however, Gloria and Jimmy and I were staying with friends at a ranch in Mexico, and I was working on the script of *Airport '77.* I asked him if he'd like to read it, and he said sure. The next day he said, "Who's going to play Mr. Stevens?," referring to a small part in the picture. "You, I hope," I said, and to my delight he did. I had a great cast, including Jack Lemmon, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland.

Before Jimmy married Gloria, he had been one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. When Olivia de Havilland came over from Paris to shoot *Airport '77,* she said she was delighted to be reunited with Jimmy. Olivia told me that, years before, she and Jimmy had dated many, many times. One day, she said, Jimmy canceled a date. She decided she didn't want to sit at home alone, so she called the director John Huston, and they went to Chasen's for dinner. As they entered the restaurant, she said, she saw Jimmy sitting in a corner with another woman. "I knew then and there I had lost him. She was so beautiful, dressed in black velvet, with a big black velvet hat, sable scarves, and fresh violets." I said, "Olivia, who *was* it?" "It was Marlene Dietrich, and they were sitting side by side. They had just finished making *Destry Rides Again.*"

Gloria Stewart was fascinated with Africa, and over the years she made 26 trips

there. When Jimmy wasn't working, he usually went along. They were wonderful to travel with, and when *Airport '77* was finished, the studio wanted some of us to go on a tour to promote the picture. The Stewarts went as a favor to me. We went to Alaska, Japan, Australia, and Hong Kong.

While we were at the Hotel Peninsula in Hong Kong, Jimmy said to me, "I'd like to buy Gloria a string of beads." I said, "Do you mean a string of pearls?" He said, "That's it." We went to one of the jewelry shops on the mezzanine, and I picked out three sets of pearls: one all of uniform size, to be worn high at the neck, one of graduated pearls, and a long string. The prices ranged from $25,000 to $60,000.

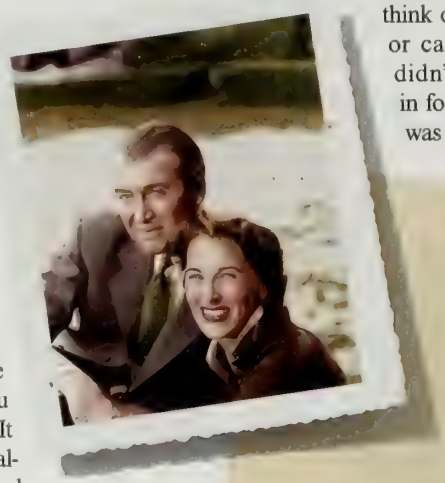
That night, after drinks, we took Gloria to the shop, where the pearls were laid out on black velvet. She tried on the one I liked best, with the pearls all the same size, looked in the mirror, and said, "How much are these?" The clerk said, "Only $60,000." Gloria turned to me and said, "Frye, are you nuts? I wouldn't let Jimmy spend $60,000 for anything to put around my neck, and I certainly wouldn't buy these, because I would have to have a mirror to see them. I want to see what I wear. That's why I wear rings." Gloria usually also wore gold loop earrings, which I think came from Kenneth Jay Lane or Ciro and never cost more than $25.

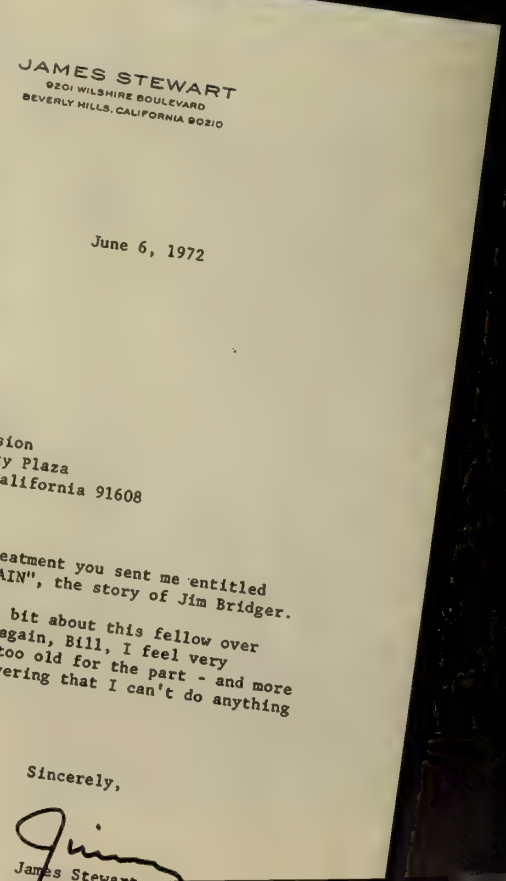
Our guide in Hong Kong suggested that we drive out to where you can look over at China. It turned out that you actually had to leave the car and climb a steep hill, and we were not up to it. I said to the driver, "Couldn't we get a permit to drive up?" The guards all said no, until one spotted Jimmy and said, "Mr. Glenn Miller! It's Mr. Glenn Miller!" Then another looked in the car and said, "Mr. Shenandoah!" Those two pictures were clearly popular in China. I said, "Jimmy, get out of the car, and I'll take Polaroids of you with them. Then they might let us drive up the damned hill."

At six feet three, he towered over the guards, who were beaming. After I gave them each a Polaroid, they climbed onto the front fender of our Rolls-Royce, and we all drove up the hill to see China.

When it came to clothes, Jimmy was the opposite of Cary and Ronnie. Clothes meant nothing to him. He had his shirts made, but only because of his extra-long arms and extra-thin neck. Other than that, a jacket was a jacket to him, and a suit was a suit. I went to London with him when he was invited to make a presentation for Princess Anne at a charity event. We stayed at the Connaught Hotel, and as we were dressing that night—it was black-tie—I went into Jimmy's room for some reason, and he looked at me and said, "Is it black-tie tonight? Nobody told me, and I didn't bring one." It was much too late to go to a rental shop. He said, "That's all right—I've got a blue suit and a white shirt." "Do you have a bow tie?," I asked. "No, but I'll go down and borrow one from the waiter."

He went downstairs, got a bow tie from one of the waiters, came back up and put it on, and looked absolutely wonderful. He was completely at ease on the stage that night, and I don't think one person noticed or cared—certainly he didn't—that he wasn't in formal attire. Jimmy was no more interested





JAMES STEWART
9201 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90210

June 6, 1972

Mr. William Frye
Universal Television
100 Universal City Plaza
Universal City, California 91608

Dear Bill:

I have read the treatment you sent me entitled "KING OF THE MOUNTAIN", the story of Jim Bridger.

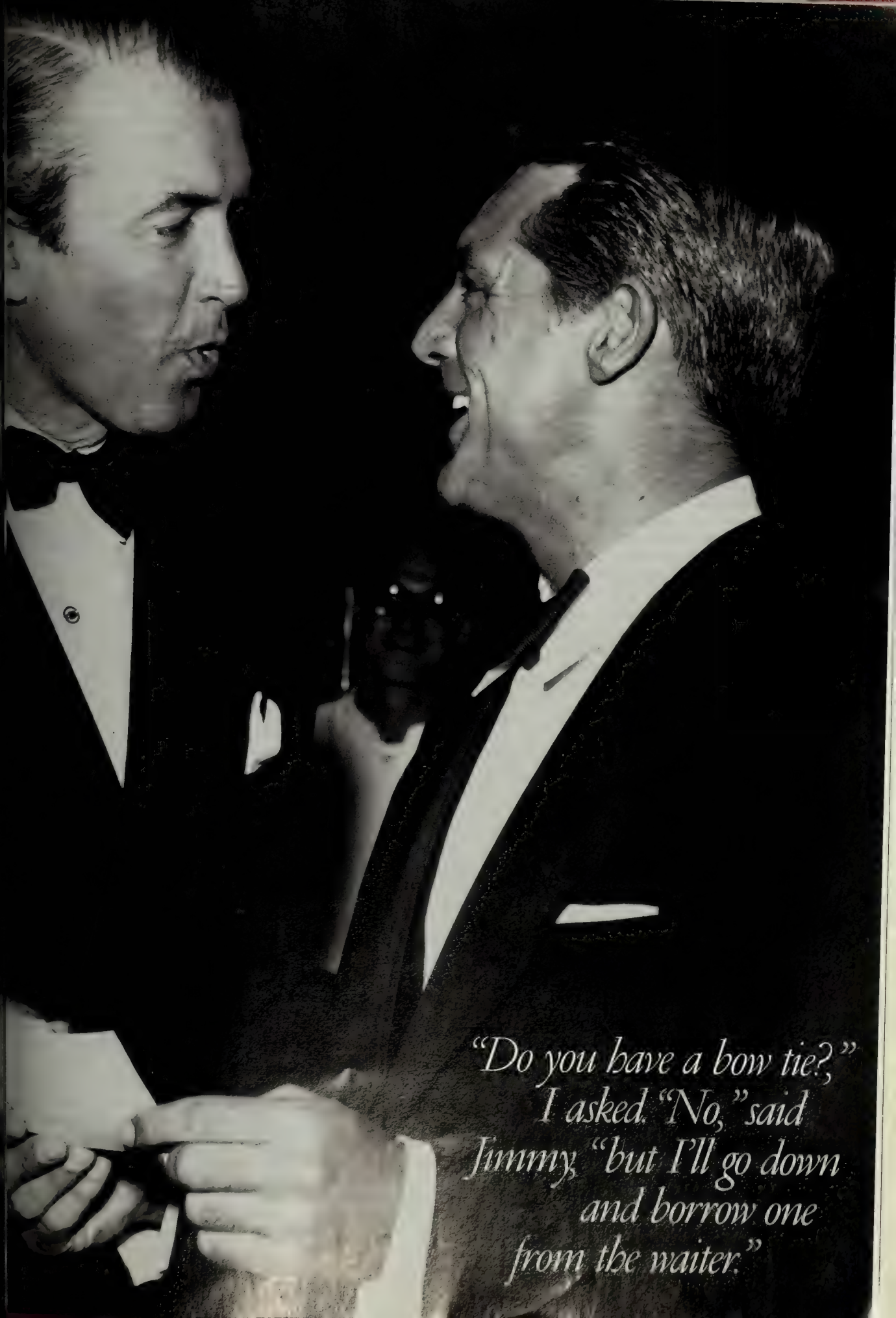
I have read quite a bit about this fellow over the years but here again, Bill, I feel very strongly that I am too old for the part - and more and more I am discovering that I can't do anything about that.

Sincerely,

James Stewart

WONDERFUL LIFE

Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant looking impossibly elegant at a 1950s air-force show. *Insets: top,* Jimmy with Gloria Stewart, the love of his life, in 1959; *bottom,* a letter Stewart wrote to William Frye in 1972, saying that he felt he was too old to play mountain man Jim Bridger on TV.



"Do you have a bow tie?," I asked. "No," said Jimmy, "but I'll go down and borrow one from the waiter."

in cars than in clothes, and he was not a good driver. One day he got into a minor accident in his Volvo, which was at least 15 years old, and although it was nothing that couldn't be repaired, I said to him, "That car is so old—why don't you get a new one?" He was rather reluctant, but I drove him down to the Volvo dealership, and he got in the one that was most like his old one. He got right back out and said, "No, it doesn't work." He hadn't even started the car, so I said, "What doesn't work?" He said, "The ceiling is too short by two inches, and my head hits the top. And it doesn't on the old one." He drove that old Volvo until he died.

Jimmy wasn't a big partygoer, but he loved to go to friends' houses for small, cozy dinners. He came to my house innumerable times. He enjoyed the cocktail hour, and right after dinner he would head straight for the piano. Gloria would say, "Oh, my God, here he goes again. Why do you encourage him?" I would tell her, "Gloria, you know that after he's had a couple of drinks and dinner he's talked out." He'd usually start with his favorite tune, "Ragtime Cowboy Joe." After a few minutes, he would become oblivious to anybody around him and just sit there and play until it was time to go home.

In spite of Jimmy's social shyness, the Stewarts decided to have a big party for their 35th anniversary. They put up a great tent in the garden, and Jimmy hired the Pied Pipers, who played another favorite song of his, "Dream." It was a wonderful evening. Cary Grant arrived with his last wife, Barbara Harris. (His previous wife, the actress Dyan Cannon, had been the mother of his only child, Jennifer.) Irene Dunne and Lucille Ball were there; Lucille, then the No. 1 star on television, had been an extra in Irene's classic film *Roberta.* Also in attendance were Bob and Dolores Hope, Audrey Hepburn and Bob Wolders, Dinah Shore, and many other close friends.

In 1958, at the Colman ranch, I told Ronnie I was getting ready to make my first trip to Florence. Ronnie had lived there for a year or two, so he sat down and wrote out two or three pages of places and things I should see in the 10 days I planned to stay. I looked at the list and said, "Ronnie, this took you a year." He said, "Do your best, but try to see it all." The day I arrived in Florence, there was a cable for me at the hotel: Ronnie had died the day before. I called Benita and said I would come right home. She said, "No, Bill, stay and try to see all the things Ronnie told you about, and when you get home, come and tell me all about Florence."

When Cary and Betsy were still together, they had a beautiful house in Palm Springs, where I visited them often. I remember they were both interested in hypnotism, and several times Cary tried to hypnotize me, but it didn't take. I was such a lousy subject that in the end I would pretend I was under. He knew I was faking it and finally gave up on me. I remember telling him, "Listening to your voice, Cary, is hardly going to put one to sleep." But as the years passed, I Cary less and less.

I've always been amazed that Cary G never won an Oscar, apart from a lifeti achievement award in 1969. Ronald Col won one 10 years before he died, for a atypical role in *A Double Life,* about an e tionally disturbed actor who gets lost in role of Othello. Jimmy Stewart won on 1940, when he was 32, for *The Philadel Story,* for which Cary Grant will also al be remembered, but for which he was even nominated.

In May 1997, I decided it was time fo to leave Beverly Hills and spend the re my days in Palm Desert. The week bef left Los Angeles, I went to see Jimmy. G had died three years before, and he was at all well. I called Ann, the maid, to s it was all right to visit, and she said, "Ol wants very much to see you." I arrived i late afternoon, and he was in bed in p mas, looking surprisingly well. There fresh flowers in the room. I sat in a beside him, and we talked for about 10 utes. When I saw that he was getting tir stood up to say good-bye and shake his h He took my arm and pulled me down gave me a little kiss on each cheek. In th years I had known Jimmy, I had never him so warm and demonstrative. As I t to go, he said, "Bill, you have a wond new life down in the desert." One m later I was a pallbearer at his funeral.

The Weinsteins

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 415 my falling asleep. But Harvey was just enough older to watch the movie and notice something else: a packed audience of "art-lovers" who never would have set foot in a movie with subtitles but for the fact there was a little something extra added. It was a lesson that would come into play years later.

The Window

My father was a diamond cutter in New York City's Diamond District, located on 47th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. For those in the business it was simply known as "the Street." As New Yorkers and tourists pass by the vast rows of displays, filled with tens of thousands of diamonds in as many cuts and configurations, most rarely notice the floors above these shining windows. In some Jewish-American inversion of class structure, the workers are upstairs on the Street and the owners are down. Each building has hundreds of upper-floor shops where workers and tradesmen put in 10- to 12-hour days transforming raw, unpolished hunks of stone, which would seem like junk to a layman, into polished diamond gems with 56 facets to be sold in the windows and stores below.

In Max's day, each of the workshops was approximately 800 square feet in size, housing up to eight cutters. Every cutter was provided a stool and a workbench outfitted with a steel wheel lying flush in the center, like a record turntable. When the cutter flipped the electric switch on the side of the bench, this wheel would begin spinning, eventually reaching speeds around 1,800 rotations per minute. The cutter would place the raw gem, dull and grayish, into a lapidary tool called a dop. He would then begin pressing it to the wheel, systematically turning the dop to create the facets that bring out the luster of the stone, and transform it into everyone's idea of a diamond, white and shining. The work was intense and monotonous, not to mention hard on the back.

It was in these shops that my father spent most of his life, literally and figuratively grinding out a living to support his family. And, more than anything, Max wanted to be on the ground floor. He wanted to be, as he called it, "one of the big boys," someone who controlled his own destiny, coul the shots for himself, and had status. ing it rich wouldn't have been bad, eith it any surprise that one of his favorite was "If I Were a Rich Man" from *Fidd the Roof*? As he sang it around the ment, doing his best Zero Mostel imit we would all laugh, and so would he underneath it was a serious matter for

Like a lot of people, he had his d but he also had a few plans for achi it. He was determined to try, and his watched it all and learned.

It was one thing to have a store c Street, but even then there was a hier The main floors typically housed 50 individually owned booths in which a er could exhibit his merchandise to th tomers who came in to browse. The ul goal was to have a "window"—store property where your merchandise co displayed not just to the people who ered to open the door and come in every passerby on the street. This w Boardwalk and Park Place. And in t of 1965, a window property became able—23 West 47th. The dream was a become reality.

ver the years, Max had saved around 000. This was our rainy-day money, but ather was dreaming of sunshine every day. Max's world, there were no I.P.O.'s to money, no investor cocktail parties at 00 a head. This was small business with dreams—you saved your money, bought store, and took your shot. And he wasn't sting his nest egg to have just another low full of diamonds—no, he had a plan. iamonds combined with jade! It was what he needed to single himself out, w product, something the Street hadn't before, and Max was going to corner market. He imported the finest jade able and set out to design all types of handise—rings, earrings, bracelets—all the moodiness of the deep-green Chi- stone offset by occasional flashes of from the diamonds.

ound this time, sensing that it was hard- go it alone and be successful, he also l himself a partner. With a partner, one n could mind the store while the oth- nted up new opportunities. In theory, s right in every respect. In practice, he e wrong guy. The man he chose had of Max's drive or vision, but was will- hang on for a ride. My mother, never o keep an opinion to herself, pointed ese defects repeatedly. My father didn't , but in his heart I believe he knew as right, and this would come into play later.

d so the store finally opened. A glori- y—a "premiere." Max was officially in ss! He had moved downstairs and be- one of the big boys. And the best part was that business was great. His instinct e up with something new was paying e customers were buying his stuff—he hit! The store provided a common in- or the whole family. In our apartment, k at dinner had changed, and it was rful. Every night, we would wait for come home to hear how he had done y. Instead of the drudgery of the daily now the discussions were of actual sales nade and how they had transpired. My r and I would memorize the percent- nd tally up the profits. Thirty to 40 t from selling just one $1,800 bracelet upwards of $540 take-home—an en- ek's pay in the old days. Harvey and I grew dissatisfied with a pair of ear- eing sold for a mere $600, but Max always remind us that "it all adds up." brother and I asked every question ld think of and soaked up the an- And one summer day Harvey had an unity to prove just how well he had tening. Max's partner had the day , at my father had an appointment and 13-year-old son to mind the store. Max's return, Harvey informed him had sold a diamond ring to a wom- an for $1,200. Stunned, Max turned to the other owners nearby for confirmation. Equally amazed, even after witnessing the transaction, they grudgingly assured Max he had a "supersalesman" in the family.

Another incident was in hindsight so full of foreshadowing that "ironic" is too small a word to describe it. Max returned home from work one day beaming.

"You won't believe who came in the store today."

"Who? Who?"

"Mel Brooks!"

Now, my father's absolute favorite movie, and I swear on this, was *The Producers.* It starred his favorite actor, Zero Mostel; it had a great story; and Mel Brooks was the funniest man alive. And the genius who had made this movie had been in the store! Being the starstruck Jewish family that we were, the first question that occurred to us was: "Did he buy anything?" My father told us that he hadn't, but he did sign an autograph. Max pulled out a business card and turned it over. On the back was written, "To Max and his two rotten sons—Mel Brooks." We laughed and it was a cute little story. But cut to 34 years later. I was with my brother on the afternoon of the Academy Awards, the year *Shakespeare in Love* was in the running for best picture. I asked him if he had a speech written should he win, and he said he didn't. I told him to write something down, just in case. He quickly scribbled something out and read it back to me. My only suggestion for a change was to use Mel Brooks's line: instead of thanking his two daughters, thank his "two rotten kids." It would be different, I assured him, and it would get a laugh. Well, the movie did win, and Harvey—via Mel—did get the laugh.

But the serendipity didn't end there. Not long after, Mel Brooks called Harvey to say that he was offering a few people the opportunity to invest in a new Broadway musical he had written based on his film *The Producers,* and Harvey and I were on the list. Of course, we accepted. Two years later we were fortunate enough to be up onstage with Mel Brooks and the rest of the producers of *The Producers,* receiving the Tony Award for best new musical—the only award my brother and I have ever won for doing no more than signing a check. Max would have loved it.

During the time he owned the window, my father was happy. He was fulfilling his long-held dream, and work didn't seem like work anymore now that he was his own man. This lasted for two or three years, but the heady days of the first sales passed, and competition from some of the bigger big boys on the Street increased: Max wasn't the only one who could buy jade. Gradually, as with so many small businesses, the economic pressure took its toll on Max's window. It gets difficult to ride out the tough times when you need to make changes but lack the capital to implement them. Business started slowing down and the store couldn't break even. And the partner Max had sought out for advice, support, collaboration, etc., proved himself to be nothing more than a glorified employee at the end of the day.

The store eventually had to be closed. The lease was not renewed, and the remaining merchandise was sold to the bottom feeders at rock-bottom prices. Max had taken his shot, experienced success and, ultimately, failure, and now he was headed upstairs again, back to grinding out his daily living to keep his family afloat. My brother and I knew how filled with hurt and disappointment Max was, and we watched him accept this with grace and dignity and we loved him for it. One thing we didn't know at the time was that in Max's mind this was merely a temporary setback. He had had a taste of success, and as he headed upstairs he was already making plans.

The Comeback

Max took his next big business shot in the winter of 1971, when I was 17 years old. Harvey had already started college, and I had just graduated from high school six months early, in January. Eight months with nothing to do before I went away to college in the fall sounded like Nirvana, and I was ready to take it easy. But my father had other plans for me. A new business opportunity had arrived, he had $20,000 saved up in the rainy-day account, and he was taking me with him.

A new product had emerged on the scene, a synthetic diamond marketed under the brand name Diamonair. Each gem was promised to be pure white, with none of the imperfections of real stones. A working-class guy could buy his fiancée or wife a beautiful stone the color and size of a $100,000 real diamond for just $1,000. For the customer, what a bargain! For Max, what an opportunity!

The Street was ready to accept this new merchandise and sell it right alongside the real stuff. And this time my father had come up with a different way in: he wasn't going to be selling the goods retail in a window on the Street. He was going to get in on the action even earlier by buying the equipment needed to cut the new material, hiring his own workers, setting up a shop, manufacturing the goods, and selling them to the dealers on the Street.

Once it came time to hire and train the workers needed to cut the Diamonairs, my father realized he couldn't afford to hire experienced cutters with families to support, so he came up with an innovative and, in retrospect, a pretty open-minded plan. He recruited several of my brother's friends who were still in that one- or two-year limbo that

The Weinsteins

people sometimes fall into between high school and the next step, be it college or career. He trained them and paid them less than a real diamond cutter would make but more money than they could dream of making elsewhere. I, of course, was drafted by my father to be one of his elite crew. So one morning, off I went with Max on the subway into Manhattan. On 47th Street, we met up with a group of guys who looked like the Dirty Dozen by way of the Grateful Dead: five longhaired "hippie types," in the jargon of the day. I was a little scared of them, but Max saw nothing but his first-ever employees. They turned out to be the greatest, sweetest, hardest-working crew on the Street. I was a young 17, they were 19 and experienced, and working with them I learned a lot more than just how to cut Diamonairs. My father was a strong but patient teacher, and at the end of six weeks we were all trained. We each made $300 a week—a gold mine for us—and my father was back in business. He would never let pride get in the way of making an honest dollar, so when Max wasn't out hustling up new customers, he was cutting right alongside us. I can remember looking up from my cutting machine to see my old man down at the other end of the row of benches; in between us were Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Telly Savalas, and John Cassavetes.

Our shop had the most unusual atmosphere of any on the Street. Most of the manufacturing houses had 8 to 10 employees, usually Hasidic Jews, in the traditional long black coats, white shirts, and yarmulkes, working side by side in almost absolute silence. It wasn't that they were antisocial; they just seemed to take a Zen-like approach to their job. Maybe that was how they trained their minds to deal with the monotony of the work. By way of contrast, the shop my father ran was filled nonstop with the music of the Grateful Dead, the Allman Brothers, Pink Floyd, the Who, etc. My father's occasional request for some Sinatra was always quickly rebuffed. Everyone had his own style, and that was fine with Max, as long as the work got done. That's what we loved about him, and why the work always did get done.

Some afternoons my father would come back from an appointment and notice a strange aroma wafting from the bathroom. He would ask the guys if they were smoking any of those "funny cigarettes." They would just smile and my father would move on. One of the guys once overheard Max on the telephone, obviously in the middle of an argument with my mother. When Max hung up, the guy handed him a joint and advised him to take it home and smoke it later that night with Miriam to "ease the tension." No kidding—and my father took it. I have no idea what actually happened later (and my mother's not telling), but it puts a smile on my face to this day to imagine Miriam and Max puffing on a joint together and forgetting the silly problems of the day.

Eventually, it was time for me to head off to college. Max had been holding my $300 a week for me for the whole eight months, so I was looking forward to having a cool nine grand or so to take with me. When it came time to collect, I got the shock of my life: it didn't exist! Max had used what would have been my salary to buy new equipment for the shop. My own father had "taken" my hard-earned money! Boy, did I scream. Miriam said, "Max, how could you?" His reply? "It needed to be done and that's that." The way he saw it, it was a small price for a lifetime of room and board; the business needed it and that was more important. He didn't feel one ounce of guilt, and in time I had to respect him for doing what he had to for the shop, even if it was with my salary.

The business survived a few more years with the usual ups and downs. Max had hoped to open several shops, but the demand for Diamonairs didn't last, and his one shop closed down. He tried little business ideas from time to time, but that shop was really his last hurrah, and he settled back into being someone else's employee. He was approaching 50 and was slowly starting to plan for other things, like traveling with my mother now that both kids were grown and out of the house.

He had no regrets. He had taken his shots, and just knowing he had really tried made him feel that he was successful. He was right.

For me and Harvey, the most important part of all my father's business ventures was that they gave us an opportunity to work alongside him—for my brother, several summers, for me, eight straight months, side by side. There wasn't any great advice given or big speeches made, but we had the opportunity to observe him in action day after day. We learned the "business" at the University of 47th Street. No actual school could have taught us what it really takes to run an enterprise. The vision, determination, stamina, hope, relentlessness, and sheer work that are involved in staying afloat, much less succeeding, are the same whether you are running a window on 47th Street or Miramax Films or Microsoft.

The Family

Max came from a family of nine children and yet felt no closeness to his brothers and sisters and had a distant relationship with his parents, particularly his father. Until he became an adult and created his own family, he felt very much alone. Most times, it seems that the human mind picks one of two ways to deal with a very negative as of childhood: either we subconsciousl create the very situation we hated, o consciously work very hard to make it ferent. Well, lucky for Harvey and me, father was in the latter group, and his fa was everything to him, especially the c ness of his sons. And this was not some we inferred or just felt. He told us outr

It was sometime in 1963. I was sever my brother was nine. My father calle to him, saying he had something "in tant" to discuss with us. Our minds b racing to figure out what our infractior been to get the butt-whipping we were was coming. But that wasn't what Ma in mind. He walked us into the living and told us to take a seat in the two chairs." Now we really knew somethin up, because in our whole lives we had *never* been allowed to sit in these cha even look as if the thought of sitting in might have crossed our mind. The e sive chairs were for "company only" an was that. So we figured we were dea sure. We obediently sat in our assigned and waited to hear what we had done what followed was the only "sit-d speech my father ever made to me ar brother in our lives.

"I want you both to listen. I have thing very important to tell you."

He proceeded to recount the story Kennedy family: how John Kennedy w president and had picked his brother I to be the attorney general and how old man, Joe Kennedy, had helped or the entire election campaign. Joe and h sons were a lesson in how important was—if a family worked together, they accomplish anything. He went on to sa John and Bobby Kennedy were the p example of how powerful that bond c ily could be and that John had picke by because he knew he could trust hi no other. Then came Max's greatest leap that only a dreamer with an in purity of belief in the power of his could make.

"And you guys can accomplish as as them. If you stick together, noth impossible."

There it was in one sentence—the directive. The secret ingredient ha stirred in. He went on to say that someday we ended up not working t we should always look out for each ot matter what. But the implication ren *Together was better.* And with this kno imparted, we were dismissed.

"O.K., that's it. Get out of here."

The only thought I remember ha we slid out of the hallowed club cha how weird my father was. And as we to play baseball or football or whatev vey and I didn't discuss what Max h

to us. Nor in the years to come did we not once. The sentence "Remember what said about sticking together . . . " was uttered by either of us. Somehow Max his dream, bypassed our conscious s, and injected it directly into our DNA. n June 4, 1976, as he was walking up ront stoop after a day at work, just as ad every other weekday of his adult my father died of a sudden heart at- at the age of 52. I was now 22 and my er was 24. Max had lived to see Har- chieve a high level of success as a con- romoter in Buffalo, where he put on nds of shows, from Frank Sinatra and Midler to the Grateful Dead. And my had gone to listen to and meet them en the Dead.

ad dropped out of college, having set ecord for lowest number of credits d over two years. I then moved to Buf- live with my brother and began pro- g movie festivals in the theater Harvey d, to keep the money coming in be- live concerts.

One day the rock group Genesis came to perform. They mentioned to my brother that they had a concert film they had made, and asked if he knew anyone who could promote it nationally. He told them his brother, Bob, was the best movie promoter in the country and could easily do the job. At the time, I didn't know a single theater outside of Buffalo.

Thrown into a job you know nothing about with no way out, you learn very fast. *Genesis: A Band in Concert,* as it was titled, became the first picture we owned together. The seeds were being planted—we just didn't know it.

Harvey was becoming frustrated with the concert-promotion business, and I was busy doing my thing, but not enjoying doing it alone. The "club-chair conversation" must have been working in both our subconsciouses, because it wasn't much longer before Harvey and I set out to start our company for real. I came up with the name in an hour, Harvey approved it in a minute, and Miramax was born.

Twenty-five years have passed, and I have so many memories: a hundred Miriam stories, a thousand Harvey stories, and even more Bob-and-Harvey stories. As our company has grown, and continues to grow, and as our families do the same, the stories multiply. But the Max stories stopped on that June day in 1976.

As for you, Max, well, your best "shot," the one you nurtured all through our childhood, has paid off: your sons are making movies that you would love, they can hold their own with anyone when it comes to business, and they are not only each other's partner but best friend as well—an alliance that cannot be broken.

You also have four grandchildren: my two daughters, aged 22 and 17, and Harvey's daughters, aged 7 and 4. And rest assured, both sets of sisters hear all the stories of Grandpa Max, and there are two important lessons from their grandfather that we will always keep alive: that they are each other's greatest ally, and that their hair always "looks great." □

---

hael Jackson

NUED FROM PAGE 425 and various 's turned gentlemen cowboys run bou- vineries or ride to the hounds, chasing te instead of a fox. Jackson does not pate in any of these things. "I used to n riding down the road in an old pick- e in a while," Barrett told me, "but ly."

hen Michael Jackson first moved here, e was thrilled," says Pat Murphy, au- *Santa Ynez Valley Secrets.* Residents see him around town with his face in ges or covered with a surgical mask. felt he was giving a lot of local people nd they really need it. Then out came fidentiality agreements—we had never ced *that* in the valley. They were sworn cy, and people started to say, 'Why et? What do we have to be silent Over time people became more sus- ," Jackson, she hastens to add, has al- en generous with local children. Then, s. stories began to dribble out about y Culkin and Sean Lennon, John Len- n, crashing golf carts on nights they er, and about child actor Emman- is romping around. When Jackson izabeth Taylor her eighth wedding, Fortensky, in 1991, Murphy recalls, a circus beyond a circus." Soon nd more stories came out about how Michael was. Then people started pull- because he was so strange," and the dal with the children," which prompt- t of lawsuits from ex-employees—all of which Jackson won in Santa Maria—was another big turning point. "When Michael Jackson first moved to the valley," Pat Murphy concludes, "he was a very nice-looking African-American man with brown skin. Now he's become a white woman."

I started writing about Michael Jackson in *Vanity Fair* in 1993, when allegations were made that he had sexually molested a 13-year-old boy named Jordan "Jordie" Chandler, who is now 23. At that time Jackson was one of the richest, most famous, and most beloved entertainers in the world, and no one wanted to believe that this grown-up Peter Pan, who was 35 and known for his love of children, would use his talent and fame to seduce little boys and buy off their greedy parents. In the course of my investigation, I came to realize that many people in law enforcement firmly believed that Jackson was guilty, but they were reluctant to go up against such a big celebrity in a trial because so many witnesses they interviewed refused to come forward and were handsomely rewarded, while others who were willing initially to testify later reported being intimidated, harassed, and threatened.

In 1995, I wrote that Chandler, whose family brought a civil suit against Jackson and were paid millions, was nearly run over one day when he and the housekeeper were outside. After missing him the first time, the driver turned around and tried again. Chandler's father, Evan, was threatened; he received a dead rat in a box; and his office was ransacked. The boy's attorney, Larry Feldman, was protected for several months by guards from the U.S. Justice Department after he received numerous death threats and had the walls of his office building sprayed with pornographic graffiti. Meanwhile, security people at Neverland brandished guns, and employees there believed that the phones were tapped. "That certainly chilled potential witnesses," one member of the prosecution team told me recently. "It was very scary stuff."

The Chandlers weren't the only people who were paid off. A former maid of Jackson's, who said she had found him and her son in a sleeping bag, and had seen Jackson a number of times nude with young boys, also got a sum of seven figures. At the time Chandler brought charges, Jackson was on a world tour, and he promptly checked himself into a drug-rehab facility in London and stayed well out of the reach of authorities who wanted to question him. Prosecutors finally made a deal with Jackson: he would not be put under arrest and handcuffed if he would voluntarily submit to having his genitals photographed. Jordie Chandler had drawn an explicit picture showing markings on Jackson's testicles and a dark spot on his left buttock. I wrote about how Jackson tried to abort the process, to the point of striking one of his doctors and calling the detectives present "assholes." However, the photos matched Jordie's drawings. That proved to be a decisive moment in the case. I wrote that article after Diane Sawyer interviewed Jackson and his then bride, Lisa Marie Presley, on ABC TV and wrongly announced that he had been cleared of all charges, which Jackson readily confirmed on the air. In fact, the case was still open. Even today,

prosecutors say, under a 1993 California statute, if a previous victim was to come forward with substantial abuse allegations, and there was clear and convincing corroborating evidence, it would be possible to bring criminal charges. Moreover, California has just instituted a one-year grace period, extending from January 1, 2003, to January 1, 2004, allowing past victims of certain kinds of sexual abuse to file civil complaints.

"I have an adage," says William Hodgman, head of the sex-crimes unit of the Los Angeles District Attorney's Office, which investigated the Jackson sex-abuse allegations in 1993. "The higher the profile, the stranger are the phenomena." Fame twists everything, he explains. "It's all that money swirling around in all different ways—especially with the tabloids, which were often three steps ahead of us. Information was bought and sold; documents disappeared. It's all part of the wildness of celebrity."

A member of the prosecution team says it still gnaws at him that Michael Jackson never came to trial. "Just to get started, we needed victims willing to testify, and it appeared to us there were tender young boys, called Michael's 'special friends,' who ran back a decade," he told me. "We had a 'special friend' identified every year for 10 or 12 years. They were all prepubescent boys between about 8 and 12 years old, and as soon as they started sprouting whiskers—*whoosh,* they were out the door," he added. "They were generally cute boys, along the lines of the Macaulay Culkin variety. Some refused to talk to us; others lied when they did. Ultimately we needed people to come forward. We could not send a kid up there one-on-one against Michael Jackson."

Jackson had slept in the same bed with the 13-year-old 30 nights in the boy's small Los Angeles room—Jackson's camp even admitted that—and the boy alleged that Jackson had engaged in acts such as oral sex and mutual masturbation not only there but also at Neverland, at Jackson's "hideaway" apartment in Century City, in Monaco, and at Walt Disney World. The only other two boys willing to testify had not had relationships as intense as Jordie's with the King of Pop. One was the maid's son mentioned earlier; the other, in Santa Barbara County, claimed Jackson had fondled him, but with his clothes on. The parents of that boy refused to let their son testify. "Silence was purchased with regard to at least one of those other boys," the prosecutor says. "Michael Jackson's sort of wealth buys an awful lot of favors." Jackson arranged for permanent residential visas in the United States for an Australian boy and his parents. The night Jackson had met this boy, the star asked the parents if he could go off alone with him, and he did not return him until the next morning. "If those same circumstances occurred with an average person, the parents probably would have called the police," says a source formerly close to Jackson. "But because it was Michael Jackson, they acted like they were honored."

Jackson's lawyers consistently delayed having their client deposed. At one point, one of the lawyers in the civil sex-abuse case said in a court hearing that Jackson might have to take the Fifth Amendment if criminal charges were pressed. At the time, his lawyer Bert Fields told me, "The stakes are going to jail and ruining his life, and his life is essentially over if he's charged and convicted." In fact, the civil case was settled the night before Jackson's deposition was to be taken. The civil case required only that a "preponderance of evidence" show he had sexually abused Jordie Chandler, whereas in a criminal trial his guilt would have to be proved beyond a reasonable doubt. Knowing that, Feldman's tactic was to continue to press for a deposition, especially after the photographs of Jackson's genitals were taken. "Larry Feldman knew he was sitting pretty in his suit with the photos he could subpoena," another member of the prosecution team told me. "The photos were our best evidence, but the worst possible thing for our case." I asked why. "They allowed [Jordie] to settle the suit and back out of the case. What did he need to go to trial for? He had all his millions."

Sources close to Chandler's side had previously told me that there had been a period when the boy was willing to testify against Jackson, but that the prosecution's investigation dragged on too long. Not true, says a member of the prosecution team. "We had a meeting, and the boy did all the talking. He said, 'Can you assure my family and me we'll be protected and nothing will happen to us?' He brought up the fact his father was threatened so much, and the police investigated it, and it was true. We answered, 'No, we can't,' so he said, 'We can't go through with it.'"

At the time, Jackson had Anthony Pellicano, known as "the private detective to the stars," who cultivates a Tony Soprano image, working for him. Big-name Hollywood lawyers who don't want to get their hands dirty often hire Pellicano, who was intimately involved in trying to negotiate with Jordie Chandler's father—whom he accused of extortion—and in discrediting the accusers. "Bert [Fields] gives me an absolute free hand when I'm involved," Pellicano told me in 1993. "This is why I have the reputation I have, because I solve problems." (He was reportedly later fired from the case.) When police wired Jackson's maid Blanca Francia, whose son was one of the boys involv the investigation, according to someo the prosecution team, they heard Pel beg her not to go to the police with h formation. Other former employees r ed threats and harassment from Pell and some still cower when they speak o

Last November, Pellicano was arres F.B.I. agents, who found explosives safe "strong enough to bring down a plane" after an informant fingered h the person who had hired a tough guy a bullet through the windshield of the p car of a *Los Angeles Times* reporter w on a story about the actor Steven Seag the Mob. A dead fish was left on the well as a rose and a cardboard sign STOP. *Vanity Fair* contributing edito Zeman, who published a Seagal story October's issue, says a man confronte with a gun, pointed it at his head, and the trigger. The gun was empty. Zem no idea who the man was. (Pellica said he has no involvement with S Former reporter Rod Lurie told me th licano had phoned him 35 times ove month period to try to get him to kill a he was writing about the source-ga techniques of the *National Enquirer.* was mysteriously hit by a car while his bike. Very few knew of the accide Pellicano was one of the first to call sole him. Diane Dimond, who aggr ly pursued the Michael Jackson st the TV show *Hard Copy* starting i told me, "My home was vandaliz car was broken into, and our defen uments were stolen. Paramount [which *Hard Copy*] gave me bodyguards."

Victor M. Gutierrez, a Chilean j ist who in 1996 brought out tounding book on the child-molestati entitled *Michael Jackson Was My The Secret Diary of Jordie Chandler,* that, in the course of his investigatio cano, who is a major character in th visited him and told him, "Consid self dead!" Gutierrez says he was a outside his apartment in Westwood, geles. "After I got beat up on the s three guys, Pellicano stopped in a bl us, looked at me, and laughed. H with a girl, and she started to laugh." rez adds, "He made my life misera threats to my family, to me. He wa bragging about his contacts in th and C.I.A." (Repeated calls to Pe lawyer for comment went unanswer

I tracked Gutierrez down in Chil he had moved after losing a slan brought by Michael Jackson and d bankruptcy before his book could lished. Gutierrez had gone on *Ha* and said he had seen a videotape of Jackson having sex with a minor. H

roduce the tape, and he unsuccessful-voked California's shield law protect-urnalists from having to reveal their es. The jury in Los Angeles ordered him $2.7 million in damages, according to kson lawyer, "to send a message to the ids." Gutierrez told me he had first d about the purported tape from some-n Michael Jackson's extended family. kson has been sued a number of times nplaints relating to the Chandler case. l former bodyguards at Neverland al-that they had been dismissed for know-o much about Jackson's activities with -age boys. (In his deposition for that Jackson did take the Fifth.) Jordie dler's father and uncle sued after the Sawyer interview, alleging that Jack-d breached the terms of the settlement claring his innocence. Jordie's step-also sued, alleging that Jackson had yed his family. Jackson's lawyers suc-d in getting all the suits dismissed.

kson doesn't let much go t he has never sued over rez's minutely detailed which took four years to h and contains shocking, scatological details about el Jackson, including his use of tampons and en-It also names a number ler-age boys with whom gedly had sexual contact. urces close to the prose-I interviewed for this ar-ere all familiar with the nd believed it was an es-y accurate portrayal of n's relationship with Jordie ler. The book—which no ublisher would touch af-slander judgment—was first published y in Chile, and all the copies soon eared, although it is still a collectible azon.com. Two prosecution sources they had heard that Michael Jack-d people go around and buy up all ilable copies.

errez describes a passionate love af-r and numerous sexual trysts of Jack-the boy, day by day, week by week. ok quotes former employees who rate details of Jackson's allegedly il-avior, and who also spoke to the au-. It is heavily illustrated with frag-f official documents from the case as pictures of Jordie, the room where he kson slept together, even his report utierrez reproduces a drawing, made eight of the case, by a distraught handler who pictures himself com-suicide by jumping from the roof of g, with the caption "Don't let this " There is also Jordie's description of Jackson's genitals and distinguishing marks, and mention of three-way sex with a second boy. At one point, according to the book, when Jordie saw Jackson's mottled testicles, he told him, "You look like a cow!"

Gutierrez paints a damning picture of Jordie Chandler's family, telling how his divorced parents continually turned a blind eye on the obviously sexual nature of Jackson's relationship with their son. His mother received expensive gifts from Jackson, including a $12,000 Cartier bracelet. His father began to negotiate for money from Jackson even after a psychiatrist had told him he had "already lost" his son. Gutierrez concludes, "Jackson's sexual conduct with Jordie was not the error that brought Jackson down. His error was underestimating Evan [Jordie's father], who turned out to be a vocal and aggressive negotiator, in contrast to the other parents, who acquiesced, exchanging silence for houses, luxury vehicles and a few hundred thousand dollars."



COURT PROCEDURE
Michael Jackson eats candy on the stand during the civil trial in Santa Maria, California, in December 2002. *Inset,* Judge Zel Canter takes a break during the long-drawn-out trial.

Graphic details of what allegedly went on sexually between Jackson and Jordie Chandler are also described in an affidavit I found in the records of the Santa Maria courthouse complex, given by Sergeant Deborah Linden, then a deputy sheriff for Santa Barbara County, now the police chief of San Luis Obispo, California. She specialized in sex crimes and cited interviews with both Jordie and his father: "Jordan stated that Jackson told him that if Jordan ever told anyone about the molests, Jordan would be placed in Juvenile Hall and both Jordan and Jackson would be in trouble. Jordan said that Jackson told him he did this with other boys; however, Jackson said that 'he didn't go as far with them.'"

The affidavit also provides many details about Michael Jackson's skin condition and confirms what Gutierrez says the maid Blanca Francia told him. According to the affidavit, "Jackson told Ms. Francia that he bleaches his skin because he does not like being black and he feels that blacks are not liked as much as people of other races." Others told me that Jackson had special names for blacks, including "spabooks."

According to the affidavit, Jackson used a powerful bleaching cream, Benoquin. Referring to Francia, it goes on: "Jackson also used tape to peel loose skin off his face and he would apply baby oil to his skin. . . . Ms. Francia was not aware of Jackson having a skin disease." Authorities were searching for evidence to match Jordie Chandler's description of Jackson's genitals. Sergeant Linden served search warrants on Jackson's celebrity dermatologist, Dr. Arnold Klein, and his controversial plastic surgeon, Dr. Steven Hoefflin—known for doing *Playboy* Playmates' breasts—to secure Jackson's medical records. Linden found, however, that the records had recently been removed, and neither the doctors nor Klein's attorney would reveal where they were. As a result, Klein was subpoenaed to appear before a grand jury in Santa Barbara County. Subsequently he did make himself and his assistant available for depositions. Klein's assistant, it turns out, was Debbie Rowe, Jackson's future wife and the woman who carried his two oldest children. At the time, according to sources formerly close to Jackson, Rowe was known mostly as a "biker babe."

Rowe told authorities that she and Klein flew around the world to minister to Jackson. She gave him massages and rubdowns and was familiar with his body, so she could identify any markings on his buttocks (the descriptions of which have been deleted in the copy of the affidavit I found). Jackson's scalp had been badly burned when his hair caught on fire during the filming of a Pepsi commercial in 1984. According to the affidavit, "A biopsy of Jackson's scalp revealed that Jackson has Lupus, an auto-immune disease which causes hyperpigmentation or hypopigmentation (darkening or lightening) of the skin."

At the time Jackson's hair caught fire, he began using painkillers, which have led to his having to go through detox more than

Michael Jackson

once. "I had always been told he was just so medicated," a former Sony employee told me. "Half the time you don't know where what he says is coming from."

Dr. Klein also diagnosed Jackson as having vitiligo and acne. Beginning in 1990 he prescribed "skin lightening cremes, Solaquin Forte, Retin A and Benoquin." Klein's deposition also describes Jackson's lupus as causing darkening of the skin and dark skin blotches. "Dr. Klein diagnosed Michael Jackson as having Discoid Lupus on his face and scalp and as a result, Jackson must avoid all sun exposure."

Again according to the affidavit, in April or May of 1993 (early in Jackson's relationship with Jordie Chandler), "Jackson told Dr. Klein that he had gotten Benoquin on his genitals and it burned. Dr. Klein told Jackson not to put Benoquin on his genitals." Jackson was already wearing a prosthesis on his nose, owing to a lack of cartilage caused by extensive plastic surgery. According to medical professionals, if too many blood vessels are cauterized in the face, and blood is prevented from flowing to the skin, the skin can turn black and eventually wither away or fall off.

Body dysmorphic disorder is the name of the psychological disturbance of people who become obsessed with how they look, and lose perception of how they are perceived by others. "If Michael Jackson had ever come to me, I wouldn't have treated him," says Dr. Tina Alster, a nationally recognized dermatologist in Washington, D.C. "He doesn't have a realistic view of how he looks. I get a number of these people, and I send them to someone for psychological evaluation. Michael Jackson is an extreme and very public example." She adds, "He's suffering on a number of fronts."

Michael Jackson wants to be seen as "Walt Disney, Mozart, Elvis Presley, and you've got to throw Fred Astaire in there, too," a man very familiar with the pop star's world told me, adding, "'The rules that apply to the common folk do not apply to me. I can get away with whatever I want to because I am Michael Jackson. I not only walk forward, but I can walk backward as well.'" Michael, the man says, is haunted by the ghost of Elvis Presley, whom he considers the King only "because he's a white person with a black person's voice." Since Elvis starred in movies, Jackson desperately wants to make films, too, but he won't play Vegas, Elvis's other stomping ground, no matter how many millions he's offered. "He thinks, I'm bigger than Elvis, so I'm bigger than performing in Las Vegas." Jackson even took the step of marrying the King's daughter, but they divorced 20 months later. The informed source says that Jackson thinks, "They don't understand me—the genius. They don't give me my due, because I'm black, so maybe I'll try to become white." This sense of injured merit clings to Jackson wherever he goes, making grandiose announcements about projects that never come off.

For example, there was the press release last spring that he was creating Neverland Pictures, and that his partner would be Indian movie producer Raju Patel. There had been two film-company ventures before that, yet not one film has been produced. In 1999, it was announced that Jackson would star as the poet of horror in *The Nightmare of Edgar Allan Poe,* but so far there are no plans for production. Jackson also proposed plans to construct a giant resort near Victoria Falls in Zimbabwe and a huge "Majestic Kingdom" theme park with a botanical garden and a nightclub in Detroit. Then there were his plans to aid in the marketing of a soft drink named Mystery and to buy the British royal family's yacht, *Britannia.* Kingdom Entertainment, Jackson's partnership announced in Paris with Saudi prince al-Waleed bin Talal, was to be a "family values" global entertainment empire, including a theme-park home for all the British cattle afflicted with mad-cow disease. In 1998, Jackson announced plans to build a $500 million World of Childhood amusement park in Poland, one of his favorite countries, thereby "creating some 12,000 new jobs and transforming Warsaw into a pop attraction," as *The Guardian* of London reported. Just 20 miles away would be a sort of Polish Graceland, on an island in a lake, where the new king would reside in a Baroque castle, which was being overseen by the director of Warsaw's Royal Gardens, who, according to *The Guardian,* "is ready to believe the account of Jackson's aides, that the child abuse allegations were the work of an American religious sect enacting revenge for his refusal to sign up." German and Danish manufacturers producing flat stereo speakers with Michael Jackson images on them for up to $619 recently stopped making them, reportedly owing to a lack of demand.

Some journalists have openly ridiculed the never-ending string of press releases. In May 2000, Tim Nelson of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press,* upon hearing that Jackson was taking "the helm of a $100 million Korea-based venture fund that will invest in entertainment-oriented Internet companies," listed nine other Jackson projects and asked readers to guess which ones were "actually in the pipeline." His answer: "All of them! Every one! Coming soon to a vacant lot near you!"

Then there are the strategic friendships Jackson has so carefully cultivated, starting with the paranormalist Uri Geller, who taught Jackson the fine points of telekinesis. They met through that other fellow c
of children's charities Mohamed Faye
chairman of Harrods in London, wl
lieves that the C.I.A. and Prince Phil
Princess Diana and his son, Dodi, I
Jackson took acting lessons from M
Brando, whom he reportedly paid $1
in 2001 to appear at his 30th-anniv
concert at Madison Square Garden,
Brando's incoherent blather alienated
wildered audience. Rabbi Shmuley B
was instrumental in getting Jackson in
Oxford University to discuss proper
ing and his Heal the Kids Initiative. B
currently based in New York and no
welcome in Oxford or reportedly able
duct services in British synagogues, r
defended Jackson in the wake of the
dangling. Liza Minnelli's latest hu
David Gest, has known Jackson sin
were children, and Jackson and his g
pal, Elizabeth Taylor, were at the a
March 2002 as a best man and a m
honor at the Minnelli-Gest wedding.
featured 13 bridesmaids in black. O
years, Jackson has showered Taylor w
monds and $10,000 bottles of p
Gutierrez relates in his book an a
told by Jordie's father of how Taylo
climbed onto a hospital bed next to Ja
and threw a tantrum in order to
painkillers she demanded.

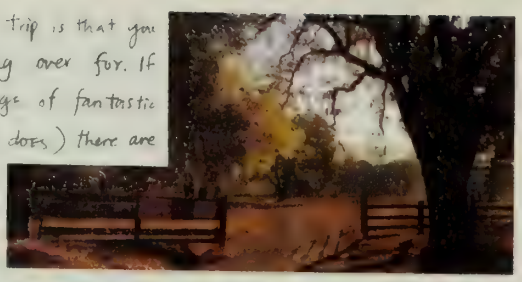
In various court papers there ar
ences to Jackson's exorbitant med
penses. During the Avram trial, a do
flashed on the screen showed that t
tors in Munich who were owed 4
German marks ($264,000) had thr
to go to the press over nonpayment
ram picked up the bill.

In addition to the Avram case, Ja
currently being sued by two former
ees, Myung-Ho Lee, who has a c
called Union Finance & Investme
who managed Jackson's finances fr
to 2001, and Kathleen A. Kelly, a
ment banker who in 2000 went to
Jackson International, the company
to make deals and investments for
star. Both charge that Jackson stiffe

Kelly's mandate for Magic[2] Ventu
ners was to raise a pool of money
in companies and "provide Michael
let for other ventures he wanted to
Kelly told me. She lined up as advi
ecutives Kathleen Kennedy, a co-p
of many of Steven Spielberg's films
ing *Schindler's List* and *Jurassic P*
Casey Silver, former chairman of U
Pictures. Jackson was supposed to
ute $5 million to the fund, but K
that never happened. She got the s
was promised, $20,000 a month, o
or five times." There were always
and emergencies, she says. "In Ap
the emergency was the concern fro



Part of what makes this such a great road trip is that you come across so much that's worth pulling over for. If you like to eat (I do) there's no shortage of fantastic places. If you like to shop (my girlfriend does) there are plenty of cool stores. If you want to be fascinated (who doesn't?) there are museums, historic sites, galleries, all kinds of stuff.



"How much of Sonoma County can you see in three days?

. . . . . .

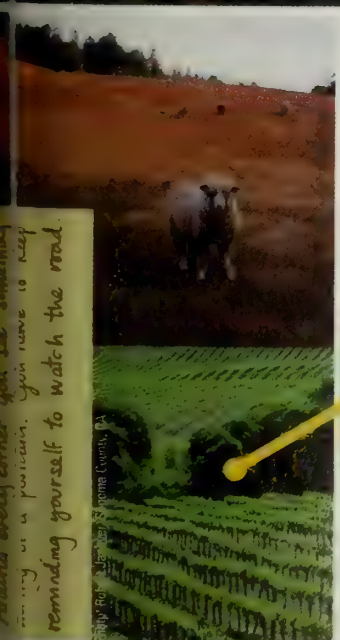
How much horsepower do you have?"

-Walter Dawydiak, classic car dealer, San Francisco





As you might expect, Walter Dawydiak, the owner of San Francisco classic car dealership Cars Dawydiak, loves to drive. Here, we join Walter on a three-day tour through Sonoma County's beautiful, diverse countryside, and discover why it just might be the best road trip of all. Even if you don't have a '55 Jaguar XK 140.



We stayed at a couple of wonderful inns while we were here, and wished that we'd had time to stay in a few dozen others we drove by. Of course, we did have time for spa treatments. Sit in an old jag for a few hours and you'll understand why a massage is so important. (Not that I'm complaining.)





SONOMA
COUNTY



or a free guide on Sonoma County sonomacounty.com or call 1-800-576-6662.

VERS 4/1


DO GOOD. MENTOR A CHILD. CALL 1-877-BE A MENTOR.*
To be a mentor, you don't have to be perfect. You just have to be yourself which, by the way, is pretty good.
Save the Children®
WEB OF SUPPORT FOR U.S. CHILDREN™

VERS.4/2

hael leased the amusement-park equip-
t for Neverland was about to repossess
ıd would I mind not being paid," Kelly
me. "I stayed loyal, because Michael
'Kathy, do this for me.' I believed in
–I still do." One of her last dollars went
lan "Ace" Greenberg, chairman of the
ıtive committee of Bear Stearns, who in
) had borrowed the dollar to show Jack-
a magic trick during a lunch in New
. ("We do help Michael Jackson from
to time in an advisory relationship,"
Stearns senior managing director Lis-
Barron told me, "less a business rela-
hip, but something we do as friends.")
, whose $1.95 million lawsuit was dis-
ed in Los Angeles last December be-
e of venue, is now resubmitting it in
York, the locale where she conducted
ı of her business.
e's $12-million-plus suit claims "Jack-
extravagant lifestyle had all but bank-
d him.... Jackson used Plaintiffs' mon-
sustain his extravagant and bizarre
. Jackson never intended to put his busi-
and personal affairs in order, but in-
wished to continue to spend well beyond
eans and to retain and take advice from
ıtans and hangers-on." Jackson's lawyers
er that Lee duped Jackson and "stole
ns of dollars of Jackson's money by
ıthorizing wire transfers from Jackson
ıational to Union's Korean accounts."
rt Silverman, Lee's lawyer, scoffs at
charges. "Can you believe this guy?
ient saves his life and gets him all this
inancing. Michael even gives him a
000 car. But when it comes time to
im, he practically denies even know-
m."
January 31, Sotheby's filed suit against
n for $1.6 million for two 19th-century
h paintings—one of a cupid and the
of a woman holding a boy and a
–he had purchased last October. After
to come up with the payment, Jack-
ed to renege on the sale, because, ac-
g to his people, the purchase "no
fits into Michael Jackson's collec-
Sotheby's demanded that he pay.
aga is similar to one involving a $1.9
ı Vacheron Constantin watch which
n took home in December 1999
he Beverly Hills jeweler David Orgell,
vas forced to sue the pop star for
yment in July 2000. Jackson tried to
the watch, which, the jeweler said,
back with scratches and food parti-
it. Orgell refused to accept it. A year
n June 2001, Orgell's lawyers an-
d that the case was settled. The very
y Jackson reportedly used the watch
ateral for yet another loan from the
f America.
these are just the tip of the iceberg.
ially, Michael Jackson is under siege.

In 1998, according to the court filings, Jackson had cash on hand to cover only two more months of his expenses, which then appeared to be running north of $1.2 million a month. Since 1995 he had burned through $90 million in loans advanced by NationsBank, which later acquired the Bank of America, and he was on the verge of signing a "securitization" of himself through music publisher Charles Koppelman in order to sell investors bonds based on his future earnings. He dropped that idea, however, when Myung-Ho Lee persuaded him to remain a private entity and helped him in December 1998 to secure a new Bank of America loan for $140 million. By mid-1999, according to court papers, Jackson had "exhausted the $140 million loan ... and needed additional funds for his divorce settlement." (Debbie Rowe, his second wife, was scheduled to get $10 million over several years.) Lee then obtained another loan, of $30 million, for Jackson. When that also disappeared in a flash, Lee had to get a further loan of $60 million in December 2000, with the stipulation that Jackson must immediately pay down the previous, $30 million loan.

The reason the bank had no qualms about advancing such colossal sums was that Jackson had precious collateral to borrow against: his one-half share of the Sony/ATV music catalogue, which owns the publishing rights to 251 Beatles songs as well as more than 400,000 other tunes, from "Tutti Frutti" and "Heartbreak Hotel" to "Like a Virgin," all administered by Sony for a very large fee. (The Beatles songs are immensely profitable, but I am told that the others are less so, largely because of Sony's high administration costs.) Sony guaranteed the bank loan, but the company has the sole right to buy Jackson's share should Jackson ever default on the loan, which comes due in about three years. That means Jackson cannot shop around for the highest bidder, and he must submit to an accounting with Sony at a date arranged by him and the recording company. The accountings of record companies have been a particularly volatile subject with artists since the industry began, and Sony has steadily been acquiring other song catalogues of which Jackson owns half. So even though Jackson shrewdly acquired the Beatles' publishing company in 1985—after hearing it was on the market from Paul McCartney—for a sum of $47.5 million, and then sold half of it to Sony in 1995 for $90 million, Sony is holding all the aces.

A hit standard can easily return $200,000 in royalties annually, and Sony guaranteed Jackson a royalty of no less than $6.5 million per year for his share for the first seven years of their contract. Estimates of how much the catalogue is worth range from $30 million to $1 billion. As huge as those figures seem, however, if Jackson were ever forced to sell his half, he would likely have to pay enormous capital-gains taxes.

But the valuable catalogue is only part of the financial story of Michael Jackson and Sony. Jackson took three years to produce his latest album, *Invincible,* which was released in October 2001 and has sold two million copies domestically, according to SoundScan, and four million abroad—a very respectable number, but far short of the hoped-for profitability, owing to the enormous costs involved in producing it. *Invincible* is the most expensive album ever made: according to insiders, Sony advanced Jackson approximately $40 million to make it. In addition, Sony spent $25 million to market it, and both sides are negotiating the music for the last record due on his current contract. Everything seems to indicate that Sony wants out. "He's a drain, a money pit," a former Sony official told me.

Jackson's financial woes with Sony may help explain his amazing protest last summer outside Sony headquarters in New York with the Reverend Al Sharpton, when he accused then Sony chairman Tommy Mottola of being racist. "He's very, very, very devilish," Jackson had said in Harlem earlier that day, in an obvious move to embrace the black brotherhood. Jackson claimed that Sony had not done enough to promote *Invincible* and was giving him short shrift because he was black. Sony suspected that what Jackson really wanted was to be let off the hook for the record's production costs, among other things, and the company was able to hit back hard, because Mottola not only had a reputation for being close to a number of hip-hop artists but also had been married to Mariah Carey, who is part black. A Sony executive quoted in the New York *Daily News* suggested that Jackson's career had been derailed by the sex-abuse charges and that he was incapable of taking responsibility for his own shortcomings. "When you're an artist, you blame everybody but yourself," Charles Koppelman told me. "He wasn't happening. You have to blame someone? You blame your record company."

This past January, however, Tommy Mottola was out as Sony chairman. Ironically, his replacement is Andrew Lack, the former president of NBC, who, shortly before accepting Sony's offer, had given the go-ahead for *Dateline NBC* to do a show for the February ratings sweeps on Michael Jackson's collapsing face and the downslide of his career. This action of Lack's was alluded to by Jermaine Jackson, Michael's brother, on a TV talk show on which he extolled the closeness of the Jackson family while at the same time letting slip that

Michael Jackson

Michael had never met Jermajesty, Jermaine's son.

On February 6, ABC broadcast a two-hour Jackson documentary produced by Britain's Granada Television, featuring correspondent Martin Bashir, who claimed to have had eight months of unfettered access to the King of Pop, who decorated himself with diamond brooches and royal crests for his interviews. The day after the broadcast, Jackson declared that he had been betrayed, and he filed complaints with Britain's Independent Television Commission and the Broadcasting Standards Commission, saying he had been "unfairly treated" in the program. But in fact Bashir had allowed him to get away unchallenged on a number of serious points. For example, Jackson freely admitted that he still sleeps with young boys in his bed, but he clearly left the impression that little girls are also included and that the relationships have never been of a sexual nature. In the hundreds of interviews I have conducted, I have yet to hear about any female child who has shared his bed. Furthermore, he claimed that Debbie Rowe, who gave birth to his two oldest children, did so as a gift to him. "You need to be a daddy," he said she told him. In fact, the two never lived together as husband and wife, and Rowe is slated to receive millions as part of her divorce settlement. Much was made of a $6 million shopping spree Jackson went on in a single Las Vegas store, but the store refused to tell *V.F.* if he'd actually taken delivery of the garish merchandise. Jackson horrified viewers by recounting how he had wrapped newborn Paris in a towel—placenta and all—and taken her home to bathe her. When Bashir, late in the show, brought up the subject of plastic surgery, Jackson declared that he has had only two operations, both on his nose, in order to breathe better and enable him to sing higher notes. As a result of the documentary—which showed disturbing images of Jackson forcing his children to wear animal masks in public and manically jamming a bottle into the mouth of his crying baby, whom he calls Blanket, while keeping a veil over the infant's face—Santa Barbara district attorney Tom Sneddon was deluged with media inquiries. To cap matters, Jackson announced on the show that he hoped to obtain two more children from each continent.

Right after Jackson declared that he had been betrayed, Kathleen Kelly told me, "The people who have been most injured are the people who have most protected him—Myung-Ho Lee and certainly me. The ones who really cared for him—these are the ones who have been betrayed."

The ABC broadcast, seen by 27 million, and Jackson's declaration that he had outtakes of Bashir's interview which would prove Bashir's hypocrisy toward him set off a TV feeding frenzy. Fox reportedly paid Jackson $5 million for the outtakes, which were shown with footage of Debbie Rowe stating that she would have five more children for Jackson "in a heartbeat." The deal was partly negotiated by none other than F. Marc Schaffel, the gay-porn producer responsible for the shelving of "What More Can I Give." The following week, among Fox, NBC, and ABC, which rebroadcast the program with an added commentary, seven prime-time hours were devoted to Michael Jackson. Meanwhile, Granada TV sold the original show around the world for millions and declared that not a penny would go to Jackson personally, but a portion of the profits would go to a British children's charity. One published report suggested that Jackson was paid for the original interview. On NBC's *Dateline,* a plastic surgeon claimed that Jackson had had as many as 50 operations on his face.

Meanwhile, as the Avram trial stretched into February, Jackson had another one to look forward to, with Myung-Ho Lee, his former financial adviser, whose legal representatives, O'Donnell & Shaeffer of Los Angeles, had submitted voluminous records of Jackson's expenses and budgets as part of their complaint to the Superior Court of California in Los Angeles County. Among the outstanding amounts said to be owed during the period October to December 2000 were $114,847 to the Hôtel d'Angleterre (which apparently couldn't take it out of the millions in a certain bathtub), $99,831 to "Celebrity Costumes," and $845,000 designated "Payroll." The dermatologist Arnold Klein was owed $15,000; Mickey Fine Pharmacy in Beverly Hills was owed $62,645; and John Branca, one of Jackson's attorneys, who is said to take a 5 percent commission on many of the pop star's contracts, was owed more than $250,000. The total loan draw for the period was $4,435,000.

Jackson's expenses for the period of January 1, 2000, to March 3, 2001, were detailed as well, including $75.62 for Slurpee-machine maintenance at Neverland, $3,216.23 for gas for ranch vehicles, and $1,919.83 for candy and soda for the theater and amusement park. The documents even reveal news of Bubbles, Jackson's much-publicized chimpanzee. The animal's trainer was getting $9,900, and its annual boarding fee was $6,000. Jackson's in-flight costs for watches and goods purchased on Swiss Air were $10,681.36. The Oxford University event cost $90,563 for Jackson's travel alone. Thousands and thousands of dollars were itemized for limousine services, video purchases and rentals, and equipment services. The tab for three months at the Four Seasons Hotel in New York, billed under the name of Frank Tyson, Jackson's handler, who was born Frank Cascio and went around the w with him as a little boy when the sex-ab charges first surfaced, was $43,117.20.

'All of us are products of our childho But I am the product of a lack childhood, an absence of that precious wondrous age where we frolic playf without a care in the world," Michael J son told the audience at Oxford in M 2001 in the lecture he delivered to annou the launch of the Heal the Kids Initia Jackson's anger and resentment toward cheerless, driven, and adulterous father well known. "I began performing at tender age of five ... [and] there was respite from my professional life." speech was partly a critique of the pa generation "that has witnessed an abr tion of the parent-child covenant" and p ly a plea to "parents undistracted by lust for luxury and status" to make t children primary in their lives. "If you c have that memory of being loved, you condemned to search the world for s thing to fill you up." He enunciated the mary purpose of Heal the Kids: "Our is simple—to re-create the parent-child b renew its promise, and light the way ward for all the beautiful children wh destined one day to walk this earth."

In December 2002, in his Christmas sage to the children of Germany, Jackso rected one portion to the grown-ups: "S times, we think we are important. But w not: Nothing is more important than children! They are the future. They can the world. It is our obligation to be ther them.... Let us encourage them to go for dreams. And let us as parents, friends an atives help them to have good dreams."

Reading these impassioned words, can only wonder at Jackson's unbridled terialism and recall his behavior throug his relationship with 13-year-old Jordan C dler, when he constantly sought to b parental bonds and turn the boy's pa against each other. The words are very ent from those used in the six "wishes" J said Jackson had told him he had to re three times a day if they were to come

1. No wenches, bitches, heifers, or ho
2. Never give up your "bliss."
3. Live with me in Neverland forever.
4. No conditioning.
5. Never grow up.
6. Be better than best friends forever.

Now that Michael Jackson has three dren of his own—children who are gro up with no mother, who live under con camera surveillance, whose diets are scribed, and whose faces are wrapped they venture out in public—it will be esting to see one day how they reme *their* father. □

HION

: Tom Hanks's Dolce & Gabbana vest and om Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide; **Lauren Purple Label** shirt from selected auren stores; for socks by **Gold Toe,** go to ldtoe.com; shoes by **Paulsen Skone & Co. hill,** from Dunhill, N.Y.C. **Tom Cruise's Martin ola 10** T-shirt from Blake, Chicago; for jeans, go to www.diesel.com. **Harrison Ford's io Armani** suit from Emporio Armani boutiques ide; **Ermenegildo Zegna** shirt from boutiques. **Jack Nicholson's Tommy Hilfiger** suit lected department stores; shirt by **Barneys ork,** from Barneys New York stores nationwide; 's shoes, call 800-457-TODS; for sunglasses by call 888-LUXOTTICA. **Brad Pitt's Dries ten** jacket from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; jeans tar, from Atrium, N.Y.C.; **BDG Bulldog** rom Free People, Paramus, N.J. **Edward 's John Varvatos** shirt from John Varvatos, N.Y.C. .; Martin Margiela 10 coat from Barneys rk stores nationwide. **Jude Law's Prada** shirt lected Prada stores; for **Levi's** jeans, call SA-LEVI; **Jil Sander** jacket from Jil Sander N.Y.C.; y **Gucci,** from selected Gucci stores. **l L. Jackson's Giorgio Armani** clothing from Armani boutiques nationwide; hat by **Jay Kos,** y Kos, N.Y.C. **Don Cheadle's** Jil Sander Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Dolce & Gabbana m Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide; hoes from selected Gucci stores. **Hugh Grant's d James** shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. verly Hills; **CK Calvin Klein Jeans** jeans pomingdale's stores nationwide; **Banana** c belt from Banana Republic stores nationwide; s by Gold Toe, go to www.goldtoe.com. **Quaid's** John Varvatos sweater from John s, N.Y.C. and L.A.; for jeans by Diesel, go to sel.com. **Ewan McGregor's Helmut Lang** d shoes from Helmut Lang, N.Y.C.; for **& Mercier** watch, call 800-MERCIER. **amon's** T-shirt by **James Perse,** from d, L.A.; Martin Margiela 10 pants from the If e, N.Y.C. Bruce Pask for Judy Casey Inc.

6: Todd Haynes's vintage suit, shirt, shoes, and rom Palace Costume, L.A.; tie by **John s,** from John Varvatos, N.Y.C.; vintage cuff links phen Russell, N.Y.C. **Julianne Moore's** diamond earrings from Neil Lane, L.A.

6: Yvette Mimieux's made-to-order dress **nd Jon,** from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

9: See credits for pages 376–77.

04: For **Leslie Ann Evans's Valentino** gown, call -2347; for **Vivid Collection** diamond jewelry, 538-4843; Deborah Waknin for Solo Artists.

8: Ann Schneider styled by Kim Meehan for chupfer Management.

20: See credits for cover.

54: Kathy Freston styled by Sarah Math.

56: Top, styled by Jeanne Yang for agency.com.

58: Hilary Swank and **Skye McCole Bartusiak** Jennifer Hitzges for Jed Root, Inc.; Swank's dress by **Louis Vuitton,** from Louis Vuitton stores; for Bartusiak's cardigan by **Bonpoint,** call 212-722-7720; for tank top by **United Colors of Benetton Kids,** call 800-535-4491. **Paul F. Tompkins** and **the Fancytown Players** styled by Joanna Saunders for Factory Artists.



70: Hot Hot Heat styled by David Van de Factory Artists.

74: Fred Segal styled by Cristina Ehrlich and nley.

143: Jessica Paré's Chloé dress from the Chloé , N.Y.C.; for **M&J Savitt** jewelry, call 800-3SAVITT.

166–67: For **Kathy Bates's Harry Winston** diamond earrings, call 800-988-4110; for Rusty Joiner's and Owen McKibbon's **Speedo** swimwear, go to www.speedo.com; Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Management.



Pages 368–69: Diane Lane's Calvin Klein dress from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C.; for **Chanel** shoes, call 800-550-0005.

Pages 374–75: Julianne Moore's Calvin Klein coat



from selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores; **Miu Miu** blouse from Barneys New York, Beverly Hills; Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Management. Bruce Pask for Judy Casey Inc.

Pages 376–77: Kate Bosworth's jacket by **Michelle Mason,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; bloomers by **Yohji Yamamoto,** from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C.; shoes by **Dolce & Gabbana,** from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills. **Kerry Washington's** T-shirt by Dolce & Gabbana, from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; for skirt by **Roland Mouret,** call 323-465-8700; garter and panties by **Agent Provocateur,** from Agent Provocateur, N.Y.C. and L.A.; stockings by **Wolford,** from Wolford boutiques nationwide; shoes by **Cesare Paciotti,** from Cesare Paciotti, Beverly Hills. **Zooey Deschanel's** dress by **Philosophy di Alberta Ferretti,** from the Philosophy boutique, N.Y.C. **Alison Lohman's** corset and shoes by Dolce & Gabbana, the shoes from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills. For **Sophia Myles's** sneakers by **Converse,** go to www.converse.com. **Joy Bryant's** gown by **Gai Mattiolo,** available by request from www.gaimattiolo.com. Lauren Ehrenfeld for Celestineagency.com.

Pages 378–79: Chris Cooper's Polo by Ralph Lauren jacket from Neiman Marcus, Dallas and Bal Harbour, Fla.; for **Timberland** shirt, go to www.timberland.com; **Banana Republic** T-shirt from selected Banana Republic stores.

Page 380: Kieran Culkin's James Perse shirt from H. Lorenzo, L.A.

Page 381: Yvette Mimieux styled by Alexander Gutierrez for the Margaret Maldonado Agency; for **Elie Saab Prêt-à-Porter** top and pants, call 331-42-56-77-77; for **Yupha Steiner** jewelry, call 662-22-36-04-00; **Jimmy Choo** shoes from Jimmy Choo, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills.

Page 386: Hilary Duff's Binetti top from Ron Herman, L.A.; **Phaze** skirt from Religious Sex, N.Y.C.; Christine Baker for Art Department.

Page 387: Ice Cube's Dolce & Gabbana three-piece suit and tie from Dolce & Gabbana, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; **Giorgio Armani** shirt from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; for **Van Cleef & Arpels** ring, call 800-VCA-5797; Jeanne Yang for Cloutieragency.com.

Pages 388–89: Adrien Brody's Ralph Lauren Purple Label suit and shirt from selected Ralph Lauren stores; for **Polo by Ralph Lauren** socks, go to www.polo.com; **Salvatore Ferragamo** shoes from Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide; **Asprey** cuff links from Asprey, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; Bruce Pask for Judy Casey Inc.



Page 390: Naomi Watts's Maggie Norris Couture corset from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Management.

Page 391: Christopher Walken's Giorgio Armani coat from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; Stefan Campbell for Luxe

Pages 394–95: Burt Reynolds's Marguerite Lochard vest available by special order from Fumi, N.Y.C.; for **Levi's** jeans, call 800-USA-LEVI

Page 397: Arthur Cohn's Weinberg tie from Weinberg, Zurich

Pages 398–99: Tuesday Weld's Donna Karan Intimates robe from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; for **Prada** sweater, call 888-977-1600; Evyan Metzner for Jed Root, Inc.

Pages 400–401: Deborah Waknin for Solo Artists.

Pages 402–3: Jeanne Moreau's Chanel clothing from selected Chanel boutiques; for **Chanel Fine Jewelry** necklace, call 800-550-0005.

Pages 404–6: Glenn Close's jacket by **Giorgio Armani,** from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C.; jeans by **Giorgio Armani Jeans,** from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; shoes by **Edmundo Castillo,** from Edmundo Castillo, N.Y.C. **Jeff Goldblum's** blazer by **Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche;** shirt by **Helmut Lang,** from Helmut Lang, N.Y.C. **Mary Kay Place's** jacket by **Burberry London,** from Burberry stores nationwide. **JoBeth Williams's** sweater by Burberry London, from Burberry stores nationwide; boots by **Ennio Capasa for Costume National,** from Diavolina, L.A. For **Tom Berenger's** jacket, T-shirt, and jeans by **Diesel,** go to www.diesel.com. **Nike** sneakers courtesy of Nike. Janine Israel for Celestineagency.com.

Pages 412–13: Bob Weinstein's Loro Piana coat from Loro Piana, N.Y.C.

Pages 426–27: Drew Barrymore and **Bernie Mac** styled by Michael Russell; **Cameron Diaz** styled by Guy Mienele; **Lucy Liu** styled by Lee Harris.

Page 454: Don Rickles styled by Bobette Cohn for Solo Artists; costume available at Adele's of Hollywood, Hollywood, Calif.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING



Cover: Tom Hanks's hair styled with **Redken** Hair Wax; **Tom Cruise** and **Brad Pitt—John Frieda Sheer Blonde** Dream Creme Instant Silkener; **Harrison Ford—** Redken CAT Mousse and CAT Hair Spray; **Jack Nicholson—Kérastase** Serum Nutri-Instant; **Edward Norton, Jude Law,** and **Matt Damon—**John Frieda Sheer Blonde Spun Gold Balm. **Don Cheadle—**John Frieda Sheer Blonde Crystal Clear Hair Spray. **Hugh Grant—**John Frieda Sheer Blonde Revitalizing Styling Foam. **Dennis Quaid—KMS** Hair Stay Styling Gel. **Ewan McGregor—Bed Head** Tigi Hair Cream. Sally Hershberger for Sheer Blonde, assisted by Cervando Maldonado, Corey Morris, and Guy Riggio, all for the Wall Group. All grooming products by **Estée Lauder.** On Hanks's face, DayWear Protective Anti-Oxidant Creme S.P.F. 15 and So Ingenious Multi Dimension Powder Makeup in No. 310 Cool Almondine. On Cruise's and McGregor's faces, LightSource Transforming Moisture Lotion S.P.F. 15 and Smoothing Creme Concealer in Medium with So Ingenious Multi Dimension Loose Powder in Light/Medium. On Ford's face, DayWear Plus Multi Protection Anti-Oxidant Creme S.P.F. 15 and Lucidity Translucent Pressed Powder in Light/Medium Intensity 2. On Nichoison's face, DayWear Plus Multi Protection Anti-Oxidant Creme S.P.F. 15 and Lucidity Translucent Pressed Powder in Transparent. On Pitt's and Law's faces, LightSource Transforming Moisture Lotion S.P.F. 15 with So Ingenious Multi Dimension Loose Powder in Light/Medium. On Norton's face, DayWear Plus Anti-Oxidant Moisturizer Sheer Tint Release Formula S.P.F. 15 with Smoothing Creme Concealer in Smooth Ivory and Equalizer Smart Loose Powder in Light. On **Samuel L. Jackson's** and Cheadle's faces, DayWear Plus Multi Protection Anti-Oxidant Lotion S.P.F. 15 Moisturizer. On Grant's face, DayWear Plus Anti-Oxidant Moisturizer Sheer Tint Release Formula S.P.F. 15 with Smoothing Creme Concealer in Smooth Medium and So Ingenious Multi Dimension Loose Powder in Transparent. On Quaid's face, DayWear Protective Anti-Oxidant Lotion S.P.F. 15 and Lucidity Light-Diffusing Concealer S.P.F. 8 in Light with Lucidity

CREDITS

Translucent Pressed Powder in Transparent. On Damon's face, LightSource Transforming Moisture Lotion S.P.F. 15 with Smoothing Creme Concealer in Smooth Medium and So Ingenious Multi Dimension Loose Powder in Light/Medium. Barbara Farman and Jetty Stutzman for Cloutieragency.com, Lisa Forster for Judy Casey Inc., Manuella for Artistsbytimothypriano.com, Autumn Moultrie for Dion Peronneau, Julie Pearce for the Milton Agency, and Eric Polito for Makeup Forever@igroup. Manicures by Deborah Lippmann using **Lippmann Collection** Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, and Smooth Operator Four Way Buffer from www.lippmanncollection.com.

Page 36: See credits for pages 374–75.

Page 46: See credits for page 381.

Page 59: See credits for pages 376–77.

Page 104: See credits for pages 400–401.

Page 108: Maureen Orth's hair and makeup by Helene Macaulay for Artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 110: Natasha Fraser-Cavassoni's hair and makeup by Sabine Morandini. **Patricia Douglas's** hair and makeup by Kendra Richards for Cloutieragency.com.

Page 118: Ann Schneider's hair and makeup by Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.

Page 120: See credits for cover.

Page 153: Julie Andrews's hair by John Isaacs; makeup by Richard Sharp. **Sofia Vassilieva's** hair by David Beecroft; makeup by Christine Hart.

Page 164: Kathy Freston's hair and makeup by Gigi Hale for Artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 166: Top, hair and makeup by Kendra Richards and Natalie Miller for Cloutieragency.com.

Page 168: Hilary Swank's and **Skye McCole Bartusiak's** hair by Rheanne White for See Management; makeup by Scott Andrew for Laneige. **Paul F. Tompkins's** and **the Fancytown Players'** hair and makeup by Miriam Vukich; grooming by Dawn Brocco; both for Factory Artists.

Page 170: Hot Hot Heat's grooming by Miriam Vukich for Factory Artists

Page 172: Christine Baranski's hair by David Beecroft; makeup by Christine Hart.

Page 174: Top, **Fred Segal's** grooming by Diana Schmidtke for Alterna/Celestineagency.com. Center, **Helena Rubinstein** products from HR Beauty Gallery, N.Y.C.; **Michael Kors** products from Sephora stores nationwide. Bottom, **Carita** products and services from SkinCareLab, N.Y.C., and Carita, Paris.

Page 184: Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.

Page 278: Floriane David and Caroline Martinette for Make Up for Ever.

Page 343: Jessica Paré's hair styled with **Clinique's** Healthy Shine Serum and Extra Body Volumizing Spray; Howard Fugler for the Agency. Makeup products by **Shu Uemura** and **Tarte;** on her face, Tarte Glistening Powder in Material Girl; on her eyes, Shu Uemura Mascara Basic in Black; on her cheeks, Shu Uemura Cream Blush in Brown; on her lips, Tarte Lipstick in Whisper.

Pages 366–67: Kathy Bates's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Hair Thickening Spray and **Physique** Frizz Control Curl Cream; Danilo for the Wall Group. On her face, **Clinique** City Stick Foundation in Ivory Twist; on her eyes, **Shiseido** Mascara Base and Mascara in Black with Eyebrow Pencil in Light Brown, and **Club Monaco** Eye Shadows in Shell and Espresso; on her cheeks, Club Monaco Blush in Hint Hint; on her lips, Club Monaco Lipstick in Horizon; Denise Markey for Art & Commerce.

Pages 368–69: All hair and makeup products by **Clinique. Diane Lane's** hair treated with Healthy Shine Serum and styled with Volumizing Spray; Howard Fugler for the Agency. On her skin, Deep Comfort Body Butter; on her face, Total Turnaround Visible Skin Renewer and Gentle Light Powder in Glow 3; on her eyes, Naturally Glossy Mascara in Jet Black; on her lips, Moisture Surge Lipstick S.P.F. 15 in Berry Glaze; Regine Thorre for 3 Arts.

Pages 370–71: Gigi Hale for Artistsbytimothypriano.com; Dennis Devoy for the Wall Group.

Pages 374–75: On **Todd Haynes's** face, **Elizabeth Arden** Good Morning Serum and **MAC** Blot Powder in Medium and Dark; Manuella for Artistsbytimothypriano.com. **Julianne Moore's** hair styled with **Hamadi** Shea Hair Cream from www.hamadibeauty.com; Jamal Hammadi for Artistsbytimothypriano.com and Hamadibeauty.com. All makeup products by **Christian Dior.** On her face, Diorskin Fluide Foundation and Diorskin Compact Makeup, both in Linen No. 201; on her eyes, 5 Colors Eyeshadow Palette in Clubbing No. 670, Liquid Eyeliner in Black, Crayon Eyeliner in Deep Brown, and Diorshow Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Blush Final in Contour and Natural Apricot; on her lips, Dior Addict in Positive Red No. 857; Scott Barnes for Contact. Marsha Bialo for Solo Artists/OPI.


374


374

Pages 376–77: Kate Bosworth's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Hair Thickening Spray. On her face, **Christian Dior** Skin Compact in Light Beige; on her eyes, **MAC** Paints in Baboom, Silver/White, and Bronze, with **Prescriptives** False Eyelashes Mascara in Plush Brown; on her cheeks, Prescriptives Creamy Cheekcolor in Peekaboo; on her lips, Prescriptives Lip Gloss in Taffy. **Kerry Washington's** hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Styling Wax and Grooming Cream. On her face, **Giorgio Armani Cosmetics** Luminous Silk Foundation in Nos. 9 and 13; on her eyes, **Chanel** Quadra Eye Shadow in Le Mats Naturals, Chanel Drama Lash Mascara in Onyx, and Chanel Double Eye Crayon in Bronze/Peche; on her cheeks, MAC Blush in Virgin Isle and Strobe Cream; on her lips, MAC Lacquer in Heat. **Zooey Deschanel's** hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Sumo Tech for Texture. On her face, Christian Dior Skin Compact in Linen; on her eyes, MAC Paints in Plum and Bronze with Prescriptives Mascara in Mulberry; on her cheeks, MAC Blush in Figurative; on her lips, Prescriptives Lip Gloss in Manicure. **Alison Lohman's** hair styled with **J. F. Lazartigue** Hair Volume Tonic. On her face, Giorgio Armani Cosmetics Micro-Fil Loose Powder No. 2 with Luminous Silk Foundation No. 2; on her eyes, MAC Eye Shadows in Taffy, Honour, and Honesty; on her cheeks, MAC Cheekhue in Balthusphere and Strobe Cream; on her lips, MAC Lac Lustre in Coy. **Sophia Myles's** hair styled with J. F. Lazartigue Revitalizing Shining Hair Blush. On her face, Christian Dior Skin Compact in Ivory; on her eyes, MAC Paints in Silver and Bronze; on her cheeks, Prescriptives Mystick Swivel Cheekcolor in Woman; on her lips, Prescriptives Lip Gloss in Rosebud Salve. **Joy Bryant's** hair styled with J. F. Lazartigue Smoothing Shining Balm. On her face, Giorgio Armani Cosmetics Luminous Silk Foundation No. 9; on her eyes, Chanel Quadra Eye Shadow in Dunes, Chanel Drama Lash Mascara in Onyx, and Chanel Double Eye Crayon in Bronze/Peche; on her cheeks, MAC Blush in Virgin Isle and Strobe Cream; on her lips, MAC tinted Lipglass in Lychee Luxe. David Cox for Bumble and Bumble/Celestineagency.com, Laini Reeves for J. F. Lazartigue/Celestineagency.com,


381

Bethany Karlyn for the Margaret Maldonado Agency, and Agostina for Cloutieragency.com.

Pages 378–80: Diana Schmidtke for Alterna/Celestineagency.com.

Page 381: Yvette Mimieux's hair styled with **Kérastase** Lumi Extract Emulsion Nutri-Instant and Nutritive. On her face, **Giorgio Armani Cosmetics** Micro-Fil Loose Powder No. 2 with Luminous Silk Foundation No. 4; on her eyes, Giorgio Armani Cosmetics Eye Shadow No. 9 with Soft Last Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, **Lorac** Lip/Cheek Sheer Shimmer in Sheer Heat; on her lips, Lorac Lip Polish in Amuse; Eric Barnard for Cloutieragency.co

Pages 382–83: Manuella for Artistsbytimothypriano

Page 386: Hilary Duff's hair styled with **Pi** Hair Conc and **Redken** Spray Starch; Yusuke for Artistsbytimothypriano.com. On her eyes, **Club Mo** Creme Eyeshadow in Silver; on her cheeks, **Stila** Convertible Color Blush in Rose; on her lips, Stila Convertible Lip Color in Garnet Bloom; Gigi Hale for Artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 387: Beverly Jo Pryor for Criterion.

Pages 388–89: Adrien Brody's hair styled with **Frieda** Wind Down Cream and **Phyto** Volume Spr Cervando Maldonado for the Wall Group. All gro products by **Kiehl's** On his face, Imperiale Repairat All-Day Treatment Masque; on his lips, Lip Balm No Christine Turner for the Wall Group.

Page 390: Naomi Watts's hair styled with **Bumb and Bumble** Hair Powder in Brown and Does It All Spray; Ray Allington for Magnet. On her face, **Fresh** Freshface Foundation in Chalet Girl; on her eyes, Fresh Mineral Bases Eye Shadows in Shipboard Romance, Sagano Orchid, and Chamomile; on her eyes, **Chanel** Drama Lash Mascara in Garnet; on her cheeks, Chanel Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Golden S her lips, Chanel Infrarouge Whisperlight Lipstick in Christian McCulloch for Chantecaille/the Wall Gr


390

Page 391: Natalie Miller for Cloutieragency.com

Pages 392–93: Jenna Jameson's, Taylor Hay and **Savanna Samson's** hair styled with **Bumble Bumble** Sumo Wax, Styling Lotion, and Hair Powd Laurent Philippon for Bumble and Bumble/Calliste


392

makeup proc **MAC.** On Jameson's fa Studio Tech Foundation ir NC15; on her Eye Shadow Colour Sche with Eye Kohls Pencils in Teddy and Mascara X in E on her cheeks, Cheekhue in Expressionism; on her Lipglass in Infrared Wood. On Hayes's face, Studio Foundation in NW15; on her eyes, Small Velvet Eye Shadows in Beauty Marked and Smut with Eye Kol Pencils in Prunella and Mascara X in Black X; on h cheeks, Cheekhue in Braque n' Roll; on her lips, Li in Peach Complement. On Samson's face, Studio T Foundation in NC25; on her eyes, Small Satin Eye Shadows in Coquette and Sushi Flower with Eye K Pencils in Foxy Lady and Mascara X in Black X; or cheeks, Cheekhue in Balthusphere; on her lips, Lip Restrained Rust. Carole Lasnier for B Agency.

Pages 398–99: Tuesday Weld's hair styled wit **Bumble and Bumble** Hair Thickening Spray, Glos and Hair Powder in White; Ray Allington for Mag All makeup products by **Chanel;** on her face, Vitalumiere Creme Foundation in Clair; on her ey Basic Eye Colour in Argents and Intense Eye Pencil in Noir with Extracils Super Curl Lengthening Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Irrèele Blush in Secret; on her lips, Precision Lipdefiner in Nude and Infrarouge Lipstick in Showc Susan Sterling for Chanel.


398

Pages 400–401: Robert Evans's hair styled w **Alterna** Enzymetherapy Hemp Seed Spray Shine Texturizing Catalyst; Diana Schmidtke for Alterna/ Celestineagency.com; Asia Geiger for Celestineage **Leslie Ann Evans's** hair styled with **Bumble and** Thickening Spray and Styling Lotion; Kali for Celestineagency.com. All makeup products by

face, Balanced Foundation in Budapest; eyes, Duo Eyeshadows in All About Eve and nbo with Mascara in Black Orchid; on her cheeks, Orgasm; on her lips, Lipstick in Gipsy; Glen for Christian Dior/Celestineagency.com.

402–3: Jeanne Moreau's hair styled with Hair Shine and Volumizing Tonic; Odile Gilbert for 68, Paris. All makeup products by Fresh; on her solute Concealer in Nos. 2 and 3 with Face Sandy Lane and Northern Light; on her eyes, Base Eye Shadows in Chanterelle and Ecole with Full Impact Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, ream in Wish You Were Here; on her lips, Crayon il in Flame Flower and Lipstick in Tulip Luster.

404–6: Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, ven Lake for Luxe; Laini Reeves for J. F. ue/Celestineagency.com; Robin Siegel for artistsmgmt.com; Joe Simon for Nars/ timothypriano.com; Leiane Taylor and oyer for Celestineagency.com; Sylvia Viau tieragency.com.

416: Kerry Warn for the Milton Agency.

426–27: Drew Barrymore's hair by Barbara makeup by Joanne Gair for Smashboxagency.com. **on Diaz's** hair by Lona Vigi; makeup by edriksz. **Lucy Liu's** hair by Robert Hallowell for artistsmgmt.com; makeup by Erin Ayanian tieragency.com. **Bernie Mac's** hair by Carter; grooming by Tammy Ashmore.

454: Don Rickles's grooming by Lori Jean for Cloutieragency.com.

---

o find hair and makeup products: , www.beautysak.com; **Bed Head,** uy Salon, N.Y.C.; **Bumble and Bumble,** bleandbumble.com; **Chanel Cosmetics,** Chanel s nationwide; **Christian Dior,** fine department tionwide; **Clinique,** www.clinique.com; **Club ,** Club Monaco stores nationwide; **Elizabeth** Elizabeth Arden Red Door salons nationwide; **auder, Nars, Prescriptives, Shiseido,** and **nura,** Barneys New York, Bloomingdale's, Neiman and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide and Goodman, N.Y.C., or go to www.esteelauder.com; esh stores nationwide; **Giorgio Armani ics,** Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; **J. F. ue,** www.jflazartigue.com; **John Frieda Sheer KMS,** and **Redken,** drugstores nationwide; se and **Phyto,** high-end hair salons nationwide; iehl's stores nationwide; **Lorac** and **Stila,** ora.com; **MAC,** MAC stores nationwide; , www.physique.com; **Pi,** call 212-399-1778; ww.tartecosmetics.com.

OGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

Special thanks to Maria Marill and Shana Levin lver Studios; L.A. production by Anne Donnellon Po lio One; Jason Hamilton for 20 Mg.

: See credits for pages 374–75.

: See credits for page 381.

': See credits for pages 376–77.

4: See credits for pages 400–401.

0: See credits for cover.

6: From Woodfin Camp and Associates.

8: From A.P. Wide World Photos

6: By Wattie Cheung/Camera Press/Retna courtesy of Tin House (5, both); from Image ktraVision/PictureQuest (6, left); by Dan McCoy/ PictureQuest (6, right); from A.P. Wide World); by Paul Smith/Featureflash/Retna (10); Ruth and Bruce Esbin/Photo Network/ PictureQuest (17); y the Museum of Modern Art, New York (19); nd Vikki Hart/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest (20); rstock/Superstock/ PictureQuest (25); from Image ./PictureQuest (29, left); from DigitalVision/ est (29, center); from Benelux Press/Retrofile.com from Image Ideas, Inc./PictureQuest (eggs).

: Bottom, from United Artists Pictures; Hot Reels obert DiScalfani/Photonica.

Page 166: Top, props styled by Thomas Thurnauer for Supecube.net; bottom left, courtesy of the Condé Nast Archive; bottom inset, courtesy of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Page 174: Center, by Edward Holub/Corbis; bottom, from LID/Sipa.

Page 176: Top, from Photofest; bottom, by Walter Hodges/Corbis.

Page 178: Second from top, by Walter Hodges/Corbis; others from Photofest.

Page 180: From top: from Globe Photos/NBC, from Photofest, by Walter Hodges/Corbis, from Globe Photos.

Page 186: Bottom, from the *Los Angeles Times.*

Page 188: Top, from A.P. Wide World Photos Pool; bottom, from A.P. Wide World Photos.

Page 190: Top, copy work by Eileen Travell; bottom, from Corbis.

Page 194: Top, from TimePix; bottom, copy work by Eileen Travell.

Page 196: Top, copy work by Eileen Travell; center and bottom, from Photofest.

Page 197: Top, from MPTV; bottom, copy work by Eileen Travell.

Page 200: From A.P. Wide World Photos.

Page 202: Top, copy work by Eileen Travell; center, from A.P. Wide World Photos; bottom, from the *Los Angeles Times.*

Page 204: Top and third from top, from A.P. Wide World Photos; second from top, from the New York *Daily News;* bottom, copy work by Eileen Travell.

Page 206: Both from A.P. Wide World Photos.

Page 210: From the Shaw Family Archives/Courtesy of the Jean Howard Collection, American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming.

Page 212: From *Jean Howard's Hollywood,* Harry N. Abrams/Courtesy of the Jean Howard Collection, American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming.

Pages 217–22: Courtesy of the Jean Howard Collection, American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming.

Page 224: From TimePix.

Page 229: From the Shaw Family Archives.

Page 230: From Hulton Archive/Getty Images.

Page 232: From the Shaw Family Archives.

Page 236: Courtesy of Clotilde Alvarez.

Pages 240 and 242: From Globe Photos.

Page 247: Both from Photofest.

Page 248: Top, from Globe Photos; bottom, from Photofest.

Page 250: From Photofest.

Page 272: Top, from BBC/British Film Institute; bottom, from MPTV.

Page 274: From Globe Photos.

Page 282: Large photograph from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Page 284: Top, from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; bottom, from Bison Archives.

Page 289: Left, from the National Archives—Pacific Region; center and right, from the *Herald Examiner* Collection/Los Angeles Public Library/Corbis.

Page 292: Both from the *Herald Examiner* Collection/Los Angeles Public Library/Corbis.

Pages 300 and 303: All photos courtesy of Brett Ratner.

Page 304: From the British Film Institute.

Page 306: From U.P.I./Everett Collection.

Page 308: Courtesy of Rosemary Chodorov.

Page 310: From the John Huston Collection/Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Page 312: From the British Film Institute

Page 319: Courtesy of the Jerusalem Foundation.

Page 320: From Lester Glassner/Neal Peters Collection.

Pages 324–39: All photographs © by Herb Ritts.

Page 343: Mark Chandler for Art Department.

Page 350: From Corbis (film leader).

Page 355: By Jean-Paul Aussenard/Wirelmage (Lansing), from Burke/Triolo/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest (movies), by Brenda Chase/Getty Images (Brando), from Corbis Images/PictureQuest (high school), from C Squared Studios/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (*Bachelor,* band, exec), from Image Source/ElektraVision/ PictureQuest (hot stone), by Dimitrios Kambouris/ Wirelmage (Pascal), Ron Kimball/Ron Kimball Stock (Escalade), Robert Landau/Corbis (Hollywood), from London Features (Food Network), from Mastro's Steakhouse (Mastro's), by F. Schussler/ PhotoLink/Photodisc/PictureQuest (dermatology, room service), Joseph Sohm/Chromosohm Inc./Corbis (Beverly Hills), from Volkswagen of America Inc. (Jetta), from Whole Foods Market Inc. (Whole Foods).

Page 360: Bottom left: from Columbia Pictures (Pascal), from Miramax (Poster). Right, clockwise from Oscar statuette: from Bettmann/Corbis; by Steve Cole/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest; Jean Baptiste Lacroix/ Wirelmage; from PictureQuest; by Frederick M. Brown/ Getty Images; from the Everett Collection; from Porsche Cars North America, Inc.; from London Features; by Jeff Vespa/Wirelmage; from Reuters NewMedia Inc./Corbis; from Burke/Triolo/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest.

Page 365: Props styled by Greg Meyer.

Pages 366–67: L.A. production by Anne Donnellon for Portfolio One; Jason Hamilton for 20 Mg.

Pages 368–69: Production by Lawrie Bird.

Pages 370–71: Bradley Garlock for Judy Casey Inc.

Pages 374–75: L.A. production by Anne Donnellon for Portfolio One; Jason Hamilton for 20 Mg.

Pages 376–77: Production by Steve Bauerfeind.

Page 381: L.A. production by Victoria Brynner for Stardust Visions.

Pages 382–83: L.A. production by Anne Donnellon for Portfolio One; Jason Hamilton for 20 Mg.

Page 386: Production by Ruth Levy.

Page 387: L.A. production by Emily Roth for Emily Roth Photo Production

Pages 388–89: L.A. production by Anne Donnellon for Portfolio One; Jason Hamilton for 20 Mg.

Pages 390–91: Production by Ruth Levy.

Pages 392–93: Production by Fred Torres for Lucid Shoot.

Pages 394–95: Production by Ruth Levy; Thomas Wood for Blink Management.

Page 397: Production by Walter Schupfer Management.

Pages 400–401 and 404–6: L.A. production by Anne Donnellon for Portfolio One.

Pages 412–13: Inset courtesy of the Weinstein family; Walter Barnett for Legend, Inc.

Page 415: All photographs courtesy of the Weinstein family.

Page 420: From Reuters/Landov.

Page 421: From the Ramey Photo Agency.

Page 423: From Alpha/Globe Photos (6), from Reuters/Landov (4), from Rex Features (1), from Ron Galella Ltd. (2), from Sipa Press (3, 5, 8).

Page 425: From OKSyndication.com.

Page 428: From Bettmann/Corbis.

Page 429: From the Wisconsin Center for Film and Theater Research.

Page 430: From the British Film Institute.

Page 431: From the Neal Peters Collection.

Page 432: Left, top and bottom, courtesy of William Frye; right, from Photofest.

Page 433: From MPTV.

Pages 434–35: From the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (4), from the British Film Institute (1), courtesy of William Frye (6), from the Lester Glassner Collection/Neal Peters (2, 3), from MPTV (5), from Photofest (7, 8, 9, 10)

Page 437: Top, from the British Film Institute; bottom, from Culver Pictures.

Pages 438–39: Large photograph from the Lester Glassner Collection/Neal Peters. Insets: top, from MPTV; bottom, courtesy of William Frye.

Page 445: Top, from Getty Images; bottom, from Splash News

Page 452: Clockwise from top left: from the Everett Collection, by Dennis Van Tine/London Features, Jon Kopaloff/Getty Images, from Corbis, by Jeff Vespa/ Wirelmage, Mark Mainz/Getty Images, George DeSota/ Newsmakers/Getty Images, Jeff Vespa/Wirelmage, David Fisher/London Features, Steve Granitz/Wirelmage, from Corbis, by Lester Cohen/Wirelmage.

Page 454: Set design by Peter Gargagliano.

Michael Lutin tells Arians to be spiritual as well as pushy



ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Bette Davis

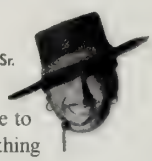
With Mars reaching its exaltation point in your solar 10th house this month, you are sure to be feeling highly motivated and focused on success. You've got the world by the you-know-whats and nothing can stop you, especially now that the wounds you sustained during the recent transit of Chiron have begun to heal. A word of caution, however: Uranus has just begun its seven-year transit of your 12th house, so you'd better develop a sense of compassion for all sentient beings or you could easily shoot yourself in the foot and *really* screw up your career.



Rosario Dawson

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

The time may have come for you to leave a position you've held for a long time, now that the ruler of your solar midheaven is crossing the 11th cusp. After years spent fighting an impossibly implacable system and twisting yourself into a pretzel to please a wacky boss, a fickle mate, or an unruly mob, it's got to be a relief to have reached the point when you honestly don't give a hoot any longer. Maybe now you'll be able to go off and find a spot on this earth where you can do your thing for God and country without somebody hassling you every five seconds.



Douglas Fairbanks Sr.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

It's wonderful the way a person's life can change in an instant. You can struggle and strain, worry about the future, and strive to be noticed, heard, or validated until your hair falls out, but nothing happens until the time is right. Then one day the ruler of your 9th house rises to the top of your astrological chart and—*boom!*—you're a celebrity. Sudden shifts can also work against you, however: the company could go bust, your boss could lose his marbles, or a scandal could rock your reputation. But why think negative thoughts? Haven't you tired of that yet?



Brian Grazer

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

You are about to embark upon the most enlightening journey of your life. With Uranus in your 8th house for the past seven years, you've had a prolonged taste of what liberation (sexual and otherwise) is all about. Now, however, as that planet enters your 9th house, your mind will expand beyond your wildest dreams. Regardless of whether you grew up among religious fundamentalists or hippie agnostics, you are going to start exhibiting a very refreshing brand of heresy. The fact that your brain is taking over doesn't *necessarily* mean your sex life is dead, though.



J. K. Rowling

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Like everybody else, you continue to bounce between trying to stay focused at work and trying to stay steady in a relationship. If you're hooked on thrills and danger, however, it's going to be tough to achieve equilibrium in either area. At this point, maybe stability isn't your true goal anyway. This month, as the ruler of your 7th house begins a long transit of your solar 8th, you seem to feel a stronger need than ever to push yourself to the edge creatively, raise the stakes in everything you do, and, in the case of some Leos, even come out of the closet.



Luke Wilson

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

You are not really the hyperrational control freak some people think you are. If in the past you acted more like a puppeteer than a partner and took comfort in manipulating others, it was only because you have never felt safe being in over your head in a relationship and communicating on a strictly emotional level. With Uranus in your 7th house, it's time to let yourself be swept away by someone you can't boss around. Your life will flourish in unimaginable ways once you recognize that you are just as much of a screwball as the rest of us.



Kate Winslet

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

If you've got kids, get down on your knees and thank God—as soon as they stop driving you crazy long enough for you to see how sweet and loving they can be. Likewise, be grateful when yc calms down, even if it isn't as exciting. Although there's still a lot gc at home, your work life is about to take an unexpected turn, as the pl of your 5th-house ruler in your 6th house helps you see your fi drudgery with fresh eyes. It also reminds you that, when it comes tc ular paycheck, the Lord who giveth can also suddenly taketh away.



Brittany Murphy

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NC

Given the current astrological climate, it wouldn't be shocking to hear that a 70-year-old grandma had give to a baby, provided that grandma was a Scorpio. W ruler of your 4th house entering your 5th for a seven-year stay, you l ready given birth to a ferocious determination to express love any w see fit, and at this point you are hotter than a teenager fresh out of ing school and cooking like a turkey, with creative juices flowing. Ma just a long-overdue adolescence, but, baby, are you naughty or what



Dalton Trumbo

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

You're smart to invest energy in getting the money thing together, because nobody is going to straighten out any mess you get into except you. Even if you've never given a thought to old age or em security, something is stirring in the basement of your soul now. Yo 4th house, which governs the home, is as active as a volcano, and next few years your family scene, living situation, and personal life to undergo giant upheavals. If that makes you nervous, just remem you've been bored out of your mind.



Steven Soderbergh

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–J

Despite your dreadfully cynical mistrust of good news, look forward to renewed strength and confidence this Mars passes through your sign only once every two years, and it's a harbinger of a healthier self-image and a greater ability to ass needs without blowing your family away. You're even more stable fi ly and less hysterical about money. That's because when you beli have some control over your life you don't have to try so hard to ru body else's. Now if you could only sit still for 10 minutes.



Paul Newman

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

You can thank Venus that, despite all the stunts you've pulled over the past few years, some people still think you're pretty cute. Not that you have purposely set out to mess with anyone's head. that your life has been filled with so many ridiculous twists that wonder you've been juggling relationships and refusing to plan furt three days ahead. The good news: your seat-of-the-pants method won't fail you financially now, provided you add faith to the spit that have been holding you together.



Joanne Woodward

PISCES FEB. 19–MAR

Can it be you've gotten so fed up with smiling when wipe their boots all over you that you are finally letting know that you've had it and that they'd better not nap on a l might be mowing? Is it possible that you are now recognizing h life is, so if you have to kick some butt to enjoy yourself you're well going to? Are you out of jail at last, or should we just blame ruler of your 12th house leaving your 12th house? Goodness! Ho you to be expressing such primitive rage so openly.


rins Creates the
deal Mascara.
ur lashes will clap for joy!
Pure Curl
Mascara
It's a fact. With Clarins,
life's more beautiful
CLARINS
PARIS
Discover the Art of Perfect Colour
Enjoy a Complimentary Professional
Make-Up Session @ Ford & Taylor

DON RICKLES

A cornerstone of the Dean Martin era, Don Rickles, "the Merchant of Venom," has raked a parade of celebrities (such as Princess Margaret and Ronald Reagan) over the coals at his shows. He has enlivened films such as *Casino* and *Toy Story*, and is a regular, caustic presence on the talk-show circuit. As he prepares to celebrate his 77th birthday, the comic wises off on the ball and chain, two-faced guys, and the actor's nightmare



What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Perfect happiness is having a wife who loves you and doesn't ask for too much jewelry.

What is your greatest fear?
My greatest fear is going out onstage and having the audience just stare at me.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
President Reagan, because I did a couple of shows for him and he laughed and laughed.

Which living person do you most admire?
Well, Frank Sinatra's gone, so the rest have to stand in line.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Having no patience.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Trying too hard to be funny.

What is your favorite journey?
Going to Las Vegas and getting a nice check.

On what occasion do you lie?
I never lie, except when the wife presses me about how much money I gave her.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"I wanna tell you."

What is your greatest regret?
I haven't had the opportunity to appear on Broadway yet.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Actually, my wife and my mother. Who else?

When and where were you happiest?
Right now.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
That my wife inherited a lot of money from her family.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Being as successful as I am.

Where would you like to live?
I love Southern California, but if I was going to go elsewhere it would be New York.

What is your favorite occupation?
Being a jokester.

What do you most value in your friends?
Loyalty.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Frank Sinatra.

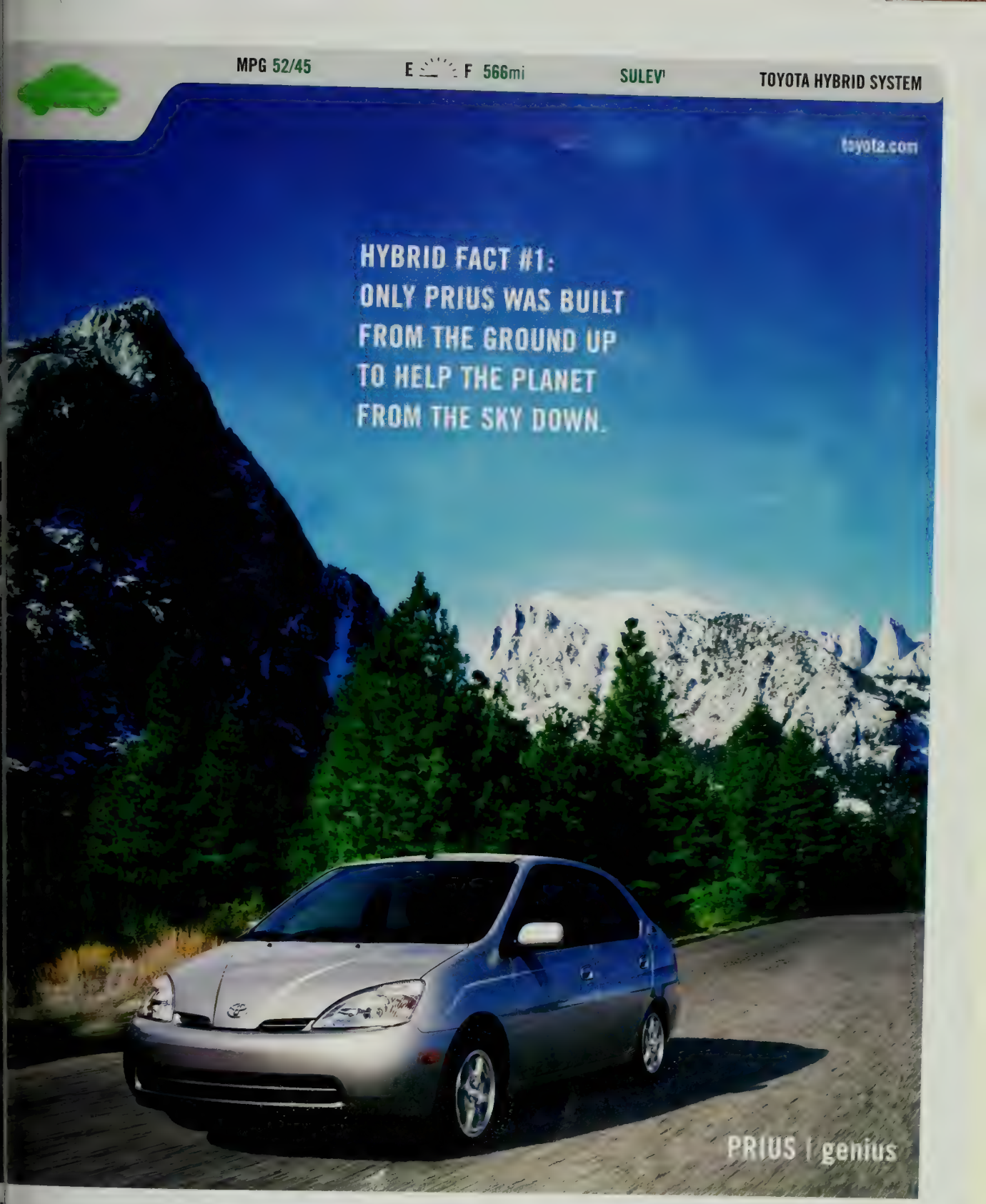
What are your favorite names?
Larry, Ethan, Mindy, and Don.

What is it that you most dislike?
Two-faced guys.

How would you like to die?
In a box.

What is your motto?
"Don't be a hockey puck."

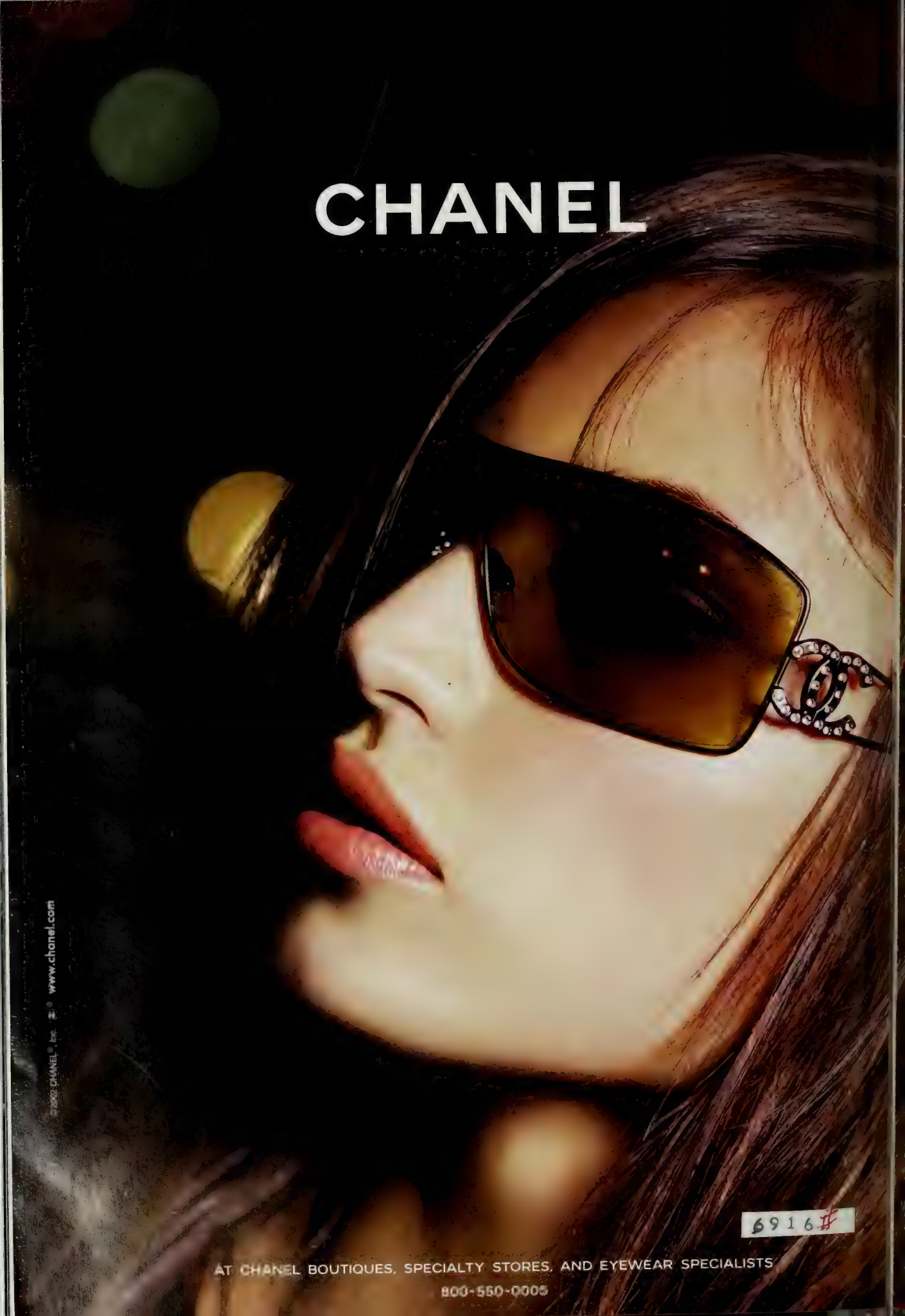
PORTRAIT BY ROBERT TRACHTENBERG



…us was engineered with just one thing in mind: the planet. It was the first mass-produced vehicle in the world to combine a super-efficient …oline engine with an electric motor that never needs to be plugged in. And the benefits speak for themselves. More than twice the average …eage of conventional vehicles. And up to 90% fewer smog-forming emissions.[2] The purpose-built gasoline/electric Prius. The sky's the limit.



…Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.


CHANEL
©2002 CHANEL, Inc. www.chanel.com
6916
AT CHANEL BOUTIQUES, SPECIALTY STORES, AND EYEWEAR SPECIALISTS
800-550-0005